

THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.



VOL. VI.

THE *403*
CORNHILL
MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1862.

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

1862.

[The right of publishing Translations of Articles in this Magazine is reserved.]

CONTENTS OF VOLUME VI.

| | Page |
|--|------|
| Romola | 1 |
| Procm. Chapter 1. <i>The Shipwrecked Stranger.</i> Chapter 2. <i>A Breakfast for Love.</i> Chapter 3. <i>The Barber's Shop.</i> Chapter 4. <i>First Impressions.</i> Chapter 5. <i>The Blind Scholar and his Daughter.</i> | |
| French System of Relieving the Poor | 44 |
| Journalism | 52 |
| Seeing with the Eyes shut | 64 |
| The Frenchman in London | 71 |
| Surname and Arms | 82 |
| The Bishop and the Knight | 100 |
| Our Survey of Literature, Science, and Art | 103 |
| The Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World | 121 |
| Chapter 39. <i>In which several People have their Trials.</i> Chapter 40. <i>In which the Luck goes very much against us.</i> | |
| Romola | 145 |
| Chapter 6. <i>Dawning Hopes.</i> Chapter 7. <i>A Learned Squabble.</i> Chapter 8. <i>A Face in the Crowd.</i> Chapter 9. <i>A Man's Ransom.</i> Chapter 10. <i>Under the Plane-Tree.</i> | |
| The Cruise of the Confederate Ship "Sunter." (From the Private Journal of an Officer.) | 187 |
| The Art of Alpine Travel | 206 |
| The Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World | 217 |
| Chapter 41. <i>In which we reach the Last Stage but One of this Journey.</i> Chapter 42. <i>The Realms of Bliss.</i> | |
| The Climate and the Work | 241 |
| A House in Westminster | 258 |
| Conversazione: Science and Art | 269 |
| The Battle with Time | 270 |
| Our Survey of Literature, Science, and Art | 271 |
| Literature:— <i>The Life of Edward Irving. Herbert Spencer's System of Philosophy. Relics of Shelley. The Life and Letters of Washington Irving. Italy under Victor Emmanuel. Thirty Years' Musical Recollections.</i> Science:— <i>The Influence of the Nurse upon the Nursling. A Parasitic Mollusc.</i> Art:— <i>Gibson's Venus. Woolner's Busts of Tennyson and Maurice.</i> | |
| Roundabout Papers.—No. 23. <i>De Finibus</i> | 282 |

| | Page |
|---|------|
| Romola | 289 |
| Chapter 11. <i>Tito's Dilemma</i> . Chapter 12. <i>The Prize is nearly Grasped</i> . Chapter 13. <i>The Shadow of Nemesis</i> . Chapter 14. <i>The Peasants' Fair</i> . | |
| Does Alcohol act as Food ? | 319 |
| The Story of Elizabeth. Part 1 | 330 |
| Manoli . A Moldo-Wallachian Legend. By W. M. W. Call | 346 |
| The State Trials | 351 |
| The Small House at Allington | 364 |
| Chapter 1. <i>The Squire of Allington</i> . Chapter 2. <i>The Two Pearls of Allington</i> . Chapter 3. <i>The Widow Dale of Allington</i> . | |
| A Summer Night on the Thames | 388 |
| Our Survey of Literature, Science, and Art | 398 |
| Literature:— <i>Poems of Arthur Clough</i> . <i>Maurice de Guérin's Journals, Letters, and Poems</i> . <i>America before Europe</i> . <i>The Spas of Europe</i> . <i>An Inquiry into the Theories of History</i> . Science:— <i>The Antiquity of Man</i> . <i>Two Anatomical Discoveries</i> . <i>Atmosphere of the Stars</i> . <i>Sun Spots and the Magnetic Needle</i> . <i>Soap made from Eggs</i> . Music:— <i>Review of the Season</i> . | |
| Thomas Betterton , late of the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre | 412 |
| Roundabout Papers .—No. 24. <i>On a Peal of Bells</i> | 425 |
| Romola | 433 |
| Chapter 15. <i>The Dying Message</i> . Chapter 16. <i>A Florentine Joke</i> . Chapter 17. <i>Under the Loggia</i> . Chapter 18. <i>The Portrait</i> . Chapter 19. <i>The Old Man's Hope</i> . Chapter 20. <i>The Day of the Betrothal</i> . | |
| How we Broke the Blockade | 471 |
| Effect of Railways on Health | 480 |
| The Story of Elizabeth. Part 2 | 490 |
| The Smoking-Room at the Club | 512 |
| Dreaming in Italy | 513 |
| A Norwegian Musician | 514 |
| Capture of the Delhi Prizes | 528 |
| Youth in Exile | 535 |
| Our Survey of Literature and Science | 537 |
| Literature:— <i>M. Thiers on the Waterloo Campaign</i> . Science:— <i>The Balance of Life</i> . <i>Carbonic Acid as an Anæsthetic</i> . <i>Liebig's Theory of Food</i> . <i>Figure of the Moon and of the Earth</i> . <i>The Comet</i> . | |
| The Small House at Allington | 552 |
| Chapter 4. <i>Mrs. Roper's Boarding-House</i> . Chapter 5. <i>About L. D.</i> Chapter 6. <i>Beautiful Days</i> . | |
| Romola | 577 |
| Chapter 21. <i>Florence expects a Guest</i> . Chapter 22. <i>The Prisoners</i> . Chapter 23. <i>After-Thoughts</i> . Chapter 24. <i>Inside the Duomo</i> . Chapter 25. <i>Outside the Duomo</i> . Chapter 26. <i>The Garment of Fear</i> . | |
| Tobacco: its Use and Abuse | 605 |
| My Tour in Holland | 616 |
| The Story of Elizabeth. Part 3 | 623 |
| Professional Thieves | 640 |
| Indian Cotton and its Supply | 654 |

CONTENTS.

vii

| | Page |
|---|------|
| The Small House at Allington | 663 |
| Chapter 7. <i>The Beginning of Troubles.</i> Chapter 8. <i>It cannot be.</i> Chapter 9. <i>Mrs. Dak's Little Party.</i> | |
| Circumstantial Evidence—The Case of Jessie M'Lachlan | 689 |
| Our Survey of Literature and Science | 702 |
| Literature:— <i>Orley Farm. Les Misérables. Footsteps Behind Him.</i> <i>Correlation of the Physical Forces. Political Mission to Afghanistan.</i> Science:— <i>Organic Substances formed from the Inorganic. The Electric</i> <i>Organ in Fishes. Velocity of Light. Shooting Stars. A New</i> <i>Stimulant.</i> | |
| Roundabout Papers.—No. 25. <i>On a Pear-Tree</i> | 715 |
| Romola | 721 |
| Chapter 27. <i>The Young Wife.</i> Chapter 28. <i>The Painted Record.</i> Chap- ter 29. <i>A Moment of Triumph.</i> Chapter 30. <i>The Avenger's Secret.</i> Chapter 31. <i>Fruit is Seed.</i> Chapter 32. <i>A Revelation.</i> | |
| Campaigning with General Pope | 758 |
| Roundabout Papers.—No. 26. <i>Dessein's</i> | 771 |
| The Small House at Allington | 780 |
| Chapter 10. <i>Mrs. Lupex and Amelia Roper.</i> Chapter 11. <i>Social Life.</i> Chapter 12. <i>Lilian Dale becomes a Butterfly.</i> | |
| Reflections on my Daughter's Marriage | 804 |
| The Prisoner of Spezzia | 812 |
| The Story of Elizabeth. Part IV. | 814 |
| How Prior Richard of Dunstable ruled his Monks and Tenants, and how he treated his Neighbours | 830 |
| Our Survey of Literature and Science | 842 |
| Literature:— <i>Shakspeare's Sonnets, illustrated by John Gilbert.</i> <i>Early English Poems. Pictures of English Landscape, by Birket</i> <i>Foster, with Poems by Tom Taylor. The New Forest: its History and</i> <i>Scenery, by John R. Wise, illustrated by Walter Crane. Mrs. Gordon's</i> <i>Life of Christopher North. Miss Kavanagh's English Women of</i> <i>Letters. Our Last Years in India, by Mrs. John Speid. Dr. Wallich's</i> <i>North Atlantic Sea Bed. Science:—On the Existence of Muscles in</i> <i>Plants. The Velocity of Light. Alloy of Platinum and Iridium.</i> | |

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

| | TO FACE PAGE |
|--|--------------|
| THE BLIND SCHOLAR AND HIS DAUGHTER | 1 |
| "SUPPOSE YOU LET ME LOOK AT MYSELF" | 27 |
| THE BISHOP AND THE KNIGHT | 100 |
| MORE FREE THAN WELCOME | 121 |
| A RECOGNITION | 145 |
| UNDER THE PLANT-TREE | 184 |
| THANKSGIVING | 217 |
| BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS OF SOCIETY, No XV—SCIENCE AND ART CONVERSAZIONE | 269 |
| THE FIRST KISS | 289 |
| THE PEASANTS' FAIR | 311 |
| MANOLI | 346 |
| PLEASE, MA'AM, CAN WE HAVE THE PLEAS TO SERVE? | 364 |
| THE DYING MESSAGE | 433 |
| A FLORENTINE JOKE. | 450 |
| BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS OF SOCIETY, No XVI—THE SMOKING-ROOM AT THE CLUB | 512 |
| "AND YOU LOVE ME!" SAID SHE | 552 |
| THE ESCAPED PRISONER | 577 |
| NICCOLÓ AT WORK | 603 |
| "ART COOKS LIKE LADIES DO THEY GET TO HATE THEIR LIVES SOMETIMES?" | 623 |
| "IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF THE NAUGHTY BIRDS" | 663 |
| THE PAINTED RECORD | 721 |
| COMING HOME | 726 |
| "MR. CRADELL, YOUR HAND," SAID LUPEX | 780 |
| ON THE TOP OF THE HILL | 814 |



THE BLIND SCHOLAR AND HIS DAUGHTER

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1862.

Romola.

PROEM.

MORE than three centuries and a half ago, in the mid spring-time of 1492, we are sure that the star-quenching angel of the dawn, as he travelled with broad slow wing from the Levant to the Pillars of Hercules, and from the summits of the Caucasus across all the snowy Alpine ridges to the dark nakedness of the western isles, saw nearly the same outline of firm land and unstable sea—saw the same great mountain shadows on the same valleys as he has seen to-day—saw olive mounts, and pine forests, and the broad plains, green with young corn or rain-freshened grass—saw the domes and spires of cities rising by the river sides or mingled with the sedge-like masts on the many-curved sea coast, in the same spots where they rise to-day. And as the faint light of his course pierced into the dwellings of men, it fell, as now, on the rosy warmth of nestling children; on the haggard waking of sorrow and sickness; on the hasty uprising of the hard-handed labourer; and on the late sleep of the night-student, who had been questioning the stars or the sages, or his own soul, for that hidden knowledge which would break through the barrier of man's brief life, and show its dark path, that seemed to bend no whither, to be an arc in an immeasurable circle of light and glory. The great river courses which have shaped the lives of men have hardly changed; and those other streams, the life-currents that ebb and flow in human hearts, pulsate to the same great needs, the same great loves and terrors. As our thought follows close in the slow wake of the dawn, we are impressed with the broad sameness of the human lot, which never alters in the main headings of its history—hunger and labour, seed-time and harvest, love and death.

Even if, instead of following the dim daybreak, our imagination pauses on a certain historical spot, and awaits the fuller morning, we may see a world-famous city, which has hardly changed its outline since the days of Columbus, seeming to stand as an almost unviolated symbol, amidst the flux of human things, to remind us that we still resemble the men of the past more than we differ from them, as the great mechanical principles on which those domes and towers were raised must make a likeness in human building that will be broader and deeper than all possible change. And doubtless, if the spirit of a Florentine citizen, whose eyes were closed for the last time while Columbus was still waiting and arguing for the three poor vessels with which he was to set sail from the port of Palos, could return from the shades, and pause where our thought is pausing, he would believe that there must still be fellowship and understanding for him among the inheritors of his birth-place.

Let us suppose that such a Shade has been permitted to revisit the glimpses of the golden morning, and is standing once more on the famous hill of San Miniato, which overlooks Florence from the south.

The Spirit is clothed in his habit as he lived: the folds of his well-lined black silk garment or *lucco* hang in grave unbroken lines from neck to ankle; his plain cloth cap, with its *becchetto*, or long hanging strip of drapery, to serve as a scarf in case of need, surmounts a penetrating face, not, perhaps, very handsome, but with a firm, well-cut mouth, kept distinctly human by a close-shaven lip and chin. It is a face charged with memories of a keen and various life passed below there on the banks of the gleaming river; and as he looks at the scene before him, the sense of familiarity is so much stronger than the perception of change, that he thinks it might be possible to descend once more amongst the streets, and take up that busy life where he left it. For it is not only the mountains and the westward-bending river that he recognizes; not only the dark sides of Mount Morello opposite to him, and the long valley of the Arno that seems to stretch its gray low-tufted luxuriance to the far-off ridges of Carrara; and the steep height of Fiesole, with its crown of monastic walls and cypresses; and all the green and gray slopes sprinkled with villas which he can name as he looks at them. He sees other familiar objects much closer to his daily walks. For though he misses the seventy or more towers that once surmounted the walls, and encircled the city as with a regal diadem, his eyes will not dwell on that blank; they are drawn irresistibly to the unique tower springing, like a tall flower-stem drawn towards the sun, from the square turreted mass of the Old Palace in the very heart of the city—the tower that looks none the worse for the four centuries that have passed since he used to walk under it. The great dome, too, greatest in the world, which, in his early boyhood, had been only a daring thought in the mind of a small quick-eyed man—there it raises its large curves still, eclipsing the hills. And the

well-known bell-towers—Giotto's, with its distant hint of rich colour, and the graceful spired Badia, and the rest—he looked at them all from the shoulder of his nurse.

"Surely," he thinks, "Florence can still ring her bells with the solemn hammer-sound that used to beat on the hearts of her citizens and strike out the fire there. And here, on the right, stands the long dark mass of Santa Croce, where we buried our famous dead, laying the laurel on their cold brows and fanning them with the breath of praise and of banners. But Santa Croce had no spire then: we Florentines were too full of great building projects to carry them all out in stone and marble; we had our frescoes and our shrines to pay for, not to speak of rapacious condottieri, bribed royalty, and purchased territories, and our façades and spires must needs wait. But what architect can the Frati Minori* have employed to build that spire for them? If it had been built in my day, Filippo Brunelleschi or Michelozzo would have devised something of another fashion than that—something worthy to crown the church of Arnolfo"

At this the Spirit, with a sigh, lets his eyes travel on to the city walls, and now he dwells on the change there with wonder at these modern times. Why have five out of the eleven convenient gates been closed? And why, above all, should the towers have been levelled that were once a glory and defence? Is the world become so peaceful, then, and do Florentines dwell in such harmony, that there are no longer conspiracies to bring ambitious exiles home again with armed bands at their back? These are difficult questions: it is easier and pleasanter to recognize the old than to account for the new. And there flows Arno, with its bridges just where they used to be—the Ponte Vecchio, least like other bridges in the world, laden with the same quaint shops, where our Spirit remembers lingering a little, on his way, perhaps, to look at the progress of that great palace which Messer Luca Pitti had set a-building with huge stones got from the Hill of Bogoli† close behind, or, perhaps, to transact a little business with the cloth-dressers in Oltrarno. The exorbitant line of the Pitti roof is hidden from San Miniato; but the yearning of the old Florentine is not to see Messer Luca's too ambitious palace which he built unto himself; it is to be down among those narrow streets and busy humming Piazze where he inherited the eager life of his fathers. Is not the anxious voting with black and white beans still going on down there? Who are the *Priori* in these months, eating soberly-regulated official dinners in the Palazzo Vecchio, with removes of tripe and boiled partridges, seasoned by practical jokes against the ill-fated butt among those potent signors? Are not the significant banners still hung from

* The Franciscans.

† Now Boboli.

the windows—still distributed with decent pomp under Orcagna's Loggia every two months?

Life had its zest for the old Florentine when he, too, trod the marble steps and shared in those dignities. His politics had an arena as wide as his trade, which stretched from Syria to Britain, but they had also the passionate intensity, and the detailed practical interest, which could belong only to a narrow scene of corporate action; only to the members of a community shut in close by the hills and by walls of six miles' circuit, where men knew each other as they passed in the street, set their eyes every day on the memorials of their commonwealth, and were conscious of having not only the right to vote, but the chance of being voted for. He loved his honours and his gains, the business of his counting-house, of his guild, of the public council-chamber; he loved his enmities, too, and fingered the white bean which was to keep a hated name out of the *borsa* with more complacency than if it had been a golden florin. He loved to strengthen his family by a good alliance, and went home with a triumphant light in his eyes after concluding a satisfactory *parentado*, or marriage for his son or daughter, under his favourite loggia in the evening cool; he loved his game at chess under that same loggia, and his biting jest, and even his coarse joke, as not beneath the dignity of a man eligible for the highest magistracy. He had gained an insight into all sorts of affairs at home and abroad: he had been of the "Ten" who managed the war department, of the "Eight" who attended to home discipline, of the *Priori* or *Signori* who were the heads of the executive government; he had even risen to the supreme office of *Gonfaloniere*; he had made one in embassies to the Pope and to the Venetians; and he had been commissary to the hired army of the Republic, directing the inglorious bloodless battles in which no man died of brave breast wounds—*virtuosi colpi*—but only of casual falls and trappings. And in this way he had learned to distrust men without bitterness; looking on life mainly as a game of skill, but not dead to traditions of heroism and clean-handed honour. For the human soul is hospitable, and will entertain conflicting sentiments and contradictory opinions with much impartiality. It was his pride, besides, that he was duly tinctured with the learning of his age, and judged not altogether with the vulgar, but in harmony with the ancients: he, too, in his prime, had been eager for the most correct manuscripts, and had paid many florins for antique vases and for disinterred busts of the ancient immortals—some, perhaps, *truncis naribus*, wanting as to the nose, but not the less authentic; and in his old age he had made haste to look at the early sheets of that fine Homer which was among the early glories of the Florentine press. But he had not, for all that, neglected to hang up a waxen image or double of himself under the protection of the Madonna Annunziata, or to do penance for his sins in

large gifts to the shrines of saints whose lives had not been modelled on the study of the classics; he had not even neglected making liberal bequests towards buildings for the *Fрати*, against whom he had levelled many a jest.

For the Unseen Powers were mighty. Who knew—who was sure—that there was any name given to them behind which there was no angry force to be appeased, no intercessory pity to be won? Were not gems medicinal, though they only pressed the finger? Were not all things charged with occult virtues? Lucretius might be right—he was an ancient and a great poet; Luigi Pulci, too, who was suspected of not believing anything from the roof upward (*dal tetto in su*), had very much the air of being right over the supper-table, when the wine and *riboboli* were circulating fast, though he was only a poet in the vulgar tongue. There were even learned personages who maintained that Aristotle, wisest of men (unless, indeed, Plato were wiser?), was a thoroughly irreligious philosopher; and a liberal scholar must entertain all speculations. But the negatives might, after all, prove false; nay, seemed manifestly false, as the circling hours swept past him, and turned round with graver faces. For had not the world become Christian? Had he not been baptized in San Giovanni, where the dome is awful with the symbols of coming judgment, and where the altar bears a crucified image disturbing to perfect complacency in oneself and the world? Our resuscitated Spirit was not a pagan philosopher, nor a philosophizing pagan poet, but a man of the fifteenth century, inheriting its strange web of belief and unbelief; of Epicurean levity and feticistic dread; of pedantic impossible ethics uttered by rote, and crude passions acted out with childish impulsiveness; of inclination towards a self-indulgent paganism, and inevitable subjection to that human conscience which, in the unrest of a new growth, was filling the air with strange prophecies and presentiments.

He had smiled, perhaps, and shaken his head dubiously, as he heard simple folk talk of a Pope Angelico, who was to come by-and-by and bring in a new order of things, to purify the Church from simony, and the lives of the clergy from scandal—a state of affairs too different from what existed under Innocent the Eighth for a shrewd merchant and politician to regard the prospect as worthy of entering into his calculations. But he felt the evils of the time, nevertheless; for he was a man of public spirit, and public spirit can never be wholly immoral, since its essence is care for a common good. That very Quaresima, or Lent, of 1492, in which he died, still in his erect old age, he had listened in San Lorenzo, not without a mixture of satisfaction, to the preaching of a Dominican friar, who denounced with a rare boldness the worldliness and vicious habits of the clergy, and insisted on the duty of Christian men not

to live for their own ease when wrong was triumphing in high places, and not to spend their wealth in outward pomp even in the churches, when their fellow-citizens were suffering from want and sickness. The *Frate* carried his doctrine rather too far for elderly ears; yet it was a memorable thing to see a preacher move his audience to such a pitch that the women even took off their ornaments, and delivered them up to be sold for the benefit of the needy.

"He was a noteworthy man, that Prior of San Marco," thinks our Spirit; "somewhat arrogant and extreme, perhaps, especially in his denunciations of speedy vengeance. Ah, *Iddio non pagu il Sabato**—the wages of men's sins often linger in their payment, and I myself saw much established wickedness of long-standing prosperity. But a *Frate Predicatore* who wanted to move the people—how could he be moderate? He might have been a little less defiant and curt, though, to Lorenzo de' Medici, whose family had been the very makers of San Marco: was that quarrel ever made up? And our Lorenzo himself, with the dim outward eyes and the subtle inward vision, did he get over that illness at Careggi? It was but a sad, uneasy-looking face that he would carry out of the world which had given him so much, and there were strong suspicions that his handsome son would play the part of Rehoboam. How has it all turned out? Which party is likely to be banished and have its houses sacked just now? Is there any successor of the incomparable Lorenzo, to whom the great Turk is so gracious as to send over presents of rare animals, rare relics, rare manuscripts, or fugitive enemies, suited to the tastes of a Christian Magnifico who is at once lettered and devout—and also slightly vindictive? And what famous scholar is dictating the Latin letters of the Republic—what fiery philosopher is lecturing on Dante in the Duomo, and going home to write bitter invectives against the father and mother of the bad critic who may have found fault with his classical spelling? Are our wiser heads leaning towards alliance with the Pope and the *Regno*,† or are they rather inclining their ears to the orators of France and of Milan?

"There is knowledge of these things to be had in the streets below, on the beloved *Marmi* in front of the churches, and under the sheltering *Loggie*, where surely our citizens have still their gossips and debates, their bitter and merry jests as of old. For are not the well-remembered buildings all there? The changes have not been so great in those uncounted years. I will go down and hear—I will tread the familiar pavement, and hear once again the speech of Florentines."

* "God does not pay on a Saturday."

† The name given to Naples by way of distinction among the Italian States.

Go not down, good Spirit! for the changes are great, and the speech of Florentines would sound as a riddle in your ears. Or, if you go, mingle with no politicians on the Marini, or elsewhere; ask no questions about trade in the Calimara; confuse yourself with no inquiries into scholarship, official or monastic. Only look at the sunlight and shadows on the grand walls that were built solidly, and have endured in their grandeur; look at the faces of the little children, making another sunlight amid the shadows of age; look, if you will, into the churches, and hear the same chants, see the same images as of old—the images of willing anguish for a great end, of beneficent love and ascending glory; see upturned living faces and lips moving to the old prayers for help. These things have not changed. The sunlight and shadows bring their old beauty and waken the old heart-strains at morning, noon, and even-tide; the little children are still the symbol of the eternal marriage between love and duty; and men still yearn for the reign of peace and righteousness—still own *that* life to be the highest, which is a conscious voluntary sacrifice. For the Pope Angelico is not come yet.



ROMOLA.

CHAPTER I.

THE SHIPWRECKED STRANGER.



THE Loggia de' Cerchi stood in the heart of old Florence, within a labyrinth of narrow streets behind the Badia, now rarely threaded by the stranger, unless in a dubious search for a certain severely-simple door-place, bearing this inscription :

QUI NACQUE IL DIVINO POETA.

To the ear of Dante, the same streets rang with the shout and clash of fierce battle between rival families; but in the fifteenth century, they were only noisy with the unhistorical quarrels and broad jests of wool-carders in the cloth-producing quarters of San Martino and Garbo.

Under this loggia, in the early morning of the 9th of April, 1492, two men had their eyes fixed on each other : one was stooping slightly,

and looking downward with the scrutiny of curiosity; the other, lying on the pavement, was looking upward with the startled gaze of a suddenly-awakened dreamer.

The standing figure was the first to speak. He was a grey-haired, broad-shouldered man, of the type which, in Tuscan phrase, is moulded with the fist and polished with the pickaxe; but the self-important gravity which had written itself out in the deep lines about his brow and mouth seemed intended to correct any contemptuous inferences from the hasty workmanship which Nature had bestowed on his exterior. He had deposited a large well-filled bag, made of skins, on the pavement, and before him hung a pedlar's basket, garnished partly with small woman's-ware, such as thread and pins, and partly with fragments of glass, which had probably been taken in exchange for those commodities.

"Young man," he said, pointing to a ring on the finger of the reclining figure, "when your chin has got a stiffer crop on it, you'll know better than to take your nap in street corners with a ring like that on your forefinger. By the holy 'vangelis! if it had been anybody but me standing over you two minutes ago—but Biatti Ferravecchj is not the man to steal. The cat couldn't eat her mouse if she didn't catch it alive, and Brattì

couldn't relish gain if it had no taste of a bargain. Why, young man, one San Giovanni, three years ago, the Saint sent a dead body in my way—a blind beggar, with his cap well-lined with pieces—but, if you'll believe me, my stomach turned against the *testoni* I'd never bargained for, till it came into my head that San Giovanni owed me the pieces for what I spend yearly at the Festa: besides, I buried the body and paid for a mass—and so I saw it was a fair bargain. But how comes a young man like you, with the face of Messer San Michele, to be sleeping on a stone bed with the wind for a curtain?"

The deep guttural sounds of the speaker were scarcely intelligible to the newly-waked, bewildered listener, but he understood the action of pointing to his ring: he looked down at it, and, with a half-automatic obedience to the warning, took it off and thrust it within his doublet, rising at the same time and stretching himself.

"Your tunic and hose match ill with that jewel, young man," said Bratti, deliberately. "Anybody might say the saints had sent *you* a dead body; but if you took the jewels, I hope you buried him—and you can afford a mass or two for him into the bargain."

Something like a painful thrill appeared to dart through the frame of the listener, and arrest the careless stretching of his arms and chest. For an instant he turned on Bratti with a sharp frown; but he immediately recovered an air of indifference, took off the red Levantine cap which hung like a great purse over his left ear, pushed back his long dark-brown curls, and glancing at his dress, said, smilingly,

"You speak truth, friend: my garments are as weather-stained as an old sail, and they are not old either, only, like an old sail, they have had a sprinkling of the sea as well as the rain. The fact is, I'm a stranger in Florence, and when I came in foot-sore last night I preferred flinging myself in a corner of this hospitable porch to hunting any longer for a chance hostelry, which might turn out to be a nest of blood-suckers of more sorts than one."

"A stranger in good sooth," said Bratti, "for the words come all melting out of your throat, so that a Christian and a Florentine can't tell a hook from a hanger. But you're not from Genoa? More likely from Venice, by the cut of your clothes?"

"At this present moment," said the stranger, smiling, "it is of less importance where I come from than where I can go to for a mouthful of breakfast. This city of yours turns a grim look on me just here: can you show me the way to a more lively quarter, where I can get a meal and a lodging?"

"That I can," said Bratti, "and it is your good fortune, young man, that I have happened to be walking in from Rovezzano this morning, and turned out of my way to Mercato Vecchio to say an Ave at the Badia. That, I say, is your good fortune. But it remains to be seen what is my profit in the matter. Nothing for nothing, young man. If I show you the way to Mercato Vecchio, you'll swear by your patron saint to let me

have the bidding for that stained suit of yours, when you set up a better—as doubtless you will.”

“Agreed, by San Niccolò,” said the other, laughing. “But now let us set off to this said Mercato, for I promise you I feel the want of a better lining to this doublet of mine which you are coveting.”

“Coveting? Nay,” said Bratti, heaving his bag on his back and setting out. But he broke off in his reply, and burst out in loud, harsh tones, not unlike the creaking and grating of a cart-wheel: “*Chi abbaratta—baratta—b'ratta—chi abbaratta cenci e vetri—b'ratta ferri vecchj?*”*

“It's worth but little,” he said presently, relapsing into his conversational tone. “Hose and altogether, your clothes are worth but little. Still, if you've a mind to set yourself up with a lute worth more than any new one, or with a sword that's been worn by a Ridolfi, or with a paternoster of the best mode, I could let you have a great bargain, by making an allowance for the clothes; for, simple as I stand here (*così fatto come tu mi vedi*), I've got the best-furnished shop in the Ferravecchj, and it's close by the Mercato. The Virgin be praised! it's not a pumpkin I carry on my shoulders. But I don't stay caged in my shop all day: I've got a wife and a raven to stay at home and mind the stock. *Chi abbaratta—baratta—b'ratta?* . . . And now, young man, where do you come from, and what's your business in Florence?”

“I thought you liked nothing that came to you without a bargain,” said the stranger. “You've offered me nothing yet in exchange for that information.”

“Well, well; a Florentine doesn't mind bidding a fair price for news: it stays the stomach a little, though he may win no hose by it. If I take you to the prettiest damsel in the Mercato to get a cup of milk—that will be a fair bargain.”

“Nay; I can find her myself, if she be really in the Mercato; for pretty heads are apt to look forth of doors and windows. No, no. Besides, a sharp trader, like you, ought to know that he who bids for nuts and news, may chance to find them hollow.”

“Ah! young man,” said Bratti, with a sideway glance of some admiration, “you were not born of a Sunday—the salt shops were pen when you came into the world. You're not a Hebrew, eh?—come from Spain or Naples, eh? Let me tell you the Frati Minori are trying to make Florence as hot as Spain for those dogs of hell that want to get all the profits of usury to themselves and leave none for Christians; and when you walk the Calimura with a piece of yellow cloth in your cap, it will spoil your beauty more than a sword-cut across that smooth olive cheek of yours.—*Abbaratta, baratta—chi abbaratta?*—I tell you, young man, gray cloth is against yellow cloth; and there's as much gray cloth in Florence as would make a gown and cowl for the Duomo, and there's not so much yellow cloth as would make hose for Saint Christopher—blessed be his

* “Who wants to exchange rags, broken glass, or old iron?”

name, and send me a sight of him this day!—*Abbaratta, baratta, b'ratia—chi abbaratta?*”

“All that is very amusing information you are parting with for nothing,” said the stranger, rather scornfully; “but it happens not to concern me. I am no Hebrew.”

“See, now!” said Bratti, triumphantly; “I’ve made a good bargain with mere words. I’ve made you tell me something, young man, though you’re as hard to hold as a lamprey. San Giovanni be praised! a blind Florentine is a match for two one-eyed men. But here we are in Mercato.”

They had now emerged from the narrow streets into a broad piazza, known to the elder Florentine writers as the Mercato Vecchio, or the Old Market. This piazza, though it had been the scene of a provision market from time immemorial, and may perhaps, says fond imagination, be the very spot to which the Etruscan ancestors of the Florentines descended from their high fastness to traffic with the rustic population of the valley, had not been shunned as a place of residence by Florentine wealth. In the early decades of the fifteenth century, which was now near its end, the Medici and other powerful families of the *popolani grassi*, or commercial nobility, had their houses there, not, perhaps, finding their ears much offended by the loud roar of mingled dialects, or their eyes much shocked by the butchers’ stalls, which the old poet Antonio Pucci accounts a chief glory, or *dignità*, of a market that, in his esteem, eclipsed the markets of all the earth beside. But the glory of mutton and veal (well attested to be the flesh of the right animals; for were not the skins, with the heads attached, duly displayed, according to the decree of the Signoria?) was just now wanting to the Mercato, the time of Lent not being yet over. The proud corporation, or “Art,” of butchers was in abeyance, and it was the great harvest-time of the market-gardeners, the cheesemongers, the vendors of macaroni, corn, eggs, milk, and dried fruits: a change which was apt to make the women’s voices predominant in the chorus. But in all seasons there was the experimental ringing of pots and pans, the clunking of the money-changers, the tempting offers of cheapness at the old-clothes’ stalls, the challenges of the dicers, the vaunting of new linens and woollens, of excellent wooden-ware, kettles, and frying-pans; there was the choking of the narrow inlets with mules and carts, together with much uncomplimentary remonstrance in terms remarkably identical with the insults in use by the gentler sex of the present day, under the same imbrowning and heating circumstances. Ladies and gentlemen, who came to market, looked on at a larger amount of amateur fighting than could easily be seen in these later times, and beheld more revolting rags, beggary, and rascaldom, than modern householders could well picture to themselves. As the day wore on, the hideous drama of the garning-house might be seen here by any chance open-air spectator—the quivering eagerness, the blank despair, the soba, the blasphemy, and the blows:—

“E vedesi chi perde con gran soffì,
E bestemmiar colla mano alla mascella,
E ricever e dar dimolti ingoffi.”

But still there was the relief of prettier sights: there were brood-rabbits, not less innocent and astonished than those of our own period; there were doves and singing-birds to be bought as presents for the children; there were even kittens for sale, and here and there a handsome *gattuccio*, or "Tom," with the highest character for mousing; and, better than all, there were young, softly rounded cheeks and bright eyes, freshened by the start from the far-off castello* at daybreak, not to speak of older faces with the unfading charm of honest goodwill in them—such as are never quite wanting in scenes of human industry. And high on a pillar in the centre of the place—a venerable pillar, fetched from the church of San Giovanni—stood Donatello's stone statue of Plenty, with a fountain near it, where, says old Pucci, the good wives of the market freshened their utensils, and their throats also—not because they were unable to buy wine, but because they wished to save the money for their husbands—" *Ma pe' mariti voglion risparmiare.*"

But on this particular morning a sudden change seemed to have come over the face of the market. The *deschi*, or stalls, were indeed partly dressed with their various commodities, and already there were purchasers assembled, on the alert to secure the finest, freshest vegetables and the most unexceptionable butter. But when Bratti and his companion entered the piazza, it appeared that some common pre-occupation had for the moment distracted the attention both of buyers and sellers from their proper business. Most of the traders had turned their backs on their goods, and had joined the knots of talkers who were concentrating themselves at different points in the piazza. A vendor of old clothes, in the act of hanging out a pair of long hose, had distractedly hung them round his neck in his eagerness to join the nearest group; an oratorical cheesemonger, with a piece of cheese in one hand and a knife in the other, was incautiously making notes of his emphatic pauses on that excellent specimen of *marzolino*; and elderly market-women, with their egg-baskets in a dangerously oblique position, contributed a wailing fugue of invocation.

In this general distraction, the Florentine boys, who were never wanting in any street scene, and were of an especially mischievous sort—as who should say, very sour crabs indeed—saw a great opportunity. Some made a rush at the nuts and dried figs, others preferred the farinaceous delicacies at the cooked provision stalls—delicacies to which certain four-footed dogs also, who had learned to take kindly to Lenten fare, applied a discriminating nostril, and then disappeared with much rapidity under the nearest shelter; while the mules, not without some kicking and plunging among impeding baskets, were stretching their muzzles towards the aromatic green-meat.

"Diavolo!" said Bratti, as he and his companion came, quite unnoticed, upon the noisy scene; "the Mercato is gone as mad as if the most Holy Father had excommunicated us again. I must know what this is. But never fear: it seems a thousand years to you till you see the

* Walled village.

pretty Tessa, and get your cup of milk ; but keep hold of me, and I'll hold to my bargain. Remember, I'm to have the first bid for your suit, specially for the hose, which, with all their stains, are the best *panno di garbo*—as good as ruined, though, with mud and weather stains."

"Olà, Monna Trecca," Bratti proceeded, turning towards an old woman on the outside of the nearest group, who for the moment has suspended her wail to listen, and shouting close in her ear, "Here are the mules upsetting all your bunches of parsley: is the world coming to an end, then?"

"Monna Trecca" (equivalent to "Dame Greengrocer") turned round at this unexpected trumpeting in her right ear, with a half-fierce, half-bewildered look, first at the speaker, then at her disarranged commodities, and then at the speaker again.

"A bad Easter and a bad year to you, and may you die by the sword!" she burst out, rushing towards her stall, but directing this first volley of her wrath against Bratti, who, without heeding the malediction, quietly slipped into her place, within hearing of the narrative which had been absorbing her attention; making a sign at the same time to the young stranger to keep near him.

"I tell you I saw it myself," said a fat man, with a bunch of newly-purchased leeks in his hand. "I was in Santa Maria Novella, and saw it myself. The woman started up and threw out her arms, and cried out and said she saw a big bull with fiery horns coming down on the church to crush it. I saw it myself."

"Saw what, Goro?" said a man of slim figure, whose eye twinkled rather roguishly. He wore a close jerkin, a skull-cap lodged carelessly over his left ear as if it had fallen there by chance, a delicate linen apron tucked up on one side, and a razor stuck in his belt. "Saw the bull, or only the woman?"

"Why, the woman, to be sure; but it's all one, *mi pare*: it doesn't alter the meaning—*va!*" answered the fat man, with some contempt.

"Meaning? no, no; that's clear enough," said several voices at once, and then followed a confusion of tongues, in which "Lights shooting over San Lorenzo for three nights together"—"Thunder in the clear starlight"—"Lantern of the Duomo struck with the sword of St. Michael"—"*Palle*"*—"All smashed"—"*Lasso!*"—"Lions tearing each other to pieces"—"Ah! and they might well"—"*Boto † caduto in Santissima Nunziata!*"—"Died like the best of Christians"—"God will have pardoned him"—were often-repeated phrases, which shot across each other like storm-driven hailstones, each speaker feeling rather the necessity of utterance than of finding a listener. Perhaps the only silent members of the group were Bratti, who, as a new comer, was busy in mentally piecing together the flying fragments of information; the man of the

* Arms of the Medici.

† A votive image of Lorenzo, in wax, hung up in the Church of the Annunziata, supposed to have fallen at the time of his death. *Boto* is popular Tuscan for *Voto*.

razor; and a thin-lipped, eager-looking personage in spectacles, wearing a pen-and-ink case at his belt.

"Ebbene, Nello," said Bratti, skirting the group till he was within hearing of the barber. "It appears the Magnifico is dead—rest his soul!—and the price of wax will rise?"

"Even as you say," answered Nello; and then added, with an air of extra gravity, but with marvellous rapidity, "and his waxen image in the Nunziata fell at the same moment, they say; or at some other time, whenever it pleases the Frati Serviti, who know best. And several cows and women have had still-born calves this Quaresima; and for the bad eggs that have been broken since the carnival, nobody has counted them! Ah! a great man—a great politician—a greater poet than Dante. And yet the cupola didn't fall, only the lantern. *Che miracolo!*"

A sharp and lengthened "Pst!" was suddenly heard darting across the pelting storm of gutturals. It came from the pale man in spectacles, and had the effect he intended; for the noise ceased, and all eyes in the group were fixed on him with a look of expectation.

"Tis well said you Florentines are blind," he began, in an incisive high voice. "It appears to me, you need nothing but a diet of hay to make cattle of you. What! do you think the death of Lorenzo is the scourge God has prepared for Florence? Go! you are sparrows clattering praise over the dead hawk. What! a man who was trying to slip a noose over every neck in the Republic that he might tighten it at his pleasure! You like that; you like to have the election of your magistrates turned into closet-work, and no man to use the rights of a citizen unless he is a Medicean. That is what is meant by qualification now: *netto di specchio** no longer means a man who pays his dues to the Republic: it means a man who'll wink at robbery of the people's money—at robbery of their daughters' dowries; who'll play the chamberer and the philosopher by turns—listen to bawdy songs at the Carnival, and cry 'Bellissimo!'—and listen to sacred lauds, and cry again, 'Bellissimo!' But this is what you love: you grumble and raise a riot over your *quattrini bianchi*" (white farthings); "but you take no notice when the public treasury has got a hole in the bottom for the gold to run into Lorenzo's drains. You like to pay for *staffieri* to walk before and behind one of your citizens, that he may be affable and condescending to you. 'See, what a tall Pisan we keep,' say you, 'to march before him with the drawn sword flashing in our eyes; and yet Lorenzo smiles at us. What goodness!' And you think the death of a man, who would soon have saddled and bridled you as the Sforza has saddled and bridled Milan—you think his death is the scourge God is warning you of by portents. I tell you there is another sort of scourge in the air."

* The phrase used to express the absence of disqualification, i. e. the not being entered as a debtor in the public book (*specchio*).

"Nay, nay, Ser Cioni, keep astride your politics, and never mount your prophecy; politics is the better horse," said Nello. "But if you talk of portents, what portent can be greater than a pious notary! Balaam's ass was nothing to it."

"Ay, but a notary out of work, with his ink-bottle dry," said another bystander, very much out at elbows. "Butter don a cowl at once, Ser Cioni: everybody will believe in your fasting."

The notary turned and left the group with a look of indignant contempt, disclosing, as he did so, the sallow but mild face of a short man who had been standing behind him, and whose bent shoulders told of some sedentary occupation.

"By San Giovanni, though," said the fat purchaser of leeks, with the air of a person rather shaken in his theories, "I'm not sure there isn't some truth in what Ser Cioni says. For I know I've good reason to find fault with the quattrini bionchi myself. Grumble, did he say? Suffocation! I should think we do grumble; and, let anybody say the word, I'll turn out *in piazza* with the readiest, sooner than have our money altered in our hands as if the magistracy were so many necromancers. And it's true Lorenzo might have hindered such work if he would—and for the bull with the flaming horns, why, as Ser Cioni says, there may be many meanings to it, for the matter of that; it may have more to do with the taxes than we think. For when God above sends a sign, it's not to be supposed he'd have only one meaning."

"Spoken like an oracle, Goro!" said the barber. "Why, when we poor mortals can pack two or three meanings into one sentence, it were mere blasphemy not to believe that your miraculous bull means everything that any man in Florence likes it to mean."

"Thou art pleased to scoff, Nello," said the sallow, round-shouldered man, no longer eclipsed by the notary, "but it is not the less true that every revelation, whether by visions, dreams, portents, or the written word, has many meanings, which it is given to the illuminated only to unfold."

"Assuredly," answered Nello. "Haven't I been to hear the Frate in San Lorenzo? But then, I've been to hear Fra Menico da Ponzo in the Duomo too; and according to him, your Fra Girolamo, with his visions and interpretations, is running after the wind of Mongibello, and those who follow him are like to have the fate of certain swine that ran headlong into the sea—or some hotter place. With San Domenico roaring *è vero* in one ear, and San Francisco screaming *è falso* in the other, what is a poor barber to do—unless he were illuminated? But it's plain our Goro here is beginning to be illuminated, for he already sees that the bull with the flaming horns means first himself, and secondly all the other aggrieved taxpayers of Florence, who are determined to gore the magistracy on the first opportunity."

"Goro is a fool!" said a bass voice, with a note that dropped like the sound of a great bell in the midst of much tinkling. "Let him carry home his leeks and shake his flanks over his wool-beating. He'll mend

matters more that way than by showing his tun-shaped body *in piazza*, as if everybody might measure his grievances by the size of his paunch. The *gravasse* (burdens, i. e. taxes) that harm him most are his heavy carcass and his idleness."

The speaker had joined the group only in time to hear the conclusion of Nello's speech, but he was one of those figures for whom all the world instinctively makes way, as it would for a battering-ram. He was not much above the middle height, but the impression of enormous force which was conveyed by his capacious chest and brawny arms bared to the shoulder, was deepened by the keen sense and quiet resolution expressed in his glance and in every furrow of his cheek and brow. He had often been an unconscious model to Domenico Ghirlandajo, when that great painter was making the walls of the churches reflect the life of Florence, and translating pale aerial traditions into the deep colour and strong lines of the faces he knew. The naturally dark tint of his skin was additionally bronzed by the same powdery deposit that gave a polished black surface to his leathern apron—a deposit which habit had probably made a necessary condition of perfect ease, for it was not washed off with punctilious regularity.

Goro turned his fat cheek and glassy eye on the frank speaker with a look of deprecation rather than of resentment.

"Why, Niccolò," he said, in an injured tone, "I've heard you sing to another tune than that, often enough, when you've been laying down the law at San Gallo on a festa. I've heard you say yourself, that a man wasn't a mill-wheel, to be on the grind, grind, as long as he was driven, and then stick in his place without stirring when the water was low. And you're as fond of your vote as any man in Florence—ay, and I've heard you say, if Lorenzo——"

"Yes, yes," said Niccolò. "Don't you be bringing up my speeches again after you've swallowed them, and handing them about as if they were none the worse. I vote and I speak when there's any use in it: if there's hot metal on the anvil, I lose no time before I strike; but I don't spend good hours in tinkling on cold iron, or in standing on the pavement as thou dost, Goro, with snout upward, like a pig under an oak-tree. And as for Lorenzo—who's dead and gone before his time—he was a man who had an eye for curious iron-work; and if anybody says he wanted to make himself a tyrant, I say, '*Sia* ; I'll not deny which way the wind blows when every man can see the weathercock.' But that only means that Lorenzo was a crested hawk, and there are plenty of hawks without crests whose claws and beaks are as good for tearing. Though if there was any chance of a real reform, so that Marzocco* might shake his mane and roar again, instead of dipping his head to lick the feet of anybody that will mount and ride him, I'd strike a good blow for it."

"And that reform is not far off, Niccolò," said the sallow, mild-faced man, seizing his opportunity like a missionary among the too light-minded

* The stone Lion, emblem of the Republic.

heathens, "for a time of tribulation is coming, and the scourge is at hand. And when the Church is purged of cardinals and prelates who traffic in her inheritance that their hands may be full to pay the price of blood, and to satisfy their own lusts, the State will be purged too—and Florence will be purged of men who love to see avarice and lechery under the red hat and the mitre because it gives them the screen of a more hellish vice than their own."

"Ay, as Goro's broad body would be a screen for my narrow person in case of missiles," said Nello; "but if that excellent screen happened to fall, I were stifled under it, surely enough. That is no bad image of thine, Nanni—or, rather of the Frate's; for I fancy there is no room in the small cup of thy understanding for any other liquor than what he pours into it."

"And it were well for thee, Nello," replied Nanni, "if thou could'st empty thyself of thy scoffs and thy jests, and take in that liquor too. The warning is ringing in the ears of all men: and it's no new story; for the Abbot Joachim prophesied of the coming time three hundred years ago, and now Fra Girolamo has got the message afresh. He has seen it in a vision, even as the prophets of old: he has seen the sword hanging from the sky."

"Ay, and thou wilt see it thyself, Nanni, if thou wilt stare upward long enough," said Niccolò; "for that pitiable tailor's work of thine makes thy noddle so overhang thy legs, that thy eyeballs can see nought above the stitching board but the roof of thy own skull."

The honest tailor bore the jest without bitterness, bent on convincing his hearers of his doctrine rather than of his dignity. But Niccolò gave him no opportunity for replying; for he turned away to the pursuit of his market business, probably considering further dialogue as a tinkling on cold iron.

"*Ebbene*," said the man with the hose round his neck, who had lately migrated from another knot of talkers, "they are safest who cross themselves and jest at nobody. Do you know that the Magnifico sent for the Frate at the last, and couldn't die without his blessing?"

"Was it so—in truth?" said several voices. "Yes, yes—God will have pardoned him." "He died like the best of Christians." "Never took his eyes from the holy crucifix." "And the Frate will have given him his blessing?"

"Well, I know no more," said he of the hosen; "only Guccio there met a *staffiere* going back to Careggi, and he told him the Frate had been sent for yesternight, after the Magnifico had confessed and had the holy sacraments."

"It's likely enough the Frate will tell the people something about it in his sermon this morning; is it not true, Nanni?" said Goro. "What do you think?"

But Nanni had already turned his back on Goro, and the group was rapidly thinning; some being stirred by the impulse to go and hear "new things" from the Frate ("new things" were the nectar of Florentines); others by the sense that it was time to attend to their private business. In this general movement, Bratti got close to the barber, and said,—

"Nello, you've a ready tongue of your own, and are used to worming secrets out of people when you've once got them well-lathered. I picked up a stranger this morning as I was coming in from Rovizzano, and I can spill him out no better than I can the letters on that scarf I bought from the French cavalier. It isn't my wits are at fault,—I want no man to help me tell peas from paternosters,—but when you come to foreign fashions, a fool may happen to know more than a wise man."

"Ay, thou hast the wisdom of Midas, who could turn rags and rusty nails into gold, even as thou dost," said Nello, "and he had also something of the ass about him. But where is thy bird of strange plumage?"

Bratti was looking round, with an air of disappointment.

"Diavolo!" he said, with some vexation. "The bird's flown. It's true he was hungry, and I forgot him. But we shall find him in the Mercato, within scent of bread and savours, I'll answer for him."

"Let us make the round of the Mercato, then," said Nello.

"It isn't his feathers that puzzle me," continued Bratti, as they pushed their way together. "There isn't much in the way of cut and cloth on this side the Holy Sepulchre that can puzzle a Florentine."

"Or frighten him, either," said Nello, "after he has seen an Inglese or a Tedesco."

"No, no," said Bratti, cordially; "one may never lose sight of the Cupola and yet know the world, I hope. Besides, this stranger's clothes are good Italian merchandise, and the hose he wears were dyed in Ognisanti before ever they were dyed with salt water, as he says. But the riddle about him is——"

Here Bratti's explanation was interrupted by some jostling as they reached one of the entrances of the piazza, and before he could resume it, they had caught sight of the enigmatical object they were in search of.

CHAPTER II.

A BREAKFAST FOR LOVE.

ARRR Bratti had joined the knot of talkers, the young stranger, hopeless of learning what was the cause of the general agitation, and not much caring to know what was probably of little interest to any but born Florentines, soon became tired of waiting for Bratti's escort; and chose to stroll round the piazza, looking out for some vendor of eatables who might happen to have less than the average curiosity about public news. But as if at the suggestion of a sudden thought, he thrust his hand into a purse or wallet that hung at his waist, and explored it again and again with a look of frustration.

"Not an obolus, by Jupiter!" he murmured, in a language which was not Tuscan or even Italian. "I thought I had one poor piece left. I must get my breakfast for love, then!"

He had not gone many steps farther before it seemed likely that he had found a quarter of the market where that medium of exchange might not be rejected.

In a corner, away from any group of talkers, two mules were standing, well adorned with red tassels and collars. One of them carried wooden milk-vessels, the other a pair of panniers filled with herbs and salads. Resting her elbow on the neck of the mule that carried the milk, there leaned a young girl, apparently not more than sixteen, with a red hood surrounding her face, which was all the more baby-like in its prettiness from the entire concealment of her hair. The poor child, perhaps, was weary after her labour in the morning twilight in preparation for her walk to market from some castello three or four miles off, for she seemed to have gone to sleep in that half-standing, half-leaning posture. Nevertheless, our stranger had no compunction in awaking her, but the means he chose were so gentle that it seemed to the damsel in her dream as if a little sprig of thyme had touched her lips while she was stooping to gather the herbs. The dream was broken, however, for she opened her blue baby-eyes, and started up with astonishment and confusion to see the young stranger standing close before her. She heard him speaking to her in a voice which seemed so strange and soft, that even if she had been more collected she would have taken it for granted that he said something hopelessly unintelligible to her, and her first movement was to turn her head a little away, and lift up a corner of her green serge mantle as a screen. He repeated his words—

"Forgive me, pretty one, for awaking you. I'm dying with hunger, and the scent of milk makes breakfast seem more desirable than ever."

He had chosen the words "*muoi di fame*," because he knew they would be familiar to her ears; and he had uttered them playfully, with the intonation of a mendicant. The time he was understood; the corner of the mantle was dropped, and in a few moments a large cup of fragrant milk was held out to him. He paid no further compliments before raising it to his lips, and while he was drinking, the little maiden found courage to look up at the long brown curls of this singular-voiced stranger, who had asked for food in the tones of a beggar, but who, though his clothes were much damaged, was unlike any beggar she had ever seen.

While this process of survey was going on, there was another current of feeling that carried her hand into a bag which hung by the side of the mule, and when the stranger set down his cup, he saw a large piece of bread held out towards him, and caught a glance of the blue eyes that seemed intended as an encouragement to him to take this additional gift.

"But perhaps that is your own breakfast," he said. "No, I have had enough without payment. A thousand thanks, my gentle one."

There was no rejoinder in words; but the piece of bread was pushed a little nearer to him, as if in impatience at his refusal; and as the long dark eyes of the stranger rested on the baby face, it seemed to be gathering more and more courage to look up and meet them.

"Ah, then, if I must take the bread," he said, laying his hand on it, "I shall get bolder still, and beg for another kiss to make the bread sweeter."

His speech was getting wonderfully intelligible in spite of the strange voice, which had at first almost seemed a thing to make her cross herself. She blushed deeply, and lifted up a corner of her mantle to her mouth again. But just as the too presumptuous stranger was leaning forward, and had his fingers on the arm that held up the screening mantle, he was startled by a harsh voice close upon his ear.

"Who are *you*—with a murrain to you? No honest buyer, I'll warrant, but a hanger-on of the dicers—or something worse. Go! dance off, and find fitter company, or I'll give you a tune to a little quicker time than you'll like."

The young stranger drew back and looked at the speaker with a glance provokingly free from alarm and deprecation, and his slight expression of saucy amusement broke into a broad beaming smile as he surveyed the figure of his threatener. She was a stout but brawny woman, with a man's jerkin slipped over her green serge gamurra or gown, and the peaked hood of some departed mantle fastened round her sunburnt face, which, under all its coarseness and premature wrinkles, showed a half-sad, half-ludicrous maternal resemblance to the tender baby-face of the little maiden—the sort of resemblance which often seems a more croaking, shudder-creating prophecy than that of the death's head.

There was something irresistibly propitiating in that bright young smile, but Monna Ghita was not a woman to betray any weakness, and she went on speaking, apparently with heightened exasperation.

"Yes, yes, you can grin as well as other monkeys in cap and jerkin. You're a minstrel or a mountebank, I'll be sworn; you look for all the world as silly as a tumbler when he's been upside down and has got on his heels again. And what fool's tricks hast thou been after, Tessa?" she added, turning to her daughter, whose frightened face was more inviting to abuse. "Giving away the milk and victuals, it seems; ay, ay, thou'dst carry water in thy ears for any idle vagabond that didn't like to stoop for it, thou silly staring rabbit! Turn thy back, and lift the herbs out of the panniers, else I'll make thee say a few Aves without counting."

"Nay, Madonna," said the stranger, with a pleading smile, "don't be angry with your pretty Tessa for taking pity on a hungry traveller, who found himself unexpectedly without a quattrino. Your handsome face looks so well when it frowns, that I long to see it illuminated by a smile."

"*Va, va!* I know what paste you are made of. You may tickle me with that straw a good long while before I shall laugh, I can tell you. Get along, with a bad Easter! else I'll make a beauty spot or two on that face of yours that shall spoil your kissing on this side Advent."

As Monna Ghita lifted her formidable talons by way of complying with the first and last requisite of eloquence, Bratti, who had come up a minute or two before, had been saying to his companion, "What think you of this *pappagallo*, Nello? Doesn't his tongue smack of Venice?"

"Nay, Bratti," said the barber in an under tone, "thy wisdom has much of the ass in it, as I told thee just now; especially about the ears. This stranger is a Greek, else I'm not the barber who has had the sole and exclusive shaving of the excellent Demetrio, and drawn more than one sorry tooth from his learned jaw. And this youth might be taken to have come straight from Olympus—at least when he has had a touch of my razor."

"*Orsù! Monna Ghita!*" continued Nello, not sorry to see some sport; "what has happened to cause such a thunder-storm? Has this young stranger been misbehaving himself?"

"By San Giovanni!" said the cautious Bratti, who had not shaken off his original suspicions concerning the shabbily-clad possessor of jewels, "he did right to run away from me, if he meant to get into mischief. I can swear that I found him under the Loggia de' Cerchi, with a ring on his finger such as I've seen worn by Bernardo Rucellai himself. Not another rusty nail's worth do I know about him."

"*Che, che,*" said Nello, eyeing the stranger good-humouredly, "the fact is, this *bello giovane* has been a little too presumptuous in admiring the charms of Monna Ghita, and has attempted to kiss her while her daughter's back is turned; for I observe that the pretty Tessa is too busy to look this way at present. Was it not so, Messer?" Nello concluded, in a tone of courtesy.

"You have divined the offence like a soothsayer," said the stranger, laughingly. "Only that I had not had the good fortune to find Monna Ghita here at first. I begged a cup of milk from her daughter, and had accepted this gift of bread, for which I was making a humble offering of gratitude, before I had had the higher pleasure of being face to face with these ripe charms which I was perhaps too bold in admiring."

"*Va, va!* be off, every one of you," and stay in purgatory till I pay to get you out, will you?" said Monna Ghita, fiercely, elbowing Nello, and leading forward her mule so as to compel the stranger to jump aside. "Tessa, thou simpleton, bring forward thy mule a bit, the cart will be upon us."

As Tessa turned to take the mule's bridle, she cast one timid glance at the stranger, who was now moving with Nello out of the way of an approaching market-cart; and the glance was just long enough to seize the beckoning movement of his hand, which indicated that he had been watching for this opportunity of an adieu.

"*Ebbene,*" said Bratti, raising his voice to speak across the cart; "I leave you with Nello, young man, for there's no pushing my bag and basket any farther, and I have business at home. But you'll remember our bargain, because if you found Tessa without me, it was not my fault. Nello will show you my shop in the Ferravecchj, and I'll not turn my back on you."

"A thousand thanks, friend!" said the stranger, laughing, and then turned away with Nello up the narrow street which led most directly to the Piazza del Duomo.

CHAPTER III.

THE BARBER'S SHOP.

"To tell you the truth," said the young stranger to Nello, as they got a little clearer of the entangled vehicles and mules, "I am not sorry to be handed over by that patron of mine to one who has a less barbarous accent, and a less enigmatical business. Is it a common thing among you Florentines for an itinerant trafficker in broken glass and rags to talk of a shop where he sells lutes and swords?"

"Common? No: our Bratti is not a common man. He has a theory, and lives up to it, which is more than I can say for any philosopher I have the honour of shaving," answered Nello, whose loquacity, like an over-full bottle, could never pour forth a small dose. "Bratti means to extract the utmost possible amount of pleasure, that is to say, of hard bargaining, out of this life; winding it up with a bargain for the easiest possible passage through purgatory, by giving Holy Church his winnings when the game is over. He has had his will made to that effect on the cheapest terms a notary could be got for. But I have often said to him, 'Bratti, thy bargain is a limping one, and thou art on the lame side of it. Does it not make thee a little sad to look at the pictures of the *Paradiso*? Thou wilt never be able there to chaffer for rags and rusty nails: the saints and angels want neither pins nor tinder; and except with San Bartolommeo, who carries his skin about in an inconvenient manner, I see no chance of thy making a bargain for second-hand clothing.' But, *Dio mi perdoni*," added Nello, changing his tone, and crossing himself, "this light talk ill becoms a morning when Lorenzo lies dead, and the Muses are tearing their hair—always a painful thought to a barber; and you yourself, Messer, are probably under a cloud, for when a man of your speech and presence takes up with so sorry a night's lodging, it argues some misfortune to have befallen him."

"What Lorenzo is that whose death you speak of?" said the stranger, appearing to have dwelt with too anxious an interest on this point to have noticed the indirect inquiry that followed it.

"What Lorenzo? There is but one Lorenzo, I imagine, whose death could throw the Mercato into an uproar, set the lantern of the Duomo leaping in desperation, and cause the lions of the Republic to feel under an immediate necessity to devour one another. I mean Lorenzo de' Medici, the Pericles of our Athens—if I may make such a comparison in the ear of a Greek."

"Why not?" said the other, laughingly; "for I doubt whether Athens, even in the days of Pericles, could have produced so learned a barber."

"Yes, yes; I thought I could not be mistaken," said the rapid Nello, "else I have shaved the venerable Demetrio Calcondila to little purpose;

but pardon me, I am lost in wonder: your Italian is better than his, though he has been in Italy forty years—better even than that of the accomplished Murullo, who may be said to have married the Italic Muse in more senses than one, since he has married our learned and lovely Alessandra Scala."

"It will lighten your wonder to know that I come of a Greek stock, planted in Italian soil much longer than the mulberry-trees which have taken so kindly to it. I was born at Bari, and my—I mean, I was brought up by an Italian—and, in fact, may rather be called a *Græculus* than a Greek. The Greek dye was subdued in me, I suppose, till I had been dipped over again by long abode and much travel in the land of gods and heroes. And, to confess something of my private affairs to you, this same Greek dye, with a few ancient gems I have about me, is the only fortune shipwreck has left me. But—when the towers fall, you know, it is an ill-business for the small nest-builders—the death of your Pericles makes me wish I had rather turned my steps towards Rome, as I should have done, but for a fallacious Minerva in the shape of an Augustinian monk. 'At Rome,' he said, 'you will be lost in a crowd of hungry scholars; but at Florence, every corner is penetrated by the sunshine of Lorenzo's patronage: Florence is the best market in Italy for such commodities as yours.'"

"*Gnaffè*, and so it will remain, I hope," said Nello. "Lorenzo was not the only patron and judge of learning in our city—heaven forbid! Because he was a large melon, every other Florentine is not a pumpkin, *mi pare*. Have we not Bernardo Rucellai, and Alamanno Rinuccini, and plenty more? And if you want to be informed on such matters, I, Nello, am your man. It seems to me a thousand years till I can be of service to a *bel erudito* like yourself. And, first of all, in the matter of your hair. That beard, my fine young man, must be parted with, were it as dear to you as the nymph of your dreams. Here at Florence, we love not to see a man with his nose projecting over a cascade of hair. But, remember, you will have passed the Rubicon, when once you have been shaven: if you repent, and let your beard grow after it has acquired stoutness by a struggle with the razor, your mouth will by-and-by show no longer what Messer Angelo calls the divine prerogative of lips, but will appear like a dark cavern fringed with horrent brambles."

"That is a terrible prophecy," said the Greek, "especially if your Florentine maidens are many of them as pretty as the little Tessa I stole a kiss from this morning."

"Tessa? she is a rough-handed contadina: you will rise into the favour of dames, who bring no scent of the mule-stables with them. But to that end, you must not have the air of a *sgherro*, or a man of evil repute: you must look like a courtier, and a scholar of the more polished sort, such as our Pietro Crinito—like one, who sins among well-bred, well-fed people, and not one who sucks down vile *vino di sotto* in a chance tavern."

"With all my heart," said the stranger. "If the Florentine Graces demand it, I am willing to give up this small matter of my beard, but——"

"Yes, yea," interrupted Nello. "I know what you would say. It is the *bella zazzera*—the hyacinthine locks, you do not choose to part with; and there is no need. Just a little pruning—ecco!—and you will look not unlike the illustrious prince Pico di Mirandola in his prime. And here we are in good time in the Piazza San Giovanni, and at the door of my shop. But you are pausing, I see: naturally, you want to look at our wonder of the world, our Duomo, our Santa Maria del Fiore. Well, well, a mere glance; but I beseech you to leave a closer survey till you have been shaved: I am quivering with the inspiration of my art even to the very edge of my razor. Ah, then, come round this way."

The mercurial barber seized the arm of the stranger, and led him to a point, on the south side of the piazza, from which he could see at once the huge dark shell of the cupola, the slender soaring grace of Giotto's campanile, and the quaint octagon of San Giovanni in front of them, showing its unique gates of storied bronze, which still bore the somewhat dimmed glory of their original gilding. The inlaid marbles were then fresher in their pink, and white, and purple, than they are now, when the winters of four centuries have turned their white to the rich ochre of well-mellowed meerschaum; the façade of the cathedral did not stand ignominious in faded stucco, but had upon it the magnificent promise of the half-completed marble inlaying and statued niches, which Giotto had devised a hundred and fifty years before; and as the campanile in all its harmonious variety of colour and form led the eyes upward, high into the pure air of that April morning, it seemed a prophetic symbol, telling that human life must somehow and some time shape itself into accord with that pure aspiring beauty.

But this was not the impression it appeared to produce on the Greek. His eyes were irresistibly led upward, but as he stood with his arms folded and his curls falling backward, there was a slight touch of scorn on his lip, and when his eyes fell again, they glanced round with a scanning coolness which was rather piquing to Nello's Florentine spirit.

"*Ebbene, bel giovane,*" he said, with some impatience, "you seem to make as little of our cathedral as if you were the angel Gabriel come straight from Paradise. I should like to know if you have ever seen finer work than our Giotto's tower, or any cupola that would not look a mere mushroom by the side of Brunelleschi's there, or any marbles finer or more cunningly wrought than these that our Signoria got from far-off quarries, at a price that would buy a dukedom. Come, now, have you ever seen anything to equal them?"

"If you asked me that question with a scimitar at my throat, after the Turkish fashion, or even your own razor," said the young Greek, smiling gaily, and moving on towards the gates of the Baptistry, "I daresay you might get a confession of the true faith from me. But with my throat free from peril, I venture to tell you that your buildings smack too much of Christian barbarism for my taste. I have a shuddering sense of what there is inside—hideous smoked Madonnas; fleshless saints in

mosaic, staring down idiotic astonishment and rebuke from the apse; skin-clad skeletons hanging on crosses, or stuck all over with arrows, or stretched on gridirons; women and monks with heads aside in perpetual lamentation. I have seen enough of those wry-necked favourites of heaven at Constantinople. But what is this bronze door rough with imagery? These women's figures seem moulded in a different spirit from those starved and staring saints I spoke of: these heads in high relief speak of a human mind within them, instead of looking like an index to perpetual spasms and colic."

"Yes, yes," said Nello, with some triumph. "I think we shall show you by-and-by that our Florentine art is not in a state of barbarism. These gates, my fine young man, were moulded half a century ago, by our Lorenzo Ghiberti, when he counted hardly so many years as you do."

"Ah, I remember," said the stranger, turning away, like one whose appetite for contemplation was soon satisfied. "I have heard that your Tuscan sculptors and painters have been studying the antique a little. But with monks for models, and the legends of mad hermits and martyrs for subjects, the vision of Olympus itself would be of small use to them."

"I understand," said Nello, with a significant shrug, as they walked along. "You are of the same mind as Michele Marullo, ay, and as Angelo Poliziano himself, in spite of his canonicate, when he relaxes himself a little in my shop, after his lectures, and talks of the gods awaking from their long sleep and making the woods and streams vital once more. But he rails against the Roman scholars who want to make us all talk Latin again: 'My ears,' he says, 'are sufficiently flayed by the barbarisms of the learned, and if the vulgar are to talk Latin I would as soon have been in Florence the day they took to beating all the kettles in the city because the bells were not enough to stay the wrath of the saints.' Ah, Messer Greco, if you want to know the flavour of our scholarship, you must frequent my shop: it is the focus of Florentine intellect, and in that sense the navel of the earth—as my great predecessor, Burchiello, said of *his* shop, on the more frivolous pretension that his street of the Calimara was the centre of our city. And here we are at the sign of 'Apollo and the Razor.' Apollo, you see, is bestowing the razor on the Triptolemus of our craft, the first reaper of beards, the sublime *Anonimo*, whose mysterious identity is indicated by a shadowy hand."

"I see thou hast had custom already, Sandro," continued Nello, addressing a solemn-looking dark-eyed youth, who made way for them on the threshold. "And now make all clear for this signor to sit down. And prepare the finest scented lather, for he has a learned and a handsome chin."

"You have a pleasant little adytum there, I see," said the stranger, looking through a latticed screen which divided the shop from a room of about equal size, opening into a still smaller walled enclosure, where a few

bay and laurels surrounded a stone Hermes. "I suppose your conclave of *eruditi* meets there?"

"There, and not less in my shop," said Nello, leading the way into the inner room, in which were some benches, a table, with one book in manuscript and one printed in capitals lying open upon it, a lute, a few oil-sketches, and a model or two of hands and ancient masks. "For my shop is a no less fitting haunt of the Muses, as you will acknowledge when you feel the sudden illumination of understanding and the serene vigour of inspiration that will come to you with a clear chin. Ah! you can make that lute discourse, I perceive. I, too, have some skill that way, though the serenade is useless when daylight discloses a visage like mine, looking no fresher than an apple that has stood the winter. But look at that sketch—it is a fancy of Piero di Cosimo's, a strange great painter, who says he saw it by long looking at a mouldy wall."

The sketch Nello pointed to represented three masks—one a drunken laughing Setyr, another a sorrowing Magdalen, and a third, which lay between them, the rigid, cold face of a Stoic: the first looked obliquely on the lap of a little child, whose cherub features shone among them with something of the supernal promise in the gaze which painters had by that time learned to give to the Divine Infant.

"A symbolical picture, I see," said the young Greek, touching the lute while he spoke, so as to bring out a slight musical murmur. "The child, perhaps, is the Golden Age, wanting neither worship nor philosophy. And the Golden Age can always come back as long as men are born in the form of babies, and don't come into the world in cassock or furred mantle. Or the child may mean the wise philosophy of Epicurus, removed alike from the gross, the sad, and the severe."

"Ah! everybody has his own interpretation for that picture," said Nello; "and if you ask Piero himself what he meant by it, he says his pictures are an appendix which Messer Domeneddio has been pleased to make to the universe, and if any man is in doubt what they mean, he had better inquire of Holy Church. He has been asked to paint a picture after the sketch, but he puts his fingers to his ears and shakes his head at that: the fancy is passed, he says—a strange animal, our Piero. But now all is ready for your initiation into the mysteries of the razor."

"Mysteries they may well be called," continued the barber, with rising spirits at the prospect of a long monologue, as he imprisoned the young Greek in the shroud-like shaving-cloth; "mysteries of Minerva and the Graces. I get the flower of men's thoughts, because I seize them in the first moment after shaving. (Ah! you wince a little at the lather: it tickles the outlying limits of the nose, I admit). And that is what makes the peculiar fitness of a barber's shop to become a resort of wit and learning. For, look now at a druggist's shop: there is a dull conclave at the sign of *Il Aloro*, that pretends to rival mine; but what sort of inspiration, I beseech you, can be got from the scent of nauseous vegetable decoctions?—to say nothing of the fact that you no sooner



"SUPPOSE YOU LET ME LOOK AT MYSELF"

pass the threshold than you see a doctor of physic, like a gigantic spider, disguised in fur and scarlet, waiting for his prey; or even see him blocking up the doorway seated on a bony hack, inspecting saliva. (Your chin a little elevated, if it please you: contemplate that angel who is blowing the trumpet at you from the ceiling. I had it painted expressly for the regulation of my clients' chins.) Besides, your druggist, who herborises and decocts, is a man of prejudices: he has poisoned people according to a system, and is obliged to stand up for his system to justify the consequences. Now a barber can be dispassionate; the only thing he necessarily stands by is the razor, always providing he is not an author. That was the flaw in my great predecessor Burchiello—he was a poet, and had consequently a prejudice about his own poetry. I have escaped that; I saw very early that authorship is a narrowing business, in conflict with the liberal art of the razor, which demands an impartial affection for all men's chins. Ecco, Messer! the outline of your chin and lip are as clear as a maiden's; and now fix your mind on a knotty question—ask yourself whether you are bound to spell Virgil with an *i* or an *e*, and say if you do not feel an unwonted clearness on the point. Only, if you decide for the *i*, keep it to yourself till your fortune is made, for the *e* hath the stronger following in Florence. Ah! I think I see a gleam of still quicker wit in your eye. I have it on the authority of our young Niccolò Machiavelli, himself keen enough to discern *il pelo nell'uovo*, as we say, and a great lover of delicate shaving, though his beard is hardly of two years' date, that no sooner do the hairs begin to push themselves, than he perceives a certain grossness of apprehension creeping over him.

"Suppose you let me look at myself," said the stranger, laughing. "The happy effect on my intellect is perhaps obstructed by a little doubt as to the effect on my appearance."

"Behold yourself in this mirror, then; it is a Venetian mirror from Murano, the true *nosce teipsum*, as I have named it, compared with which the finest mirror of steel or silver is mere darkness. See now, how by diligent shaving, the nether region of your face may preserve its human outline, instead of presenting no distinction from the physiognomy of a bearded owl or a Barbary ape. I have seen men whose beards have so invaded their cheeks, that one might have pitied them as the victims of a sad, brutalizing chastisement befitting our Dante's *Inferno*, if they had not seemed to strut with a strange triumph in their extravagant hairiness."

"It seems to me," said the Greek, still looking into the mirror, "that you have taken away some of my capital with your razor—I mean a year or two of age, which might have won me more ready credit for my legering. Under the inspection of a patron whose vision has grown somewhat dim, I shall have a perilous resemblance to a maiden of sixteen in the disguise of hose and jerkin."

"Not at all," said Nello, proceeding to clip the too extravagant curls; "your proportions are not those of a maiden. And for your age, I myself

remember seeing Angelo Poliziano begin his lectures on the Latin language when he had a younger beard than yours; and between ourselves, his juvenile ugliness was not less signal than his precocious scholarship. Whereas you—no, no, your age is not against you; but between ourselves, let me hint to you that your being a Greek, though it be only an Apulian Greek, is not in your favour. Certain of our scholars hold that your Greek learning is but a wayside degenerate plant until it has been transplanted into Italian brains, and that now there is such a plentiful crop of the superior quality, your native teachers are mere propagators of degeneracy. Ecco! your curls are now of the right proportion to neck and shoulders; rise, Messer, and I will free you from the encumbrance of this cloth. *Gnaffè!* I almost advise you to retain the faded jerkin and hose a little longer; they give you the air of a fallen prince."

"But the question is," said the young Greek, leaning against the high back of a chair, and returning Nello's contemplative admiration with a look of inquiring anxiety; "the question is, in what quarter I am to carry my princely air, so as to rise from the said fallen condition. If your Florentine patrons of learning share this scholarly hostility to the Greeks, I see not how your city can be a hospitable refuge for me, as you seemed to say just now."

"*Pian, piano*—not so fast," said Nello, sticking his thumbs into his belt and nodding to Sandro to restore order. "I will not conceal from you that there is a prejudice against Greeks among us; and though, as a barber, unshorn by authorship, I share no prejudices, I must admit that the Greeks are not always such pretty youngsters as yourself: their erudition is often of an uncombed, unmannerly aspect, and encrusted with a barbarous utterance of Italian, that makes their converse hardly more euphonious than that of a Tedesco in a state of vinous loquacity. And then, again, excuse me—we Florentines have liberal ideas about speech, and consider that an instrument which can flatter and promise so cleverly as the tongue, must have been partly made for those purposes; and that truth is a riddle for eyes and wit to discover, which it were a mere spoiling of sport for the tongue to betray. Still we have our limits beyond which we call dissimulation treachery. But it is said of the Greeks that their honesty begins at what is the hanging-point with us, and that since the old Furies went to sleep, your Christian Greek is of so easy a conscience that he would make a stepping-stone of his father's corpse."

The flush on the stranger's face indicated what seemed so natural a movement of resentment, that the good-natured Nello hastened to atone for his want of reticence.

"Be not offended, *bel giovane*; I am but repeating what I hear in my shop; as you may perceive, my eloquence is simply the cream which I skim off my clients' talk. Heaven forbid I should fetter my impartiality by entertaining an opinion. And for that same scholarly objection to the Greeks," added Nello, in a more mocking tone, and with a significant

grimace, "the fact is, you are heretics, Messer; jealousy has nothing to do with it: if you would just change your opinion about Leaven, and alter your Doxology a little, our Italian scholars would think it a thousand years till they could give up their chairs to you. Yes, yes; it is chiefly religious scruple, and partly also the authority of a great classic,—Juvenal, is it not? He, I gather, had his bile as much stirred by the swarm of Greeks as our Messer Angelo, who is fond of quoting some passage about their incorrigible impudence—*audacia perdita*."

"Pooh! the passage is a compliment," said the Greek, who had recovered himself, and seemed wise enough to take the matter gaily—

"Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo
Promptus, et lasso torrentior."

A rapid intellect and ready eloquence may carry off a little impudence."

"Assuredly," said Nello. "And since, as I see, you know Latin literature as well as Greek, you will not fall into the mistake of Giovanni Argiropulo, who ran full tilt against Cicero, and pronounced him all but a pumpkin-head. For, let me give you one bit of advice, young man—trust a barber who has shaved the best chins, and kept his eyes and ears open for twenty years—oil your tongue well when you talk of the ancient Latin writers, and give it an extra dip when you talk of the modern. A wise Greek may win favour among us; witness our excellent Demetrio, who is loved by many, and not hated immoderately even by the most renowned scholars."

"I discern the wisdom of your advice so clearly," said the Greek, with the bright smile which was continually lighting up the fine form and colour of his young face, "that I will ask you for a little more. Who now, for example, would be the most likely patron for me? Is there a son of Lorenzo who inherits his tastes? Or is there any other wealthy Florentine specially addicted to purchasing antique gems? I have a fine Cleopatra cut in sardonyx, and one or two other intagli and camei, both curious and beautiful, worthy of being added to the cabinet of a prince. Happily, I had taken the precaution of fastening them within the lining of my doublet before I set out on my voyage. Moreover, I should like to raise a small sum for my present need on this ring of mine" (here he took out the ring and replaced it on his finger), "if you could recommend me to any honest trafficker."

"Let us see, let us see," said Nello, perusing the floor, and walking up and down the length of his shop. "This is no time to apply to Piero de' Medici, though he has the will to make such purchases if he could always spare the money; but I think it is another sort of Cleopatra that he covets most. . . . Yes, yes, I have it. What you want is a man of wealth, and influence, and scholarly tastes—not one of your learned porcupines, bristling all over with critical tests, but one whose Greek and Latin are of a comfortable laxity. And that man is Bartolommeo Scala, the secretary of our republic. He came to Florence

as a poor adventurer himself—a miller's son—a “branny monster,” as he has been nicknamed by our honey-lipped Poliziano, who agrees with him as well as my teeth agree with lemon-juice. And, hy-the-by, that may be a reason why the secretary may be the more ready to do a good turn to a strange scholar. For, between you and me, *bel giovane*—trust a barber who has shaved the best scholars—friendliness is much such a steed as Ser Benghi's: it will hardly show much alacrity unless it has got the thistle of hatred under its tail. However, the secretary is a man who'll keep his word to you, even to the halving of a fennel seed; and he is not unlikely to buy some of your gems.”

“But how am I to get at this great man?” said the Greek, rather impatiently.

“I was coming to that,” said Nello. “Just now everybody of ^{the} any public importance will be full of Lorenzo's death, and a stranger may find it difficult to get any notice. But in the meantime, I could take you to a man who, if he has a mind, can help you to a chance of a favourable interview with Scala sooner than anybody else in Florence—worth seeing, for his own sake too, to say nothing of his collections, or of his daughter Romola, who is as fair as the Florentine lily before it got quarrelsome, and turned red.”

“But if this father of the beautiful Romola makes collections, why should he not like to buy some of my gems himself?”

Nello shrugged his shoulders. “For two good reasons—want of sight to look at the gems, and want of money to pay for them. Our old Bardo ~~de~~ Bardi is so blind that he can see no more of his daughter than, as he says, a glimmering of something bright when she comes very near him: doubtless her golden hair, which, as Messer Luigi Pulci says of his Meridiana's, ‘*raggia come stella per sereno*.’ Ah, here come some clients of mine, and I shouldn't wonder if one of them could serve your turn about that ring.”

CHAPTER IV:

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

“Good-Day, Messer Domenico,” said Nello to the foremost of the two visitors who entered the shop, while he nodded silently to the other. “You come as opportunely as cheese on macaroni. Ah! you are in haste—wish to be shaved without delay—ecco! And this is a morning when every one has grave matter on his mind. Florence orphaned—the very pivot of Italy snatched away—heaven itself at a loss what to do next. *Lasso!* Well, well, the sun is nevertheless travelling on towards dinner-time again; and, as I was saying, you come like *cacio alla lasagna*. For this young stranger was wishing for an honourable trader who would advance him a sum on a certain ring of value, and if I had counted every

goldsmith and money-lender in Florence on my fingers, I couldn't have found a better name than Mexico Cennini. Besides, he hath other ware in which you deal—Greek learning, and young eyes—a double implement which you printers are always in need of."

The grave elderly man, son of that Bernardo Cennini, who, twenty years before, having heard of the new process of printing carried on by Germans, had cast his own types in Florence, remained necessarily in lathered silence and passivity while Nello showered this talk in his ears, but turned a slow sideways gaze on the stranger.

"This fine young man has unlimited Greek, Latin, or Italian at your service," continued Nello, fond of interpreting by very ample paraphrase. "He is as great a wonder of juvenile learning as Francesco Filelfo or our own incomparable Poliziano. A second Guarino, too, for he has had the misfortune to be shipwrecked, and has doubtless lost a store of precious manuscripts that might have contributed some correctness even to your correct editions, Domenico. Fortunately, he has rescued a few gems of rare value. His name is—you said your name, Messer, was ——?"

"Tito Melema," said the stranger, slipping the ring from his finger, and presenting it to Cennini, whom Nello, not less rapid with his razor than with his tongue, had now released from the shaving-cloth.

Meanwhile the man who had entered the shop in company with the goldsmith—a tall figure, about fifty, with a short trimmed beard, wearing an old felt hat and a thread-bare mantle—had kept his eye fixed on the Greek, and now said abruptly,

"Young man, I am painting a picture of Sinon deceiving old Priam, and I should be glad of your face for my Sinon, if you'd give me a sitting."

Tito Melema started and looked round with a pale astonishment in his face as if at a sudden accusation; but Nello left him no time to feel at a loss for an answer: "Piero," said the barber, "thou art the most extraordinary compound of humours and fancies ever packed into a human skin. What trick wilt thou play with the fine visage of this young scholar to make it suit thy traitor? Ask him rather to turn his eyes upward, and thou may'st make a Saint Sebastian of him that will draw troops of devout women, or, if thou art in a classical vein, put myrtle about his curls and make him a young Bacchus, or say rather a Phœbus Apollo, for his face is as warm and bright as a summer morning; it made me his friend in the space of a *credo*."

"Ay, Nello," said the painter, speaking with abrupt pauses; "and if thy tongue can leave off its everlasting chirping long enough for thy understanding to consider the matter, thou may'st see that thou hast just shown the reason why the face of Messer will suit my traitor. A perfect traitor should have a face which vice can write no marks on—lips that will lie with a dimpled smile—eyes of such agate-like brightness and depth that no infamy can dull them—cheeks that will rise from a murder and not look haggard. I say not this young man is a traitor: I mean, he has a face that would make him the more perfect traitor if he had the heart of

one, which is saying neither more nor less than that he has a beautiful face, informed with rich young blood, that will be nourished enough by food, and keep its colour without much help of virtue. He may have the heart of a hero along with it; I aver nothing to the contrary. Ask Domenico there if the lapidaries can always tell a gem by the sight alone. And now I'm going to put the tow in my ears, for thy chatter and the bells together are more than I can endure; so say no more to me, but trim my beard."

With these last words Piero (called "di Cosimo," from his master, Cosimo Rosselli) drew out two bits of tow, stuffed them in his ears, and placed himself in the chair before Nello, who shrugged his shoulders and cast a grimacing look of intelligence at the Greek, as much as to say, "A whimsical fellow, you perceive! Everybody holds his speeches as mere jokes."

Tito, who had stood transfixed, with his long dark eyes resting on the unknown man who had addressed him so equivocally, seemed recalled to his self-command by Piero's change of position, and, apparently satisfied with his explanation, was again giving his attention to Cennini, who presently said,—

"This is a curious and a valuable ring, young man. This intaglio of the fish with the crested serpent above it, in the black stratum of the onyx, or rather nicolo, is well shown by the surrounding blue of the upper stratum. The ring has, doubtless, a history?" added Cennini, looking up keenly at the young stranger.

"Yes, indeed," said Tito, meeting the scrutiny very frankly. "The ring was found in Sicily, and I have understood from those who busy themselves with gems and sigils, that both the stone and intaglio are of virtue to make the wearer fortunate, especially at sea, and also to restore to him whatever he may have lost. But," he continued smiling, "though I have worn it constantly since I quitted Greece, it has not made me altogether fortunate at sea, you perceive, unless I am to count escape from drowning as a sufficient proof of its virtue. It remains to be seen whether my lost chests will come to light; but to lose no chance of such a result, Messer, I will pray you only to hold the ring for a short space as pledge for a small sum far beneath its value, and I will redeem it as soon as I can dispose of certain other gems which are secured within my doublet, or indeed as soon as I can earn something by any scholarly employment, if I may be so fortunate as to meet with such."

"That may be seen, young man, if you will come with me," said Cennini. "My brother Pietro, who is a better judge of scholarship than I, will perhaps be able to supply you with a task that may test your capabilities. Meanwhile, take back your ring until I can hand you the necessary florins, and, if it please you, come along with me."

"Yes, yes," said Nello, "go with Messer Domenico, you cannot go in better company; he was born under the constellation that gives a man skill, riches, and integrity, whatever that constellation may be, which is

of the less consequence because babies can't choose their own horoscopes, and indeed, if they could, there might be an inconvenient rush of babies at particular epochs. Besides, our Phoenix, the incomparable Pico, has shown that your horoscopes are all a nonsensical dream—which is the less troublesome opinion. *Addio, bel giovane!* don't forget to come back to me."

"No fear of that," said Tito, beckoning a farewell, as he turned round his bright face at the door. "You are to do me a great service:—that is the most positive security for your seeing me again."

"Say what thou wilt, Piero," said Nello, as the young stranger disappeared, "I shall never look at such an outside as that without taking it as a sign of a loveable nature. Suffocation! why, thou wilt say next that Lionardo, whom thou art always raving about, ought to have made his Judas as beautiful as St. John! But thou art as deaf as the top of Mount Morello with that accursed tow in thy ears. Well, well: I'll get a little more of this young man's history from him before I take him to Bardo Bardi."

CHAPTER V.

THE BLIND SCHOLAR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

THE Via de' Bardi, a street noted in the history of Florence, lies in Oltrarno, or that portion of the city which clothes the southern bank of the river. It extends from the Ponte Vecchio to the Piazza de' Mozzi at the head of the Ponte alle Grazie; its right-hand line of houses and walls being backed by the rather steep ascent which in the fifteenth century was known as the Hill of Bogoli, the famous stone-quarry whence the city got its pavement—of dangerously unstable consistence when penetrated by rains; its left-hand buildings flanking the river and making on their northern side a length of quaint, irregularly-pierced façade, of which the waters give a softened loving reflection as the sun begins to decline towards the western heights. But quaint as these buildings are, some of them seem to the historical memory a too modern substitute for the famous houses of the Bardi family, destroyed by popular rage in the middle of the fourteenth century.

They were a proud and energetic stock, these Bardi: conspicuous among those who clutched the sword in the earliest world-famous quarrels of Florentines with Florentines, when the narrow streets were darkened with the high towers of the nobles, and when the old tutelary god Mars, as he saw the gutters reddened with neighbours' blood, might well have smiled at the centuries of lip-service paid to his rival, the Baptist. But the Bardi hands were of the sort that not only clutch the sword-hilt with vigour, but love the more delicate pleasure of fingering minted metal: they were matched, too, with true Florentine eyes, capable of discerning that

power was to be won by other means than by rending and riving, and by the middle of the fourteenth century we find them risen from their original condition of *popolani* to be possessors, by purchase, of lands and strongholds, and the feudal dignity of Counts of Vernio, disturbing to the jealousy of their republican fellow-citizens. These lordly purchases are explained by our seeing the Bardi disastrously signalized only a few years later as standing in the very front of European commerce—the Christian Rothschilds of that time—undertaking to furnish specie for the wars of our Edward the Third, and having revenues “in kind” made over to them; especially in wool, most precious of freights for Florentine galleys. Their august debtor left them with an august deficit, and alarmed Sicilian creditors made a too sudden demand for the payment of deposits, causing a ruinous shock to the credit of the Bardi and that of associated houses, which was felt as a commercial calamity along all the coasts of the Mediterranean. But, like more modern bankrupts, they did not, for all that, hide their heads in humiliation; on the contrary, they seem to have held them higher than ever, and to have been among the most arrogant of those *grandi*, who under certain noteworthy circumstances, open to all who will read the honest pages of Giovanni Villani, drew upon themselves the exasperation of the armed people in 1343. The Bardi, who had made themselves fast in their street between the two bridges, kept these narrow inlets, like panthers at bay, against the oncoming gonfalons of the people, and were only made to give way by an assault from the hill behind them. Their houses by the river, to the number of twenty-two (*palagi e case grandi*), were sacked and burnt, and many among the chief of those who bore the Bardi name were driven from the city. But an old Florentine family was many-rooted, and we find the Bardi maintaining importance and rising again and again to the surface of Florentine affairs in a more or less creditable manner, implying an untold family history that would have included even more vicissitudes and contrasts of dignity and disgrace, of wealth and poverty, than are usually seen on the background of wide kinship.* But the Bardi never resumed their proprietorship in the old street on the banks of the river, which in 1492 had long been associated with other names of mark, and especially with the Neri, who possessed a considerable range of houses on the side towards the hill. In one of these Neri houses there lived, however, a descendant of the Bardi, and of that very branch which a century and a half before had become Counts of Vernio: a descendant who had inherited the old family

* A sign that such contrasts were peculiarly frequent in Florence is the fact that Saint Antonine, Prior of San Marco, and afterwards archbishop, in the first half of this fifteenth century, founded the society of Buonomini di San Martino (Good Men of St. Martin) with the main object of succouring the *poveri vergognosi*—in other words, paupers of good family. In the records of the famous Panciatichi family we find a certain Girolamo in this century who was reduced to such a state of poverty that he was obliged to seek charity for the mere means of sustaining life, though other members of his family were enormously wealthy.

pride and energy, the old love of pre-eminence, the old desire to leave a lasting track of his footsteps on the fast-whirling earth. But the family passions lived on in him under altered conditions: this descendant of the Bardi was not a man swift in street warfare, or one who loved to play the signor, fortifying strongholds and asserting the right to hang vassals, or a merchant and usurer of keen daring, who delighted in the generalship of wide commercial schemes: he was a man with a deep-voined hand cramped by much copying of manuscripts, who ate sparing dinners, and wore threadbare clothes, at first from choice and at last from necessity; who sat among his books and his marble fragments of the past, and saw them only by the light of those far-off younger days which still shone in his memory: he was a moneyless, blind old scholar—the Bardo de' Bardi to whom Nello, the barber, had promised to introduce the young Greek, Tito Melema.

The house in which Bardo lived was situated on the side of the street nearest the hill, and was one of those large sombre masses of stone building pierced by comparatively small windows, and surmounted by what may be called a roofed terrace or loggia, of which there are many examples still to be seen in the venerable city. Grim doors, with conspicuous scrolled hinges, having high up on each side of them a small window defended by iron bars, opened on a groined entrance court, empty of everything but a massive lump iron suspended from the centre of the groin. A smaller grim door on the left hand admitted to the stone staircase, and the rooms on the ground floor. These last were used as a warehouse by the proprietor; so was the first floor; and both were fitted with precious stores, destined to be carried, some perhaps to the banks of the Scheldt, some to the shores of Africa, some to the isles of the Egean, or to the banks of the Euxine. Maso, the old serving-man, who returned from the Mercato, with the stock of cheap vegetables, had to make his slow way up to the second story before he reached the door of his master, Bardo, through which we are about to enter only a few mornings after Nello's conversation with the Greek.

We follow Maso across the ante-chamber to the door on the left hand, through which we pass as he opens it. He merely looks in and nods, while a clear young voice says, "Ah, you are come back, Maso. It is well. We have wanted nothing."

The voice came from the farther end of a long, spacious room, surrounded with shelves, on which books and antiquities were arranged in scrupulous order. Here and there, on separate stands in front of the shelves, were placed a beautiful feminine torso; a headless statue, with an uplifted muscular arm wielding a bladeless sword; rounded, dimpled, infantine limbs severed from the trunk, inviting the lips to kiss the cold marble; some well-preserved Roman busts; and two or three vases of Magna Grecia. A large table in the centre was covered with antique bronze lamps and small vessels in dark pottery. The colour of these objects was chiefly pale or sombre: the vellum bindings, with their deep-ridged backs, gave little relief to the marble livid with long burial; the

once splendid patch of carpet at the farther end of the room had long been worn to dimness; the dark bronzes wanted sunlight upon them to bring out their tinge of green, and the sun was not yet high enough to send gleams of brightness through the narrow windows that looked on the Via de' Bardi.

The only spot of bright colour in the room was made by the hair of a tall maiden of seventeen or eighteen, who was standing before a carved *leggio*, or reading-desk, such as is often seen in the choirs of Italian churches. The hair was of a reddish gold colour, enriched by an unbroken small ripple, such as may be seen in the sunset clouds on grandest autumnal evenings. It was confined by a black fillet above her small ears, from which it rippled forward again, and made a natural veil for her neck above her square-cut gown of black *rascia*, or serge. Her eyes were bent on a large volume placed before her: one long, white hand rested on the reading-desk, and the other clasped the back of her father's chair.

The blind father sat with head uplifted and turned a little aside towards his daughter, as if he were looking at her. His delicate paleness, set off by the black velvet cap which surmounted his drooping white hair, made all the more perceptible the likeness between his aged features and those of the young maiden, whose cheeks were also without any tinge of the rose. There was the same refinement of brow and nostril in both, counterbalanced by a full though firm mouth and powerful chin, which gave an expression of proud tenacity and latent impetuosity: an expression carried out in the backward poise of the girl's head, and the grand line of her neck and shoulders. It was a type of face of which one could not venture to say whether it would inspire love or only that unwilling admiration which is mixed with dread: the question must be decided by the eyes, which often seem charged with a more direct message from the soul. But the eyes of the father had long been silent, and the eyes of the daughter were bent on the Latin pages of Politian's *Miscellanea*, from which she was reading aloud at the eightieth chapter, to the following effect:—

"There was a certain nymph of Thebes named Chariclo, especially dear to Pallas; and this nymph was the mother of Teiresias. But once when in the heat of summer, Pallas, in company with Chariclo, was bathing her disrobed limbs in the Heliconian Hippocrene, it happened that Teiresias coming as a hunter to quench his thirst at the same fountain, inadvertently beheld Minerva unveiled, and immediately became blind. For it is declared in the Saturnian laws, that he who beholds the gods against their will, shall atone for it by a heavy penalty. . . . When Teiresias had fallen into this calamity, Pallas, moved by the tears of Chariclo, endowed him with prophecy and length of days, and even caused his prudence and wisdom to continue after he had entered among the shades, so that an oracle spake from his tomb: and she gave him a staff, wherewith, as by a guide, he might walk without stumbling. . . . And hence Nonnus, in the fifth book of the *Dionysiaca*, introduces

"Actæon exclaiming that he calls Teiresias happy, since, without dying, and with the loss of his eyesight merely, he had beheld Minerva unveiled, and thus, though blind, could for evermore carry her image in his soul."

At this point in the reading, the daughter's hand slipped from the back of the chair and met her father's, which he had that moment uplifted; but she had not looked round, and was going on, though with a voice a little altered by some suppressed feeling, to read the Greek quotation from Nonnus, when the old man said—

"Stay, Romola; reach me my own copy of Nonnus. It is a more correct copy than any in Poliziano's hands, for I made emendations in it which have not yet been communicated to any man. I finished it in 1477, when my sight was fast failing me."

Romola walked to the farther end of the room, with the queenly step which was the simple action of her tall, finely-wrought frame, without the slightest conscious adjustment of herself.

"Is it in the right place, Romola?" asked Bardo, who was perpetually seeking the assurance that the outward fact continued to correspond with the image which lived to the minutest detail in his mind.

"Yes, father; at the west end of the room, on the third shelf from the bottom, behind the bust of Hadrian, above Apollonius Rhodius and Callimachus, and below Lucan and Silius Italicus."

As Romola said this, a fine ear would have detected in her clear voice and distinct utterance, a faint suggestion of weariness struggling with habitual patience. But as she approached her father and saw his arms stretched out a little with nervous excitement to seize the volume, her hazel eyes filled with pity; she hastened to lay the book on his lap, and knelt down by him, looking up at him as if she believed that the love in her face must surely make its way through the dark obstruction that shut out everything else. At that moment the doubtful attractiveness of Romola's face, in which pride and passion seemed to be quivering in the balance with native refinement and intelligence, was transfigured to the most loveable womanliness by mingled pity and affection: it was evident that the deepest fount of feeling within her had not yet wrought its way to the less changeable features, and only found its outlet through her eyes.

But the father, unconscious of that soft radiance, looked flushed and agitated as his hand explored the edges and back of the large book.

"The vellum is yellowed in these thirteen years, Romola."

"Yes, father," said Romola, gently; "but your letters at the back are dark and plain still—fine Roman letters; and the Greek character," she continued, laying the book open on her father's knee, "is more beautiful than that of any of your bought manuscripts."

"Assuredly, child," said Bardo, passing his finger across the page, as if he hoped to discriminate line and margin. "What hired amanuensis can be equal to the scribe who loves the words that grow under his hand, and to whom an error or indistinctness in the text is more painful than

a sudden darkness or obstacle across his path? And even these mechanical printers who threaten to make learning a base and vulgar thing—even they must depend on the manuscript over which we scholars have bent with that insight into the poet's meaning which is closely akin to the *mens divinator* of the poet himself; unless they would flood the world with grammatical falsities and inexplicable anomalies that would turn the very fountains of Parnassus into a deluge of poisonous mud. But find the passage in the fifth book, to which Poliziano refers—I know it very well.

Seating herself on a low stool, close to her father's knee, Romola took the book on her lap and read the four verses containing the exclamation of Actæon.

"It is true, Romola," said Bardo, when she had finished; "it is a true conception of the poet; for what is that grosser, narrower light by which men behold merely the petty scene around them, compared with that far-reaching, lasting light which spreads over centuries of thought, and over the life of nations, and makes clear to us the minds of the immortals who have reaped the great harvest and left us to glean in their furrows? For me, Romola, even when I could see, it was with the great dead that I lived; while the living often seemed to me mere spectres—shadows dispossessed of true feeling and intelligence; and unlike those Lame, to whom Poliziano, with that superficial ingenuity which I do not deny to him, compares our inquisitive Florentines, because they put on their eyes when they went abroad, and took them off when they got home again, I have returned from the converse of the streets as from a forgotten dream, and have sat down among my books, saying with Petrarca, the modern who is least unworthy to be named after the ancients, '*Libri medullitus delectant, colloquuntur, consulunt, et viva quadam nobis atque arguta familiaritate junguntur.*'"

"And in one thing you are happier than your favourite Petrarca, father," said Romola, affectionately humouring the old man's disposition to dilate in this way; "for he used to look at his copy of Homer and think sadly that the Greek was a dead letter to him: so far, he had the inward blindness that you feel is worse than your outward."

"True, child; for I carry within me the fruits of that fervid study which I gave to the Greek tongue under the teaching of the younger Crisolora, and Filelfo, and Argiropulo, though that great work in which I had desired to gather, as into a firm web, all the threads that my research had laboriously disentangled, and which would have been the vintage of my life, was cut off by the failure of my sight and my want of a fitting coadjutor; for the sustained zeal and unconquerable patience demanded from those who would tread the unbeaten paths of knowledge are still less reconcilable with the wandering, vagrant propensity of the feminine mind than with the feeble powers of the feminine body."

"Father," said Romola, with a sudden flush and in an injured tone, "I read anything you wish me to read; and I will look out any passages for you, and make whatever notes you want."

Bardo shook his head, and smiled with a bitter sort of pity. "As well try to be a pentathlos and perform all the five feats of the palaestra with the limbs of a nymph. Have I forgotten thy fainting in the mere search for the references I needed to explain a single passage of Callimachus?"

"But, father, it was the weight of the books, and Maso can help me,—it was not want of attention and patience."

Bardo shook his head again. "It is not mere bodily organs that I want: it is the sharp edge of a young mind to pierce the way for my somewhat blunted faculties. For blindness acts like a dam, sending the streams of thought backward along the already-travelled channels and hindering the course onward. If my son had not forsaken me, deluded by debasing fanatical dreams, worthy only of an energumen whose dwelling is among tombs, I might have gone on and seen my path broadening to the end of my life; for he was a youth of great promise. . . . But it has closed in now," the old man continued, after a short pause; "it has closed in now;—all but the narrow track he has left me to tread—alone, in my blindness."

Romola started from her seat, and carried away the large volume to its place again, stung too acutely by her father's last words to remain motionless as well as silent; and when she turned away from the shelf again, she remained standing at some distance from him, stretching her arms downward and clasping her fingers tightly as she looked with a sad dreaminess in her young face at the lifeless objects around her—the parchment backs, the unchanging mutilated marble, the bits of obsolete bronze and clay.

Bardo, though usually susceptible to Romola's movements and eager to trace them, was now too entirely pre-occupied by the pain of rankling memories to notice her departure from his side.

"Yes," he went on, "with my son to aid me, I might have had my due share in the triumphs of this century: the names of the Bardi, father and son, might have been held reverently on the lips of scholars in the ages to come; not on account of frivolous verses or philosophic treatises, which are superfluous and presumptuous attempts to imitate the inimitable, such as allure vain men like Panhormita, and from which even the admirable Poggio did not keep himself sufficiently free; but because we should have given a lamp whereby men might have studied the supreme productions of the past. For why is a young man like Poliziano, who was not yet born when I was already held worthy to maintain a discussion with Thomas of Sarzana, to have a glorious memory as a commentator on the Pandects—why is Ficino, whose Latin is an offence to me, and who wanders purblind among the superstitious fancies that marked the decline at once of art, literature, and philosophy, to descend to posterity as the very high priest of Platonism, while I, who am more than their equal, have not effected anything but scattered work, which will be appropriated by other men? Why? but because my son, whom I had brought

up to replenish my ripe learning with young enterprise, 'lest me and all liberal pursuits that he might lash himself and howl at midnight with besotted friars—that he might go wandering on pilgrimages besitting men who know of no past older than the missal and the crucifix?—lest me when the night was already beginning to fall on me."

In these last words the old man's voice, which had risen high in indignant protest, fell into a tone of reproach so tremulous and plaintive that Romola, turning her eyes again towards the blind aged face, felt her heart swell with forgiving pity. She seated herself by her father again, and placed her hand on his knee—too proud to obtrude consolation in words that might seem like a vindication of her own value, yet wishing to comfort him by some sign of her presence.

"Yes, Romola," said Bardo, automatically letting his left hand, with its massive prophylactic rings, fall a little too heavily on the delicate blue-veined back of the girl's right, so that she bit her lip to prevent herself from starting. "If even Florence only is to remember me, it can but be on the same ground that it will remember Niccolò Niccoli—because I forsook the vulgar pursuit of wealth in commerce that I might devote myself to collecting the precious remains of ancient art and wisdom, and leave them, after the example of the munificent Romans, for an everlasting possession to my fellow-citizens. But why do I say Florence only? If Florence remembers me, will not the world remember me? . . . Yet," added Bardo, after a short pause, his voice falling again into a saddened key, "Lorenzo's untimely death has raised a new difficulty. I had his promise—I should have had his bond—that my collection should always bear my name and should never be sold, though the harpies might clutch everything else; but there is enough for them—there is more than enough—and for thee, too, Romola, there will be enough. Besides, thou wilt marry; Bernardo reproaches me that I do not seek a fitting *parentado* for thee, and we will delay no longer, we will think about it."

"No, no, father; what could you do? besides, it is useless: wait till some one seeks me," said Romola, hastily.

"Nay, my child, that is not the paternal duty. It was not so held by the ancients, and in this respect Florentines have not degenerated from their ancestral customs."

"But I will study diligently," said Romola, her eyes dilating with anxiety. "I will become as learned as Cassandra Fedele: I will try and be as useful to you as if I had been a boy, and then perhaps some great scholar will want to marry me, and will not mind about a dowry; and he will like to come and live with you, and he will be to you in place of my brother . . . and you will not be sorry that I was a daughter."

There was a rising sob in Romola's voice as she said the last words, which touched the fatherly fibre in Bardo. He stretched his hand upward a little in search of her golden hair, and as she placed her head under his hand, he gently stroked it, leaning towards her as if his eyes discerned some glimmer there.

"Nay, *Romola mia*, I said not so: if I have pronounced an anathema on a degenerate and ungrateful son, I said not that I could wish thee other than the sweet daughter thou hast been to me. For what son could have tended me so gently in the frequent sickness I have had of late? And even in learning thou art not, according to thy measure, contemptible. Something perhaps were to be wished in thy capacity of attention and memory, not incompatible even with the feminine mind. But as Calcondila bore testimony, when he aided me to teach thee, thou hast a ready apprehension, and even a wide-glancing intelligence. And thou hast a man's nobility of soul: thou hast never fretted me with thy petty desires as thy mother did. It is true, I have been careful to keep thee aloof from the debasing influence of thy own sex, with their sparrow-like frivolity and their enslaving superstition, except, indeed, from that of our cousin Brigida, who may well serve as a scarecrow and a warning. And though—since I agree with the divine Petrarca, when he declares, quoting the *Aulularia* of Plautus, who again was indebted for the truth to the supreme Greek intellect, '*Optimam fœminam nullam esse, alia licet alia pejor sit*'—I cannot boast that thou art entirely lifted out of that lower category to which Nature assigned thee, nor even that in erudition thou art on a par with the more learned women of this age; thou art nevertheless—yes, *Romola mia*," said the old man, his pedantry again melting into tenderness, "thou art my sweet daughter, and thy voice is as the ~~longer~~ notes of the flute, '*dulcis, durabilis, clara, pura, secans aera et auribus sedens*,' according to the choice words of Quintilian; and Bernardo tells me thou art fair, and thy hair is like the brightness of the morning, and indeed it seems to me that I discern some radiance from thee. Ah! I know how all else looks in this room, but thy form I only guess at. Thou art no longer the little woman six years old, that faded for me into darkness: thou art tall, and thy arm is but little below mine. Let us walk together."

The old man rose, and Romola, soothed by these beams of tenderness, looked happy again as she drew his arm within hers, and placed in his right hand the stick which rested at the side of his chair. While Bardo had been sitting, he had seemed hardly more than sixty: his face, though pale, had that refined texture in which wrinkles and lines are never deep; but now that he began to walk he looked as old as he really was—rather more than seventy; for his tall spare frame had the student's stoop of the shoulders, and he stepped with the undecided gait of the blind.

"No, *Romola*," he said, pausing against the bust of Hadrian, and passing his stick from the right to the left that he might explore the familiar outline with a "seeing hand." "There will be nothing else to preserve my memory and carry down my name as a member of the great republic of letters—nothing but my library and my collection of antiquities. And they are choice," continued Bardo, pressing the bust and speaking in a tone of insistence. "The collections of Niccolò I knew were larger: but take any collection which is the work of a single man—that of the great Boccaccio even, which Niccolò bought—mine will surpass it.

That of Poggio was contemptible compared with mine. It will be a great gift to unborn scholars. And there is nothing else. For even if I were to yield to the wish of Aldo Manuzio when he sets up his press at Venice, and give him the aid of my annotated manuscripts, I know well what would be the result: some other scholar's name would stand on the title-page of the edition—some scholar who would have fed on my honey and then declared in his preface that he had gathered it all himself fresh from Hymettus. Else, why have I refused the loan of many an annotated codex? why have I refused to make public any of my translations? why? but because scholarship is a system of licensed robbery, and your man in scarlet and furred robe who sits in judgment on thieves, is himself a thief of the thoughts and the fame that belong to his fellows. But against that robbery Bardo de' Bardi shall struggle—though blind and forsaken, he shall struggle. I too have a right to be remembered—as great a right as Pontanus or Merula, whose names will be foremost on the lips of posterity, because they sought patronage and found it; because they had tongues that could flatter, and blood that was used to be nourished from the client's basket. I have a right to be remembered."

The old man's voice had become at once loud and tremulous, and a pink flush overspread his proud, delicately-cut features, while the habitually raised attitude of his head gave the idea that behind the curtain of his blindness he saw some imaginary high tribunal to which he was appealing against the injustice of Fame.

Romola was moved with sympathetic indignation, for in her nature too there lay the same large claims, and the same spirit of struggle against their denial. She tried to calm her father by a still prouder word than his.

"Nevertheless, father, it is a great gift of the gods to be born with a hatred and contempt of all injustice and meanness. Yours is a higher lot, never to have lied and truckled, than to have shared honours won by dishonour. There is strength in scorn, as there was in the martial fury by which men became insensible to wounds."

"It is well said, Romola. It is a Promethean word thou hast uttered," answered Bardo, after a little interval in which he had begun to lean on his stick again, and to walk on. "And I indeed am not to be pierced by the shafts of Fortune. My armour is the *æs triplex* of a clear conscience, and a mind nourished by the precepts of philosophy. 'For men,' says Epictetus, 'are disturbed not by things themselves, but by their opinions or thoughts concerning those things.' And again, 'whosoever will be free, let him not desire or dread that which it is in the power of others either to deny or inflict: otherwise, he is a slave.' And of all such gifts as are dependent on the caprice of fortune or of men, I have long ago learned to say, with Horace—who, however, is too wavering in his philosophy, vacillating between the precepts of Zeno and the less worthy maxims of Epicurus, and attempting, as we say, '*duabus sellis sedere*'—concerning such accidents, I say, with the pregnant brevity of the poet—

'Sunt qui non habeant, et qui non curat habere.'

He is referring to gems, and purple, and other insignia of wealth ; but I may apply his words not less justly to the tributes men pay us with their lips and their pens, which are also matters of purchase, and often with base coin. Yes, '*inanis*'—hollow, empty—is the epithet justly bestowed on Fame."

They made the tour of the room in silence after this ; but Bardo's lip-born maxims were as powerless over the passion which had been moving him, as if they had been written on parchment and hung round his neck in a sealed bag ; and he presently broke forth again in a new tone of insistence.

"*Inanis* ? yes, if it is a lying fame ; but not if it is the just meed of labour and a great purpose. I claim my right : it is not fair that the work of my brain and my hands should not be a monument to me—it is not just that my labour should bear the name of another man. It is but little to ask," the old man went on, bitterly, "that my name should be over the door—that men should own themselves debtors to the Bardi Library in Florence. 'They will speak coldly of me, perhaps : 'a diligent collector and transcriber,' they will say, 'and also of some critical ingenuity, but one who could hardly be conspicuous in an age so fruitful in illustrious scholars. Yet he merits our pity, for in the latter years of his life he was blind, and his only son, to whose education he had devoted his best years —' Nevertheless, my name will be remembered, and men will honour me : not with the breath of flattery, purchased by mean bribes, but because I have laboured, and because my labour will remain. Debts ! I know there are debts, and there is thy dowry, Romola, to be paid. But there must be enough—or, at least, there can lack but a small sum, such as the Signoria might well provide. And if Lorenzo had not died, all would have been secured and settled. But now"

At this moment Maso opened the door, and advancing to his master, announced that Nello, the barber, had desired him to say, that he was come with the Greek scholar whom he had asked leave to introduce.

"It is well," said the old man. "Bring them in."

Bardo, conscious that he looked more dependent when he was walking, liked always to be seated in the presence of strangers, and Romola, without needing to be told, conducted him to his chair. She was standing by him at her full height, in quiet majestic self-possession, when the visitors entered ; and the most penetrating observer would hardly have divined that this proud pale face, at the slightest touch on the fibres of affection or pity, could become passionate with tenderness, or that this woman, who imposed a certain awe on those who approached her, was in a state of girlish simplicity and ignorance concerning the world outside her father's books.

French System of Believing the Poor.

As the newspapers remind us daily, our Poor Law is now on its trial. The cotton famine has added so much to the pauperism of the country that at this moment the number of poor in receipt of parochial relief is unparalleled; and we know that the popular dread of the union-house; the shame of eating workhouse bread, keeps the starvation of many thousands out of the public sight. Unhappily, too, there is no hope that the dismal roll of pauperism is yet made up to its greatest sum. The difficulties of "relief" have only begun; and therefore it is that we have directed our attention to the system adopted in France for aiding the distressed and destitute.

It is a prevalent impression in this country that there is no legal relief for the poor in France, because there is no class answering to our "paupers," and no workhouses. But although no dingy brick buildings, nor palatial structures, destined for the reception of the indigent, meet the traveller's eye in France, and although there are neither paid overseers, nor surly masters, nor salaried union doctors connected with the administration of aid to the distressed in that country, still there can be no doubt that the poor are there much more tenderly treated, and more efficiently relieved too, than in England. Amongst us, relief attended with enormous expense is thanklessly received, because it is almost always contemptuously, and but too often brutally, administered; and because, here, poverty is regarded as a crime to be punished, rather than as a misfortune to be alleviated: whereas in France, the revenue destined to succour those requiring public assistance is dispensed with an economy which permits almost all the receipts to go directly to the purpose for which they are designed, and alms are given in a manner calculated to assuage the humiliated feelings of the recipients; the rule most strongly insisted upon in the official instructions issued to the directors of the "*Bureaux de Bienfaisance*" in France being the truly Christian one, "that in the distribution of relief they must always remember that misfortune does not obliterate shame or destroy self-respect, and that one of their most important duties is to succour the unfortunate without causing them a blush."

Before the great Revolution of 1789, the sick, the infirm, the aged and the destitute were relieved in France by the convents and monasteries, whose ample revenues enabled them to provide liberally for the necessities of the surrounding poor, and by the public hospitals, which were numerous and richly endowed; but in the first outburst of unbridled licence and infidelity which followed that memorable event, religion and everything

pertaining to its sustenance was swept away, and public charity ceased when the sources from which its support was derived were directed to other purposes.

In 1793, and the following year, the sufferings of the French people were extreme, and some attempts were then made to establish a system of relieving the poor; but it was only after the Reign of Terror had fairly passed away, and when the national mind was in some measure reassured by the brilliant victories which saved France from invasion, and by a comparative state of internal tranquillity, that the government had sufficient time or power to devote itself to a serious consideration of the means necessary to alleviate the misery of the indigent and afflicted. On the 27th November, 1796, the Directory introduced and succeeded in passing a law which, with unimportant modifications, is that under which public relief to the poor is at this moment administered in France.

The French system of poor relief is entirely and strictly confined to outdoor assistance, save only that portion of it which is administered through the "hospices" and hospitals; the former serving as asylums for deserted children and those whom old age or incurable infirmities may have rendered incapable of earning their bread, and the latter appropriated to the reception of those suffering from acute disease, or accidents which necessitate medical advice and assistance. By the law of 1796 a tax of one penny per ten francs (8s.) was imposed for the benefit of charitable establishments on all tickets sold for admission to theatres where plays were acted, where balls or concerts were given, or horsemanship performed, and also on the rents of the boxes of such establishments which were let by the season or year. By a decree of 21st August, 1806, there was further appropriated to the same purposes one-fourth of the gross receipts of all balls, concerts, races, exhibitions of fireworks, and all other sorts of entertainments to which the public are admitted by tickets or subscriptions. This last tax was designed to bring within the range of the law the rural communes where there are no theatres, but in which there are annual "ducasses" (parochial fêtes), which generally last for three days, and other reunions or dances of more or less importance. And by a subsequent decree, all lands originally belonging to hospitals, and which had been usurped by the nation, were restored to those institutions, together with a pecuniary indemnity for the misappropriated rents. In addition to the taxes levied on the amusements of the people, the directors of relief are empowered to order collections for the poor to be made in the churches of all religious denominations, to have boxes for the receipt of donations set up in all public places of business or amusement, and, if need be, to make domiciliary quests once a quarter throughout the commune. They have, besides, at their disposal fees on the sale of burial-places, and a certain sum contributed by the municipalities, the amount of which is regulated according to the number of those considered as fitting objects of charity. Independently of the resources already enumerated, and which are placed under the control of the Bureaux, there is always provision

made in the Budget of the Minister of the Interior for extraordinary distress beyond the means of local charity. In such cases, this money is applied to the employment of able-bodied labourers in the suffering districts on public works of national utility. The "hospices" and hospitals are entirely or in part supported by the confiscated estates restored to them under the first empire; and when their own resources prove insufficient, the deficiency is made good by grants from the municipalities. The old and infirm inmates are employed in performing any light work required within the house which is not beyond their strength; and for this they receive small gratuities, which they expend on tobacco and snuff, or in procuring for themselves what they term "*petite douceurs*" (little delicacies), in addition to the ordinary diet of the establishment. As regards the deserted children, along with receiving an excellent education the boys are taught trades, and the girls are instructed in every description of embroidery and needlework, and in all the duties of domestic servants. At sixteen years of age they leave, and after being once placed are never permitted to return. These institutions are also governed by committees of five, named by the Préfet, with the "Maire" as official president; the members go out in rotation, as do the members of the "Bureaux de Bienfaisance," with which, however, they have no connection, as the same persons cannot belong to both bodies. From resources apparently so trifling, and by means of taxes which are almost imperceptible to those who pay them, all persons really entitled to public support receive it; and that class, according to the definition of the law, includes those who are thrown out of work by exceptional circumstances, those whose families are too numerous to be supported by the personal earnings of the father, deserted children, and all who from age or incurable infirmities, are incapable of winning their bread by their labour.

Although the system of relieving the poor is carried out through the agency of unpaid officials in France, still the acts of those benevolent persons who devote their time gratuitously to provide for the wants of the deserving poor, are as strictly watched over by the constituted authorities as if they were well-paid public servants; the manner in which they discharge their duties is marked and reported upon, and dismissal is the certain consequence of inattention or neglect: a disgrace which is more keenly felt than we in England, with our ideas on such subjects, can imagine. To be selected to fill any position of social eminence is considered a high honour by every Frenchman or woman; and to the dread of being lessened in the estimation of their neighbours by a removal from it for incapacity or misconduct, must be mainly attributed the admirable manner in which the Bureaux de Bienfaisance are almost invariably administered. The receiver, on whom the responsibility of all money transactions devolves, is salaried by a per-centage; and the *religieuse*, who acts as inspecting and ministering agent, is supported by a very humble allowance indeed from the commune to whose services she devotes her time. Medical men

rarely accept a salary, for it is, when granted, so small (never exceeding 12*l.* per annum) that they prefer acting gratuitously; while their unpaid exertions in favour of the poor naturally recommend them to the notice of the affluent, who can afford to pay, and often procure for them the Cross of the Legion of Honour. The only case in which fees are paid by the Bureaux, or received by the faculty, is for attendance on accouchements, when the honorarium only amounts to five shillings.

By the decree of 1796, "*Bureaux de Bienfaisance*," that is, offices where relief is administered to the poor, were established, and still exist in every commune of France. The committee entrusted with the management of each consists of five members, "to be chosen from the richest and most respectable inhabitants of the district:" originally they were elected by the municipal councils; but in 1821 their nomination was transferred to the Minister of the Interior, acting on the recommendation of the *Préfet* of the department. Each year the senior member vacates office, when a list of five persons chosen by the committee itself is submitted to the Minister, from amongst whom one is selected to fill the vacancy. The outgoing members may be re-elected, but special instructions forbid the choice of two persons of the same family. The "*Maire*" of the town or commune is official president in right of his office, and in his absence the first "*adjoint*," or deputy *Maire*; the committee choosing from amongst themselves a chairman to preside on ordinary occasions, when the authorities may consider it unnecessary to attend. The members of these committees are unpaid, and have no concern with the money matters of the bureau, their duty being to inquire into the claims of all seeking relief, and determine the amount of assistance to be granted, and the mode in which it should be given. From amongst their own body they select the "*ordonnateurs*," or managers, without whose signature no money can be disbursed by the receiver who is named by the Minister; who also fixes the amount of caution-money which he is to deposit, and the salary which he is to be paid. This caution-money is most frequently lodged in the "*caisse*," or treasury of the "*Mont de Piété*," where it helps to alleviate the distress of the poor by being lent on their pledges, at a very reduced rate of interest. There are no pawnbrokers in France, and those "*Monts de Piété*" which supply their place, are Government Institutions managed by paid officers. Not more than three per cent. is usually charged for loans, and in some places it is even less; the highest rate never exceeds twelve per cent., and only reaches that in localities where the capital is inadequate to supply the wants of the applicants. Any surplus over the expenses of these establishments and the sums required to carry on their operations, is, from time to time, handed over to the Hospitals or Bureaux de Bienfaisance, to augment their resources. Those grants, however, are but periodical and rare. By the receiver all moneys are received and disbursements made, and it is his duty to see to the proper collection of the revenue and to enforce its payment from those who may be in arrear. He is also empowered to receive all gifts

and legacies, under the sanction of the *Préfet*, when they do not exceed 800 francs (12*l.*) When above that sum, it is necessary to have the Minister's approbation ; before obtaining which, all documents connected with the transaction must be forwarded for his inspection. The "*Maire*," as official president, has the right of inspection whenever he may consider it right to exercise it ; he then not only satisfies himself that the accounts are rightly kept, but sees that the balance of cash is actually forthcoming and tangible. The salaried inspectors-general of the "*Bureaux de Bienfaisance*" appointed by the government have also the same right of inspection ; but they never exercise it, unless specially called upon to do so by the *Préfet*, *sous-Préfet*, or *Maire* of the commune in which the receiver is supposed to be a defaulter. Each month the committees are obliged to make a report of their receipts and expenditure to the Municipal Councils, besides an annual account of their proceedings, which is furnished every year between the 1st and 15th of April. An honorary secretary, one of their own body, keeps a register of their deliberations and correspondence ; and they are authorized to arrange their own times of meeting and to decide on the number of agents they require to employ, and the duties to be assigned to each. All members of those committees must reside within the district for which they are appointed, and services rendered in the *Bureaux de Bienfaisance* are considered "as public services rendered to the State, and as such count as claims for admission to the order of the Legion of Honour." The committees may name as assistants other ladies or gentlemen of their neighbourhood, to aid them in the distribution of relief ; but those latter take no share in their deliberations or decisions, the members nominated by the government alone having the right to grant or reject all applications for assistance. Sisters of some religious institution devoted to the succour of the poor, are always attached to each Bureau, one of whom visits the dwelling of each applicant, and reports upon his case before a decision is come to by the committee ; she then herself dispenses at their homes whatever aid may be accorded to the necessitous. Amongst these sisters there is always one, a regularly educated apothecary, who compounds from their own chest, and administers the medicine ordered by a doctor ; without the authority of whose prescription she is forbidden to act. Relief, which is limited as far as possible to food, firing, and clothes, is invariably given at the dwellings of the recipients, by means of orders on the different tradesmen with whom the Bureau has entered into contracts for the supply of the articles required either for maintenance or clothing, as the rule acted upon is to endeavour to maintain those feelings of affection which ought to subsist between the different members of the same family ; and, to use the words of the ministerial instructions, "to assist the sick and indigent in their own homes not only effects a great economy, but to that must be added the consolation which fathers and mothers naturally feel at being tended in their own beds by their own children, or which children must equally experience at having their wants and wishes ministered to

by their parents." The government omits no opportunity of impressing on the minds of the members of the *Bureaux de Bienfaisance* the grave responsibility of their charge, and of stimulating them to exertion. "The men" (say the instructions) "called to the functions of guardians of the poor will estimate the importance of the ministry confided to their care, and they will omit nothing which can add to the relief of the unfortunate:—by their example and good administration they should excite the charity of their fellow-citizens." The members of the *Bureaux* hold their meetings under ordinary circumstances three times a week, in one of the public buildings of the commune, either the "*Mairie*," or "*Palais de Justice*," where such exist, and there the person seeking relief must make his application. If the case be one of extreme urgency measures are immediately taken to afford the necessary succour; if not, a note is made of the applicant's address, and the particulars of his statement. His dwelling is then visited, and his character, antecedents, and present circumstances minutely inquired into by a member of the *Bureaux*, by a *religieux* attached to the establishment, or by both, if the case be doubtful, before the next day of meeting; and upon their report, based on the information received, placed either on the temporary, or permanent list, or his demand for aid is altogether rejected.

The first duty of the committee is to ascertain that the applicant for relief is domiciled in the commune; the residence of the mother at the time of the child's birth being the place at which the latter is legally entitled to claim public assistance. Up to the age of twenty-one, every French person has a right to relief without going through any formality whatever; after attaining their majority, they must reside for six months in the commune to acquire the right which they before enjoyed as minors. All persons not born within the commune must reside for twelve months after the date of their inscription on the books of the municipality, before they can claim the right of domicile to entitle them to relief; but they will be considered as preserving their rights in their former domicile until the time necessary to establish them in the new one shall have expired. The municipality may refuse the right of domicile to persons without passports or official certificates to prove that they are not vagabonds. Those who marry, and reside for six months in a commune, have the right of domicile there, and military men (sailors or soldiers) with honourable certificates of having fought in the service of their country have a right to immediate domicile wherever they may choose to settle. Persons seventy years of age, or recognized as infirm without hope of recovery, as well as those of any age who, in the interval of delay necessary to establish their right to relief, shall be afflicted with illness brought on by the exercise of their occupations, must be received in the nearest hospital; and every person in absolute want must be at once relieved, whether domiciled or not.

We have never seen a statistical account of the number of persons receiving public relief throughout France, but it appears from the Budget

of the municipality of Paris that during last year 106,193 individuals seeking aid were inscribed on the books of the different Mairies, and that the expense of their support amounted in round numbers to about 130,000*l*. We have also had access to the statistics of several departmental communes, including towns of considerable importance in the manufacturing districts, for the same period, all of which exhibit a remarkable similarity to those of Paris, both as regards the numbers relieved, and the individual cost. From these statistics, which may fairly be taken as demonstrating the average of pauperism in France (except in the exclusively rural districts, where it is naturally less), it appears that the number of persons generally receiving temporary or permanent relief from the Bureaux varies from 14 to 16 per cent. of the gross population; and that the cost of relief administered to each only amounts to about *twenty-five shillings*, indisputable evidence that the vast majority inscribed upon their lists must belong to the former class, and a clear proof that out-door relief, when it can be strictly administered, is the least burdensome to those who pay for, as well as the most acceptable to those who receive it. It is true, however, that independent of the relief accorded to the poor under sanction of the law, very large sums indeed are dispensed in France through the medium of charitable societies; that of St. Vincent de Paul has hitherto expended about 80,000*l* annually, and the "Dames de Charité," established in every considerable town and many of the rural communes, disburse perhaps as much. This latter society consists of the most influential ladies of each locality, who devote themselves especially to the relief of the class termed in their vocabulary "pauvres honteux," who need only occasional and temporary relief, but who are too proud to proclaim their poverty by seeking the aid of public charity. The "Dames de Charité" have their regularly constituted Bureaux, consisting of honorary presidents and secretaries; and they are bound under a penalty, always enforced, to attend the meetings held once a fortnight, when special districts are assigned to each of them, with lists of the individuals whom they are required personally to visit.

Under this system of relief, which we have briefly described, it is certain that the French poor are (at infinitely less cost) much better cared for and much more tenderly treated than our own. In France, the children supported by public charity are well and decently clad; not decked out, as here, in an antiquated garb of tawdry colours to proclaim their dependent position to the world. Neither are the schools at which the lower class receive instruction there designated by the insulting epithet of "ragged," as if to brand with social degradation those whom necessity compels to frequent them. And assuredly no applicants sinking under the combined influence of hunger and fatigue could in France be rudely refused food and shelter, as is but too often the case here. For with us, the chief object of the relieving officer and other officials under the Poor Law, seems to be the diminution of the rates, rather than the relief

of the unfortunate; so that every distressed person applying for food or shelter becomes an object of distrust and aversion, to be got rid of as cheaply as possible.

From the statistics which we have given, such of our home readers as pay poor-rates will be enabled to estimate the difference between the sum which an imprisoned, discontented, and generally irreclaimable pauper costs them, under the English law, and that for which a poor person is maintained at home in decency and comparative comfort under that of France. The difference in the moral and social results of the two systems is equally striking. Here poverty is tested by the enforcement of the most severe and revolting labour—there the necessity of being compelled to apply for relief is taken as but a too sure preliminary evidence of its being required. With us the hale and able-bodied are forced, in many instances, to enter the workhouse, as the only means left, when their earnings are insufficient, of saving their families, incarcerated with them, from absolute starvation; and thus the public burdens are increased, the self-respect of the parents is destroyed, and the tender minds of the children are contaminated by communication with the dissolute and idle; while in France the indigent, needing but temporary assistance, are aided in their struggles, left free to exercise their callings, and enabled to undergo the fatigues of labour and so extricate themselves from their periodical embarrassments by the timely and judicious administration of out-door relief.

In England the persons who once become public paupers rarely cease to continue so, because they lose all sense of shame under the ordeal to which they are subjected, before receiving relief, and are afterwards brutalised by their companionship and treatment in the workhouse. In France, while the wants of the family are supplied without a public exposure, the children are preserved from pollution by being still continued under the care and control of their parents. The able-bodied French poor require, and only seek temporary relief, as is evident from the very small sum annually expended (25s. per head) on the support of all descriptions of paupers; it is well known that they invariably, and of their own free will, decline further aid from the charitable societies, as soon as their improved circumstances permit them to dispense with it. And this spirit of decency and desire to maintain themselves by their own hard won earnings, so generally prevalent amongst the distressed poor in France, may, we think justly, be attributed to the fact, that there the law under which public charity is granted aims at "succouring the unfortunate, without causing them a blush," and that it is administered by men who never cease to remember "that misfortune does not obliterate shame or destroy self-respect."

Journalism.

JOURNALISM will, no doubt, occupy the first or one of the first places in any future literary history of the present times, for it is the most characteristic of all their productions. A great humourist once even went so far as to assert that the true social and political history of the age in which we live never would, or could, be known till some competent person should write an account of the management and policy of the different newspapers which influence it so deeply, under some such title as *Satan's Invisible World Revealed*. The admirable wit of the phrase, and the superficial resemblance of the sentiment to truth, excuse a good deal of injustice and of error in its substance.

The enormous reputation for both power and ability which our leading newspapers possess is due in a considerable degree to the impatience which every one feels of being governed in a prosaic way. No one likes to believe that the commonplace, unexciting scenes which he witnesses, or hears of, in the House of Commons really constitute the process of governing a great nation. People look for something more striking, and they find it in the notion of an invisible power called "Public Opinion," produced as we suppose by a set of unknown persons of prodigious genius, whose names are mysteriously concealed by the editors of the leading London papers, by whom they are from time to time invoked for the purpose of directing the different branches of human affairs with which they happen to be specially familiar. Few people have a definite notion of what a newspaper really is, of the different classes of persons who write it, and of the real extent of its influence on the course of affairs.

Newspapers are composed of two principal parts—the original matter and the news. These two parts occupy different proportions in different papers. Daily papers are composed principally of news, and weekly papers of original matter. The original matter may be further subdivided into leading articles upon political subjects or incidents of the day, and reviews of books; and the news might also be divided into that which is provided for serious and businesslike purposes, and that which is provided for amusement. The words *Intelligence* and *Gossip* would describe not inappropriately the elements of which it is composed. Each of these departments of a newspaper is written by different people on different principles, and requires the employment of different kinds and degrees of ability; and in order to get an adequate notion of the complex whole called a Newspaper, it is necessary to know something of each of these different heads.

There is, however, one great leading principle which underlies all the rest, and which affects, and, indeed, may be almost said to determine, the character of every separate branch of journalism, though hardly any one who writes or thinks on the subject appears to keep it in sight. This is the fact, that a newspaper is beyond everything else a commercial undertaking. Whatever else it does or omits to do, it must either pay or stop. This is an alternative which it is impossible to evade. Here and there, possibly, a rich man, who can indulge his fancies without reference to his money profit, may amuse himself by setting up a paper simply for the expression of his own views; but this is not only a mere exception and anomaly, but it is an apparent exception which, in the strictest sense of the words, proves the rule. Even in such a case the paper cannot be sold, unless the public are disposed to buy it, though it may be printed; so that unless it complies with the conditions of commercial success it can exercise no sort of influence, and give no currency to the opinions which it expresses. This principle ultimately determines the character of all periodical literature whatever. A paper may guide, or bully, or flatter, or instruct, or amuse the public, or it may do all these things at different times and in different degrees, but unless it does for the public something which the public likes it does nothing at all. Whatever may be the tone and bearing of journalists, they are in reality the servants of the public, and the course which they take is, and always will be, ultimately determined by the public.

To this general observation there are limitations of considerable importance; but the observation is true, on the whole, and in reality determines the whole character of newspapers, and influences in different ways every one of the parts of which they are composed. Of these parts, the leading articles are unquestionably the most characteristic and conspicuous, though, perhaps, in a commercial point of view, they are less important to the success of a paper than the news. They, however, are the part of the paper by which its standing and influence are determined; for it would be easy to mention journals which have an immense circulation, and form most valuable properties, though they are absolutely without any political or literary influence whatever. This is the case with several country papers which circulate over many counties, and contain little else than advertisements and petty local news. Really good leading articles are remarkable productions, and deserve more careful and impartial criticism than they receive. In the state of society in which we live at present, they form the greater part of the reading even of the most educated part of the adult members of the busy classes. In our days, men live like bees in a hive. They are constantly occupied in ingenious efforts to produce small results, in which for the most part they succeed. This leaves men very little time to use their minds upon any other subjects than those which their daily round of duties presents, and accordingly they are forced to live upon intellectual mince-meat. Their food must be chopped up small before they eat it; and it must be so prepared as at once

to tempt the appetite, and assist the digestion. Leading articles have been brought to their present perfection, in order to meet this want. This condition determines both their substance and their form. As to their substance, they must refer to the topics of the day; as to their form, they must be perfectly clear, attractively written, and relevant throughout to some one well-marked point. Each of these conditions contributes materially to the general effect which they produce.

In the first place they must refer to the topics of the day. This consideration shows one set of limits which the nature of the case imposes on the power of newspapers. A newspaper can deal with the subjects which its contributors care for only under the forms in which the subjects present themselves, and the course of events may be such that the most honest and ablest writer will not get the chance of speaking his mind upon those parts of the matter which he considers most important, or of justifying, or even explaining, the principles on which his views are based. Take as an illustration the civil war in America. A newspaper writer has to make a series of observations on every phase of the struggle which presents itself, each of which comments must be in substance the expansion of some one more or less apposite and weighty remark. For example, he has to say some one thing about President Lincoln's Message, about the battle of Bull Run, about the effect of the blockade on the cotton trade, about the campaign in Virginia and on the Mississippi, and so forth; but he never, or hardly ever, gets the chance, even if he had the power, of taking a comprehensive view of the whole subject, reducing the whole matter to order and principle, and setting before his readers something like a real judgment upon it. The reader of a long series of leading articles in the same paper on such a subject generally gets the impression that the writer of them probably knows little more about the matter when he finishes than he did when he began. Such articles never form a connected whole. They rarely show traces of gradually increasing knowledge; they are simply more or less clever and sensible passing remarks made by a man whose business it is to reduce his observations into a particular sort of form. No doubt there is a general consistency about them. They are usually written by one author, who naturally looks at the subject from his own point of view, and bases his different remarks upon the same principle; but many are as completely the creatures of the particular circumstances which suggest them as the speeches of barristers in court are the creatures of the particular incidents of each successive case. The analogy between the speeches of counsel and leading articles is almost perfect, and is derived from the fact that the speaker and the writer are in essentially the same position. Each is speaking from a particular point of view, and with the purpose of effecting a particular result. The object of the advocate is to promote the interests of his client. That of the journalist is to apply to the special facts with which he has to do the principle on which his paper has hitherto dealt with facts of that class. This is a sort of advocacy—the advocacy of a view or a principle instead of a person—the

conclusion being given, the premisses are to be shown to fit into it. The way in which different papers have treated the principal incidents of the war in America illustrate this. Some of these, which have favoured the North throughout, see in every instance in which the Northerners succeed a confirmation of their views. Others, whilst they admit the facts, do it with apparent reluctance, and dwell by preference on the difficulty which the North will find in governing the South when they have conquered it.

Many of the peculiarities which distinguish leading articles from other literary compositions may be explained by bearing in mind their circumstances, which go far to explain most both of their strong and weak points, as well as their peculiar style, and the degree in which they guide, or are guided by, public opinion. The strong point of a leading article is almost invariably the same, namely, its talent. The ability with which such articles are written is not only generally admitted, but is almost always exaggerated. Even those who complain of the way in which newspapers are written, and of the sort of influence which they exercise over the general course of affairs, usually couple their complaints with the strongest recognition of their ability. The editor and his contributors are called "able" and "brilliant" just as a lawyer is called "learned," or an officer "gallant." Indeed, the manner in which leading articles are generally spoken of, even amongst people of considerable education and acquirements, is almost slavish. The better class of them are constantly referred to as if there were something altogether strange and unattainable to ordinary persons in the power of writing them. That men should be found who practice it is to write three or four such essays every week is sometimes considered as a sort of intellectual wonder; and surprise is expressed, or affected that any one should have a sufficient variety of knowledge and command of language to write impressively and instructively on so great a variety of subjects. The truth is, that the degree of ability which leading articles display, and the sort of talent required to write them, admit of being measured with a considerable precision. The best leading articles that are written are nothing more than samples of the conversation of educated men upon passing events, methodized and thrown into a sustained and literary shape. They seldom or never rise above this level, except under very uncommon and peculiar circumstances. In order to appreciate their character fully, it is necessary to have a correct notion of the character and position in life of their authors. They form a small but important class of society, and one which is almost peculiar to our own time and country. The leading articles of our leading newspapers—those which exercise any sort of influence over the opinions of the public at large—are written, probably, by not more than a hundred people. At least, that number would include all those who form the permanent staff of the papers in question, and are habitually relied upon by the proprietors for the supply of articles. They are, generally speaking, able and educated men, who, from some cause or other, have as it were been caught in some of the eddies of

the main streams which are navigated in search of wealth and distinction, or have reached comparatively early secure shelves which connect them with the business of life, and leave them a certain degree of leisure, and an appetite for some additional income. Our leading journalists are barristers waiting for business, or resigned to the want of it; clergymen unattached, who regret their choice of a profession which their conscience or inclination forbids them to practise, and which the law forbids them to resign; Government officials, whose duties are not connected with party politics, and do not occupy the whole of their time; and in a few cases men of independent means, who have a fancy for writing, and who wish to increase their incomes. It is difficult to illustrate the description of a class so small and peculiar without personality, but Mr. Carlyle's account of the late Captain Stirling will give to those who are not acquainted with the members of this class a sufficiently definite notion of the sort of persons of whom it is composed. His description of the manner in which his articles were written, accounts both for the merits and defects of such compositions. He used, says his biographer, to pass a great part of his time in talking over the affairs of the day with men actively engaged or interested in their management. He then, by an effort which constant practice rendered very easy, reduced into a definite shape, and as it were brought to a point, the general result of what he had been hearing and saying through the day. This exactly illustrates the specific distinguishing faculty, in virtue of which men become first-rate journalists. It is the power of filling the mind rapidly and almost unconsciously with the floating opinions of the day, throwing these opinions into a precise, connected, and attractive form, and above all, of bringing them to a definite point. Without this power no one can write a leading article at all, but those who possess it may employ it with endless degrees of knowledge and skill. No amount of information or thought will enable a man to write a readable leading article without it; but the goodness of the article, when written, will depend entirely upon the degree of information and reflection which the writer brings to the subject. It is not so much the knowledge and the thought, as the faculty of composition, which surprises ordinary readers, for they can to some extent appreciate the difficulty of composing, while few of them are able to form any estimate of the degree of special knowledge which a writer may possess. This surprise, however, is ill placed. The faculty of composing leading articles is merely a form of technical skill, like the handiness of a mechanic, the fluency and readiness of a barrister, or the delicate touch of a musician. By a certain amount of practice a man gets to see daily at a glance whether or not a topic is of the proper size to fill a column and a quarter of the type in which his articles are printed. At any odd time—whilst taking a walk, or in reading the newspaper, or smoking a cigar—he gets into his head the point of the article, and one or two of the main topics which are to illustrate and enforce it in a paragraph a piece, and when this is once satisfactorily done, it flows from the end of his pen with perfect and almost unconscious

case. Of course, when a man has reached this point, little substantial improvement in his productions is to be expected, though long experience will no doubt add something to the accuracy of his judgment and much to the readiness and confidence with which his opinions are formed; subject to this, he writes on the Saturday pretty much what he wrote on the Monday, and in December as he did in January.

This account of the authors of leading articles explains not only the reason why they are anonymous, but the jealousy and pertinacity with which the most influential newspapers always vindicate the practice of anonymous journalism. The common phrase about stabbing in the dark, cowardice, and the like, are ludicrously untrue. Probably most of the ablest and permanent contributors to important newspapers know perfectly well that scores, perhaps hundreds of people—and those, too, the very persons on whose opinion they set most value—can identify to a moral certainty every article they write, and many of them make no kind of secret of the fact that they do write them. They are thus subject, as it is, to the same sort of responsibility as the practice of signing their names would involve. What they object to is the very consequence which many of those who are anxious to establish the practice of signatures secretly like, namely, notoriety. A man whose social or professional position or prospects are already good, dislikes nothing so much as parading his name before the public in connection with pursuits which form only a part of his life, and probably the part which interests him least. He has as little wish that ten or twenty thousand people should have their attention directed to his name at the bottom of a column of type twice or three times a week, as he has to see it labelled all over the walls in connection with a quack medicine.

Nothing can be more characteristic of the difference between French and English journalists than the difference of sentiment and habit on this point. In its palmy days under Louis Philippe, journalism in France was not only a profession, but was the principal avenue to political power; and the consequence was, that long before the passing of the law making signatures compulsory, means were taken by the principal newspaper writers to give the widest possible publicity to their connection with their respective journals.

The general character of leading articles may also be explained in the same way. In almost all the most influential papers, their tone is conservative in the extreme upon all essential points, however they may favour political liberalism. It is easy to trace in every one proof of the fact that its author has a strong interest in the maintenance of all the chief principles and institutions of society, and a general conviction that alterations in them are rash. Experience has seldom proved anything more conclusively than the proposition that, in a rich and intelligent country, a perfectly free press is one of the greatest safeguards of peace and order. Under such circumstances it is nearly certain that the ablest newspapers will be both read and written by and for the comfortable part of society, and will

err rather on the side of making too much of their interests than on that of neglecting them.

From what has been said, it is easy to describe the degree in which newspapers form and in which they follow public opinion. In the first place the paper must sell. Hence opinions highly distasteful, and altogether unfamiliar to the public, cannot be expressed at all. For example, it would be practically impossible to establish a newspaper in the present day on avowedly anti-Christian principles. One or two attempts of the kind have been made, and have failed utterly and speedily. A second restriction is, that the matter written must refer to the events of the day, and that closely and pointedly. This prevents a journalist from expressing many of his opinions, and ties him down to expressing such of the opinions he holds on particular subjects as can be thrown into a definite and pointed form. If M. de Tocqueville were now writing in *The Times*, he would be able to give definite opinions about the military prospects of the North and South respectively, but he would not be able to impress upon the public at large his philosophical theories about the strong and weak points of democratic institutions. Thirdly, a journalist loses his power over the public if he ceases to be a journalist, and puts himself forward as the organ of a particular party or cry. The theory of journalism, as accepted by the public at large, is, that the writers of leading articles *bond fide* observe upon the events of the day, without any particular bias other than that which is involved in the peculiarities of their own personal character. If a paper pertinaciously sticks to a particular point, in season and out of season, its readers attach no weight to what it says. They say it is the organ of a party, and that its view upon the matter in question is owing to some personal theory, or fancy or connection of the proprietors. Some ten years ago, for example, the *Morning Chronicle* was most ably written, and exercised considerable influence on many subjects; but in the midst of many articles which were obviously written as the *bond fide* expression of opinion on current events, there was a current of High Church theology which stood entirely alone, contrasted in the strongest way with the rest of the paper, and exercised no influence whatever with the public beyond dissuading them from reading it. The line taken by *The Times* for many years on the subject of the poor laws was another example of the same thing. On almost every other subject the opinions expressed were those which intelligent and educated men might well deduce from current events, but as to the poor laws the paper had a sort of twist or crotchet, and the consequence was that the public attached very little weight to what it said on the subject.

Subject, however, to these restrictions, the liberty which individual journalists enjoy, and their power to influence the public in the direction of their own views, are very considerable. It no more follows that because a paper must sell, its contributors will write whatever sells best, than it follows that because a man must live he will direct all his efforts to living as long as possible. On the contrary, when a newspaper has become an

established concern, and has a recognized position, it is usually conducted with far more independence, and with a much greater reference to the honest individual opinion of particular writers, than people usually suppose.

The editor is almost always paid by a fixed salary; the contributors are paid either by salaries or by the article; so that neither the one nor the other has any strong immediate interest in the sale of a few hundred copies more or less. Moreover, neither editors nor contributors are to be hired like labourers in any required quantity. It is a work of considerable time and difficulty to form a good staff of writers, and to bring them into satisfactory relations with the editor and with each other; and when such a staff is formed it is animated by a strong *esprit de corps*, and like all other such bodies has, generally speaking, very decided opinions, and strong likes and dislikes. Of course their feelings find expression in the political and literary views of the paper, and its goodness and spirit are, generally speaking, in direct proportion to their originality and vivacity.

Besides this, both the public who read and the managers who conduct the paper know that men whose writings are worth having will not write what they do not think, and that if they did they would not write well; and that, on the other hand, the goodness of an article may be measured with accuracy by the degree of satisfaction which the author took in writing it. The general result of this is that nearly every article in a paper of standing influence is sure to be the genuine expression of the opinion of the person who wrote it.

Up to this point, and in this sense, the leading articles which appear in a paper may be said to form and to follow public opinion; but a very important qualification to this must be borne in mind. The editor determines which of his staff of contributors is to operate on public opinion, and of course he makes his selection with a view to the state of public opinion at the time when the selection is made. For example, if he had to determine which of his contributors should write about India, and if two of them knew a great deal about the subject, and one of those two looked at the whole matter, say from a missionary point of view, he would probably put the question into the hands of the other, unless the general tendency of the paper were to treat such subjects in a theological spirit. On the other hand, he might say to the other contributor, "Write about India by all means, but don't touch the religious side of the question." In either case the articles would be fair and truthful, as far as they went, though the selection of the man who was to write them, or of the mode in which he was to handle them, would be determined less by reference to the editor's own opinion of the merits of the case than by his own view of the state of public feeling on the matter.

Though the leading articles are, perhaps, the most important and characteristic part of a newspaper, the goodness of its news has perhaps even more to do with its commercial success. People who like the curiosities

of civilization (to borrow the title of an entertaining book lately published) are never tired of dwelling upon the marvels of newspapers. We are bid to admire the variety and extent of the different articles of information extracted for our daily instruction and amusement, almost as often as our astonishment and reverence are bespoken for works like the Britannia or Victoria Bridges, or for the arrangements of manufactories or railways. Every morning, it is said, a mass of print, containing as much matter as a thick octavo volume, is laid on our breakfast-tables. It contains an accurate report of speeches which were made some hours after we went to bed, and of the incidents which took place up to a late hour of the night; it gives us on the same day letters from persons specially employed for the purpose of writing them, about the Chinese, the Americans, the Italians, the enfranchisement of the Russian serfs, and scores of other subjects; and besides this, it puts before us a sort of photograph of one day's history of the nation in which we live, including not only its graver occupations, such as legislation and commerce, but every incident a little out of the common way brought to light by police courts or recorded by local newspapers. This goes on till at the end of the year its story is comprised in a book larger than all the classics and all the standard histories of the world put together. This picture may be amplified and re-arranged in a thousand ways. There are persons who will count up the number of acres which a single number of *The Times* would cover if all the copies were spread out flat, or illustrate the quantity of copies by telling us how long the same weight of coal would serve an ordinary household, or enumerate the people who in different ways depend upon it for their livelihood. But when all is said and done, it is a mere question of money. There is really nothing at all extraordinary about the largest and best managed paper in the world, except the fact that it should be worth while to spend so much about it. Take, for example, the miracle that a speech delivered at two in the morning is sent by the six A.M. trains to every part of the country. What is there in it after all? The short-hand writer takes it down by a mere exercise of mechanical skill, and then writes out what he has taken down, and passes it to the printers, who stand ready to set it up. Given the capital to pay for short-hand writers and printers in sufficient number, it is what any one can do; nor is there really anything more astonishing in the fact than in the circumstance that a great contractor will be able to send a thousand navvies with all their tools to the scene of a railway accident on the shortest notice. Even in the editing, which is usually looked on with a sort of awe, there is no real difficulty, or at least not more than there is in other highly-paid professional labour.

The editor of a London daily paper has to turn night into day; but with that exception he is in much the same position as any other gentleman in his own class of life. He goes to his place of business, the office of the paper, in the course of the afternoon, or towards evening, looks over and corrects the leading articles, sees contributors, or people who call

on business, and settles any matter requiring his interference that may arise in the mechanical departments of the paper, which are under the charge of inferiors. As soon as the printing off of the paper has begun, he writes letters about his leading articles for the next day, and goes home to bed. All this requires a considerable exercise of discretion and judgment, and the habits of a man of business.

For the subordinate duties in the management of a paper, no great ability is required, and none is displayed. To look through and condense the accounts given by reporters of public meetings, exhibitions, ceremonies, and incidents of various kinds, is a very prosaic employment; the highest qualification which it requires is an acquaintance with the law of libel, one result of which, in its present state, is to make the proprietors of a paper exceedingly careful as to the reports which they publish. The only part of the news of a paper which requires particular notice, are the letters of "special correspondents," which have now become an established institution. They are written with a lower form of the same sort of talent which is displayed in leading articles. As a general rule, the model on which their style is formed is peculiar, but not good. It is the characteristic style of reporters, who by nature are as verbose as attorneys and as glaring as scene-painters. In most cases the faults of style affect the substance, which is frequently composed of masses of glaring descriptions of perfectly trivial facts. It must, however, be admitted that special correspondents have their strong as well as their weak side. When they really have something definite and important to tell, and can persuade themselves to leave out what they call their photography, they tell it at times extremely well, and almost always with a surprising degree of authenticity. Sometimes they rise with the occasion, and describe important events as well as mere eye-witnesses who have to write on the spur of the moment, and cannot see everything that passes, can be expected to describe them. In all the stirring events which have been minutely described by special correspondents within the last few years, hardly a single instance can be mentioned in which they have not been substantially right as to matters of fact. This is a matter for which they deserve the highest praise, notwithstanding their style, which is for the most part vicious and gaudy.

Special correspondents are the most successful and eminent members of a class which is called into existence by the newspapers, and which in its turn contributes largely to their support—journalists, pure and simple, men who have no other occupation or position in life than that which they derive from newspapers, and no other prospects than those which lie in their success. They often begin their connection with papers in a very humble capacity, generally as clerks or reporters, and from that position they work their way forwards to a better position without much other education than the newspaper itself supplies. Such men at times rise to considerable eminence. Indeed in one or two instances they have acquired permanent and high distinction; but when they stop on the road they fall

into very objectionable habits, for it is to writers of this kind that the public are indebted for most of the nonsense which pours in a ceaseless stream from the press. This nonsense is for the most part conceived in a peculiar shape. It constantly suggests that the writer himself has long since learnt by awful experience what he would call the dread secret of existence, but that he is merciful as well as strong, and that for the sake of his fellow-creatures he will not reveal what he knows. Hence he diffuses a gentle spirit of humanity and religion over his writings. He is the sort of person who calls an honourable man a "true heart" or a "loyal gentleman," and describes Dr. Johnson as "grand old Samuel." In a lighter mood, which is equally familiar to him, he becomes the loungeur at the clubs, or the London correspondent who enlightens the readers of country newspapers as to the ways of the London world. In this character he is worth a moment's notice, for his performances suggest very curious inquiries as to the state of mind which they pre-suppose in his readers. What do they imagine, for example, "the clubs" really are, and to how many of those institutions is the loungeur supposed to belong? It would frequently be interesting to know not only what the readers' views upon these subjects might be, but also what were the views of the writer himself; and indeed these are more easily ascertained than the others.

The writer who hears it "rumoured in the clubs" that A (he is far too familiar with every distinguished person to give any one of them the most modest lapidule to his name,) is going to write a new novel, and that B has paid him 10,000*l.* for the copyright, probably imagines that the buildings in Pall Mall, with the outside of which he is so well acquainted, form a sort of republic to which all the fortunate members have access, and where they argue high on all matters political and literary. He would be astonished if he could see what the inside of a club is really like, and if he knew how few rumours the real loungeurs there set in circulation. The real and the ideal loungeur form the strongest contrast. The ideal loungeur is always hearing that Gladstone did this, and that Lewis said that, and that if Palmerston (whom he perhaps calls our noble viscount) had not done something else, Grey might or might not have said something to Derby. Then "turning to literary matters," he hears that one eminent novelist has bought a new pair of boots, and that another has had his hair cut, and that the daughter of a third is going to have an offer of marriage from the son of a fourth. The real loungeur is quite a different sort of person. He is probably a middle-aged, and rather stupid man, of moderate means, who eats a mutton-chop at two, reads newspapers, and dawdles till seven, then dines, and ponders and dozes over a book till bedtime, without hearing any rumours whatever. Sometimes the "loungeur at the clubs" goes to the House of Commons as a "silent member," or a "voice from the gallery," or "whisper from the backstairs," and if so, his familiarity with all the affairs of the nation, and the people who manage them, is indeed wonderful to behold. He knows the exact reason for every part

both of the words and of the silence of every member of the House, and calls them all not only by their names, but by their nicknames. In short, he acts on paper, though he probably does not know it, just the same part as the fellows in red coats and cocked hats at Epsom races, who are on familiar terms with every one on the course, especially if he is a nobleman. It must have been a gentleman of this class, hard-up for a dinner, who tried the other day to get one out of the keepers of the refreshment-room at the Exhibition, by threatening the exhibitors with his vengeance unless they treated him.

These worthy persons have several peculiarities, one of which is, that they are in the habit of selling their wares several times over. If any one will take the trouble to go to Peel's Coffee-house, where all the country papers in England are filed, he will find on inspection that there is a supernatural similarity between the leading articles and reviews, and London correspondence of journals in the most different parts of the country. He will find, for example, that the gentleman who addresses the fens lounges at the same clubs, and hears the same rumours in precisely the same words as his friend who enlightens Cornwall and Devonshire, whilst leading articles, with only colourable alterations, are addressed, say to Cheshire and Kent. A little practice will make a man so expert in this new art of manifold-writing that he will learn at last to write three or four articles at once, dictating, like Julius Cæsar, one to his wife, and others to two of his daughters, whilst he himself writes a fourth. The intellectual feat, however, is not so great; as in Cæsar's case the subjects were different, and the style of treatment was probably superior. Some little time ago, a ludicrous instance of the inconvenience of this mode of proceeding occurred. Two country papers published in the West of England, which we may call the *Mercury* and the *Journal*, carried on an internecine war like the Eatanswill papers in *Pickwick*. One day the *Journal* accused the *Mercury* of having copied an article bodily without acknowledgment from a very popular London weekly paper. The *Mercury* replied with scorn that the article in question was supplied by a gentleman of "eminent literary acquirements," with whom an engagement had been made for that purpose, and added that probably the gentleman in question was connected with the London paper as well, and that his thoughts had flowed in the same channel twice over. Just as the paper was going to press, a letter arrived from the gentleman of eminent literary acquirements, which the editor appended to the article. He fully admitted that he was a contributor to the well-known paper in question, and that he did not see why he should not write for both. The letter itself supplied a conclusive answer to the question, for, unless the writer of the article had two completely different sets of style, grammar and language, it was utterly impossible that he should have written the letter. The whole transaction gave a good notion of the way in which the lowest department of newspaper writing is conducted.

Seeing with the Eyes shut.

THE advantages of keeping the eyes open have been often, if not sung, at least insisted on in prose. It is one of the first things the child learns to do, and one of the last the man is suffered to forget. But so far as I am aware, the advantages of the opposite plan have never been duly set forth. Yet everything in this world has two sides. Certainly the art of seeing has.

I shall not dwell upon (what would be a subject in itself) the great art of overlooking, one branch of which Sydney Smith so happily described as that of "taking short views." But what is that man's condition who cannot abstain from seeing; who cannot be blind to the insult of folly, or to the weakness of a friend; who cannot turn away his eyes from contingencies which foresight cannot avert? His perverse vision is his misery.

But, besides this, as wisdom, though it is expressed by speech and action, is often best shown by silence or a "masterly inactivity," so closing the eyes, the chief instruments of knowledge, has much to do with knowing. Nature herself gives us a hint of this. Do we not close our eyes, or cover them with our hand, when we would solve some particularly knotty problem? Even the pretences of clairvoyants, however much disproved, tell in the same direction. There seems to be some persuasion in the human heart that closing the eyes is a road to more than common sight. So strong is this persuasion that even the pit of the stomach is credited with miraculous powers. And the visions which visit us in sleep gather about them the same feeling: "for dreams too are from Jove."

The ancients fabled that love is blind; because it sees and must see with closed eyes. Lord Bacon speaks much of the dry light of the intellect—the *lumen siccum*, as he terms it—free from all tinge of passion, emotion, or desire. But who could tolerate such a dry light in his home, banishing the glory from around the wife and mother's head, and stripping the wonder from the prattle of the child? Who could bear to look with such clear cold vision into the most sacred spot of life. The eyes that can see thus must be shut, before the true home can reveal itself. And love sees too with closed eyes when secret links of sympathy are recognized, mysterious throbbings and pulsings of the soul which denote two hearts destined to grow into one. Then, when awe and longing make life new and earth holy, the young love justifies his title. He is worthy to be called blind. But not then, when a short-lived passion joins in unholy bonds their bodies whose souls are united by no deeper tie, and whom the fatal yoke wears like a burning chain, burning deeper every day. There the eyes alone have seen.

And not only in the realm of the affections, but in all that gives its charm, and fascination, and grace to life, the first condition of true insight is to see with closed eyes. "My eyes see pictures when they are shut," says Coleridge, and he expresses a fact common to the whole race of poets, artists, romancers, novelists—all close their eyes to see. Of blind poets it were long to tell the oft-told tale; but all can be blind in their own way, and see not only without, but against their eyes. The painter's art has been called the art of dreaming. All that we know, in short, of best and loftiest is seen for us thus. It is when the sun is set, the great eye of day is closed, the stars are visible.

So great a part, beyond all question, in our life, bears our faculty of seeing with closed eyes—of looking through that which is visible to them, to reach something which is not visible: all poetry, affection, joy of heart rest on it. Nay, that which is more than all these—all heroism too; all inspired and noble deeds. The patriot and the martyr see not by common vision but by a clairvoyance of their own. So says Garibaldi of Rome: "The Rome I saw in my youth was not only the Rome of the past, it was also the Rome of the future, bearing in its bosom the regenerating idea of a people. When I thought of her misfortunes, of her degradation, of her martyrdoms, she became to me holy and dear above all things." He sees it most unlike what it is.

All this may easily be granted. Poets and enthusiasts do see what is not visible to ordinary sight; and women—it is well for us men—have a happy knack of keeping one eye shut when they look at us. But there are other things besides art, and poetry, and love, if less attractive not less important. There is science, for example, the true and exact knowledge of things around us, by which the progress of the world is carried on. Does not that depend on keeping the eyes open?

It seems so: yet it is very remarkable, when we come to think, how emphatically science presents itself as an illustration of the contrary. Nowhere, not among the most extravagant romancers or spasmodic poets, is the effect of looking with the eyes closed so evident as in the scientific interpretation of nature. Through custom we fail to be much impressed with this fact, but we feel it at once when we reflect. The general view of nature which is presented by science, is as unlike the impression we receive by our senses as can well be conceived: and this not in one or two instances alone, but almost without exception, and especially in those cases in which the exactness of our knowledge is most unquestionable. It is needless to do more than refer to the general results of astronomy, in which the most overpowering dictates of our senses are resolved, and this without violence, into their exact opposites. But let us look at the forces which are recognized as operative in the planetary and stellar motions. Newton saw the moon falling to the earth:—but he saw it, surely, with closed eyes. To ordinary vision it does not fall. If it approaches the earth slightly in one part of its course, it rises from it equally in another. The explanation of the elliptic orbit by gravity is possible only by looking

away from, refusing to be influenced by, the obvious appearance—setting free the mind, as it were, by closing the outward sense. Nor is the case different with any other science that truly deserves the name. The chemist repudiates the transmutation of the substances with which he deals; but that idea could not fail to have been suggested to the first students of the science. It is the plain fact to sense: only the intellectual eye can keep its gaze fixed upon the element, and recognize it in all changes still unchanged. Or, if we take physiology again, in no science is the unlikeness, the utter divergence, of the appearance from the truth more striking. We cannot wonder at the long delays which have marked, and marred, its progress. The impression which the sense receives from living objects, the intellect refers to causes not only hidden but almost incredible. The eye that would clearly discern them must be resolutely shut against the seeming. How else can we apprehend this apparently distinctive agent in nature—Life—as a revelation of universal force, or refer the seemingly spontaneous growth, development, and activity of an organic body to the silent action of that very chemical affinity which destroys it? The evidence of sense here, too, has to be, not indeed rejected, but taken up and inverted by the mind.

But we need not refer at length to special sciences, because the general ideas in which they all converge present the same character in an emphatic form. The great generalization that motion never ceases—how is this to be seen but with the eyes closed? closed against all that we experience or can directly find. We are surrounded by motions which do cease, by forces which produce a single effect, and then, so far as our feeling is concerned, are gone and lost, dissipated, and no more to be found. That which we know as the highest truth in science is only to be known by a resolute turning our backs upon all that our experience seems to teach, or our natural conviction assures us of—as is proved, indeed, by the long-continued vain attempts to obtain perpetual motion. Those men simply had not seen with their eyes closed. For, to such vision, motion is perpetual.

Let us think for a moment what a wonderful world it is that we see when we look at it thus, as science bids us, not according to, but *through* the senses; tracing in imagination the development of human thought. We see the flat earth round itself into a sphere, and our fellows beneath our feet look up to a heaven where we had fancied the abyss. We see this sphere loosed from its moorings, and sent rolling through the depths of space, and as it rolls, the crystalline vault of heaven relaxes its bands, and expands, and grows, until it stretches out into the boundless universe which taxes our imagination still in vain. We see the mountain tops beneath the sea, receiving there the freight of relics which, on their mighty altars, they shall uplift to heaven. We see earth's surface fashioned by water on a ball of fire. We see it no more haunted by spirits, dwelling innumerable in every wood, or vale, or fount, but itself animated with a secret and all-embracing life, instinct with gleaming

force, and daily drinking in new draughts from heaven, until it overflows in every strong or graceful living form. We see it permeated through and through with streams of power, circulating as if through vital arterics; each linked with the other in an endless chain, and, at our bidding, rising up into our own frames, lending their vigour to our arm or brain.

In not one point does the vision answer to what our senses feel; infinitely and in all points it surpasses them. And this opposition to the natural dictates of sense, which permeates all science, is especially characteristic of its proudest names. It distinguishes alike the discoverer and the inventor, and is often especially manifest in the latter. It is not that the inventor must behold in mental vision what never has been realized to sense. This may not, indeed, always be true. Many inventions have been apparently stumbled on, and as little foreseen by their discoverers as by any other man. But he who does what has never been done before, or arranges old means successfully to new ends, must recognize obstacles that never have appeared, and calculate on elements which the field of vision does not include. This is in part the reason of the opposition which new schemes, even those which are the most successful in the end, so constantly encounter from the best authorities of their time. The calculations and inferences of the objectors are sound enough according to all that eyes can see: the distinction of the inventor is that he can see also with the eyes closed. In like manner, it is not the novelty which promises complete success according to established ways and notions, that truly does succeed. New truth is ever the improbable. It is evident the innovator is one who affirms or acts against appearances; and truth, with us, has been but a series of innovations.

But when we look beyond the mere facts into their reason, something very beautiful presents itself, and beautiful under many aspects. Advancing knowledge ever involves an opposition to the natural dictates of sense. It must do so; for in what does such advance consist but in recognizing ever more and more of that which has been unperceived? If our tendency to put trust in appearances were not so strong, the necessity of such an opposition might well be called a truism. Knowledge—to us who have to acquire it—is ever a supplying of the deficiencies of sense. By gradual advance, and by greater or smaller steps at intervals, we exclude the results of its insufficiency, and arrive at the opinions which we should have naturally and without effort, if we had perfect, instead of our very limited, perceptive powers. We learn to think, in science, that which truly-perceiving senses would show us. Our propensity to error consists in this: that while our senses only show us part, we tend to trust them as if they showed us all. Thus, force is constant, unceasing, ever equally operative; but our senses only perceive it here and there, just where it comes within the sphere of their sensibility: all the rest is blank to them. Hence the idea they suggest to us is not that of one ever operative power, but of many

severed and isolated powers. Here and in all parallel cases we cannot help having the false notion, but we can escape from it.

And how? By the co-operation of two faculties in our investigations. In science, sense and intellect are united, and by the intellect the sense is partly supplemented, partly made to supply its own defects. This latter element it is that constitutes the distinctive character of modern science: the use of sense subordinately to intellect. It is this use of sense which it took men so long to learn. For though it is true, as has been said, that our scientific knowledge is opposed in the very highest degree to the natural impressions of our senses, and that each great step of its advance could have been taken only by a man resolutely blind to those impressions; yet is that knowledge strictly conformed to, and based upon, the evidence of sense. The difference is between sense used, and sense abused; and the abuse comes first—the misplaced uncritical assurance.

Thus it is the subjecting of sense which leads to its perfecting; it gains its full development in being opposed. Its life is in its sacrifice. Good observing comes through good thinking; the eye sees that which it brings the power to see. Through our complex nature our senses are made the means of a knowledge above themselves; larger and truer than their own apprehension. And truth is gathered from error, as from the nettle, danger, is plucked the flower, safety.

Bearing on this point is an expression used by Professor Faraday in a lecture delivered a few years ago: that in experimenting, we must first fix in our minds "clear ideas of the physically possible and impossible." These words have been severely criticised by an eminent mathematician, as if they meant that we should determine beforehand what events can happen; as if, for example, Professor Faraday had implied that we might have made up our minds against the possible existence of the Australian boomerang, which returns when it is thrown. But, in fact, the expression merely marks the subordination in the mind of this great observer of sense to intellect. By him, every sensible experience is referred to, and tested by, an intellectual authority, and no seeming connection of events accepted which will not stand the test. He is prepared to see against his eyesight.

There are other reasons, besides its narrow limits, that the impressions given to us by sense are misleading. For example, the sense can seldom distinguish the operation of negatives. How, when they saw light bodies rising, could men avoid supposing a special power of lightness? And again, that mutual dependence of opposites, which so greatly simplifies the chain of natural events when it is understood, could not but mislead an un-subordinated sense. The seeming contradiction involved in mutually opposing things depending on each other (as vital force on chemical attractions, for example) takes long to overcome. Add to which, the fact that our perceptions have, for the most part, an inverse order; the effect being perceived before the cause.

To see with the eyes shut, then, merely means duly to subordinate the senses to the intellect. So essential a part is it of the process of our knowing, so deeply is it based in our own nature, and in the nature of things, that it might almost be made a test of truth, in a question of any considerable magnitude or depth—has there been vision here with the eyes closed as well as open? It means only—have the natural deficiencies of the senses been supplied?

But the union of sense and intellect in science is beautiful under other aspects, of which I will refer to only one. Our pleasures are doubled: opposite desires and tendencies are gratified together. Between these two faculties there must be a certain opposition. Sense, for its enjoyment, demands variety; the intellect finds its satisfaction only in unity. Both are filled. In science there is presented, at the same time, an unbounded variety to sense, and to the intellect the perception of an unity through all, which is, to intellectual men, a pleasure with which no sensible gratification can compete. We are doubly blessed. To see nature one, as the intellect (subordinating and using sense) can see it, leaves all its sensible variety untouched, adds indeed boundlessly to its amount; but adds also another charm surpassing all.

We see, too, why in this unavoidable conflict between the two faculties which co-operate in science, the sense is that which must be subordinate. It is adapted to this place, and flourishes eminently therein, because it gives us impressions, and not facts. It tells us, I am thus affected; the cause of the affection it leaves to be explored.

Seeing these things, we have a vantage-ground for understanding some parts of human life. It is not a matter for surprise that our knowledge has advanced so slowly, and amid stifles and controversies so prolonged. The tendency to trust our impressions, instead of seeking to explain them by the conjoint use of the higher faculty of thought, has been an ever recurring obstacle. It takes us long to see that our senses were meant to give us partial and defective apprehensions—means for the acquisition of knowledge, but not knowledge in themselves. Nor can we fail to see that the ancient speculation, which set itself to think out the constitution of the world and repudiated sense, idle as it was in some respects, yet does not lack a certain justification. As an attempt to give to the intellectual faculty scope and dominion it was no error; it erred in not making sense its instrument. And this arose emphatically from inability to see with the eyes shut; shut resolutely on the apparent fact. The men of old could not—as in these days men can and do—deliberately face sense, and contradict its strongest evidence. It took long centuries of discipline and failure to nerve men to this task; to take up their own most strong assurance, look *through* it, and compel it to reveal its meaning.

What harmony, again, these thoughts exhibit in different spheres of human life. The path of moral goodness, what is it but “repression of ourself?” Sometimes we wonder that it should be so; often we wish it were

not. But this is no strange fact; it introduces no new element into our experience. Self-repression is as much a law of knowing truth, as it is of doing right. The secret of the warfare lies deep in our nature's hidden springs, below the parting of the streams of thought and action; it implicates them both alike. The discord is the fruit and proof of the greatness of our nature; the prophecy of a harmony sublime enough to make all discords tributary. May not this thought help to silence vain regrets, give strength in the inevitable conflict, firmer faith in the fair fruits of victory?

And yet once more: this complex nature of ours, which involves the union of opposing elements in knowledge, as it gives the key to the intellectual life of man, does it not also cast a light upon his moral history?—that deep dark problem which we seem alike unable to solve or to forget. Does the material world deceive our sense, and falsehood to our bodily eyes take the place of truth, demanding a deeper insight to interpret their own message to themselves, and is it not so with the higher world of man? We must have knowledge deeper than our own feelings to apprehend aright the face of Nature; must we not have it also to understand the human soul and grasp its destiny? Morally to see this dark and evil scene of earth aright must we not see it with eyes resolutely closed? How much there is in it we know that we do not see: how much more, unseen, that we do not know. We see the evil deed, but not the virtuous struggle, or the bitter tears; the falling under sin, but not the radical transformation of the man. We see the wasted efforts, but not the accomplished work; the mysterious progress, not the end. How should that be a great and godlike world which did not baffle, which did not even deceive, our heart, untaught to mistrust and rise above itself?

The Frenchman in London.

THE opinion which a stranger forms of the city to which he comes depends not a little on what he makes up his mind to look for in it. Frenchmen set down in London commonly commit the error of looking for what they have at home, and as they find here neither cafés, nor restaurants, nor vaudevilles, such as they have been accustomed to, they feel at the outset a sort of disappointment, which has the effect of discolouring the judgments they afterwards form of what they actually do see in London. In this regard my countrymen are more to be pitied than blamed, because their mistake shuts them out from a source of very genuine pleasure, namely, that of identifying oneself with the civilization of another land. Differences of opinion about London existing between them and myself result, I think, from this,—that, when I came to England, I did not at all expect that London should be Paris. I should, indeed, have been vexed if I had found in London the Rue de Rivoli, the Madeleine, the Boulevards, and other places of resort which I knew by heart; and I should have been still more displeased if I had found England to be merely France over again, with her government, laws, and manners. I set before myself distinctly the task of studying an entirely new world; and in that, at least, I was not disappointed. London is, among all the cities of the earth, *the* city which is like nothing but itself; being absolutely unique in its grandeur and its profundity, its heights, and its depths. Now, to attempt, in the course of a few daily or even nightly rambles, to get at the secret, at the real internal life of a Babylonian metropolis, which presents to the observer a study not to be exhausted in many years, is an idle and puerile idea, which reminds one of the story of the child who conceived the design of emptying out the sea by dipping with an oyster shell in a pool on the beach. I have been eight years in England, and I learn something new about it every day. A French naturalist passed all his own life in studying one-half of the life of a little insect: the whole of the lives of many men might be spent in trying to form a tolerably complete idea of the life that is in London. I shall confine myself, in this place, to gathering together a few of the impressions I have received as an observer of the great city which is, to a Frenchman, of all the cities in the world, the strangest, the most mysterious, the most imposing.

What struck me most forcibly when I came to London was the Thames. I had travelled from Rotterdam in a steamer which, if I remember rightly, stopped during the night at Gravesend, and which had to find a path through crowded shipping, against which she ran, in the darkness, frequent risks of damaging herself. Now the image of an

encumbered river, a river almost blocked up with vessels, was quite new to me. I had heard speak of the crowded streets of London; but a crowd upon the stream that intersects the city, and a crowd of ships, too—was not that something to quicken the curiosity of a Frenchman? I climbed to the paddle-box, and looked with wonder at the thick-lying army of big masts, quietly reflected, with their endless rigging, in the water below, sullen-silent, and just whitened by a little moonlight. Every vessel carried at her peak a lamp, which shook like a star in the distance; and nothing could be more striking than the effect produced by this vast still multitude of shipping. In the morning the steamboat, on board which I was a passenger, went on its way. As in a dream, passed by me, in succession, Woolwich, with its huge Arsenal; Greenwich, lifting up the two domes of its Hospital; church-steeple, looking spectral in the white early mist; shipmakers' yards; dock-basins, overgrown with forests of masts; manufactories, from which great chimneys exhaled morning incense; while the noises of the anvil, the furnace, and the steam-boiler went up, here and there, a *Marseillaise* of labour. Suddenly I was told that there was a thoroughfare underneath us, and that we were sailing over people's heads: of course, I guessed that my informant was speaking of the Thames Tunnel, which stealthily creeps under the unconscious river, and joins his two shores without asking his permission. Then there were the piers, the wharves, the warehouses, and the great cranes, from whose chains, heavy and rusty, hung in air monstrous bales of merchandise, as marionnettes dangle from a thread;—all saying, in different ways, to the stranger, something for the greatness of the people which had learnt so well how to control the forces of nature. I had not myself expected, like Whittington, to find London streets paved with gold: any illusion of that kind would have been a little shaken by what I in fact saw—tarry piles, fallow walls, and muddy streets running down to the banks of the river—though there was gold, after all, in that same mud, inasmuch as it showed traces of a potentially-transforming industry.

It is not difficult to discern the essential characters of the chief European capitals in the streams by which they are traversed. When I approached London, the Thames was palpably under my eyes from the first; but behind, in my recollections, flowed, of course, the old familiar Seine. Now, the points of contrast between the two great cities are, to a large extent, shown in the two rivers, and, not unnaturally, at once fixed themselves in my mind. The Seine is graceful, whimsical, and, so to speak, feminine. She seems as if she ran for her own amusement—as if she were given rather to adorn and entertain the city than to be useful to it. She has scarcely anything to do but to look up at the skies, play with the pleasure-boats, and give back to the eye the great wharves, the Tuileries, the Louvre, and the tall towers of Notre Dame. Pleased with almost everything she meets on her way, she moves slowly, folds here and there in her cool half-languid arms a little island covered with dwellings,

daguerreotypes, by day, the trees on her banks, and, at night, lengthens out on her smooth surface, the thousand lights that shine along the shores. But how different the Thames! Scarcely has the English river passed Richmond, smiled at the swans, and paid its respects to the towering Houses of Parliament, than lo! it finds itself already in the busy part of London, and begins to be a real working river. No matter if its waters are shaken up a good deal, and sometimes as dark as ink—no matter; for it helps in making these citizens' fortunes, and bears away towards the sea the impurities of the city, as Time carries to Eternity the dust and soil of human life, leaving behind only the traces of good deeds and service done. The charm of the Thames lies in its usefulness; its pride is "to forward business." See how hard it works—tossing to and fro, in foamy waves, under the paddle-wheels of the steamers and the oars of the coal-barges. On its broad forehead are the wrinkles of labour and travail. What you see on these shores is far from being agreeable to the eye, but perhaps it is worth its weight in gold. In those old tumble-down looking buildings is stored up the wealth of Great Britain, of the whole world. The long bridges, traversed as they all are by myriads of waggons, carriages, and foot-passengers, and traversed, as one of them will soon be, by locomotives thundering as they go, cast the shadows of their gigantic arches upon the troubled surface of the river; but it still pursues its way, intent upon its mighty task, and is no sooner rid of these troublesome piers and abutments than it hastens to take up the burden of a merchant fleet. Strong and eager, with its high tides and its low tides, virile, not feminine, the Thames is an image of the life of London itself.

One thing which greatly interested me as a new-comer was to find reproduced in the English capital the whole history of the natural growth or formation of cities. In our great continental towns the traces of that history are nearly rubbed out. They are cities where the ukase, the *coup d'état*, the strong hand of authority has wrought changes with a touch, inverted the original relations of different parts of the same city, and set up a sort of factitious centralization upon the ruins of the old municipalities. In London it is not so: on the contrary, you may read the history of its civilization, stage by stage, in the physiognomy and the activities of its different parts. At the East End of the town you find gathered together those forms of industry which deal with brute matter, and minister to the elementary wants of society. In the "city" proper is developed commerce, strictly so called—that which lays the foundation of a people's riches. Now, passing westward, the farther you go the more thickly do you find, grouping themselves together, the liberal professions, the arts, the pursuits which minister to luxury, the theatres, the clubs, the museums, the places of amusement. A journey through this strange world of London is an entertaining course of political economy; at every footstep you may learn how money is made, how it is exchanged, how it is spent. Here is the useful first, and then comes the superfluous; science and the love of the beautiful grafted upon the results of crude manual

industry: the tree pushes its laborious roots deep down into the soil, but lifts to the skies its branches crowned with fruits and flowers. Such is London.

Each of the districts I have been speaking of—I might say each of the cities I have been speaking of—has its own peculiar population. If I walk from Charing Cross towards the east, I meet, when I approach Whitechapel, very different toilettes, different manners, and different people from those I have left behind me in the west; I might almost ask myself the question, Am I in the same country? This must of course escape the observation of travellers who only stay a few days in London, and who make the blunder of just beating the bounds of districts whose only character is to have no character at all. There is, however, a certain grandeur, well worth attention, in that natural order in virtue of which the different elements of the social life have here localized and grouped themselves together. An exercise of absolute power might of course have imprinted a much greater degree of regularity upon these London streets, knocked away the unsightly neighbourhoods, given breathing-space to public edifices now jostled by crowds of ill-set houses;—no doubt: but would it—could it have gathered together the varied forms of labour and intelligent activity, with their corporations and guilds, around just the very centres which would be favourable to the development of the energies of a great people? I doubt it. The inspirations which regulate these things occur to liberty, and liberty only. The question is, Should a great city look like the work of a theatrical scene-painter? or should it be just a sphere in which the resources of a nation may be most aptly developed? It is a fact not unknown that elsewhere the distinctive character of the reign of a particular monarch is often reflected in the physiognomy of his capital. Thus, in France you have the Paris of Louis XIV., the Paris of Louis XV., the Paris of Napoleon. On the other hand, you have only one London, the London of the English people.

That which most of all astonishes my countrymen who come to this city—that which indeed greatly astonished myself—is the visible extent of London. We had been told, all of us, in our childhood that Paris was large; since our childhood it has taken up fresh territory by the removal of an enclosure wall; and yet, compared with London, it is a miniature of a metropolis. A city which begins nowhere and ends nowhere,—that is the idea which foreigners usually carry away with them of the English capital. This mere size of London would certainly appear disproportionate, having regard to the size of the island, if London were a city of pleasure only. It would then be quite in place to bring up the old fable of the body and the members; but it must not be forgotten that London is, in fact, a centre of production. It does not absorb, it creates, fecundates. It does not tyrannize over the provinces; it does not weigh them down; it cannot deal either in *coups d'état*, or *coups de tête*; it is obviously much more an agglomeration of forces than a governmental machine. Apart from all this, the immense size of London is the source

of some of its most striking special features. Upon the Continent, where shall we look for a city crossed from end to end by railways, underground or above-ground, and by a nervous system (so to speak) of electric telegraphs, making it easy for the far-off members of the big body to communicate with each other? What shall we say of these spreading parks (which elsewhere would pass for great tracts of meadow let into the town), where the bright broad masses of verdure lie set in their frames of far-drawn architectural lines? The truth is, London must not be judged of in pieces; it must be looked at as a whole; and that whole is, indeed, an imposing one—with streets that stretch far out of sight, overswept by rolling rivers of traffic, the ebb and flow of a busy population, the tumult of industry, the ever-renewed whirlwind of "business."

Yet it is not the material greatness of London which strikes me most: no, it is its moral greatness. This moral greatness displays itself in its banking institutions, in its colonial undertakings; in its provident societies (embracing, as they do, all the conditions of domestic life), in those institutions in which the science of combinations struggles with chance and change, and snatches from them whatsoever an enlightened forecast can; and in its commercial relations with all the lands of the earth, from the poles to the tropics. Especially is London great, to my thinking, in those victories of science and industry the end of which is to make, out of the wealth of all, the wealth of each; to add incessantly to the power of the individual man, his well-being, his means of operating upon nature. We have lately had it asked what the Japanese Ambassadors can say to their Emperor when they get back to their own country. Well, I venture to suggest a speech for them:—"Sun of all excellence and all grandeur! we have seen a city in which almost every one of the inhabitants is richer than thou art!" Of course, I do not mean that the citizens of London have in their houses more treasure than the Emperor of Japan or the Emperor of China has in his Summer Palace or Winter Palace; but I do maintain that each one of them, even with a limited money-income, is a more opulent man than an Asiatic monarch, if riches consist less in mere possessions than in the advantages which they can procure for a man, and the means which they give to him of slipping off the fetters of his necessities. The Eastern king keeps a staff of learned men who record, at great expense and with no truth, the splendours of their master's reign; the people of London have in their service an army of journalists who chronicle, day by day, with independence as well as ability, the history of their city, and of the whole world too. The barbarian monarch may boast, if he likes, of being able to travel through his dominions on the back of a white elephant: the most obscure inhabitant of London, who wants to go abroad, finds the marvellous iron monster of the railroad ready to carry him at the speed of the thunderbolt. The Asiatic sovereign, to amuse him in his haughty idleness, has little to turn to but the monotonous dancing of women and slaves; the merest shopkeeper in London can, for a few shillings, find himself in a

theatre where skilled actors and actresses translate into visible form for him the sublimest dreams of the sublimest dramatic genius of the universe. Once more may I not well ask, which is the richer of the two men—the Oriental despot, or the Londoner?

In spite of the answer which awaits this question, it must be avowed that one of the "London sights" which painfully startle the foreign visitor is, London misery. Of course it is not intended to hint that there is no poverty in the great continental cities: our statistical records, our official inquiries, our political convulsions, might be quoted, if anything so flatteringly false could ever enter the head of a sane man. But the fact is, that in London misery stands out more in relief, and assumes more dramatic shapes than in the other cities of Europe. In Paris, for instance, the wretchedly poor man shuns the broad daylight; he is ashamed of his rags, and never, without an absolute necessity, shows himself in the fashionable quarters. One man might be mentioned, who acquired among us quite a Homeric celebrity by merely walking up and down the galleries of the Palais Royal in torn and dirty clothes; his name was Chodruc Duclos. Come to London, however, and you find the poor tatterdemalion choosing the West End, in which to flaunt his pale, haggard face and general wretchedness. These wandering spectres of hunger, appearing in great force in the midst of so much that is brilliant and well-to-do, the contrast the two things present is too painful not to be felt keenly by the stranger. Shall I then blame my countrymen for having spoken of the ghosts of misery that thus haunt the bright quarters of the town? No, indeed; not I. But I will ask them if, turning their eyes from these unhappy creatures, they have noticed the schools whose doors are open to the necessitous classes; the working-men's colleges; the mendicity societies; the model lodging-houses; the hospitals, and a thousand other institutions established either to prevent misery or to relieve it? Especially I will ask them if they have observed the intensely individual and truly spontaneous character of these works of benevolence? In France, the State is Grand Almoner. Public charity is a great machine, which does its work, like the rest, under the controlling finger of a central administration; it gives with authority, and notifies its benefactions by ordonnances. In London, on the other hand, a system of "voluntary subscriptions" does the great good work without noise, and without peremptoriness, and scatters the blessed dew of heaven's kindness over the dark valleys whither the halt and the maimed of "social order" have betaken themselves. No doubt the comparative merits of the two systems are open to discussion; but a society which looks to itself instead of to its Government, does the good which it sees wants doing, does it of its own accord, and takes no reward but the consciousness of having done right,—such a society constitutes, at all events, a spectacle sufficiently novel to arrest the attention of a foreign observer. In France, the State gives charity because it must; in England, the individual gives charity because his heart wills it, and he gives largely: that is all.

Those travellers who spend only a week in the great British metropolis unfortunately exhaust attention upon the night side of London. Unquestionably that "side" furnishes a picture of London life which is particularly easy of study; but does it convey a true idea of English life? These nocturnal orgies, these images of drunkenness and shame, these spectacles of degraded womanhood, may either amuse the brain, or oppress the heart, just according to the point of view from which they are looked at. But, in any case, it is not among such scenes that the type of the English character is to be sought. Look up at that window, where the solitary lamp speaks of graver vigils—where a father of a family is working with his head or his hands to earn the morrow's bread. Look at those houses,—surrounded with iron railings it is true,—but protected in reality by the purity of the wives and mothers within, under the shadow of whose tender care lie sleeping the little children, like birds in their nest! Or, go by night into the markets, where you may see the tired field-labourer sleeping, as on a bed of roses, upon the top of a market-cart, full of vegetables, newly gathered! Then you have seen something of London—the true London—in which the English-woman has won the assured well-being of the in-door world by reverence for conjugal faith and duty, while the Englishman has mastered for himself and those depending on him the world without, by uniting that same reverence to industry and activity.

When I observe the impression which appears to be made on some of my countrymen by a short stay in London, I am ready to ask myself, in sorrow of heart, if, after twelve years of a *régime* unfavourable to freedom, they have at last grown afraid of it. It looks as if they missed with regret the shadow of the police dogging their heels in the streets of Paris, the stations where they used to have the felicity of being searched by the *octroi* people, the *hôtels garnis*, where they were happy enough to leave their names and their passports. It really seems to be with something like terror that they open a newspaper in which the writers dare to say everything! One would fancy that they are sorry to be no longer listened after by spies as they walk the streets,—no longer stopped at every street-corner by the *qui vive* of the night-watch! Where, they seem to ask, where are the barracks, where are the swords, of the *sergents-de-ville*? An assemblage of workmen in Hyde-park they take for a riot. A city in which people think, and live, and breathe free air, is an ominous riddle to them: they are like children learning to swim, who lose their presence of mind the moment the rope is drawn back. Perhaps a longer stay might reconcile them to the freedom of London! In time they would doubtless come to recognize the grandeur there is in these art-associations, these learned societies, in which honour and success do not hang on the favour of a Minister. They would look with reverence upon those tribunals in which every possible guarantee secures to the accused man all his rights; they would be able to visit, with quiet, unrepining minds, those prisons in which *only* men found guilty are punished. They would learn to admire

that spirit of toleration which, in this country, takes under its wing of equal protection every creed and every church. They would come at last to bow their heads respectfully before those great social institutions which have nothing to fear from the breath of controversy because they repose in majestic calmness upon the will of a nation. Things like these make up for a few abuses, and if the hand of Government is less apparent in so many excellent results, why, the force of public opinion is all the more manifest. One might be tempted to say, Hitherto the ambition of the Frenchman has been to become a government functionary; the ambition of the Englishman, to feel himself a man!

Am I, then, saying that British civilization, such as it is seen in the city of London, may defy reproach? That is not what I say. What I do say is, that if freedom allows to grow up in her midst a greater number of faulty things, she, above all, bestows the means of correcting what is amiss. I have never read such severe criticisms of England as in English journals. A people which has the courage and the mental independence to be its own accuser, does not need the teaching of its neighbours in order to find out the path of true progress. The worst fault of London in the eyes of the foreigner is, after all, that it is not a city made for idle people. What is a Frenchman to do who has only a few days to pass in this capital? At the theatre he does not understand the language; if he is not "introduced" in society, he blames the stiffness of the national character, the reserve of English manners, the unattractiveness which hangs over the every-day relations of life. In the streets, he pauses before the shops, and not noticing in what the windows contain all that taste for display which is one of the features of the Parisian shop-world, he concludes that in these well-filled stores there is nothing to buy. Baffled, as he thinks, in every direction in which he seeks pleasure, he falls back upon *cafés chantants* and other importations from France; but as he does not find in such places over here the luxury and comfort which he would find in Paris, he forms a very gloomy idea of life in London. How much better it would be for him if he would start by saying to himself that London was made for English people, and for people who can, if need be, take on English tastes for a time!

Yet it must be said that one of the most wonderful things about this many-sided city is the readiness with which she adapts her resources to different tastes and different pursuits. To the man of industry she presents her manufactories and gigantic breweries; to the artist, her public galleries and private collections of pictures, her Westminster Abbey peopled with statues; to the statesman or politician, her House of Commons, where the free speech of a great nation is uttered; to the man of learning, her British Museum, and especially its reading-room—that true student's temple. There are in Europe libraries which contain a greater number of books, but who profits by them? The catalogues are in the custody of a few servants of the State, as the sacred books of the old Egyptians lay in the hands of the priests; a reading-room, open to everybody, but where

nobody is attended to until he has passed an hour in idle waiting, is a place for loungers rather than for students. If the book you want happens to be ancient, or little known, it is never found, and you are obliged to submit, meekly bowing your head to the response of the bureaucratic sphinx, who informs you that it cannot be had. With respect to the classification of the books, the comfort of the reader, and facility of reference, the library of the British Museum is a model institution, the like of which one looks for elsewhere in vain. Many other museums of science or of the useful arts exist in London, such as the Zoological Gardens and the Crystal Palace—the latter a great idea realized, a place where the visitor may review the whole story of the earth and the human race, told in illustrative monuments. Such places as these testify abundantly that this metropolis of commerce and industry is not exclusively taken up by the worship of material interests. Surely, in visiting such institutions, there is something to occupy, not unworthily, the time and attention of intelligent foreigners; and, indeed, it is not these who are ever found sorry for having made a stay in London. A characteristic feature of some of these institutions is that they have been set up and are still maintained without State intervention. From that fact arises often, I know, a necessity with which foreigners fall out, namely, that of paying at the doors for admission. Well, in France, our *Jardin des Plantes* and our Museums are public: it is a piece of generous management which I admire, and which I would not for my own part, alter. The question may, however, be raised, whether it is or is not fair to make everybody contribute towards the support of sources of pleasure of which only a few take advantage. However this may be decided, it is not less interesting to the stranger to study the methods of a people, which, thanks to a long education in the school of freedom, manages its own affairs, and works out for itself by the machinery of "companies," what is, in other countries, done by the government.

A French sculptor, a friend of mine, David D'Angers, conceived the design of a colossal statue in the Egyptian manner, which should represent the People. On the forehead of this figure he proposed to write INTELLIGENCE; on its arms, LABOUR; on its bosom, COURAGE. It was a conception which, like many others, he took with him, unexecuted, to his grave; but I cannot help asking if, in this statue, he had not, unknowingly, thought out the ideal of English society, the ideal of London life. In truth, what strikes me so much in this city, self-made as it is (so to speak), without any presiding genius assisting at its development, is to find all these mighty organs, answering to all the aptitudes of civilized life. The division of labour has, perhaps, the effect of leaving between different classes spaces too wide,—which, one hopes, will disappear in time,—but who cannot see, at a glance, that there is an immense mechanism of energies here, which are to produce great results? London, who has, so to speak, always "found" herself in everything, has recently made up her mind to find herself in soldiers; she has resolved to possess a citizen-army. Of course, I speak of her volunteers. Who has

not heard in her streets those citizen bands which almost drown the trampling noises of the crowd with the fierce beat of warlike music? In France we have a National Guard, which serves for the protection of the Government, or, more frequently, for its destruction—but when has it defended the country? It did not think of such a thing even in 1815. And what was wanting to it was, not courage, but freedom. The idea of an army which costs the State nothing—an army of peace, which does not disturb the foreigner, and only menaces the invader—that idea was born in England of a passing, perhaps even an imaginary, danger. But blessed be the phantasmal terrors which awaken a people to its own resources! What I admire most of all in this movement is not the ardour with which this new army has sprung up; it is that constitution of the country which, without danger to itself, can put arms into the hands of the citizens. Elsewhere, the same elements of national defence are to be found, but who would dare to utilize them in this manner?

There is, however, one day in the week upon which this great hive of skill and industry silences all its busy hum. The London Sunday startles the foreigner by the force of contrast. An English traveller was once telling me of his surprise when, after a stormy voyage, he had doubled a dangerous corner, and suddenly found himself in calm water—inexorably calm. That sort of feeling is not unlike what a stranger experiences in London, when, following on all the tumult and stir of the week, comes the day of rest. The English, born and bred in the religious tastes of Protestantism, do not notice the contrast so much; but it leaps into the eyes of the Parisian, who is rightly or wrongly in the habit of making his holiday a day of pleasure. In London, what is he to do? What is to become of him? If he had a domestic circle round him, if he had where to lay his head, he might understand, perhaps, what grandeur there is in this sacred repose of a great nation, in the inviolability of the closed doors, in the truce to all the cares of the week; but he is solitary, and he wearies of it. I fancy, however, that if he would look around him, he would find upon people's faces an expression of meditation rather than of sadness. The peculiar observance of Sunday which exists in London rests upon a basis of belief which it is not for outsiders to condemn. The English would have, on the other hand, an equal right to feel scandalized in Roman Catholic countries, at our processions, at the costume of our priests as they walk the streets, at the exterior symbols of our own faith. All that I now aim at doing is to call the attention of my countrymen to the relations which exist between religious order and civil order in Great Britain. Different causes may be assigned to the Reformation, according to the point of view from which it is looked at; but a fact it is, and a fact which controls all these phenomena. When Henry VIII. withdrew from Rome, he cut the cord which was holding back England in the path of progress. From that time, she has modelled, stage by stage, all her political institutions, her industry, her manners, upon the national character, and not upon a stationary dogmatic basis. It is freedom of thought which has made her

what she is. Foreign observers smile with surprise when they find in London such a number of dissenting chapels; but to my thinking, the very diversity which this bespeaks, while it in no way implies any weakening of the religious sentiment, is the very strength and safety of England. I can understand that those who like authority at any cost whatever, may prefer unity also, and nothing is easier than to obtain it at that cost: but if liberty is to be loved, there must be no fear of variety of opinion. This very rivalry of sects is a barrier against those invasions of ecclesiastical power, of which it is only too easy to find destructive traces in Catholic countries.

London, however, much as it has excited my admiration, has no more blotted Paris out of my memory than absence from my native land has effaced love of country in my bosom. London and Paris are two cities which are not to be compared, for they touch each other chiefly at points of contrast. My own earnest wish is, that each may develop itself freely after its own proper type. Paris, with its taste, its enthusiasm for the arts, its love of ideas (sometimes, even, of utopian ideas), has, I am sure, a true historic mission. London, with its marked features of greatness and energy, its big workshops, its commerce spreading over the thousand seas whose keels are floating in her mighty docks, its literature, whose brightness radiates even over lands where the English language is not known; the focus, as it is, of those far-reaching political discussions which sweep the world,—London has no less its necessary place in modern civilization. What a dark, deep night would fall upon Europe if either of these great centres of influence were to pass away! Paris has, above all, (it may be said,) the qualities which fascinate; London those which astonish, and sometimes even humiliate, the stranger. Far from encouraging between the two capitals a feeling of barren and jealous rivalry, it is the duty of public writers to make them thoroughly known to each other. The English find, undoubtedly, something to look at in Paris, if I may judge by the eagerness with which the wealthiest and most intelligent among them resort to that city of taste, *esprit*, and science. And the French have much to learn in London. They will find here a free people, alive to its own strength and its own greatness, deferring only to the authority which it respects, and which, instead of scattering its energies in military adventure, has, above all things, sought to conquer the forces of nature. Why speak of the wealth of this people? They are most truly great in their manifold laboriousness, in their intelligence, in that spirit of enterprise which brooks no undue control, and which expects nothing from the State but the protection of its bare rights. Thus looked at, London is a fitting theatre for the prosecution of the grandest studies, and it will always be the city of refuge to which vanquished opinion will flee for succour from the storms of oppression,—where the exiles of continental Europe will hasten to shelter both their regrets and their hopes under the wing of an all-including freedom.

Surname and Surns.

THE public has been astounded by an official confession, in Parliament, that the law regulating the use of surnames is in utter confusion, and that the officers of State are making it worse confounded. The original statement was made by Mr. Roebuck, but it was adopted by her Majesty's Secretary of State, and in brief it ran thus:—"Any person may take any surname, the law recognizing new names when assumed publicly and *bonâ fide*." "No Act of Parliament or royal licence is needed to sanction the change of name." "A name assumed by the voluntary act of a young man at his outset in life, adopted by all who know him, and by which he is constantly called, becomes as much and effectually his name as if he had obtained an Act of Parliament." And the royal licence does not actually confer the name, but merely gives it "publicity or notoriety." All this was stated by Mr. Roebuck on the authority of judges occupying the very highest rank on the British bench,—Tindal, Tenterden, Pollock, and Eldon. Chief Baron Pollock declared, that "to ask for the licence of the Crown is a modern practice, a voluntary intrusion." Nothing in this statement of law, however, surprised those who knew anything about the matter half so much as the extraordinary fashion in which the eminent persons who now occupy the great offices of State had betrayed a total want of mastery over the subject. A gentleman mourned the name of "Jones"—which is by no means a plebeian cognomen, but from its multitudinousness it is indistinguishable—and he assumed the name of "Herbert." His position is such as entitles him to be an officer of militia, to hold a commission of the peace, and to be presented at Court; but the Home Secretary declined to forward his name to the Lord Chancellor for submission to her Majesty, the lord lieutenant of the county refused to recognize the gentleman by his new name, and the Lord Chamberlain would not let him be presented at Court; all of these public functionaries insisting that the man who was to all intents and purposes legally Mr. Herbert, must be spoken of as "Mr. Jones." He applied to the Heralds' College, and that illustrious body avowed itself incapable of giving him any satisfaction. He inquired for a licence from the Crown, and was told that he could not have it because no acquisition of property was involved in the change of his name. Thus Mr. Herbert of Clytha is literally outlawed, without having committed any offence; the highest officers of State being in conspiracy to deprive him of his legal rights. He has done what many men do without any such penalty, and yet, it would appear, he has no remedy. It is worth while, therefore, to survey the whole subject somewhat carefully; for a remedy, we are convinced, is as easy as it is desirable.

The right to bear arms is despised by no man that possesses it; and a desire to be known by a name such as may be popularly associated with the bearing of arms is also a desire in the heart of most men, whatever they may outwardly profess. Hundreds and thousands would gladly shuffle off the mortal coil of letters in ugly combination by which their family is known. We have encountered cases in which the patronymic has been a perfect incubus, a curse, *the* "skeleton in the house." In novels and romances, where the author distributes the good and the bad at his will, according to poetical justice, he seldom refuses a handsome name to his more beloved characters, employing the uglier form to indicate the low and vicious. Now any steadfast practice of genuine art must be based on sound reason; and in this case it is not difficult to find the principle of the rule. The name not only indicates the specific article which we want to point out, but it also "connotes" a number of other things, which may happen to be dignified ornaments, or the reverse. Philosophers and ethnologists have recently discovered that, upon the whole, it takes considerably more than one schooling, or one generation, to make of a man all that he can become; and hence there is a sort of attested presumption that the Courtenay who can trace his descent back to the Greek Empire is probably more complete as a being than the Grigg who only knows *ex necessitate* that he had a father. There are negative reasons why some names are regarded, and naturally regarded, as more select than others; such as Norman names, which have for us a preference over Saxon names. It is partly because they indicate the descent which connotes hereditary nobility—which marks you out as *knouable*, or, in heralds' language, *nobilis*, noble; but foreign names are also prized because their connotation is limited and is derived from a language of which the familiar portion is cut off from our English perceptions. For sometimes there does lurk an association under the noblest of names which is not sublime: Vendramini, or Sell-coppers, is, upon the whole, not more majestic than "Grig," hoarse, than Dobbs, a familiar abbreviation for Roger; or than Snooks, which has the respectable etymon of "Seven Oaks." But the last we associate with people who live in a humble way, and clip their English, because they do not know better; while the sunny origin of the foreign name is so obscure that it does not affect us at all, and the letters only call up an array of historical associations which clothe the family with noble distinctions and imperial grandeur.

In household life we can to a certain extent get over any annoyance occasioned by names too plebeian; and in some instances the most ordinary designations have won an illustrious immortality. That partnership of Christian name and surname, which is the very commonest in the *London Directory*, instantly recalls one of the romances of real life. The hero who figured amongst the early settlers of Virginia, and was the object of hopeless love in the Indian heroine of Pocahontas,—his noble character earning for him that striking evidence of her devotion

when she extended her arm to catch the blow intended for her death,—bore no grander names than “John Smith.” But when we are reading of that true knight-errantry, all the circumstances of the man’s eventful life, with the attributes of his magnificent character, are recalled by the two short words which, on a plain address card, would almost amuse us from the fact of their signifying *nothing*. They might indicate any one of the thirteen hundred and thirty-eight gentlemen who fill nine pages of the *London Directory*. There is, therefore, genuine and strong reason why a handsome name is a thing which every man, or woman either, would naturally desire to possess; and most unjust is the conduct of those parents who, when they have the choice before them, give to their children at the baptismal font a name at once absurd and ridiculous. We English are peculiarly addicted to the habit from the national *mauvaise honte*, which is nothing more than vanity *à perverso*. We are so absurdly afraid of making ourselves ridiculous, that we seek to flatten ourselves down to the unnoticeable condition of the insect which the cart-wheel cannot hurt; and hence a man who has the whole round of classic and Christian records for the choice of a name, afflicts his poor progeny by fixing upon it for ever a stigma or a jest. We have no right to prejudge the case of those who are to enjoy life in a generation after ours, and perhaps we ought to pause before we commit that more serious injustice of bequeathing to them a disagreeable surname; for the Christian name may be regarded as held only upon a leasehold tenure, for a term of life, whereas a surname is a very old property with an hereditary bondage. As Messrs. Holloway say, however, “There is balm in Gilead.” The malady is one not entirely without cure, and it is my object to show how the obstructions to the curative process may be mitigated, if not ultimately removed altogether.

I am not at all sure that the man who supposed himself to be in the condition of Miss Biffin, entirely without arms, may not discover and develop them, if he will set about the business in the right way. But here, again, the injustice of parents sometimes falls painfully upon their offspring, with the further aggravation that the annoyance is not quite so easily remedied as an indifferent name. Many a man who has hereditary right to bear arms, is compelled to see his right in abeyance, because some one of his forefathers, under the working of that perverse vanity which makes men choose ugly names for their children, has given up the exercise of the privilege—because some temporary cloud has come over the family—some misanthropy, some grudge against ancient connections, some crotchety philosophy, some intellectual sulking which induced the man to abandon his right, and so to prejudge the choice of his successors. Yet, in the majority of men, the love of arms is innate, and for reasons as obvious and excellent as those that incline us to a better form of names. If achievements, as we moderns understand them, cannot in any common sense be traced to ancient times, undoubtedly the idea of devices or impresses is as old as art, and as respectable as civilization itself. Other

heralds, besides old Camden, have been pleased to imagine a connection between the circle parti per saltier of the Christian, and the device borne by the Britons when they were first visited by Julius Cæsar. Devices of various kinds have been traced to the Romans, the Greeks, and the Egyptians. The red rose is almost as much a part of the arms of Lancaster as any portion distinctly recognized by the heralds; yet, at first, it was nothing more than a badge, as personal, probably, as the simple motto adopted by the excellent King Henry the Third, "*Qui non dat quod amat, non accipit ille quod optat.*" This choice of a motto, by-the-by, is a key to the character of that king who reigned so long, and of whom it is said that we know no more than the fact of our being able to trace little of our exact law beyond his rule.

Of all devices that have been invented, those which are called "arms" are about the most perfect, from their simplicity and their precision. Required something which can be constantly repeated, with various accidents in the mere execution of the work, and yet with certainty as to its essentials. Required something that shall be an ornament, and yet shall constitute a character possessing a language of its own; that which shall be transmitted from generation to generation, and yet have a certain monumental fixity; that which shall be simple yet significant. It must be admitted that the earlier heralds and their more faithful followers have thoroughly perceived the artistic and æsthetical principles of their craft; they have chosen objects which unite the picturesque and the mathematical, combining the certain and the ornamental. Even the rules for colouring are artistic and sound. Place red upon blue, black upon green, yellow upon white, and the hue will shine forth with little distinctness, while, with pigments of inferior quality or certain shades, there will be a painfully discordant effect. It would have been difficult to make an un-artistic herald,—as pursuivant and herald must often have been,—understand any such rules for the combination of colours; but it was clear enough to tell them that, whatever divisions there might be upon the shield, they should never put metal upon metal or colour upon colour. The skill with which the heralds have developed their art is shown in the endorsement given to them by pictorial art, poetry, and romance. The greatest painters find the splendours of blazon a happy incident for their own higher works; poetry has called upon the herald to make its verse "blush with the blood of kings and queens;" and in reading the most stirring and eventful romance, such as "*Amadis of Gaul*" in Southey's admirable translation, who has ever hurried over even the pages describing what the knights going to battle bore upon shield and crest? The reason is, that the herald had anticipated more than one element in the artist's ingredients,—the picturesque, the appropriate, the typical; for the arms which our ancestors have borne before us not only commemorate that which has been before us, and which we desire to convoke, but they show in part what we desire to be accounted; and most respectable is this desire to commemorate and to be esteemed. Many who have a clear right to

indulge these aspirations are debarred, however, by a very curious state of the law. You are denied the right to bear arms, unless you can prove the hereditary claim without break of continuity; and yet the means offered you by the State for establishing those proofs are imperfect even to barbarism. You have an ugly name, and you desire to change it; but you are not permitted to do so, under threat of certain "inconveniences," unless you prove that you are compelled to adopt the name in order to get something by it—money or property,—or that you represent some family of the same name in blood—the means of proof having become practically restricted to a comparatively small number of families whose continuous descent, as a matter of fact, is no more certain than that of others whom the technically learned in such matters will not recognize. But the most curious part of the business is, that the learning and the authority on the matter are in a state almost as dubious and questionable as the pedigree of the most plebeian name, or the arms of the "Son of Nobody."

Any one travelling over extensive moorlands scantily clothed with vegetation, will have observed that the path seems clearly enough marked out in the distance he has passed and in the prospect, whereas round about him he can scarcely distinguish between the footway and the almost equally barren earthy surface. So it is with regard to the origin and law of name-bearing. We see the general mode in which names arose, and have a vague idea of the existing practice and working of our institutions; but if we attempt to define with any certainty the method in which the great bulk of names originated, we are foiled; and many who first inquire into the subject will be astonished to learn how much uncertainty remains even in the existing law. I find all the authorities on the subject partaking the confusion which they themselves discover, though I think they have neglected to observe one clue through the perplexity. I will not trouble you with any disquisition upon ancient practice, either amongst the Hebrews, the Greeks, or Romans. Let us simply note the fact, that personal appellations were in the first instance classified and adapted precisely in accordance with the organization of the society that invented them, and, therefore, their plan of combination has, more or less, differed in all States of different origin. The triple name of the Roman, for instance, the personal, the gentile, and the family name, indicates ideas not entirely opposed to the clan names of the Gauls, and the family names of the English; but how utterly different the things connoted in the name of a Roman peer from those called up to mind by the title of a Scottish peer, his traditionary association with some clan, and the word given him as a personal designation at the font! On the other hand, there is one part of the question which has been generally overlooked: any one who will study the early records of events will find that the names of the families at Lido and on the Rialto were in many instances drawn directly from the Roman pedigree, omitting only the gentile name, or using it in lieu of the family name,

as probably the Romans themselves had done before the Eternal City fell a prey to Paganism and Papacy. In other parts of Europe, the origin varied as much as the early manner of the arrangement. The year 1000 of our era may be accepted as the proximate date for the assumption of family names in Western Europe. The practice commenced in Normandy, and gradually extended itself into England, Scotland, and Ireland. "About the year of our Lord 1000 (that we may not minute out the time)," says Camden, "surnames became to be taken up in France, and in England about the time of the Conquest, or else a very little before, under King Edward the Confessor, who was all Frenchified. . . . This will seem strange to some Englishmen and Scottishmen, whiche, like the Arcadian, thinke their surnames as antient as the moone, or at the least, many an age beyond the Conquest." In explanation, Camden confesses that he, as well as divers of his friends, have "pored and pushed upon many an old record and evidence," for the purpose of finding hereditary surnames in use before the Conquest, but without any success. It seems certain that the practice of making the second name of an individual stationary, and transmitting it to descendants, came gradually into common use during the eleventh and three following centuries. By the middle of the twelfth, in the estimation of some, it began to be thought essential that persons of rank should bear some designation in addition to the baptismal name; but the process was very slow among the homelier classes, and hereditary surnames can scarcely be said to have been permanently adopted by them before the era of the Reformation. The introduction of parish registers was probably more instrumental than anything else in effecting this change in the body of society at large. The Reverend Mark Noble affirms that it was late in the seventeenth century, when many families in Yorkshire, even of the more opulent sort, took stationary names. The importance of this point will be seen further on. It is generally assumed, with some show of probability, that the Crusades had expedited the adoption of the practice among the upper order, from the necessity which they occasioned for some better and more certain distinction than had yet been invented in names and arms. Whatever the period, the sources to which ingenuity turned for ideas were mainly territorial possessions, birth-place, station, or calling, and a miscellaneous class of personal peculiarities or habits. In England, upon the whole, names were derived from territorial possession or birth-place, with some rather numerous cases of names borrowed from chivalric insignia, individual exploits, office, or callings, personal traits, and even oddities. For example, Plantagenet is taken from wearing a broom-stalk in the cap, Arundel from the cognizance of a swallow, hirondelle; territorial possessions tell *à converso* in Sans-terre or Lack-land, from the fact of having no land at all; while possession confers the name of Clifford, and Alderley, Aldeleigh, or Audley; personal peculiarity, Gagtooth.

At first, the wearing of names seems really to have been more a fashion than a settled rule or established practice. The case of natural

children was forgotten, and was met by a contrivance not unknown in our own day. When Henry I. wished to marry his son Robert to Mabel, co-heiress of Fitz-Hamon, the lady demurred—

"It were to me a great shame,
'To have a lord withouten his twa name."

Robert of Gloster.

"Whereupon," says Camden, "the King, his father, gave him the name of Fitz-Roy, who after was Earl of Gloucester, and the only worthy of his age in England."

It was some considerable time before the manner of applying the fashion became at all settled. Du Cange says that surnames were first written, "not in a direct line *after* the Christian name, but *above* it," and hence they were called in Latin *supranomina*, in Italian *sopranomi*, and in French *surnoms*. It is certain that nearly all individuals in nations untouched by civilization have only single names, and that the addition of the *supranomina* marks a very advanced stage of development. A striking instance of this is recorded in the history of Poland. When Ladislaus Jagellon, King of Poland, became a Christian (in 1387), many of his subjects followed his example. The nobles and warriors were baptized separately; but the plebeian candidates for the sacred rite were divided into companies, and the priest baptized them in lots, giving all in the same section the same name. Thus, all the men in the company No. 1 were called Peter, and all the women Catherine; while the individuals of division No. 2 were made Pauls and Margarets. So many people bearing the same name, it became, of course, necessary to distinguish them by *sobriquets*, which gradually found their way into legal documents. In process of time, however, even this proved to be insufficient, and a total change in the system of names was then adopted, by the invention of *hereditary surnames*. As I have said, the period at which this took place in the different States of Western Europe varies greatly; for it was of necessity a process intermixed with transitive stages, and was very gradual in its march. In other words, there is *no* date to mark the period; and the process was often very tardy in one and the same country. While in England, for example, surnames have been in use for some centuries, in Wales they were not adopted until a comparatively recent period, and the mode of development here was peculiar.

One principle for constructing names not unknown in England was especially illustrated by the custom of the principality. The first idea was to take the father's name, with the particle "ap," or "son of," the same as the Norman "Fitz," and not altogether unlike the Scotch "Mac," or the Irish "O'." Even a hundred years back it was not unusual to hear Welsh names, as Evan-ap-Griffith-ap-David-ap-Jenkin, and so on to the seventh and eighth generation. The church of Llangollen, in Wales, remains solemnly dedicated to Saint Collen-ap-Gwynnawg-ap-Clyndawg-ap-Cowrda-ap-Caradoc-Freichfras-ap-Llynn-Merim-ap-Ernion-

Yrth-ap-Cunedda-Wledig. To burlesque this very extraordinary fashion of nomenclature, a witty rhymester of the seventeenth century describes Welsh cheese as

“Adam’s own cousin-german by its birth,
Ap-Curds-ap-Milk-ap-Cow-ap-Grass-ap-Earth.”

In the plays of the Elizabethan period there is frequent allusion to this ludicrous Welsh system of names. Even with the gentry the use of hereditary surnames did not come into effect till the time of Henry VIII., who paid great attention to the subject. He strongly recommended the heads of Welsh families to conform to the usage long before it became universal among the English; and, in consequence, many houses made their old names stationary, while a few adopted the surnames of English relations. Among these latter was the family of *Williams*, which, some generations after this gracious recommendation, gave birth to Oliver Cromwell.

Ireland was divided, by the Pale, between the Norman or Saxon practice of England, and the indigenous or Gaelic practice of the wild Irish; so that the sister island affords no special illustration of our subject. In Scotland there is a comparatively short list of surnames, partly from the use of clan designations, a sort of gentile practice, and partly for the same cause as in Wales, the secluded and rude condition of the people, especially along the coast and in the fishing villages. When the fashion was first carried into the North, about the time of the Reformation, the inhabitants of these secluded places seem to have felt the lack of characteristic designation severely, the fishing intellect being naturally limited. According to the clever writer of an article in *Blackwood’s Magazine* for April, 1842, on “Fisher Folk,” there were then seldom more than two or three surnames in a town. In “booking” their customers, the grocers invariably inserted the nickname, or *tee* name; and in case of married men, they wrote down the wife’s along with the husband’s name. Unmarried debtors had the names of their parents inserted with their own. The following anecdote is given by the same writer. In one of the Buchan fishing villages a stranger had occasion to call on a fisherman of the name of Alexander White. Meeting a girl, he asked—“Could you tell me fa’r Sanny Fite lives?”

“Filk Sanny Fite?”

“Muckle Sanny Fite.”

“Filk muckle Sanny Fite?”

“Muckle lang Sanny Fite.”

“Filk muckle lang Sanny Fite?”

“Muckle lang-gleyed Sanny Fite,” shouted the stranger.

“Oh! it’s Goup-the-lift ye’re seeking,” cried the girl, “and fat the deevil for dinna ye speer for the man by his richt name at ance?”

There are reasons to suppose that, although 1842 is now an ancient date for these kingdoms, the peculiarity to which I am pointing still exists in Scotland. A list of all the parishioners of a parish on Donside,

who voted in the election of a parish clerk in 1524, is preserved. The minister finds all their names, with the exception of one or two, still occupying the parish in 1860.

But even in this year 1862, we may rest assured of the fact that surnames are by no means fully established in some parts of England. Perhaps we may consider railways as initiating the custom. In the colliery districts, particularly, hereditary designations seem to be the exception rather than the rule. A correspondent of *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* says, that clergymen in Staffordshire "have been known to send home a wedding party in despair, after a vain essay to gain from the bride and bridegroom a sound by way of name." Every man in these colliery fields, it seems, bears a personal sobriquet, descriptive of some peculiarity, but scarcely any person has a family name, either known to himself or others. A story is told of an attorney's clerk who was professionally employed to serve a process on one of these oddly-named persons, whose supposed real name was entered in the instrument with legal accuracy. The clerk, after a great deal of inquiry as to the whereabouts of the party, was about to abandon the search as hopeless, when a young woman, who had witnessed his labours, kindly volunteered to assist him. "Oy say, *Bullyed*," cried she to the first person they met, "does thee know a mon neamed Adam Green?" The bull-head was shaken in token of ignorance. They then came to another man. "*Loy-a-bed*, dost thee?" Lie-a-bed could not answer either. *Stumpy* (a man with a wooden leg), *Cowskin*, *Spindleshanks*, *Cockeye*, and *Pigtail* were successively consulted, but to no purpose. At length, however, having had conversation with several friends, the damsel's eyes suddenly brightened, and slapping one of her neighbours on the shoulder, she exclaimed,—"Dash my wig! whoy he means moy feyther!" Then turning to the astonished clerk, she cried,—"You shoul'n ax'd for *Ode Blackbird*!" So it appeared that the old miner's name, though he was a man of substance, and had legal battles to fight, was not known even to his own daughter.

Amid uncertainty of orthography, changes of custom, growing intercourse between the people of separate regions and distinct races, there have been innumerable changes through colloquial corruption, Anglicizing, or sometimes Normanizing, according to the preference of the bearer, and other forms of transmutation. Thus, in process of time, the good old Norman name *De Vesci* has become *Veitch*; in some instances there is reason to believe that those who bear the name of *Weir*, which has its distinct origin, ought to trace back to *De Vere*. Other changes of similar kind are those of *De Belassize* into *Belsches*, *D'Aeth* into *Death*. The Welsh custom of prefixing *Ap* to the name gradually melted away into a more English form; as, for instance, *Ap-Rice* into *Price*, *Ap-Richard* into *Prichard*, *Ap-Owen* into *Bowen*, *Ap-Hugh* into *Pugh*. Some other names are very curious, and you will observe that occasionally, as in the instance of *De Vere*, the corrupted name takes a form already familiar to the language. *Flecher* (arrow-

maker) is the modern *Fletcher*, *Huissier* has now^{*} been turned into *Wischart*, *De Viger* into *Vickers*, *De Comyn* into *Cumming*, *Le Grand* into *Grant*, *Bethune* into *Beaton* and *Beeton*, *Frischeville* into *Fretwell*, *Fitz-Herbert* into *Fitch*, *Tottenham* into *Todd*. The custom of translating names from foreign languages into English, and *vice versa*, was formerly much in fashion. In the sixteenth century and in the beginning of the eighteenth century, nearly all learned men Latinized their names. Among others, a simple book-writing mortal of the name of *Blyth* called himself *Hilarius*, while *Colin Caldwell* signed *Colinus Afontegelido*. Some aimed still higher, and translated into Greek. The real name of a famous German, *Schwarzardt* (black earth), is known only in history as *Melancthon*; while a celebrated Scotch historian, *Wischart*, first read his name *Wiseheart*, and then translated it *Sophocardius*. In this last example, there are four changes within a century—*Huissier*, *Wischart*, *Wiseheart*, *Sophocardius*.

In this helter-skelter origin and development of names, therefore, a man may find, after he has awakened to the consciousness of æsthetical associations, that he has sticking to him the badge, either of some oddity which his race has outgrown, of some affinity anything but agreeable to remember, of plebeian callings which are offensive in the presence of the drawing-room, and of connections ridiculous, disagreeable, or even disgraceful. The chances that the name legitimately borne by a man's forefathers, even when they had it, might undergo derogatory handling, have been increased by the laxity of writing in times past; so that words of positively elevating significance have in some cases been corrupted to the lowest ideas. I could give existing instances among persons of most respectable position whose appellatives I am forbidden to write in these pages, on account of their absolute and staring indecency. The family and their connections lead a life of perpetual evasion; mentioning the family name with an air of ease, as if it only signified the extremely respectable people before you, and never bore any other interpretation; though those who utter it, and you who are listening with equal resolution to "take no notice," are distinctly and painfully aware that it alludes to some personal peculiarity, some squalid necessity, or some infamy of origin never uttered to ears polite. In these cases the desire for a change of name is not more natural than becoming. Those who seek it not only desire to relieve themselves from a very unjust and ridiculous stigma, but also to relieve society from painful thoughts and absurd associations; and they ought to find every assistance in the public machinery of a State professing to cultivate good manners. We have seen that there are families whose names have been as grossly corrupted as that of *Sevenoaks* into *Snooks*. In some instances the representative of the particular line has fallen in fortune, his progeny for two or three generations have been illiterate, they have learned to write the name askew in vulgar and incorrect form, and the son wishes to restore the orthography of his ancestors. We have remarkable instances of this in America, where you will find the

name of Baguely, or Bagaley, written Bigelow and Biglow. In other instances the emigration of persons belonging to the arms-bearing class has been attended by some family discord, some political misanthropy, or other reason for breaking the connection with the mother country. After a generation or two, the animosity has passed away; and the children know their descent as clearly as the most respectable families in England, who could as absolutely prove that they represent John This or Thomas That, as some noble and illustrious persons have known that they did not represent the line whose names and titles they wore; but when the claimants for old rights seek to recover their own, they encounter a sudden obstruction. If a man wishes to trace his pedigree, he has—by a curious routine of usage, which I will examine a little closer presently,—no ready resort but the College of Arms. He seeks a member of that college as he would a private lawyer, and employs him to trace his pedigree as he would to investigate his title to an estate. But he does it, if I am not mistaken, almost exclusively in the form of exploring his title to armorial ensigns. There are, no doubt, many other evidences which might be brought forward in a court of law, and which would be sufficient to establish the claimant's identity, his descent, and his right, therefore, to bear a particular name, or perhaps more than one name. It may happen, however, that from its earliest beginning a man's name has been one such as he would abominate to use, and he wishes to change it; but how can he manage to do so? He naturally applies, in the first instance, at the College of Arms, and there he is told that his only course is to petition the Crown through the Home Secretary,—the Crown alone having the power, *mero motu*, to change the name of an individual. In presenting this petition, he must show, either that he is compelled to ask the change of name in order to hold property devised or descending to him on that condition, or that by descent and property he actually represents in blood some person of the name he wishes to adopt. It will be seen how strictly this rule limits the privilege, and it will be observed that no indulgence is shown, save in those cases where blood asserts its right, or where there is "beneficial interest" at stake. Personal affection, genuine family associations, or even decency, find no consideration at the College of Arms, or in the Home Office, or, when sought by *this* channel, in the Crown. The applicant will be told at the Herald's College, I believe, that if he seeks to change his name by any other way, for mere fancy, he can have no guarantee for the legality of his new appellation, and it can only become his "by usage." The vagueness of idea involved in this last qualifying remark is worth note. I have, however, strong reasons for doubting the accuracy of the representation altogether, and I will explain why.

I will not for the moment raise any question as to the jurisdiction of the College of Arms—a jurisdiction which I would gladly see extended on a broader and a firmer basis; but what I have already explained has sufficed to show how very great is the uncertainty of the actual law,

and how still more manifest is the uncertainty which hangs over the whole subject of names with reference to particular families, to districts, to classes, and even to individual cases. I am borne out in saying that there is nothing in our English statute law, still less in the common law, which prevents a man from changing his name. Lord Coke observes: "It is requisite that a purchaser be known by the name of baptism and his surname, and that especial heed be taken to the name of baptism, for that a man cannot have two names of baptism *as he may have divers surnames.*" And again: "It is holden in our ancient books that a man *may have divers names at divers times*, but not divers Christian names." The question how far it is lawful for an individual to assume a surname at pleasure came before Sir Joseph Jekyll, when Master of the Rolls, in 1730, in the rather celebrated case of "*Barlow versus Bateman.*" In giving judgment, Sir Joseph remarked: "I am satisfied the usage of passing Acts of Parliament for the taking upon one a surname is but modern, and that any one may take upon him what surname, and as many surnames, as he pleases, without an Act of Parliament." In reading these judicial remarks, so strikingly in accord with those quoted by Mr. Roebuck, the reader should bear in mind the inertness of the corporation which claims to be the supreme authority; but we shall see other aspects of the legal uncertainty as we advance.

But the candidate wishes to confer upon his new appellative some species of legal sanction marking its fixity and its authoritative recognition; and he can do so. The object is effected by having the new name, with the old name belonging to the same individual, set down in one of our legally recognized public records. For instance, if a man who is on the roll of attorneys has a name which is objectionable, he can change it for another, and, recording the fact of the change on the roll, he bears his new family title with a legal attestation. This has been done. Another process has been mentioned. The person who wishes to recover the ancient appellation of his family, which has been corrupted, either brings an action in a court of law, or has an action brought against him; the record of the action marking the name recently borne, and the recovered name, as belonging to the same individual; and henceforth he bears the more ancient and distinguished appellative with a legal attestation. This process can be accomplished, I think, for five pounds or so.

The case of family arms is more simple, and in many ways more limited. As you well know, the "science" of heraldry is comparatively recent. It is certainly less perfect than so much of science as enters into the art of sculpture, which rests upon a very systematic basis of physiology, and on a far more ancient and highly developed practice than the blazonry of arms. It is in some respects less perfect than the science of hieroglyphics, numismatics, or even that of coins and medals; its subject-matter being much more limited, its duration far less. We may trace it

back, like the use of names, to the Crusades; but I have already shown that there was great want of system in the whole practice and theory of armorial bearings long after the usage became general. It is the prevalent idea that no man can use armorial bearings, or arms, unless he has the sanction of the College of Arms, his intermediary in procuring the new grant of arms from the sovereign, or his attestator when he bears those belonging to his family. But here again the machinery is extremely imperfect. The chief duties of the Heralds' College at the earlier period of its existence consisted in attendance at all royal ceremonies. Gradually the higher nobility dignified their own pageants by engaging the heralds, with rich *largesse*; and, at a somewhat later period, the genealogies of noble and gentle families were entrusted to the keeping of the Heralds' College, which thus became a sort of general registry of the aristocracy. Ecclesiastics had in earlier days been the chief conservators of genealogical facts; but at the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII., the documents containing them were scattered to the winds. Hence it became necessary to adopt some more general and better regulated means of collecting and transmitting to posterity the materials of genealogy, and out of this necessity sprang those "progresses" of the Kings of Arms and Heralds through the various counties called *Visitations*. There are traces of such visitations before the Reformation, and even before the incorporation of the Heralds, namely, as early as 1412; but it was not until 1528 that they were systematically executed. They were renewed about once in every generation, or at intervals varying from twenty-five to forty years. By the Earl Marshal's warrant the officers were bound to make inquiries respecting the pedigree of every family claiming the honours of gentry, and to enter the names, titles, and places of abode in a book. The visitation was discontinued only in the reign of William and Mary, when they had given rise to much ill-feeling and often to serious quarrel. Under the ancient system, a broad line of demarcation had separated the nobility and gentry from the common people; but the commercial progress having destroyed this barrier, heraldry found itself unable to repair or renew it. Nevertheless, the College of Arms continued to cling to its chartered privileges. The corporation, in the year 1727, prosecuted one Robert Harman, at the quarter-sessions for the county of Suffolk, for having assumed some of the privileges of the Heralds' College, and the accused was condemned to imprisonment and fine. This, however, was the last prosecution of the kind; and since that time the Heralds have not thought fit to maintain their rights in a court of law.

The corporation of the Heralds' College no more inhabits the ancient house granted to it by the founder, but one of later date, built on the same ground. The building situate on Benet's Hill, Paul's Wharf, is, however, said to have become inadequate to hold even the most important books and documents of the corporation. A large quantity of papers has to be stowed away in presses in the hall. The building, which is freehold and private property, and is inscribed to "the Corporation

of the Kings, Heralds, and Pursuivants of Arms," was erected after the fire of London, at the expense of the members, assisted by contributions from the nobility and gentry. It stands upon the site of the ancient habitation called Derby Place, which was given to the college by Queen Mary. As a body corporate, the kings, heralds, and pursuivants of arms are entitled to make rules and orders among themselves for the arrangement and custody of their books and records. By the rules and orders at present in force, one of the six heralds and one of the four pursuivants attend in the public office in monthly rotation; and the office is accessible from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon. The ordinary fee for a search of a coat of arms is, and has been for two hundred years, half-a-crown; and for a copy, or extract of a pedigree, five shillings for every generation. The fee for the attendance of an officer of arms, with any book belonging to the college, in any court of law or otherwise, is one guinea. Besides these fees, which are equally divided between the officers of the college, and not in proportion to their rank—except, I believe, that Garter takes a double share,—the various members of the corporation draw a more or less considerable income from private business. Any individual officer of the college, from Garter down to the junior pursuivant, has a right to accept commissions and to transact business for his own separate and peculiar profit. The commissions consist in proving pedigrees, granting exemplifications of arms, procuring changes of name by royal licence, and other heraldic business. From the private business arises the chief income of the members, the divided fees not amounting to a high sum, and the official salary being still less important; for that of a King of Arms is but 100*l.* per annum; of a Herald, 40*l.*; and of a Pursuivant, 20*l.* These fixed salaries date from the 15th century, and have not been changed since. In the present day, the chief importance of the College of Arms, or Heralds' College, consists in the possession of a considerable library of charters and other documents, amassed during two or three centuries. The contents of the library are, the "Visitation Books," showing the pedigrees and arms of the "nobles" who have been registered; the "Earl Marshal's Books," from the time of Elizabeth, containing licences to change surname or arms; copies of all grants of arms to the present time; and some similar documents.

The members of the corporation are precisely in the same position with reference to a particular business as solicitors or attorneys. Each member practises on his own account, the corporation taking certain fees for each transaction, but his emoluments being far larger in his private capacity than in the corporate. A gentleman who desires to recover the arms of his family goes to the Heralds' College and causes his pedigree to be investigated. Should the inquiry show that he has descended from a family already bearing arms, and should the evidence be such as to satisfy the professional gentleman to whom he has referred his case and the corporation of which that gentleman is a member, the right is recognized by the registration of the pedigree. Should it turn out that his descent

cannot be traced, and that in the language of heraldry he is "ignobilis,"—that the college has not the pleasure of his acquaintance—he must obtain the authority to bear arms by a new process. He memorializes the Earl Marshal of England, who holds the power from the Crown, and who is, as we have seen, the patron, if not the chief partner, in the College of Arms. In order to obtain any success, the memorialist must be a person of good character as a merchant or gentleman; he must in no way be engaged in retail trading, but must be in a condition, in fact, "to sustain the rank of gentry." For the obtaining of all these privileges there are fees to be paid. The official exactions, however, are not in all cases exorbitant. The fee for mere searches does not exceed 5s.; the fee for recording new arms, under letters patent, is 7*l.* 10s.; the charge of a royal licence for change of name varies in accordance with the fact whether the change is compulsory or not. If it is compulsory, the licence bears a stamp of 50*l.*; if it is voluntary, 10*l.*; and the total cost will be in the first case, 94*l.* 13s., and in the second, 54*l.* 13s. You may go to a still greater expense if you please, for you may have an Act of Parliament; but the statute of George the Third superseded the Acts of Parliament, by making changes of name under the royal sign-manual as legal as when they are effected by parliamentary enactment: at least, so you are told on St. Benet's Hill. Again, however, I much doubt whether the change of name is more legal with the attestation of Benet's Hill than with that of a court of record; while I agree with Mr. Sergeant Taddy, that, by its acts, "Parliament can do anything—except make it rain or hold up."

It appears to me that several important suggestions present themselves on the simple narration of the facts which I have reported. Am I wrong in holding the science of heraldry to prove that the operations of the learned body which acts as the trustee of chivalry have deviated from the purpose for which it was constituted, and from the spirit of the institution, without adapting it to any of the uses which it might serve at the present day? Originally the heralds were the ministering servants of chivalry, and their office was to assist in sustaining the dignity of the noble of the land; and, although undoubtedly high station, power, wealth, and noted descent, were the main elements of the order which had the heralds for its public servants, nevertheless it was always held that the distinguishing characteristics of that wealthy class lay more in birth, honour, and chivalrous feeling than in the grosser adjuncts of possessions and money. At the present day, however, the working of the Heralds' College has entirely departed, not only from the spirit of the older standards, but even from the letter. Noble and gentle birth are no longer the absolute rule with the College of Arms. The prerogative, which has been justly reserved to the Sovereign, of creating nobility, has been employed, through the instrumentality of the Heralds' College, to recruit our arms-bearing order with elements of a truly plebeian quality. I am speaking now by the strictest test of what might be called a conservative heraldry, and simply

showing that any man who should take his stand upon the ancient ways, desiring to prevent innovations or check any degradation of the office, would be compelled to reform its practice altogether. From the facts which I have stated it will be seen that the testing point for the interference of the honourable college is not so much blood as "beneficial interest," or, in other words, money. "Have you money enough?"—that is the question which determines your admission under the archway in Benet's Hill. But money is not birth. On the other hand, if you have not money enough, and are not able to establish your descent by the technical evidences which are alone recognized in that corporation, you will continue to be excluded, although you may be of as good descent, as honourable life, and as chivalrous feeling as Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, as the "brave et beau Dunois," or any poor gentleman who attended his lord and kinsman to the crusades. In plain truth, the ancient College of Herald's has become a strictly exclusive corporation of gentlemen who bear a much closer resemblance to the attorney of our day than to the King of Arms in more chivalrous times. On the other hand, the change has not brought the influence of Benet's Hill any nearer to the spirit and requirements of the present times. It is evident that, from the mere increase of population, the number of persons possessing the right to bear arms by hereditary descent has augmented in a far greater ratio than the number that actually do so; and, by-the-by, since there is a tax upon the use of arms, the obstructions thrown in the way of recovery manifestly tend to check the Queen's revenue. Still more largely is the number augmented of those who would probably find some difficulty in establishing their hereditary right to bear arms, though they are as fit to do so by gentle breeding and by chivalrous spirit, as numbers who are admitted without question on the mere show of moneyed means. Now it is a proposition needing little argument to sustain it, that the desire to use the insignia of chivalry is a feeling which the interest of the State should encourage rather than otherwise. It is one of the most powerful motives to draw closer the connection with the established orders of society; it enrolls amongst the champions of authority a class of volunteers pledged by their own personal aspirations, and it extends amongst the educated and refined members of the community, though their connections may spread amongst the less wealthy, a spirit of proselytism in favour of gentle sympathies and authoritative influences. The grand distinction between those who own wealth,—including those who combine ancient descent and high station with wealth,—and those who are less fortunate, will always be marked broadly enough; while it is evident policy to include amongst the less wealthier half of society the largest possible number of those who are in alliance with station and power by the force of their personal ambitions and habits. Genuine policy, therefore, would dictate facility for the recovery or acquirement of arms instead of difficulties; and would so far point to a revision of the system on Benet's Hill with a view to its amendment.

Precisely the same course of argument virtually applies to the subject of names, but here the grounds for a reform are still stronger. I have shown the uncertainty which hangs over the whole matter. The origin of names is involved in doubts, which have prevailed in every century, and come down even to our own. The tenure of surnames is as dubious as possible. In some cases, the inquirer cannot really determine which is the original and veritable name even of a well-known family. Is it, for instance, *Audley* or *Stanley*? In still more numerous instances it is impossible to determine the spelling. There are thousands of families in which two or more modes of spelling have been used within very recent generations, or even in the present day. The actual state of the law is the obscurest part of the whole matter. Lawyers, and even judges, have given decisions upon particular cases; but in proportion as inquiry extends, fresh doubts present themselves, until you become convinced that there is no consistent settled law at all. On the contrary, the only points about which you can make perfectly certain, are these:—First: that some names are said to be finally and firmly established by virtue of the register at the College of Arms, though that very register, if I mistake not, will corroborate what I have said as to the dubiety, duplicity, and obscurity of the name in some of the best known families. Secondly: that there is no law to prevent a man's using any name which he chooses to employ, subject to "inconveniences," should changes in the habits of his family cast doubts upon his descent and identity. Thirdly: that this inconvenience may, from any day forward, be obviated by making any fresh change of name the subject of formal registry in a court of record. And, fourthly: that the existence of co-ordinate registries, with the immense diversity in the institution of names, and the absence of settled law, are themselves productive of palpable inconvenience. For instance, they occasion doubts to any man who wishes to ascertain what he ought to call himself; or, if he desires to amend his designation, how he can set about the business with the greatest facility and certainty; in some instances, as you have seen, the College of Arms affording him no kind of help.

Such being the state of the law and customs of the country, I think we have ascertained the existence of certain wants, which, of themselves, suggest the needful improvement. It would obviously diminish the inconvenience if one public record were distinctly and authoritatively pointed out as sufficient for the purpose where various records are now used. This would most naturally be effected by an Act of Parliament, appointing one particular place of record for the purposes of registration, and declaring that to be sufficient. I have sometimes contemplated suggesting that this function should be entrusted to the Registrar-General, and many circumstances contribute to point out his department as the most suitable. The strongest argument in its favour is, that the fear of innovation on St. Benet's Hill would seem likely to obstruct any employment of the College of Arms for this more popular kind of registry

And there is another difficulty in the case. The rights of the Earl Marshal would come in question; and since that functionary is at present a minor, there might be a delicacy in touching his privileges at all, at least for some years. On the other hand, the old associations and traditions of the College would impart an increased value to the registry for the purposes which I contemplate, and would, I am sure, cause its record to be more esteemed by such of the public as sought its ministration. If the duty were entrusted to that corporation, it would, I should think, bring to it a large accession of business, and would contribute more than anything to identify the future of the College with the future of the country. Nor can I see anything in the proposed reform which would, in the slightest degree, militate against the ancient design of the institution, or the highest spirit that has reigned within its walls; while I am sure that there would be no necessity to encroach upon any possessory rights residing in the Earl Marshal. For the same class of reasons, it would be of great advantage if the corporation could be induced to assist in reconsidering the rules and regulations for extending facilities in the granting of arms. It is not for me, however, to undertake the responsibility even of sketching out the character of practical reforms such as those I have indicated. I have done enough in describing the actual want; and, perhaps, the first step towards meeting it should be a deliberate inquiry, by competent persons, under the proper authorities, into the broad question, Whether extended facilities could not be granted to those who seek either the recovery or acquisition of surname and arms?

The Bishop and the Knight.

Low at the Bishop's feet he knelt,
 His black locks thickly sown with gray,
 As though the sorrows he had felt
 Had stolen half his youth away :
 His careworn features did express
 A dying hope—a long distress—
 An unknown depth of lowliness.

The Bishop spoke : " Who art thou, son ? "
 Then deeper still he bowed his head—
 " I am a miserable man,
 A man oppressed with guilt," he said :
 " From distant lands I come to thee,
 I seek to know if yet there be
 Forgiveness to be won by me."

" Speak on," the Bishop made reply ;
 " Behold, my son, the Holy Rood—
 It was for sinners base and vile
 The Saviour shed His blood."
 Then in a whisper faint and low
 The kneeling penitent did show
 His tale of sin and shame and woe.

The Bishop's face grew ashy pale ;
 Awhile he paused, in dumb surprise—
 Then spoke, aversion in his mien,
 And horror in his eyes :
 " Ah, never at my feet did bow
 A Christian stained as deep as thou,
 I may not, dare not, shrive thee now.

" Rise, and go hence : I will believe,
 When this my staff shall bud and bloom,
 Such sin a pardon may receive,
 And thou escape thy doom ! "
 Uprose the kneeling penitent,
 His knightly form with anguish bent,
 And from the palace forth he went.



THE BISHOP AND THE KNIGHT

Submissive to the stern decree,
He bowed ; and so his hope was gone :
With haggard looks of wild despair
Past men's abodes he hurried on,
As a hart wounded in the chase,
Seeking a solitary place,
In which to weep a little space.

This found, he fell upon the earth,
Slow scalding tears were in his eyes ;
His parch'd lips breathed no *word* of prayer,
But inarticulate cries :
Till, while alone he groaned and wept,
A strange sad calmness o'er him crept,
And in the cool dark night he—slept.

Ere morn he woke to heavy grief,
Outcast from heaven and from men ;
The tempter whispered to his soul,
“ Return unto thy sin again :
Repentance can no pardon win,
And pleasant are the paths of sin ;
Then finish as thou didst begin.”

As tho' he felt a serpent wreathed
In thickest folds about his heart,
With sickening horror he recoiled,
And sternly bade the thought depart.
“ O cause of all my misery !
O loathsome wound, of which I die,
Down, sinful thought—I thee defy !”

Then, as he went upon his way,
“ Twixt rocky banks both high and steep,
Behold, he saw a mighty stream,
Beneath whose waters deep
A tempting voice assailed his ear,
“ How hateful does thy life appear !
Come, hide thy sin and sorrow here.”

With quicken'd step he hurried on :
Despair's mad impulse he withstood ;
Though, in his weariness of life,
His heart said, “ Death is good,”
Unto himself he made reply,
“ Not till God willeth will I die ;
O tempting flood, from thee I fly.”

Anon—he heard a far-off chime
Of sweet bells, wafted on the air,
And knew that in the distant town
It was the hour of prayer.

To him it seemed those bells did say,
“Come *thou* to pray—come *thou* to pray!”
He felt he could not but obey;

And onward to the church’s gate
He pressed, but would not enter in;
He could not enter with his load
Of unforgiven sin:

But, kneeling down without the door,
He did his soul to God outpour,
Mercy, for Christ’s sake, asked once more.

Thus, all night long outside the church,
As in a trance of prayer he lay;
There, rigid in the sleep of death,
They found him at the break of day.

They asked in whispers, “Who is this,
With such a smile of heavenly bliss
Upon those pallid lips of his?”

* * * * *

That morning, with an anxious face,
Came forth the Bishop from his room;
Said he, “What miracle is this!
Behold, my staff doth bud and bloom!
Go, seek that man oppress’d with woe,
That came to me three days ago:
Ah, would he had not left me so!”

In vain. In village and in town
That man was sought, but never found;
For none knew where his corpse was laid,
With pious care, in holy ground.

He rests in peace: but some do say,
The Bishop, to his dying day,
For that man never ceased to pray.

Our Survey of Literature, Science, and Art.

UNDER this rubric, readers will receive an addition to our usual contents—an addition varying in quantity according to the abundance of the material, but never trespassing beyond a page or two upon the space hitherto allotted to other subjects. We have no intention of competing with the critical journals, either in fulness of information or in elaborateness of criticism. Our object is, with the aid of "eminent hands," to touch lightly, yet firmly, on the chief topics of the day; to indicate the quality of the most notable works, and to record the glories of scientific progress. Hoping to make our good word of some value, we shall not carelessly bestow our praise; and remembering that we address something like half a million of readers, we shall be slow in inflicting the pain of a harsh judgment. Merciless justice may be sometimes necessary; but, in general, bad books die rapidly enough without the executioner. Silence costs the critic little, and saves him from an unpleasant—when it is not a wanton—exercise of his power.

The word "gossip" would perhaps have expressed our meaning better than the more ambitious "survey," had it not unfortunately been too often degraded to a purpose deservedly chastised in a recent number of the *Saturday Review*. Our readers will not expect to meet here with that traffic in lies, surmises, and revelations of private affairs, with which certain writers, who claim to belong to "literature," turn a dishonest penny. Ours will not be the gossip of impertinent revelations, and comments upon the private affairs and conduct of authors and publishers—revelations, for the most part, ridiculously false, and comments which could only be answered at the point of the boot, were they worth answering at all. The *Saturday Review* notices the confidence with which statements respecting its own private affairs have been published by men whose intimacy with those affairs is on a par with that of the beadle of the Burlington Arcade. But what do these gossipers care for accuracy? It is a fastidious requirement, and would spoil their trade. A surmise or an invention is paid for at the same rate as an authenticated fact; why then should trouble be taken to ascertain the truth; especially when inquiry may prove the "fact" to be a fiction? Instead of inquiring, the gossipier publishes the surmise, as if he had private information. Thus—to take the most recent case—the author of *Adam Bede* was supposed to be the writer of a series of stories appearing in a contemporary. Had this supposition been published as a supposition, it would only have involved the sagacity of the gossipier; but it was *confidently* stated as a "fact," and as a fact it "went the round of the press," sometimes

doing its best to appear as information derived from the most reliable source. A number of people have been deceived, but no great harm has been done : we only notice it as a sample of the recklessness with which surmises are published as facts. Again, what shall we say of the revelations made about ourselves, our contributors, our prices, our circulation, and, latterly, our editor? Our surprise is that, with so many facilities for ascertaining such private matters (before betraying them), the "facts" should be so amazingly wide of probabilities. Gentlemen have been confidently named as editors who have never once been spoken with on the subject; and a gentleman at present abroad, who has been many years connected with the publishing establishment in Cornhill, but who is in no sense editor of this Magazine, has had applications and articles addressed to him. Our friends who persist in relying on newspaper gossip, and address their communications to an imaginary editor, will have themselves to blame if these never reach the hands of the real editor.

We have little hope of seeing this nuisance abated so long as those who live by it are unconscious of the disreputable nature of all public betrayal of private matters; disreputable when the statements are correct, still more so when no pains have been taken to ascertain their correctness. What would be thought of a journalist who should publish the private affairs of a banker, or should announce that a physician was losing his patients? And if the journalist had really no better ground for his "facts" than having casually heard some one say, "I suspect the affairs of the Bank are not flourishing—a dissolution of partnership will soon occur;" or, "I hear that Dr. —'s patients are rapidly leaving him;" what would be thought of such publication? Yet this is precisely analogous to the conduct of those who fabricate, or repeat, the gossip respecting authors and publishers. If true, such gossip is impertinent and unjustifiable; if false, it is disgraceful to the gossipper. The line of demarcation between public and private matters is sufficiently broad. If any one *desires* to make public his private affairs, he is at liberty to do so, or to commission others to do it for him; but no man should take upon himself to publish private matters for another, without first ascertaining that the publicity is desired. As the evil exists, the only safeguard we can suggest is, that readers, being distinctly impressed with the untrustworthiness of gossip, should simply *disbelieve* every anonymous unauthenticated statement respecting private matters. When they read that *The Middlesex Review* is edited by the publisher's wife; that Johnson is the writer of the unacknowledged satire in *Blackwood*; or that a quarrel has occurred among the proprietors of *The Times*, which has resulted in a complete break-up of the establishment, one-half of the contributors going over *en masse* to *The Daily News*—they are quite safe in attaching no more credit to such statements, than to information respecting Mr. Cobden's political intentions, derived from the policeman courting Mr. Cobden's cook.

All who regard the profession of Literature with the seriousness due to its important—we had almost said sacred—office, will sympathize with the indignation called forth by the practices which tend to bring the profession into contempt. The recent discussion respecting the “Morality of the Press,” *à propos* of the Exhibition, will, we trust, help to enlighten the public. But there is one point on which the public very much needs reformation, namely, on the deeply-rooted conviction that lies can be written and printed, without hesitation, by honourable men. It is no uncommon thing for a perfectly upright, conscientious man, who would himself scorn to tell a lie, and would despise a liar, to urge a friend or acquaintance to assist a movement, to pull an invention, or to praise a work, in public journals; he is deeply offended if that friend refuse his assistance, or mingle disapprobation with his praise. The man who would blush at the imputation of wishing you to delude another into the purchase of his horse or his house, thinks nothing of asking your friendly aid in puffing his invention, his novel, or his picture; and if he live out of the literary world, he will not even understand your scruples—he will look upon them as want of friendliness.

The death of Mr. Buckle at the early age of forty, *vixæ tantum claritate*, if not *opportunitate mortis*, has cast a shadow over many a thoughtful face. He had the misfortune to rouse vehement opposition, partly by his opinions, partly by his arrogance, and partly by his success; but none, we suppose, even of his most vehement antagonists, will withhold an expression of regret at this early termination of a career so brilliant. Mr. Buckle was not remarkable as a thinker; but he made himself remarked by his bold and skilful appropriation of some of the thoughts of advanced thinkers; and appeared, to the majority of English readers, as an original and powerful philosopher. His knowledge was vast and various, and his power of using it was singularly great. On the whole, his death will be acknowledged as a serious loss to literature.

“Every one,” it is known, means a minority; but it means a noisy, sometimes an important, minority. “Every one” is at this moment talking of Mr. Anthony Trollope, and his book on *North America*. The immense interest of the topic, and the popularity of the author, naturally carry the work into the hands of thousands of expectant readers. Some of these readers are of the dreadfully wise kind, who know everything better than the author; and they complain that there is “nothing new in the book.” That is true; there *is* nothing new in it. A work on America which contained discoveries at this time of day, would be in imminent danger of containing a few marcs’-nests. Mr. Trollope has failed in being new; he has succeeded in being fresh. Six months’ observation of a country which has been thoroughly explored by social, literary, political, agricultural, and geological predecessors, was not likely to yield much new material; but he looked at America with his clear and honest eyes, and tells what he saw, in his vigorous and veracious style;

the consequence is that the book is fresh with the inalienable freshness and vivacity of honest impressions. He paints the picture as it appeared to him. Whether that picture be not in some parts too bright in its lights, and too massive in its shadows, is of course open to question, and may be answered by superior knowledge; but none can fail to see that the picture is sincerely painted—that it never flatters nor libels—that whatever its errors, they are optical effects, seen by him as he represents them. For ourselves, we have the best of reasons for not presuming to estimate the accuracy of the picture, having no superior knowledge whereby to estimate it; but we feel certain of the writer's veracity. "Man," says Channing, "is not accountable for the rightness of his convictions, only for their uprightness."

Where Mr. Trollope is unsparing in his strictures he is wholly without malice, though not always without a little playful exaggeration. He is at times indignant, and at times satirical; but the indignation is against vices which cannot be palliated, and the satire is against foibles which cannot be concealed. That he cordially admires the spirit of independence, the energy, ability, and the commercial and political success of Americans, does not blind him to the serious fact that, in many respects, their political progress is greatly in advance of their moral culture. His sympathy with their independence does not prevent his feeling their manners gratuitously disagreeable; and he regrets to see their independence so fond of asserting itself as insolence, and want of sympathy with the feelings of others. While vividly depicting the worst aspects of their character, he is careful to point out their intimate dependence on sterling excellences. Unsparing in his exposure of the worship of dishonesty under the form of "smartness," he points out how this is but the commercial spirit in excess. He does not feel at home in New York. Dollar-worship has its disagreeable side; but dollar-worship has also its good side. "For myself," he candidly adds, "I do not believe that Dives is so black as he is painted, or that his peril is so imminent. . . . The brethren of Dives are now so many and so intelligent, that they will no longer consent to be damned without looking closely into the matter themselves."

He defends with great humour and strong good sense the real virtue of money-making. "Dives has never believed that he will be damned because he is Dives. He has never even believed that the temptations incident to his position have been more than a fair counterpoise, or even so much as a fair counterpoise, to his opportunities for doing good." But after defending the energetic legitimate pursuit of money-making, and while pointing out how nobly the American Dives scatters his wealth in philanthropy and in enterprise, he still points to the disagreeable odour which dollars give to New York. "I have never walked down Fifth Avenue without thinking of money. I have never walked there with a companion without talking of it. I fancy that every man there, in order to maintain the spirit of the place, should bear on his forehead a label

stating how many dollars he is worth, and that every label should be expected to assert a falsehood."

He is at times severe on the manners of the people, especially on their gratuitous incivility. But he never loses sight of the fact that they are independent; and that this incivility is in itself a nobler thing than servility. He well says, "I think that we are too apt, in considering the ways and habits of any people, to judge of them by the effect of those ways and habits on us rather than by their effects on the owners of them. When we go among garlic-eaters we condemn them because they are offensive to us; but to judge of them properly we should ascertain whether the garlic be offensive to them. . . . For myself, I do not like the Americans of the lower orders. I am not comfortable among them. They tread on my corns and offend me. They make my daily life unpleasant. But I do respect them. I acknowledge their intelligence and personal dignity. I know they are men and women worthy to be so called. I see they are living as human beings in possession of reasoning faculties." This is the tone throughout.

The book will doubtless give pain, more pain than Mr. Trollope, perhaps, expects; for criticism, whether of nations or of books, usually produces exasperation far beyond what the critic can foresee. We are sorry that it should be so. The Americans are at present in a state of rabid unreason respecting England, and will read this book with more than ordinary resentment. It will be in vain to point to the honesty of the critic, and to the heartiness of his praise. Every one who has winced under the severities of blame, will sympathize with the Americans if they are angry at this exposure of their faults. But the castigated author, when he has any true metal in him, extracts its virtue from the bitter medicine; he makes a wry face, but he looks at the peccant parts; he howls, and he reforms. Will not the energetic Americans do the same?

Carlyle's *Frederick* is another book about which opinions will be anything but unanimous. It sets all criticism at naught, since it falls under none of the acknowledged "rules of composition." Original—grotesquely original—it is so utterly unlike every other biography, or history, that the notion of applying "critical standards" would be preposterous. It must be accepted—or rejected—for what it is, and as it is: a book of strange power, of immense research, patient and accurate to the point of being at times oppressive, irradiated with wild humour, and darkened by very serious faults. It exercises a potent spell, because it is a work of genius. But we resist the fascination, and feel that the genius is not working with a beneficial influence.

The book is so original, that its disregard of most literary canons leaves the critic no good position for attack. He is only too glad that such genius will express itself in any way that is most congenial to it. But the same toleration cannot be expected from the moralist. Carlyle, as an artist, may disregard all our established rules; as a teacher he is bound to regard them. The artist must be individual, and give expression

to his peculiarities, no matter how divergent from the common type. But the teacher is allowed no such licence. And as a teacher, there are two points upon which we think Carlyle open to severe disapprobation, which must be expressed all the more strongly because of our admiration and our gratitude for what his genius has effected. The first of these is the painful excess of scorn, which poisons his graphic humour with cruelty and injustice. Scorn is an attitude perilous even to a mind like his, pernicious in its influence on weaker minds. Every serious man will at times be moved to indignant sarcasm at what is base. But in Carlyle, always too disposed to scorn, this attitude has become permanent, not occasional. It is no longer "shauns" and charlatans that move his sardonic laughter; but much that is not base at all, good honest endeavour, is quizzed and nicknamed in contempt. How is it that mathematicians are always made butts? Why is the serious labour of science treated as if it were the paltriest of futilities? We may allow him to estimate science as far inferior to "spiritual insight" (somewhat misty as to what it *sees*), but we cannot forget that it is a very noble effort. Leibnitz may not have been the greatest of men, but he is worthy of more respect than he receives from Carlyle, who not only scornfully insists on his long nose, bandy legs, and huge periwig (as if *those* were the most notable points in a great thinker!), but in one place sneers at him as a "wiscacre." Again, Maupertuis, the butt of this volume, is nicknamed "Flattener of the Earth," and is presented to the reader in the most contemptible light. He had his vanities and weaknesses, which might have excused a little quizzing; but this achievement, which suggests the nickname of Flattener of the Earth, was very important to mankind, and removed an obstacle to the acceptance of Newton's theory; and his labours altogether were of a kind which render Carlyle's unvarying scorn as odious as it is unjust. Even when Maupertuis is in the hands of brutal hussars, instead of a word of sympathy, this is what he gets:—"The big red face flurried into scarlet, I can fancy; or scarlet and ashy-white mixed; and—Let us draw a veil over it. He is next seen shirtless—the once very haughty, blustery, and now much humiliated man; still conscious of supreme acumen, insight, and pure science; and, though an Austrian prisoner, and a monster of rags, struggling to believe that he is a genius and the Trismegistus of mankind." Graphic, no doubt; but what is the sense or justice of it? Why should a man's being stripped of his shirt prevent his consciousness of acumen, insight, and pure science? And why, in so pitiable a plight, does the historian see only the ludicrous aspect? Had Frederick been shirtless, would such things have been said of him? Scorn is not in itself a lofty mood; and in this work the scorn is perpetual. The book might almost have been written by the inhabitant of another planet, looking upon human history with cold, inhuman eyes—moved to laughter and not to sympathy. Wherever the tone is varied, and admiration is expressed, we are almost as much shocked at the preposterousness of the hero-worship as at the scorn.

The second count in our charge is the preaching of the immoral doctrine, *Might is right*. Few dispute that Frederick's seizure of Silesia was a case of public robbery. It might be defended on political grounds; it might be palliated by reference to many equally nefarious transactions which have been consecrated by success. But this is not Carlyle's defence; he sarcastically tells us that Frederick "was considerably indifferent to our belief on that head; his eye set on the practical merely. Just rights? What are rights never so just which you cannot make valid? The world is full of such. If you have rights, and can assert them into facts, do it; that is worth doing!" It would be waste of words to answer this.

Our space will only allow us to mention, in passing, the charming volume of subtle thought expressed in a graceful, transparent style, which the author of *Thorndale* has just issued under the title of *Gravenhurst; or, Thoughts on Good and Evil*. It opens with a delightful sketch of the village of Gravenhurst and its inhabitants. Then the author sets forth his matured conclusions on the great subject of evil; and the third part consists of conversations on happiness, punishment, suffering, as an element in our highest life, &c. To give an idea of this book we should require space for extracts; and, unfortunately, *Science and Art* claim all the space at our disposal. We will simply recommend every reader, fond of thoughtful writing on the moral aspects of life, to carry *Gravenhurst* with him into some delightful solitude.

SCIENCE.

Professor Roscoe has been delighting the audiences at the Royal Institution by a course of lectures on the most thrilling discovery of modern times—namely, the *spectrum analysis*. There are discoveries which flatter the imagination and exalt the mind, even when their immediate utility is by no means obvious; but this discovery of a process by which man can accurately ascertain the composition of the atmosphere of the sun and the stars, removed from us by such enormous distances, is not only thrilling to the imagination, but is also seen to be eminently useful; being, in fact, the most delicate method of chemical analysis which has yet been conceived. How is it possible? the reader will ask. How can we hope to know anything certain about the sun's atmosphere?

The marvels of science resemble the marvels of the conjuror in this, that no sooner are their methods explained, than the results appear remarkably simple. The discovery, and the trick which startled us by the inconceivability of the means effecting them, are found to depend on very simple expedients. Nothing can be more hopelessly puzzling to the uninitiated than the means by which we measure the velocity of Light. It is one thing to accept without question the statement that in a single second of time Light travels a distance of 192,000 miles—so that the whole journey from the sun to the earth is performed in eight and a quarter

minutes; it is another thing to realize to the mind *how* this is ascertained. In like manner we may accept submissively the statement that there are certain metals, such as iron and nickel, in the sun's atmosphere, whereas other metals, as copper and silver, are absent; but the discovery being recent, we are apt to demand the evidence which warrants such a statement. The answer, in both cases, is of beautiful simplicity.

The eclipses of Jupiter's satellites had been carefully noted. Tables had been formed of the exact times when these satellites would glide into the shadow of the planet. Rømer and others found that this took place about eight minutes sooner when the earth was between the sun and Jupiter, and about eight minutes later when the earth was beyond the sun. Hence it is clear that light travels across the earth's orbit in about sixteen minutes, and takes about eight minutes to travel from the sun to the earth. The distances having already been calculated, the velocity was easily ascertained.

And the sun's atmosphere? Remote as it is, it can be brought within our ken by means of that solar spectrum which revealed to the genius of Newton so many of the mysteries of light. He it was who discovered that a beam of light is not a simple thing, but is composed of distinct rays (or *waves*, to use modern language), each ray having different properties, each producing a distinct colour, or shade of colour. When these rays are united in a single beam, the various colours are merged in white light; but, by passing this beam through a prism, all the rays are *separated*; the beam itself is *bent*, or refracted, according to the well-known law of refraction; each ray, however, is bent in a different degree; so that the whole beam becomes spread out in a band of rainbow hues. The beam entered the prism as white light; it passes out as a band of violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red, in unequal quantities, of unequal width, but of very definite distinctness. This rainbow band is called the spectrum. Every ray has a *wave* of definite length—none less than the 60,000th of an inch, none greater than the 35,000th of an inch; any ethereal wave of less or greater length than these limits would not be *luminous*. It is on the length of the wave that the hue of the ray depends. The spectrum is, therefore, a beam of light decomposed into a series of constituent rays of various colours, spread out in the successive order of their wave-lengths.

Such being the spectrum, let us see how it teaches us the chemistry of the stars. Besides the seven colours which insensibly pass into each other, there are numerous dark lines across the spectral band, seeming to interrupt its continuity. What significance can there be in mere lines? At first one would be tempted to disregard them. They carry no meaning. But who knows what fact may not be intensely significant? These lines, at any rate, were measured, counted, tabulated. They were found to be invariable in the solar spectrum. They were found also in light reflected from clouds, from the moon, from the planets. In a word, they were constant in sunlight. The patient Fraunhofer found this, and

inferred much more. Inasmuch as each ray has its own colour, it is clear that wherever there is no colour in the spectrum there must be absence of the corresponding rays. If in a beam of light there are rays of every possible refrangibility between the extremes of red and violet, the spectral band will of course be occupied by them, no solution of continuity will exist, the rainbow band will be immaculate. But if from some cause the beam does not contain the rays of every degree of refrangibility, these absent rays will be represented in the spectrum by dark lines. It thus appears that in solar light there is a deficiency of many rays. What does that signify? If we compare the spectrum produced by artificial light, we shall learn. It is found that when the source of light is an incandescent solid or liquid—fused silver, or red-hot platinum, let us say—the spectrum is perfectly continuous. No dark lines interrupt the insensible gradations of colour. The rainbow band is immaculate. But if the flame be that of a gas, the spectrum is formed of *brilliant* lines, luminous stripes of colour. Chemists have long known that every metal, one may say every elementary substance, gives its own peculiar colour to flame; and they have now discovered that every such substance in a state of gaseous combustion gives its own peculiar luminous line to the spectrum thrown by the flame in which the substance is burning. Thus, a flame of coal gas throws its continuous spectrum of the seven colours; if in that flame we introduce a particle of sodium, a bright yellow line (known as the sodium line) will appear across the spectrum; if we introduce strontium, a brilliant red line will appear; and so on with every other substance. To indicate the miraculous delicacy of this mode of testing the presence of foreign substances in flame, we may startle the reader by assuring him that the presence of a quantity so infinitesimal as the 180,000,000th of a grain has been revealed by the spectrum!

Here let us pause for a moment to admire the grandeur and unexpectedness of scientific revelations, when from an agency so simple as that of a beam of light passed through a prism, Kirchhoff and Bunsen have not only been able to detect the presence of substances lying quite beyond all other methods of detection, have not only been led to predict the existence of new metals, and to find what they predicted, but have brought the atmosphere of the sun, and the fixed stars, within the range of chemical analysis. This has been effected by the discovery that the *dark lines of the solar spectrum accurately correspond with the luminous lines of the artificial spectrum*. Fraunhofer inferred that the dark lines represented absent rays. What causes their absence? They are *intercepted*; and thus: Every chemical element in the gaseous state has the power of radiating and absorbing rays corresponding to the lines it exhibits in the spectrum; if the light radiated *from* this substance be the most intense, its lines in the spectrum will be luminous; if the light falling *upon* it be the most intense, then the substance absorbs more than it radiates, and its lines in the spectrum will be dark. In this latter case the gaseous body intercepts those rays of light falling upon it, which otherwise it would radiate.

Thus we have seen that a particle of sodium burning in a flame of gas produces its peculiar yellow line in the spectrum—and this line is found to correspond exactly with a certain dark line in the solar spectrum; but if the intense Drummond light be made to pass through this flame, in which the sodium is burning, then this sodium will *intercept* its peculiar rays; and thus, instead of throwing a luminous yellow line upon the spectrum, it will throw a dark line in the place where the yellow line *was*. All the rays from the Drummond light would pass through the flame, if no sodium were present, and would produce a *continuous* spectrum of seven colours; but the sodium intercepts, by absorbing, its own peculiar rays; a shade of colour is wanting, and hence the spectrum is lined. Mr. Roscoe showed this in a striking experiment. He placed a particle of sodium in a glass tube exhausted of air, and then heated the tube till it was filled with sodium vapour. When viewed in ordinary daylight, this tube was transparent; but when viewed by pure yellow sodium light it was almost opaque.

The reader foresees the conclusion: all the dark lines in the solar spectrum are produced by gases in the sun's atmosphere which intercept peculiar rays, absorbing them, acting as a screen between the incandescent mass of the sun and our earth. Many of the dark lines have been identified by means of bright lines in the artificial spectrum. When a solar spectrum is placed immediately above a spectrum formed by artificial light, the coincidence between the dark and the luminous lines is such as to dissipate every possible doubt. Mr. Roscoe describes his first sight of the iron spectrum compared with the solar spectrum:—"In the lower half of the field of the telescope were at least seventy brilliant iron lines of various colours, and of all degrees of intensity and breadth; whilst in the upper half of the field the solar spectrum cut up, as it were, by hundreds of dark lines, exhibited its steady light. Situated *exactly* above each of the seventy bright lines was a dark solar line. These lines did not only coincide with a degree of sharpness and precision perfectly marvellous, but the intensity and breadth of each bright line was so accurately preserved in the dark representatives, that the truth of the assertion that iron was contained in the sun flashed upon the mind at once."

Is it not a glorious discovery? Is it not marvellous that we should be able thus to assert positively that round the incandescent mass of the sun there is a dense atmosphere, containing, in a volatilized state, iron, nickel, chromium, sodium, potassium, and magnesium, such as exist on the surface of our earth? Silver and copper seem to be absent; and, what is still more remarkable, the two elements of our clay, silicon and aluminium, are wholly wanting! A new and potent Instrument of research is thus placed at the service of science. No imagination can prefigure its mighty results.

From the sun's atmosphere to tadpoles is a long stride; but we must take it; the progress of science is full of such contrasts. There are, indeed, some lofty minds to whom it will appear a ridiculous waste of

time, in all but idle schoolboys, to pay attention to animals so unimposing; trivial beasts, to be found in every roadside pond, can *they* claim our notice? Unimposing the tadpole is; common enough; neither beautiful, nor obviously useful; yet to the "seeing eye" it offers much. Doubtless these same superb philosophers would have shrugged pitying shoulders, had they beheld the patient Fraunhofer laboriously measuring and counting the lines on the solar spectrum; yet this labour has furnished the basis for the grand discovery of Kirchhoff and Bunsen, just rehearsed. Who shall say that patient students will not find, even in the tadpole, precious material? Already it has furnished infinitely more valuable material than the study of elephants. It has given us insight into the formation of tissues, the development of the blood and blood-vessels, the influence of external agents upon growth and development; whereas the elephant has given us nothing but a few amusing anecdotes. But what need is there to advocate the cause of the tadpole? He is the naturalist's friend. The Royal Society welcomes him, cherishes him, encourages "memoirs" about him, and is ready to-morrow, if need be, to make a "lion" of him.

The Royal Society has already welcomed the researches of Mr. John Higginbottom, and now again gives publicity to his "Observations and Experiments respecting the Influence of Light and Heat on the Development of the Tadpole." The reader is doubtless familiar with the famous experiments of Edwards, to the effect that, removed from the influence of light and heat, the development of the tadpole never reached maturity; that is to say, the animal *grew* into a gigantic tadpole, but would not *develop* into a frog. This has made some noise in the world. The present writer thought he had confirmed it by "experiments of control." He accelerated *development* at the expense of *growth*, under the influence of as much light and heat as was compatible with life; and produced the tiniest frogs perhaps ever seen. Since then Mr. Higginbottom (*Philosophical Transactions*, 1850, p. 431) and Prof. McDonnell, of Dublin (*Brown Séquard's Journal de la Physiologie*, 1859, p. 625), by numerous carefully conducted experiments, have proved that Edwards was wholly mistaken, and that the influence of Light is altogether inappreciable, while that of Temperature is all-important. Nothing can be more decisive than Mr. Higginbottom's newest experiments (*Proceedings of the Royal Society*, 1862, vol. xi. p. 532). He has three cellars cut out of the solid rock, into which daylight never enters. The deepest has a mean temperature of 51 degs. Fahr.; the middle cellar of 53 degs.; the uppermost cellar of 56 degs. In each cellar was placed a shallow vessel containing a quart of water, with grass, and twenty tadpoles. In the uppermost, or warmest cellar, ten were developed into frogs on the 8th of Sept.; in the middle cellar ten were developed on the 22nd; and in the lowest only eight were developed on the 20th October. Thus the absence of light did not prevent the development; but the increase of temperature accelerated it in very remarkable proportions.

We are tempted to add here an observation which opens an interesting physiological inquiry. It is known that tadpoles on escaping from the egg devour the jelly in which the eggs were imbedded; and it is supposed that they are dependent on this for their first nutrition. We have this spring found that all the normal processes of growth and development go on in the *entire absence of all visible food*, jelly included. We separated three tadpoles immediately on their emerging from the egg, and placed them in a glass jar containing about two ounces of carefully filtered water, well exposed to the light, but not to any higher temperature than that of our room without a fire. In this water there was not a particle of anything visible; nevertheless, two of the animals survived for a month, increased in size nearly fourfold, and passed through the ordinary stages of development. The third died at the commencement of the fourth week. What does this indicate? It indicates either that the young embryo brings into the world a stock of material sufficient to supply the early demands of growth and development; or, that it can assimilate from filtered water the material required. Both alternatives are difficult to understand.

Another curious result has been reached by Mr. Higginbottom, that during its metamorphosis into a frog the tadpole *loses two-thirds* of its weight. This is a valuable illustration of the law that *development* is antagonistic to *growth*. It shows how expensive of material, development must be. Let us add that Geoffroy St. Hilaire found the weight of the chick, on its emergence from the egg, to be one-sixth less than the undeveloped egg, the weight of the shell in each case being included.

It is pleasant to find a scientific truth hidden under a popular prejudice; and such a truth seems to lie in the current belief of the influence of the moon upon the weather:

“Che fai tu, Luna, in ciel? dimmi che fai
Silenziosa Luna?”.

sings Leopardi; and many other poets have asked the moon what she does besides drawing after her the sullen waves. The observant agricultural mind has long convinced itself that the moon, with her changes brings change of weather. But the philosophic mind, failing to see any nexus between the two, has scouted this belief. What is the truth? Arago maintained that there was a greater average of rain at the new moon than at the full; a greater than Arago—our own Herschel—believes that the full moon disperses the clouds, and prevents their formation; and Humboldt found this opinion firmly fixed in the minds of the Peruvians. Recently a valuable basis of fact has been laid for theory. Mr. Park Harrison, fortified by the thermometric observations at Greenwich during the years 1814-1856, which furnish sixteen thousand reliable data, declares that there is a tolerably constant *increase* of temperature from the new moon to the full, and a *decrease* from the full moon to the first quarter. He also finds that the maximum of rainy or cloudy days corresponds with the first half of the lunar period; and the maximum of

fine clear days with the last half. He explains the facts by the dispersing action of the full moon upon the clouds. Indeed, if the full moon *does* disperse clouds, the inevitable consequence must be a lowering of the temperature, due to that rapid radiation of heat from the earth and lower strata of the atmosphere which is observed on clear nights. But has the moon this power? Sir John Herschel believes it has; and thus explains it. The heat-rays in moonlight are all but inappreciable, even by the most delicate instruments. Melloni found that the index of an extremely sensitive thermo-electric pile scarcely moved when a moonbeam was concentrated on it by a lens so powerful that a sunbeam thus converged would have burnt platinum into vapour. The heat-rays sent by the moon are intercepted and absorbed by our atmosphere. Being thus concentrated in the upper strata of the atmosphere, this heat necessarily raises the temperature of that region, and thus presents an obstacle to the formation of clouds, and tends to dissipate those already formed. The full moon will, therefore, clear the sky; and by so doing it will lower the temperature of the earth; whereas the new moon, deprived for some time of the sun's heat, is incapable of exercising a similar influence, and the rainy or cloudy days are, therefore, most frequent during the first half of the lunar period. This hypothesis is accepted by M. Leverrier; but it has been combated in the Académie des Sciences, and must still be considered *sub judice*.

A R T.

The survey of Art is far less grateful to ordinary minds than a review of the month's science and literature, because it is less certain. The results are more confused, and the processes by which we get at them doubtful. This may not be because the painters who paint, and the public who are puzzled, are conscious of no sure standards of excellence in Art—of principles which should guide the hand, or canons which should instruct the eye. On the contrary, the true explanation may lie in this: that we have too much of dicta and principles—that too often the painter's aim is only to illustrate the resources and display the tricks of Art, while we, the public, have, for our part, been confused and terrified into accepting the result as *painting*, by critics whose genius crawls over a picture like a fly turned inventory-maker, or by bolder spirits possessed with a divine madness which fears nothing, doubts nothing, and teaches nothing. The critics have done infinite mischief in this way, both to painter and public. The general impression a stranger gets in walking through the Academy, and listening to the comments of the loungers there, is, that the show is contrived to stimulate a jargon about bits of colour, handling, texture, and so on; and that these phrases are invested with some such edification as the old lady got at church out of that blessed word *Mesopotamia*. This is very much the critic's work. Tell a painter that he has produced a splendid bit of colour, and he is a happy man; persuade a

spectator that he knows what a bit of colour *is*, and by-and-by you will find him proudly hanging his walls with things that have little more meaning, and no more life, than the bottles in a chemist's window. 'Technical effect appears to be the single end of nineteen painters out of twenty; and it has been elevated into such importance, such raptures of criticism have glorified it, that we have almost ceased to think of living thought, of vital force, as essential to a picture. Much gratification, no doubt, is to be got from these technical displays, and so there is out of the mechanical singing-bird, and a shower of fireworks, and these immortal verses :—

" Where is Cupid's crimson motion,
Billowy ecstasy of woe ?
Bear me hence, meandering ocean,
Where the stagnant torrents flow."

To be sure, this is not poetry, but the rhyme and the rhythm, the sonorous succession of fine words and hazy images, *do* move the poetical faculty that is in man; and it is not till he comes to see that there is no meaning in the verses that his emotions take another turn. Now this nonsense, instead of being penned by a parodist, might have been limned by a serious painter ambitious of effect. The stagnant torrents, the billowy ecstasy, the crimson motion, have, in fact, been painted a thousand times; and we should have had meandering oceans too, if it had not been easier to paint seas equally miraculous, like that in Mr. Hook's "Acro," in the present Exhibition, which is of an even blind blue, and three feet deep. But unhappily, when a painter succeeds in placing on canvas such a concatenation of foolishness as the parodist wrote, we do not so easily discover the trick. The eye—which, so to speak, has a stronger appetite and a grosser stomach—is cheated more than the ear; what is received by the one sense passes more slowly into the alembic of the mind, and carries more of obstinate plausible confusions to the test of truth and use. So much the worse for painting at the best; but if we had only been blessed with the guidance of intelligent critics, or left to our own blunt, untechnical common sense, we might have found our way by this time to the one inevitable test of excellence in Art as well as in poetry: the life there is in *it*, the thought it inspires in *us*. "Cupid's crimson motion!" cries the critic, "let me beseech you to fix your eye on Cupid's crimson motion. How rich, how tremulous is the colouring, transferred to the artist's canvas from the morning which breaks in light and hope, and the evening which sets in darkness and despair! An inferior painter, or one less bold, might have made violet of it"—and so, no doubt, Mr. Arthur Hughes *would*, for one. If a violet poet in a violet copse, or a violet domestic fireside with a whole violet family (see Mr. Hughes's pictures in the Academy Exhibition), why not Cupid's violet motion? Well, we go and fix our eye accordingly, and presently find ourselves in the dread state of the unfortunates, who look for ten minutes on a bit of metal for the purposes of an electro-biological lecturer. There is

no more sense in us—no more discrimination : we forget to ask what it all *means*.

It would be hard to say that such pictures as we are now talking of should not be exhibited ; for in Art, as well as in literature, every effort is gain which is not absolutely vicious. Technical effect, and what is called in slang phrase manipulation, is, of course, of high importance to Art, and delightful to those who love it ; still, the means are not the end, and the more we are satisfied with this kind of thing *alone*, the more likely is the public taste for pictures to rank at last with the ancient gusto for old china.

The great number of works exhibited at the Royal Academy every year contributes much also to confuse popular ideas of Art. It is presumed that the Academicians are good judges ; and as we hear of the rejection of pictures—even those of accomplished men—it is supposed that their judgment is exercised ; and yet dozens of pictures are displayed upon their walls in which we find nothing to admire at all. No doubt the explanation simply is that the Academicians think their walls *must be covered*, and that a thousand good pictures are not to be got for the purpose ; but the effect is to bewilder the speculations of the visitor, who is more apt to distrust his own judgment than an R.A.'s, and so proceeds to fancy beauties, to conjure up abstruse excellences, in works that have none. He thinks it must be the *chiaro-scuro* ; and wonders how he can dare to form an opinion of any picture, while he is blind to beauties which save a work false in sentiment, in colour, and in drawing. It is worse when such pictures are painted by an R.A. himself ; as we are sorry to see is the case with the present Exhibition. Mr. H. W. Pickersgill's "Blondel" is one of them, and the worst ; unless the "Return of the Crusader," by F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., is worse, as we hardly think it is. They are no better than a couple of drawing-room ballads on canvas. "Will you love me then as now ?" is as noble in sentiment, and as perfect in poetry, as these things are in painting. Nor is Mr. Hart—another R.A.—at all successful this year. His "Alchymist" and "Roman Peasant" are amongst the poorest attempts to represent flesh and blood in the whole Exhibition. It is impossible to persuade oneself into any belief in them. It is here, of course, once more, that the most signal failures are found—in what are called "bits of flesh." There are none ; or only a very few, and the many failures appear hopeless. Take Mr. Frost's picture, "Panope"—

"The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played"

Panope and most of the sisters are sleek enough, and pink out of all conscience ; while, by way of contrast, two of them look as if they had been dyed in a dull decoction of tobacco. Mankind is of many tints, but this tint is unknown and impossible.

However, we are not disposed to say much about the bad pictures in this year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy ; it ought to content us that

they are not worse nor more numerous than usual. Besides, there is good reason to hope that the manifest and acknowledged superiority of the works of Mr. Leighton, Mr. Millais, Mr. Faed, and the younger men of the time, must soon put those pretenders to flight who cannot second their thought nor imitate their care. Mr. Leighton's contributions give us great satisfaction. We venture to say that a more *complete* picture than his "Odalisque" has not been seen on the walls of the Academy for many a year. A single figure, it is at all points a work of Art. The thought is not great, but it is the fruit of a fine fancy, and it is all told. It is full of poetical grace, and painted with care and learning as well as genius. This is how Mr. Tennyson writes an idyll; the butterflies that hover against the column might have been *his* suggestion, and translated to canvas from the poet's first thought. "Michel Angelo Nursing his Dying Servant," shows how various is Mr. Leighton's skill. True in the portraiture of soft, voluptuous, dreamy life, he is equally true in depicting the rigours of death when a man dies and another man looks on. The stern grief of Michel Angelo—one hand placed tenderly on his servant's shoulder, the other grasping a mallet with the revolt a strong man has at death—is great; but still more remarkable is the way in which the dying man is caught to the canvas as he sinks in his last swoon. The hands of this figure are wonderfully drawn. They tell at once of all the labour they have done, and how they can never work again. The face may look up again; it is certain the hands will move no more, and yet they are not quite dead, either.

Mr. Millais' "Trust Me," of which everybody has heard, is not so popular as most of his works have been, or as the "Ransom" is in the same Exhibition. This seems to be because people are puzzled to make out the story. What occurs to us is, that they would be just as much puzzled did they witness the same scene in real life; and that Mr. Millais is only the more faithful a painter for *preserving* the difficulties. Whether it is wise to choose such a subject is another thing. It is not a little triumph of skill to hold our faculties in suspension by meanings significant enough to hold them, and uncertain enough to baffle all conclusion; but the result is more pleasant to the painter than to the spectator; and there is all the less inducement to brood over an interpretation when we know that, if ascertained, it will add little to our satisfaction. It is really of no consequence what the letter is about, or whether the lady will trust her father with it after all; but, meanwhile, there are the two figures beautifully drawn, and the faces full of that very suspense and that speculation which the spectator cannot grapple in idea. The "Ransom"—a knight redeeming his children—is less ambiguous, but we confess we like it less. Its effect is rather theatrical: only the costumes vouch that it is a scene of an old time. It is worth noting that the *apparently* uncertain painting of the lady's face in "Trust Me" is exactly reproduced in the old jailor here, who half withholds his prisoners. In him, too, the interest of the moment is suspended; and the hesitation, the doubt, that

slickers into his keen face, is depicted in the same manner. Mr. Millais' technical skill is again shown to a wonder in the costumes and "accessories" of both these pictures; and he exhibits life itself in his portrait of Mrs. Freeman.

Mr. Faed has also a good little portrait. But his chief work represents an old soldier, listening, with closed eyes, while a story of new wars is being read to him by a young woman, his daughter. It is difficult to explain how admirable this work is without going much into detail. The eagerness with which the woman reads of battles in which her husband was engaged yesterday—the old man, who has ceased to hear her, because his mind has flown back to the scenes *he* fought in—his grandchild, who, meanwhile, is so busy dressing the old fellow's thumb up with a red handkerchief into the likeness of a soldier, make altogether a true picture full of human interest. We were almost equally struck with a work of Mr. Calderon's, "After the Battle." A party of marauding soldiers have come upon a child, who sits alone in his father's cottage on an overturned cradle. The little fellow see-saws shyly as he answers the questions of the leader of the posse (who certainly doesn't mean to hurt or even to frighten him), and the attitude of these two is admirably natural; the child alone makes a charming picture, and the whole sentiment of the thing is very impressive. Mr. Paton's "Lullaby," in which a mother, seated before an organ, plays her child to sleep, must also be set down among the few pictures which are marked by original thought and pure feeling. The drawing is unequal, to be sure; but there is *mind* in the composition, and much skill both in colour and arrangement. Mr. Phillip is one of the soundest workmen in the Academy. His efforts are not pretentious, nor do they carry you very far; but he is a masterly painter, as the head of his "Water Carrier" would prove alone. Mr. Bedford, too, must be praised: his "Elijah and the Widow of Zarephath" is a work of extraordinary vigour. The "Death of Christopher Marlowe," by Mr. Wallis, ought to be seen out of the Exhibition, where the surrounding pictures stare down its modest worth. It certainly deserves more attention than the critics have given it as yet. Another interior (Mr. Horsley's)—a chamber of an ancient mansion, wherein the old people play chess and the young ones make love—it is impossible to neglect. Not that the figures are strikingly good; but the reality of the scene as a whole is incontestable. All the appointments of the room are painted with fidelity, and the sunshine that falls in upon the floor and touches the panelled walls, is marvellously true.

The landscapes in the Academy Exhibition show nothing more remarkable—(if we except Mr. Herbert's indefinitely solemn "Laborare est Orare")—than the "Gleaners' Return," by Mr. W. Linnell. It is a sunset scene, in which the sky is all of flaming crimson, and the hill tops which meet it intensely blue. Here is some wonderful colouring, only it is unnatural. Such skies and such hills are not seen in England; or only as phenomena, which, if painted at all, should be painted as a record

for the Meteorological Society. Mr. Lee, Mr. Creswick, and other practised hands exhibit landscapes neither better nor worse than usual; the sea-painters do likewise; there is nothing in them all to say a word about. Here English Art stands still, at present, as it does in portraiture.

And now we must conclude our rapid survey of Art at the Royal Academy, which we began only with the intention of stating a few general conclusions—in brief, these: that the younger artists, become more sober and vigorous, are incontestably beating the old school off the field. By their invention and painstaking, the Blondels, and Panopes, and Crusaders Returning, are found out; and the wholesome influence of their success is seen distinctly in the works of older men as well as in the attempts of new aspirants. And thus, feeble as it often is, there is more of original effort in the present Exhibition than we remember to have seen in any previous year. It is found, at last, that a painter should put mind as well as imitative matter on the canvas; and till lately there was scarcely an artist in England who knew how to do either. Of course we are speaking now of artists who attempt the portraiture of human life. Landscape has always had true painters in England; though, we confess, they seem to be ceasing from the Royal Academy. The “old hands” still paint, and paint well; but to see the younger genius of the time we must go to the Exhibition of the Water Colour Society, and to the shows in which men like Mr. Vicat Cole are seen. Mr. Naish, by-the-by, belongs to the younger genius of the time, and he has a very good picture in the Academy. The Water Colour Exhibition is good throughout: it is *thorough*. A high harmonious excellence dwells in the place; you cannot move a yard without coming upon some exquisite specimen of skill, or some demonstration of true insight into nature. Chiefest amongst all are the works of Mr. W. Hunt—so marvellously true—and two heads of Eastern women by Mr. Burton. Art has produced nothing this year more perfect than these heads. Noble in drawing and colour, faithful to the firm live flesh they represent, they almost persuade us that whatever can be done in oil genius can accomplish in water-colour.

The popularity of Mr. Leech's Exhibition, in Piccadilly, is based on good grounds. His drawings (enlarged from the originals in *Punch*) are most valuable as illustrations of our social life—as records which History herself will turn to for instruction—and they are the work of a genuine artist too. Many of the scenes in which his unhappy Briggses figure are accurate transcripts from nature, and the way in which they are handled here, in colour, shows that if Mr. Leech had not been a greater humorist, he might have been an admirable landscape painter. And so, indeed, he is now.



MORE FREE THAN WELCOME.

Philip.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN WHICH SEVERAL PEOPLE HAVE THEIR TRIALS.



F Philip and his friend had happened to pass through High Street, Marylebone, on their way to Thornhaugh Street to reconnoitre the Little Sister's house, they would have seen the Reverend Mr. Hunt, in a very dirty, battered, crestfallen and unsatisfactory state marching to Marylebone from the station, where the reverend gentleman had passed the night, and under the custody of the police. A convoy of street boys followed the prisoner and his guard, making sarcastic remarks on both. Hunt's appearance was not improved since we had the pleasure of meeting him on the previous evening. With a grizzled beard and hair, a dingy face, a dingy shirt, and a countenance mottled with dirt and drink, we may fancy the reverend man passing in tattered raiment through the street to

make his appearance before the magistrate.

You have no doubt forgotten the narrative which appeared in the morning papers two days after the Thornhaugh Street incident, but my clerk has been at the pains to hunt up and copy the police report, in which events connected with our history are briefly recorded.

"MARYLEBONE, *Wednesday*.—Thomas Tufon Hunt, professing to be a clergyman, but wearing an appearance of extreme squalor, was brought before Mr. Beaksby at this office, charged by § 34, with being drunk and very disorderly on Tuesday se'nnight, and endeavouring by force and

threats to effect his re-entrance into a house in Thornhaugh Street, from which he had been previously ejected in a most unclerical and inebriated state.

"On being taken to the station-house, the reverend gentleman lodged a complaint on his own side, and averred that he had been stupefied and hocussed in the house in Thornhaugh Street by means of some drug, and that whilst in this state he had been robbed of a bill for 383*l.*, drawn by a person in New York, and accepted by Mr. P. Firmin, barrister, of Parchment Buildings, Temple.

"Mrs. Brandon, the landlady of the house, No. —, Thornhaugh Street, has been in the habit of letting lodgings for many years past, and several of her friends, including Mr. Firmin, Mr. Ridley, the Rl. Acad., and other gentlemen, were in attendance to speak to her character, which is most respectable. After Z 24 had given evidence, the servant deposed that Hunt had been more than once disorderly and drunk before that house, and had been forcibly ejected from it. On the night when the alleged robbery was said to have taken place, he had visited the house in Thornhaugh Street, had left it in an inebriated state, and returned some hours afterwards vowing that he had been robbed of the document in question.

"Mr. P. Firmin said: 'I am a barrister, and have chambers at Parchment Buildings, Temple, and know the person calling himself Hunt. I have not accepted any bill of exchange, nor is my signature affixed to *any* such document.'

"At this stage the worthy magistrate interposed, and said that this only went to prove that the bill was not completed by Mr. F.'s acceptance, and would by no means conclude the case set up before him. Dealing with it, however, on the merits, and looking at the way in which the charge had been preferred, and the entire absence of sufficient testimony to warrant him in deciding that even a piece of paper had been abstracted in that house, or by the person accused, and believing that if he were to commit, a conviction would be impossible, he dismissed the charge.

"The lady left the court with her friends, and the accuser, when called upon to pay a fine for drunkenness, broke out into very unclerical language, in the midst of which he was forcibly removed."

Philip Firmin's statement that he had given no bill of exchange, was made not without hesitation on his part, and indeed at his friends' strong entreaty. It was addressed not so much to the sitting magistrate, as to that elderly individual at New York, who was warned no more to forge his son's name. I fear a coolness ensued between Philip and his parent in consequence of the younger man's behaviour. The doctor had thought better of his boy than to suppose that, at a *moment of necessity*, Philip would desert him. He forgave Philip, nevertheless. Perhaps since his marriage *other influences* were at work upon him, &c. The parent made further remarks in this strain. A man who takes your money is naturally offended if you remonstrate; you wound his sense of delicacy by protesting against his putting his hand in your pocket. The elegant doctor in

New York continued to speak of his unhappy son with a mournful shake of the head; he said, perhaps believed, that Philip's imprudence was in part the cause of his own exile. "This is not the kind of entertainment to which I would have invited you at my own house in England," he would say. "I thought to have ended my days there, and to have left my son in comfort, nay splendour. I am an exile in poverty: and he—but I will use no hard words." And to his female patients he would say: "No, my dear madam! Not a syllable of reproach shall escape these lips regarding that misguided boy! But you can feel for me; I know you can feel for me." In the old days, a high-spirited highwayman, who took a coach-passenger's purse, thought himself injured, and the traveller a shabby fellow, if he secreted a guinea or two under the cushions. In the doctor's now rare letters, he breathed a manly sigh here and there, to think that he had lost the confidence of his boy. I do believe that certain ladies of our acquaintance were inclined to think that the elder Firmin had been not altogether well used, however much they loved and admired the Little Sister for her lawless act in her boy's defence. But this main point we had won. The doctor at New York took the warning, and wrote his son's signature upon no more bills of exchange. The good Goodenough's loan was carried back to him in the very coin which he had supplied. He said that his little nurse Brandon was *splendide mendax*, and that her robbery was a sublime and courageous act of war.

In so far, since his marriage, Mr. Philip had been pretty fortunate. At need, friends had come to him. In moments of peril he had had succour and relief. Though he had married without money, fate had sent him a sufficiency. His flask had never been empty, and there was always meal in his bin. But now hard trials were in store for him: hard trials which we have said were endurable, and which he has long since lived through. Any man who has played the game of life or whist, knows how for one while he will have a series of good cards dealt him, and again will get no trumps at all. After he got into his house in Milman Street and quitted the Little Sister's kind roof, our friend's good fortune seemed to desert him. "Perhaps it was a punishment for my pride, because I was haughty with her, and—and jealous of that dear good little creature," poor Charlotte afterwards owned in conversation with other friends:—"but our fortune seemed to change when we were away from her, and that I must own."

Perhaps, when she was yet under Mrs. Brandon's roof, the Little Sister's provident care had done a great deal more for Charlotte than Charlotte knew. Mrs. Philip had the most simple tastes in the world, and upon herself never spent an unnecessary shilling. Indeed, it was a wonder, considering her small expenses, how neat and nice Mrs. Philip ever looked. But she never could deny herself when the children were in question; and had them arrayed in all sorts of fine clothes; and stitched, and hemmed all day and night to decorate their little persons; and in reply to the remonstrances of the matrons her friends, showed how it was

impossible children *could* be dressed for less cost. If anything ailed them, quick, the doctor must be sent for. Not worthy Goodenough, who came without a fee, and pooh-poohed her alarms and anxieties; but dear Mr. Bland, who had a feeling heart, and was himself a father of children, and who supported those children by the produce of the pills, draughts, powders, visits, which he bestowed on all families into whose doors he entered. Bland's sympathy was very consolatory; but it was found to be very costly at the end of the year. "And, what then?" says Charlotte, with kindling cheeks. "Do you suppose we should grudge that money, which was to give health to our dearest, dearest babies? No. You can't have such a bad opinion of me as that!" And accordingly Mr. Bland received a nice little annuity from our friends. Philip had a joke about his wife's housekeeping which perhaps may apply to other young women who are kept by over-watchful mothers too much *in statu pupillari*. When they were married, or about to be married, Philip asked Charlotte what she would order for dinner? She promptly said she would order leg of mutton. "And after leg of mutton?" "Leg of beef, to be sure!" says Mrs. Charlotte, looking very pleased, and knowing. And the fact is, as this little housekeeper was obliged demurely to admit, their household bills increased *prodigiously* after they left Thornhaugh Street. "And I can't understand, my dear, how the grocer's book should mount up so; and the buttermen's, and the beer," &c. &c. We have often seen the pretty little head bent over the dingy volumes, puzzling, puzzling: and the eldest child would hold up a warning finger to ours, and tell them to be very quiet, as mamma was at her "atounts."

And now, I grieve to say, money became scarce for the payment of these accounts; and though Philip fancied he hid his anxieties from his wife, be sure she loved him too much to be deceived by one of the clumsiest hypocrites in the world. Only, being a much cleverer hypocrite than her husband, she pretended to be deceived, and acted her part so well that poor Philip was mortified with her gaiety, and chose to fancy his wife was indifferent to their misfortunes. She ought not to be so smiling and happy, he thought; and, as usual, bemoaned his lot to his friends. "I come home racked with care, and thinking of those inevitable bills; I shudder sir, at every note that lies on the hall table, and would tremble as I dashed them open as they do on the stage. But I laugh and put on a jaunty air, and humbug Char. And I hear her singing about the house and laughing and cooing with the children, by Jove. *She's* not aware of anything. *She* does not know how dreadfully the *res domi* is squeezing me. But *before marriage* she did, I tell you. Then, if anything annoyed me, she divined it. If I felt ever so little unwell, you should have seen the alarm in her face! It was 'Philip, dear, how pale you are;' or, 'Philip, how flushed you are;' or, 'I am sure you have had a letter from your father. Why do you conceal anything from me, sir? You never should—never!' And now when the fox is gnawing at my side under my cloak, I laugh and grin so naturally that she believes I am all right, and she comes to meet

me flouncing the children about in my face, and wearing an air of consummate happiness! I would not deceive her for the world, you know. But it's mortifying. Don't tell me! It is mortifying to be tossing awake all night, and racked with care all day, and have the wife of your bosom chattering and singing and laughing, as if there were no cares, or doubts, or duns in the world. If I had the gout and she were to laugh and sing, I should not call that sympathy. If I were arrested for debt, and she were to come grinning and laughing to the sponging-house, I should not call that consolation. Why doesn't she feel? She ought to feel. There's Betsy, our parlour-maid. There's the old fellow who comes to clean the boots and knives. *They* know how hard up I am. And my wife sings and dances whilst I am on the verge of ruin, by Jove; and giggles and laughs as if life was a pantomime!"

Then the man and woman into whose ears poor Philip roared out his confessions and griefs, hung down their blushing heads in humbled silence. They are tolerably prosperous in life, and, I fear, are pretty well satisfied with themselves and each other. A woman who scarcely ever does any wrong, and rules and governs her own house and family, as my —, as the wife of the reader's humble servant most notoriously does, often becomes—must it be said?—too certain of her own virtue, and is too sure of the correctness of her own opinion. We virtuous people give advice a good deal, and set a considerable value upon that advice. We meet a certain man who has fallen among thieves, let us say. We succour him readily enough. We take him kindly to the inn, and pay his score there: but we say to the landlord, "You must give this poor man his bed, his medicine at such a time, and his broth at such another. But, mind you, he must have that physic, and no other; that broth when we order it. We take his case in hand, you understand. Don't listen to him or anybody else. We know all about everything. Good-by. Take care of him. Mind the medicine and the broth!" and Mr. Benefactor or Lady Bountiful goes away, perfectly self-satisfied.

Do you take this allegory? When Philip complained to us of his wife's friskiness and gaiety; when he bitterly contrasted her levity and carelessness with his own despondency and doubt, Charlotte's two principal friends were smitten by shame. "Oh, Philip! dear Philip!" his female adviser said (having looked at her husband once or twice as Firmin spoke, and in vain endeavoured to keep her guilty eyes down on her work), "Charlotte has done this, because she is humble, and because she takes the advice of friends who are not. She knows everything, and more than everything; for her dear tender heart is filled with apprehension. But we told her to show no sign of care, lest her husband should be disturbed. And she trusted in us; and she puts her trust elsewhere, Philip; and she has hidden her own anxieties, lest yours should be increased; and has met you gaily when her heart was full of dread. We think she has done wrong now; but she did so because she was so simple, and trusted in us who advised her wrongly. Now we see that there ought to

have been perfect confidence always between you, and that it is her simplicity and faith in us which have misled her."

Philip hung down his head for a moment, and hid his eyes; and we knew, during that minute when his face was concealed from us, how his grateful heart was employed.

"And you know, dear Philip——" says Laura, looking at her husband, and nodding to that person, who certainly understood the hint.

"And I say, Firmin," breaks in the lady's husband, "you understand, if you are at all—that is, if you—that is, if we can——"

"Hold your tongue!" shouts Firmin, with a face beaming over with happiness. "I know what you mean. You beggar, you are going to offer me money! I see it in your face; bless you both! But we'll try and do without, please heaven. And—and it's worth feeling a pinch of poverty to find such friends as I have had, and to share it with such a—such a—dash—dear little thing as I have at home. And I won't try and humbug Char any more. I'm bad at that sort of business. And good-night, and I'll never forget your kindness, never!" And he is off a moment afterwards, and jumping down the steps of our door, and so into the park. And though there were not five pounds in the poor little house in Milman Street, there were not two happier people in London that night than Charlotte and Philip Firmin. If he had his troubles, our friend had his immense consolations. Fortunate he, however poor, who has friends to help, and love to console him in his trials.

CHAPTER XL.

IN WHICH THE LUCK GOES VERY MUCH AGAINST US.



VERY man and woman amongst us has made his voyage to Lilliput, and his tour in the kingdom of Brobdingnag. When I go to my native country town, the local paper announces our arrival, the labourers touch their hats as the pony-chaise passes, the girls and old women drop curtsies; Mr. Hicks, the grocer and hatter, comes to his door, and makes a bow, and smirks and smiles. When our neighbour Sir John arrives at the hall, he is a still greater personage; the bell-ringers greet the hall family with a peal; the rector walks over on an early day, and pays his visit; and the farmers at market press round for a nod of recognition. Sir John at home is in Lilliput: in Belgrave Square he is in Brobdingnag, where almost everybody we meet is ever so much taller than our-

selves. "Which do you like best, to be a giant amongst the pigmies, or a pigmy among the giants?" I know what sort of company I prefer myself: but that is not the point. What I would hint is, that we possibly give ourselves patronizing airs before small people, as folks higher placed than ourselves give themselves airs before *us*. Patronizing airs? Old Miss Mumbles, the half-pay lieutenant's daughter, who lives over the plumber's, with her maid, gives herself in her degree more airs than any duchess in Belgravia, and would leave the room if a tradesman's wife sat down in it.

Now it has been said that few men in this city of London are so simple in their manners as Philip Firmin, and that he treated the patron whose bread he ate, and the wealthy relative who condescended to visit him, with a like freedom. He is blunt but not familiar, and is not a whit more polite to my lord than to Jack or Tom at the coffee-house. He resents familiarity from vulgar persons, and those who venture on it retire maimed and mortified after coming into collision with him. As for the people he loves, he grovels before them, worships their boot-tips, and their gown-

hems. But he submits to them, not for their wealth or rank, but for love's sake. He submitted very magnanimously at first, to the kindnesses and caresses of Lady Ringwood and her daughters, being softened and won by the regard which they showed for his wife and children.

Although Sir John was for the Rights of Man everywhere, all over the world, and had pictures of Franklin, Lafayette, and Washington in his library, he likewise had portraits of his own ancestors in that apartment, and entertained a very high opinion of the present representative of the Ringwood family. The character of the late chief of the house was notorious. Lord Ringwood's life had been irregular and his morals loose. His talents were considerable, no doubt, but they had not been devoted to serious study or directed to useful ends. A wild man in early life, he had only changed his practices in later life in consequence of ill health, and became a hermit as a Certain Person became a monk. He was a frivolous person to the end, and was not to be considered as a public man and statesman; and this light-minded man of pleasure had been advanced to the third rank of the peerage, whilst his successor, his superior in intellect and morality, remained a Baronet still. How blind the Ministry was which refused to recognize so much talent and worth! Had there been public virtue or common sense in the governors of the nation, merits like Sir John's never could have been overlooked. But Ministers were notoriously a family clique, and only helped each other. Promotion and patronage were disgracefully monopolized by the members of a very few families who were not better men of business, men of better character, men of more ancient lineage (though birth, of course, was a mere accident) than Sir John himself. In a word, until they gave him a peerage, he saw very little hope for the cabinet or the country.

In a very early page of this history mention was made of a certain Philip Ringwood, to whose protection Philip Firmin's mother confided her boy when he was first sent to school. Philip Ringwood was Firmin's senior by seven years; he came to Old Parr Street twice or thrice during his stay at school, condescended to take the "tips," of which the poor doctor was liberal enough, but never deigned to take any notice of young Firmin, who looked up to his kinsman with awe and trembling. From school Philip Ringwood speedily departed to college, and then entered upon public life. He was the eldest son of Sir John Ringwood, with whom our friend has of late made acquaintance.

Mr. Ringwood was a much greater personage than the baronet his father. Even when the latter succeeded to Lord Ringwood's estates and came to London, he could scarcely be said to equal his son in social rank; and the younger patronized his parent. What is the secret of great social success? It is not to be gained by beauty, or wealth, or birth, or wit, or valour, or eminence of any kind. It is a gift of Fortune, bestowed, like that goddess's favours, capriciously. Look, dear madam, at the most fashionable ladies at present reigning in London. Are they better bred, or more amiable, or richer, or more beautiful than yourself? See, good sir, the

men who lead the fashion, and stand in the bow window at Black's; are they wiser, or wittier, or more agreeable people than you? And yet you know what your fate would be if you were put up at that club. Sir John Ringwood never dared to be proposed there, even after his great accession of fortune on the earl's death. His son did not encourage him. People even said that Ringwood would blackball his father if he dared to offer himself as a candidate.

I never, I say, could understand the reason of Philip Ringwood's success in life, though you must acknowledge that he is one of our most eminent dandies. He is affable to dukes. He patronizes marquises. He is not witty. He is not clever. He does not give good dinners. How many baronets are there in the British empire? Look to your book, and see. I tell you there are many of these whom Philip Ringwood would scarcely admit to wait at one of his bad dinners. By calmly asserting himself in life, this man has achieved his social eminence. We may hate him; but we acknowledge his superiority. For instance, I should as soon think of asking him to dine with me, as I should of slapping the Archbishop of Canterbury on the back.

Mr. Ringwood has a meagre little house in May Fair, and belongs to a public office, where he patronizes his *chef*. His own family bow down before him. His mother is humble in his company; his sisters are respectful; his father does not brag of his own liberal principles, and never alludes to the rights of man in the son's presence. He is called "Mr. Ringwood" in the family. The person who is least in awe of him is his younger brother, who has been known to make faces behind the elder's back. But he is a dreadfully headstrong and ignorant child, and respects nothing. Lady Ringwood, by the way, is Mr. Ringwood's stepmother. His own mother was the daughter of a noble house, and died in giving birth to this paragon.

Philip Firmin, who had not set eyes upon his kinsman since they were at school together, remembered some stories which were current about Ringwood, and by no means to that eminent dandy's credit—stories of intrigue, of play, of various libertine exploits on Mr. Ringwood's part. One day, Philip and Charlotte dined with Sir John, who was talking and chirping, and laying down the law, and bragging away according to his wont, when his son entered and asked for dinner. He had accepted an invitation to dine at Garterton House. The duke had one of his attacks of gout just before dinner. The dinner was off. If Lady Ringwood would give him a slice of mutton, he would be very much obliged to her. A place was soon found for him. "And, Philip, this is your namesake, and, our cousin, Mr. Philip Firmin," said the baronet, presenting his son to his kinsman.

"Your father used to give me sovereigns, when I was at school. I have a faint recollection of you, too. Little white-headed boy, weren't you? How is the doctor, and Mrs. Firmin? All right?"

"Why, don't you know his father ran away?" calls out the youngest member of the family. "Don't kick me, Emily. He *did* run away!"

Then Mr. Ringwood remembered, and a faint blush tinged his face. "Lapse of time. I know. Shouldn't have asked after such a lapse of time." And he mentioned a case in which a duke, who was very forgetful, had asked a marquis about his wife who had run away with an earl, and made inquiries about the duke's son, who, as everybody knew, was not on terms with his father.

"This is Mrs. Firmin—Mrs. Philip Firmin!" cried Lady Ringwood, rather nervously; and I suppose Mrs. Philip blushed, and the blush became her; for Mr. Ringwood afterwards condescended to say to one of his sisters, that their new-found relative seemed one of your rough-and-ready sort of gentlemen, but his wife was really very well bred, and quite a pretty young woman, and presentable anywhere—really anywhere. Charlotte was asked to sing one or two of her little songs after dinner. Mr. Ringwood was delighted. Her voice was perfectly true. What she sang, she sang admirably. And he was good enough to hum over one of her songs (during which performance he showed that *his* voice was not exempt from little frailties), and to say he had heard Lady Philomela Shakerley sing that very song at Glenmavis, last autumn; and it was such a favourite that the duchess asked for it every night—actually every night. When our friends were going home, Mr. Ringwood gave Philip almost the whole of one finger to shake; and while Philip was inwardly raging at his impertinence, believed that he had entirely fascinated his humble relatives, and that he had been most good-natured and friendly.

I cannot tell why this man's patronage chafed and goaded our worthy friend so as to drive him beyond the bounds of all politeness and reason. The artless remarks of the little boy, and the occasional simple speeches of the young ladies, had only tickled Philip's humour, and served to amuse him when he met his relatives. I suspect it was a certain free-and-easy manner which Mr. Ringwood chose to adopt towards Mrs. Philip, which annoyed her husband. He had said nothing at which offence could be taken: perhaps he was quite unconscious of offending; nay, thought himself eminently pleasing: perhaps he was not more impertinent towards her than towards other women: but in talking about him, Mr. Firmin's eyes flashed very fiercely, and he spoke of his new acquaintance and relative, with his usual extreme candour, as an upstart, and an arrogant conceited puppy whose ears he would like to pull.

How do good women learn to discover men who are not good? Is it by instinct? How do they learn those stories about men? I protest I never told my wife anything good or bad regarding this Mr. Ringwood, though of course, as a man about town, I have heard—who has not?—little anecdotes regarding his career. His conduct in that affair with Miss Willowby was heartless and cruel; his behaviour to that unhappy Blanche Painter nobody can defend. My wife conveys her opinion regarding Philip Ringwood, his life, principles, and morality, by looks and silences which are more awful and killing than the bitterest words of sarcasm or reproof. Philip Firmin, who knows her ways, watches her features,

and, as I have said, humbles himself at her feet, marked the lady's awful looks, when he came to describe to us his meeting with his cousin, and the magnificent patronizing airs which Mr. Ringwood assumed.

"What?" he said, "you don't like him any more than I do? I thought you would not; and I am so glad."

Philip's friend said she did not know Mr. Ringwood, and had never spoken a word to him in her life.

"Yes; but you know of him," cries the impetuous Firmin. "What do you know of him, with his monstrous puppyism and arrogance?" Oh, Mrs. Laura knew very little of him. She did not believe—she had much rather not believe—what the world said about Mr. Ringwood.

"Suppose we were to ask the Woolcombes their opinion of your character, Philip?" cries that gentleman's biographer, with a laugh.

"My dear—" say Laura, with a yet severer look, the severity of which glance I must explain. The differences of Woolcombe and his wife were notorious. Their unhappiness was known to all the world. Society was beginning to look with a very, very cold face upon Mrs. Woolcombe. After quarrels, jealousies, battles, reconciliations, scenes of renewed violence and furious language, had come indifference, and the most reckless gaiety on the woman's part. Her home was splendid, but mean and miserable; all sorts of stories were rife regarding her husband's brutal treatment of poor Agnes and her own imprudent behaviour. Mrs. Laura was indignant when this unhappy woman's name was ever mentioned, except when she thought how our warm, true-hearted Philip had escaped from the heartless creature. "What a blessing it was that you were ruined, Philip, and that she deserted you!" Laura would say. "What fortune would repay you for marrying such a woman?"

"Indeed it was worth all I had to lose her," says Philip, "and so the doctor and I are quits. If he had not spent my fortune, Agnes would have married me. If she had married me, I might have turned Othello, and have been hung for smothering her. Why, if I had not been poor, I should never have been married to little Char—and fancy not being married to Char!" The worthy fellow here lapses into silence, and indulges in an inward rapture at the idea of his own excessive happiness. Then he is scared again at the thought which his own imagination has raised.

"I say! Fancy being without the kids and Char!" he cries with a blank look.

"That horrible father—that dreadful mother—pardon me, Philip; but when I think of the worldliness of those unhappy people, and how that poor unhappy woman has been bred in it, and ruined by it—I am so, so, so—*enraged*, that I can't keep my temper!" cries the lady. "Is the woman answerable, or the parents, who hardened her heart, and sold her—sold her to that—O!" Our illustrious friend Woolcombe was signified by "that O," and the lady once more paused, choked with wrath as she thought about that O, and that O's wife.

"I wonder he has not Othello'd her," remarks Philip, with his hands in his pockets. "I should, if she had been mine, and gone on as they say she is going on."

"It is dreadful, dreadful to contemplate!" continues the lady. "To think she was sold by her own parents, poor thing, poor thing! The guilt is with them who led her wrong."

"Nay," says one of the three interlocutors. "Why stop at poor Mr. and Mrs. Twysden? Why not let them off, and accuse *their* parents? who lived worldly too in their generation. Or, stay; they descend from William the Conqueror. Let us absolve poor Weldone Twysden, and his heartless wife, and have the Norman into court."

"Ah, Arthur! Did not our sin begin with the beginning," cries the lady, "and have we not its remedy? Oh, this poor creature, this poor creature! May she know where to take refuge from it, and learn to repent in time!"

The Georgian and Circassian girls, they say, used to submit to their lot very complacently, and were quite eager to get to market at Constantinople and be sold. Mrs. Woolcombe wanted nobody to tempt her away from poor Philip. She hopped away from the old love, as soon as ever the new one appeared with his bag of money. She knew quite well to whom she was selling herself, and for what. The tempter needed no skill, or artifice, or eloquence. He had none. But he showed her a purse, and three fine houses—and she came. Innocent child, forsooth! She knew quite as much about the world as papa and mamma; and the lawyers did not look to her settlement more warily, and coolly, than she herself did. Did she not live on it afterwards? I do not say she lived reputably, but most comfortably: as Paris, and Rome, and Naples, and Florence can tell you, where she is well known; where she receives a great deal of a certain kind of company; where she is scorned and flattered, and splendid, and lonely, and miserable. She is not miserable when she sees children: she does not care for other persons' children, as she never did for her own, even when they were taken from her. She is of course hurt and angry, when quite common, vulgar people, not in society, you understand, turn away from her, and avoid her, and won't come to her parties. She gives excellent dinners which jolly fogeys, rattling bachelors, and doubtful ladies frequent: but she is alone and unhappy—unhappy because she does not see parents, sister, or brother! *Allons, mon bon Monsieur!* She never cared for parents, sister, or brother; or for baby: or for man (except once for Philip a little, little bit, when her pulse would sometimes go up two beats in a minute at his appearance). But she is unhappy, because she is losing her figure, and from tight lacing her nose has become very red, and the pearl powder won't lie on it somehow. And though you may have thought Woolcombe an odious, ignorant, and underbred little wretch, you must own that at least he had red blood in his veins. Did he not spend a great part of his fortune for the possession of this cold wife. For whom did *she* ever make a sacrifice, or feel a pang? I am

sure a greater misfortune than any which has befallen friend Philip might have happened to him, and so congratulate him on his escape.

Having vented his wrath upon the arrogance and impertinence of this solemn puppy of a Philip Ringwood, our friend went away somewhat soothed to his club in St. James's Street. The Megatherium Club is only a very few doors from the much more aristocratic establishment of Black's. Mr. Philip Ringwood and Mr. Woolcombe were standing on the steps of Black's. Mr. Ringwood waved a graceful little kid-gloved hand to Philip, and smiled on him. Mr. Woolcombe glared at our friend out of his opal eyeballs. Philip had once proposed to kick Woolcombe into the sea. He somehow felt as if he would like to treat Ringwood to the same bath. Meanwhile, Mr. Ringwood laboured under the notion that he and his new-found acquaintance were on the very best possible terms.

At one time poor little Woolcombe loved to be seen with Philip Ringwood. He thought he acquired distinction from the companionship of that man of fashion, and would hang on Ringwood as they walked the Pall Mall pavement.

"Do you know that great bulking, overbearing brute?" says Woolcombe to his companion on the steps of Black's. Perhaps somebody overheard them from the bow-window. (I tell you everything is overheard in London, and a great deal more too.)

"Brute, is he?" says Ringwood; "seems a rough, overbearing sort of chap."

"Blackguard doctor's son. Bankrupt. Father ran away," says the dusky man with the opal eyeballs.

"I have heard he was a rogue—the doctor; but I like him. Remember he gave me three sovereigns when I was at school. Always like a fellow who tips you when you are at school." And here Ringwood beckoned his brougham which was in waiting.

"Shall we see you at dinner? Where are you going?" asked Mr. Woolcombe. "If you are going towards——"

"Towards Gray's Inn, to see my lawyer; have an appointment there; be with you at eight!" And Mr. Ringwood skipped into his little brougham and was gone.

Tom Eaves told Philip. Tom Eaves belongs to Black's Club, to Bays's, to the Megatherium, I don't know to how many clubs in St. James's Street. Tom Eaves knows everybody's business, and all the scandal of all the clubs for the last forty years. He knows who has lost money and to whom; what is the talk of the opera box and what the scandal of the *coulisses*; who is making love to whose daughter. Whatever men and women are doing in May Fair, is the farrago of Tom's libel. He knows so many stories, that of course he makes mistakes in names sometimes, and says that Jones is on the verge of ruin, when he is thriving and prosperous, and it is poor Brown who is in difficulties; or informs us that Mrs. Fanny is flirting with Captain Ogle when both are as innocent of a flirtation as

you and I are. Tom certainly is mischievous, and often is wrong; but when he speaks of our neighbours he is amusing.

"It is as good as a play to see Ringwood and Othello together," says Tom to Philip. "How proud the black man is to be seen with him! Heard him abuse you to Ringwood. Ringwood stuck up for you and for your poor governor,—spoke up like a man—like a man who sticks up for a fellow who is down. How the black man brags about having Ringwood to dinner! Always having him to dinner. You should have seen Ringwood shake him off! Said he was going to Gray's Inn. Heard him say Gray's Inn Lane to his man. Don't believe a word of it."

Now I dare say you are much too fashionable to know that Milman Street is a little *cul de sac* of a street, which leads into Guildford Street, which leads into Gray's Inn Lane. Philip went his way homewards, shaking off Tom Eaves, who, for his part, trolled off to his other clubs, telling people how he had just been talking with that bankrupt doctor's son, and wondering how Philip should get money enough to pay his club subscription. Philip then went on his way, striding homewards at his usual manly pace.

Whose black brougham was that?—the black brougham with the chestnut horse walking up and down Guildford Street. Mr. Ringwood's crest was on the brougham. When Philip entered his drawing-room, having opened the door with his own key, there sat Mr. Ringwood, talking to Mrs. Charlotte, who was taking a cup of tea at five o'clock. She and the children liked that cup of tea. Sometimes it served Mrs. Char for dinner when Philip dined from home.

"If I had known you were coming here, you might have brought me home and saved me a long walk," said Philip, "wiping a burning forehead."

"So I might—so I might!" said the other. "I never thought of it. I had to see my lawyer in Gray's Inn; and it was then I thought of coming on to see you, as I was telling Mrs. Firmin; and a very nice quiet place you live in!"

This was very well. But for the first and only time of his life, Philip was jealous.

"Don't drub so with your feet! Don't like to ride when you jog so on the floor," said Philip's eldest darling, who had clambered on papa's knee. "Why do you look so? Don't squeeze my arm, papa!"

Mamma was utterly unaware that Philip had any cause for agitation. "You have walked all the way from Westminster, and the club, and you are quite hot and tired!" she said. "Some tea, my dear?"

Philip nearly choked with the tea. From under his hair, which fell over his forehead, he looked into his wife's face. It wore such a sweet look of innocence and wonder, that, as he regarded her, the spasm of jealousy passed off. No: there was no look of guilt in those tender eyes. Philip could only read in them the wife's tender love and anxiety for himself.

But what of Mr. Ringwood's face? When the first little blush and hesitation had passed away, Mr. Ringwood's pale countenance reassumed that calm self-satisfied smile, which it customarily wore. "The coolness of the man maddened me," said Philip, talking about the little occurrence afterwards, and to his usual confidant.

"Gracious powers," cries the other. "If I went to see Charlotte and the children, would you be jealous of me, you bearded Turk? Are you prepared with sack and bowstring for every man who visits Mrs. Firmin? If you are to come out in this character, you will lead yourself and your wife pretty lives. Of course you quarrelled with Lovelace then and there, and threatened to throw him out of window then and there? Your custom is to strike when you are hot; witness —"

"Oh, dear, no!" cried Philip, interrupting me. "I have not quarrelled with him yet." And he ground his teeth, and gave a very fierce glare with his eyes. "I sate him out quite civilly. I went with him to the door; and I have left directions that he is never to pass it again—that's all. But I have not quarrelled with him in the least. Two men never behaved more politely than we did. We bowed and grinned at each other quite amiably. But I own, when he held out his hand, I was obliged to keep mine behind my back, for they felt very mischievous, and inclined to — Well, never mind. Perhaps it is, as you say; and he means no sort of harm."

Where, I say again, do women learn all the mischief they know? Why should my wife have such a mistrust and horror of this gentleman? She took Philip's side entirely. She said she thought he was quite right in keeping that person out of his house. What did she know about that person? Did I not know myself? He was a libertine, and led a bad life. He had led young men astray, and taught them to gamble, and helped them to ruin themselves. We have all heard stories about the late Sir Philip Ringwood; that last scandal in which he was engaged, three years ago, and which brought his career to an end at Naples, I need not, of course, allude to. But fourteen or fifteen years ago, about which time this present portion of our little story is enacted, what did she know about Ringwood's misdoings?

No: Philip Firmin did not quarrel with Philip Ringwood on this occasion. But he shut his door on Mr. Ringwood. He refused all invitations to Sir John's house, which, of course, came less frequently, and which then ceased to come at all. Rich folks do not like to be so treated by the poor. Had Lady Ringwood a notion of the reason why Philip kept away from her house? I think it is more than possible. Some of Philip's friends knew her; and she seemed only pained, not surprised or angry, at a quarrel which somehow *did* take place between the two gentlemen not very long after that visit of Mr. Ringwood to his kinsman in Milman Street.

"Your friend seems very hot-headed and violent-tempered," Lady Ringwood said, speaking of that very quarrel. "I am sorry he keeps

that kind of company. I am sure it must be too expensive for him."

As luck would have it, Philip's old school friend, Lord Ascot, met us a very few days after the meeting and parting of Philip and his cousin in Milnan Street, and invited us to a bachelor's dinner on the river. Our wives (without whose sanction no good man would surely ever look a whitebait in the face) gave us permission to attend this entertainment, and remained at home, and partook of a tea-dinner (blessings on them!) with the dear children. Men grow young again when they meet at these parties. We talk of flogging, proctors, old cronies; we recite old school and college jokes. I hope that some of us may carry on these pleasant entertainments until we are fourscore, and that our toothless old gums will mumble the old stories, and will laugh over the old jokes with ever-renewed gusto. Does the kind reader remember the account of such a dinner at the commencement of this history? On this afternoon, Ascot, Maynard, Burroughs (several of the men formerly mentioned), re-assembled. I think we actually like each other well enough to be pleased to hear of each other's successes. I know that one or two good fellows, upon whom fortune has frowned, have found other good fellows in that company to help and aid them; and that all are better for that kindly freemasonry.

Before the dinner was served, the guests met on the green of the hotel, and examined that fair landscape, which surely does not lose its charm in our eyes because it is commonly seen before a good dinner. The crested elms, the shining river, the emerald meadows, the painted parterres of flowers around, all wafting an agreeable smell of *friture*, of flowers and flounders exquisitely commingled. Who has not enjoyed these delights? May some of us, I say, live to drink the '58 claret in the year 1900! I have no doubt that the survivors of our society will still laugh at the jokes which we used to relish when the present century was still only middle-aged. Ascot was going to be married. Would he be allowed to dine next year? Frank Berry's wife would not let him come. Do you remember his tremendous fight with Biggs? Remember? who didn't? Marston was Berry's bottleholder; poor Marston, who was killed in India. And Biggs and Berry were the closest friends in life ever after. Who would ever have thought of Brackley becoming serious, and being made an archdeacon? Do you remember his fight with Ringwood? What an infernal bully he was, and how glad we all were when Brackley thrashed him. What different fates await men! Who would ever have imagined Nosey Brackley a curate in the mining districts, and ending by wearing a rosette in his hat? Who would ever have thought of Ringwood becoming such a prodigious swell and leader of fashion? He was a very shy fellow; not at all a good-looking fellow: and what a wild fellow he had become, and what a lady-killer. Isn't he some connection of yours, Firmin? Philip said yes, but that he had scarcely met Ringwood at all. And one man after another told anecdotes of Ringwood; how he

had young men to play in his house; how he had played in that very "Star and Garter;" and how he always won. You must please to remember that our story dates back some sixteen years, when the dice-box still rattled occasionally, and the king was turned.

As this old school gossip is going on, Lord Ascot arrives, and with him this very Ringwood about whom the old schoolfellows had just been talking. He came down in Ascot's phaeton. Of course, the greatest man of the party always waits for Ringwood. "If we had had a duke at Greyfriars," says some grumbler, "Ringwood would have made the duke bring him down."

Philip's friend, when he beheld the arrival of Mr. Ringwood, seized Firmin's big arm, and whispered—

"Hold your tongue. No fighting. No quarrels. Let bygones be bygones. Remember, there can be no earthly use in a scandal."

"Leave me alone," says Philip, "and don't be afraid."

I thought Ringwood seemed to start back for a moment, and perhaps fancied that he looked a little pale, but he advanced with a gracious smile towards Philip, and remarked, "It is a long time since we have seen you at my father's."

Philip grinned and smiled too. "It *was* a long time since he had been in Hill Street." But Philip's smile was not at all pleasing to behold. Indeed, a worse performer of comedy than our friend does not walk the stage of this life.

On this the other gaily remarked he was glad Philip had leave to join the bachelor's party. Meeting of old schoolfellows very pleasant. Hadn't been to one of them for a long time: though the "Friars" was an abominable hole: that was the truth. Who was that in the shovel-hat? a bishop? what bishop?"

It was Brackley, the Archdeacon, who turned very red on seeing Ringwood. For the fact is, Brackley was talking to Pennystone, the little boy about whom the quarrel and fight had taken place at school, when Ringwood had proposed forcibly to take Pennystone's money from him. "I think, Mr. Ringwood, that Pennystone is big enough to hold his own now, don't you?" said the Archdeacon; and with this the Venerable man turned on his heel, leaving Ringwood to face the little Pennystone of former years; now a gigantic country squire, with health ringing in his voice, and a pair of great arms and fists that would have demolished six Ringwoods in the field.

The sight of these quondam enemies rather disturbed Mr. Ringwood's tranquillity.

"I was dreadfully bullied at that school," he said, in an appealing manner, to Mr. Pennystone. "I did as others did. It was a horrible place, and I hate the name of it. I say, Ascot, don't you think that Barnaby's motion last night was very ill-timed, and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer answered him very neatly?"

This became a cant phrase amongst some of us wags afterwards.

Whenever we wished to change a conversation, it was, "I say, Ascot, don't you think Barnaby's motion was very ill-timed; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer answered him very neatly?" You know Mr. Ringwood would scarcely have thought of coming amongst such common people as his old schoolfellows, but seeing Lord Ascot's phaeton at Black's, he condescended to drive down to Richmond with his lordship, and I hope a great number of his friends in St. James's Street saw him in that noble company.

Windham was the chairman of the evening—elected to that post because he is very fond of making speeches to which he does not in the least expect you to listen. All men of sense are glad to hand over this office to him: and I hope, for my part, a day will soon arrive (but I own, mind you, that I do not carve well) when we shall have the speeches done by a skilled waiter at the side table, as we now have the carving. Don't you find that you splash the gravy, that you mangle the meat, that you can't nick the joint in helping the company to a dinner-speech? I, for my part, own that I am in a state of tremor and absence of mind before the operation; in a condition of imbecility during the business; and that I am sure of a headache and indigestion the next morning. What then? Have I not seen one of the bravest men in the world, at a city-dinner last year, in a state of equal panic? . . . I feel that I am wandering from Philip's adventures to his biographer's, and confess I am thinking of the dismal *fiasco* I myself made on this occasion at the Richmond dinner.

You see, the order of the day at these meetings is to joke at everything—to joke at the chairman, at all the speakers, at the army and navy, at the venerable the legislature, at the bar and bench, and so forth. If we toast a barrister we show how admirably he would have figured in the dock: if a sailor, how lamentably sea-sick he was: if a soldier, how nimbly he ran away. For example, we drank the Venerable Archdeacon Brackley and the army. We deplored the perverseness which had led him to adopt a black coat instead of a red. War had evidently been his vocation, as he had shown by the frequent battles in which he had been engaged at school. For what was the *other* great warrior of the age famous? for that Roman feature in his face, which distinguished, which gave a name to, our Brackley—a name by which we fondly clung (or of "Nosey, nose-y!") Might that feature ornament ere long the face of—one of the chiefs of that army of which he was a distinguished field-officer! Might—Here I confess I fairly broke down, lost the thread of my joke—at which Brackley seemed to look rather severe—and finished the speech with a gobble about regard, esteem, everybody respect you, and good health, old boy—which answered quite as well as a finished oration, however the author might be discontented with it.

The Archdeacon's little sermon was very brief, as the discourses of sensible divines sometimes will be. He was glad to meet old friends—to make friends with old foes (loud cries of "Bravo, Nosey!") In the battle of life, every man must meet with a blow or two; and every brave one would take his fencer with good humour. Had he quarrelled with any old school-

fellow in old times? He wore peace not only on his coat, but in his heart. Peace and good will were the words of the day in the army to which he belonged; and he hoped that all officers in it were animated by one *esprit de corps*.

A silence ensued, during which men looked towards Mr. Ringwood, as the "old foe" towards whom the Archdeacon had held out the hand of amity: but Ringwood, who had listened to the Archdeacon's speech with an expression of great disgust, did not rise from his chair—only remarking to his neighbour Ascot, "Why should I get up? Hang him, I have nothing to say. I say, Ascot, why did you induce me to come into this kind of thing?"

Fearing that a collision might take place between Philip and his kinsman, I had drawn Philip away from the place in the room to which Lord Ascot had led him, saying, "Never mind, Philip, about sitting by the lad," by whose side I knew perfectly well that Mr. Ringwood would find a place. But it was our lot to be separated from his lordship by merely the table's breadth, and some intervening vases of flowers and fruits through which we could see and hear our opposite neighbours. When Ringwood spoke "of this kind of thing," Philip glared across the table, and started as if he was going to speak; but his neighbour pinched him on the knee, and whispered to him, "Silence—no scandal. Remember!" The other fell back, swallowed a glass of wine, and made me far from comfortable by performing a tattoo on my chair.

The speeches went on. If they were not more eloquent they were more noisy and lively than before. Then the aid of song was called in to enliven the banquet. The Archdeacon, who had looked a little uneasy for the last half hour, rose up at the call for a song, and quitted the room. "Let us go too, Philip," said Philip's neighbour. "You don't want to hear those dreadful old college songs over again?" But Philip sulkily said, "You go, I should like to stay."

Lord Ascot was seeing the last of his bachelor life. He liked those last evenings to be merry; he lingered over them, and did not wish them to end too quickly. His neighbour was long since tired of the entertainment, and sick of our company. Mr. Ringwood had lived of late in a world of such fashion that ordinary mortals were despicable to him. He had no affectionate remembrance of his early days, or of anybody belonging to them. Whilst Philip was singing his song of Doctor Luther, I was glad that he could not see the face of surprise and disgust which his kinsman bore. Other vocal performances followed, including a song by Lord Ascot, which, I am bound to say, was hideously out of tune; but was received by his near neighbour complacently enough.

The noise now began to increase, the choruses were fuller, the speeches were louder and more incoherent. I don't think the company heard a speech by little Mr. Vanjohn, whose health was drunk as representative of the British Turf, and who said that he had never known anything about the turf or about play, until their old schoolfellow, his dear friend—his

swell friend, if he might be permitted the expression—Mr. Ringwood, taught him the use of cards; and once, in his own house, in May Fair, and once in this very house, the "Star and Garter," showed him how to play the noble game of Blind Hookey. "The men are drunk. Let us go away, Ascot. I didn't come for this kind of thing!" cried Ringwood, furious, by Lord Ascot's side.

This was the expression which Mr. Ringwood had used a short time before, when Philip was about to interrupt him. He had lifted his gun to fire then, but his hand had been held back. The bird passed him once more, and he could not help taking aim. "This kind of thing is very dull, isn't it, Ringwood?" he called across the table, pulling away a flower, and glaring at the other through the little open space.

"Dull, old boy? I call it doosed good fun," cries Lord Ascot, in the height of good humour.

"Dull? What do you mean?" asked my lord's neighbour.

"I mean, you would prefer having a couple of packs of cards, and a little room, where you could win three or four hundred from a young fellow? It's more profitable and more quiet than 'this kind of thing.'"

"I say, I don't know what you mean!" cries the other.

"What! You have forgotten already? Has not Vanjohn just told you, how you and Mr. Deuceace brought him down here, and won his money from him; and then how you gave him his revenge at your own house in——"

"Did I come here to be insulted by that fellow?" cries Mr. Ringwood, appealing to his neighbour.

"If that is an insult, you may put it in your pipe and smoke it, Mr. Ringwood!" cries Philip.

"Come away, come away, Ascot! Don't keep me here listening to this bla——"

"If you say another word," says Philip, "I'll send this decanter at your head!"

"Come, come—nonsense! No quarrelling! Make it up! Everybody has had too much! Get the bill, and order the omnibus round!" A crowd was on one side of the table, and the other. One of the cousins had not the least wish that the quarrel should proceed any further.

When, being in a quarrel, Philip Firmin assumes the calm and stately manner, he is perhaps in his most dangerous state. Lord Ascot's phaeton (in which Mr. Ringwood showed a great unwillingness to take a seat by the driver) was at the hotel gate, an omnibus and a private carriage or two were in readiness to take home the other guests of the feast. Ascot went into the hotel to light a final cigar, and now Philip springing forward, caught by the arm the gentleman sitting on the front seat of the phaeton.

"Stop!" he said. "You used a word just now——"

"What word? I don't know anything about words!" cries the other, in a loud voice.

"You said 'insulted,'" murmured Philip, in the gentlest tone.

"I don't know what I said," said Ringwood, peevishly.

"I said, in reply to the words which you forget, 'that I would knock you down,' or words to that effect. If you feel in the least aggrieved, you know where my chambers are—with Mr. Vanjohn, whom you and your mistress inveigled to play cards when he was a boy. You are not fit to come into an honest man's house. It was only because I wished to spare a lady's feelings that I refrained from turning you out of mine. Good-night, Ascot!" and with great majesty Mr. Philip returned to his companion and the Hansom cab which was in waiting to convey these two gentlemen to London.

I was quite correct in my surmise that Philip's antagonist would take no further notice of the quarrel to Philip, personally. Indeed, he affected to treat it as a drunken brawl, regarding which no man of sense would allow himself to be seriously disturbed. A quarrel between two men of the same family:—between Philip and his own relative who had only wished him well?—It was absurd and impossible. What Mr. Ringwood deplored was the obstinate ill-temper and known violence of Philip, which were for ever leading him into these brawls, and estranging his family from him. A man seized by the coat, insulted, threatened with a decanter! A man of station so treated by a person whose own position was most questionable, whose father was a fugitive, and who himself was struggling for precarious subsistence! The arrogance was too great. With the best wishes for the unhappy young man, and his amiable (but empty-headed) little wife, it was impossible to take further notice of them. Let the visits cease. Let the carriage no more drive from Berkeley Square to Milman Street. Let there be no presents of game, poultry, legs of mutton, old clothes, and what not. Henceforth, therefore, the Ringwood carriage was unknown in the neighbourhood of the Foundling, and the Ringwood footmen no more scented with their powdered heads the Firmus' little hall-ceiling. Sir John said to the end that he was about to procure a comfortable place for Philip, when his deplorable violence obliged Sir John to break off all relations with the most misguided young man.

Nor was the end of the mischief here. We have all read how the gods never appear alone—the gods bringing good or evil fortune. When two or three little pieces of good luck had befallen our poor friend, my wife triumphantly cried out, "I told you so! Did I not always say that heaven would befriend that dear, innocent wife and children; that brave, generous, imprudent father?" And now when the evil days came, this monstrous logician insisted that poverty, sickness, dreadful doubt and terror, hunger and want almost, were all equally intended for Philip's advantage, and would work for good in the end. So that rain was good, and sunshine was good; so that sickness was good, and health was good; that Philip ill was to be as happy as Philip well, and as thankful for a sick house and an empty pocket as for a warm fireside and a comfortable larder. Mind, I ask no Christian philosopher to revile at his

ill-fortunes, or to despair. I will accept a toothache (or any evil of life) and bear it without too much grumbling. But I cannot say that to have a tooth pulled out is a blessing, or fondle the hand which wrenches at my jaw.

"They can live without their fine relations, and their donations of mutton and turnips," cries my wife with a toss of her head. "The way in which those people patronized Philip and dear Charlotte was perfectly intolerable. Lady Ringwood knows how dreadful the conduct of that Mr. Ringwood is, and—and I have no patience with her!" How, I repeat, do women know about men? How do they telegraph to each other their notices of alarm and mistrust? and fly as birds rise up with a rush and a skurry when danger appears to be near? All this was very well. But Mr. Tregarvan heard some account of the dispute between Philip and Mr. Ringwood, and applied to Sir John for further particulars; and Sir John—liberal man as he was and ever had been, and priding himself little, heaven knew, on the privilege of rank, which was merely adventitious—was constrained to confess that this young man's conduct showed a great deal too much *laissez aller*. He had constantly, at Sir John's own house, manifested an independence which had bordered on rudeness; he was always notorious for his quarrelsome disposition, and lately had so disgraced himself in a scene with Sir John's eldest son, Mr. Ringwood—had exhibited such brutality, ingratitude and—and inebriation, that Sir John was free to confess he had forbidden the gentleman his door.

"An insubordinate, ill-conditioned fellow, certainly!" thinks Tregarvan. (And I do not say, though Philip is my friend, that Tregarvan and Sir John were altogether wrong regarding their protégé.) Twice Tregarvan had invited him to breakfast, and Philip had not appeared. More than once he had contradicted Tregarvan about the Review. He had said that the Review was not getting on, and if you asked Philip his candid opinion, it would not get on. Six numbers had appeared, and it did not meet with that attention which the public ought to pay to it. The public was careless as to the designs of that Great Power which it was Tregarvan's aim to defy and confound. He took counsel with himself. He walked over to the publisher's and inspected the books; and the result of that inspection was so disagreeable, that he went home straightway and wrote a letter to Philip Firmin, Esq., New Milman Street, Guildford Street, which that poor fellow brought to his usual advisers.

That letter contained a cheque for a quarter's salary, and bade adieu to Mr. Firmin. The writer would not recapitulate the causes of dissatisfaction which he felt respecting the conduct of the Review. He was much disappointed in its progress, and dissatisfied with its general management. He thought an opportunity was lost which never could he recovered for exposing the designs of a Power which menaced the liberty and tranquillity of Europe. Had it been directed with proper energy that Review might have been an axis to that threatened liberty, a lamp to lighten the

darkness of that menaced freedom. It might have pointed the way to the cultivation *bonarum literarum*; it might have fostered rising talent, it might have chastised the arrogance of so-called critics; it might have served the cause of truth. Tregarvan's hopes were disappointed: he would not say by whose remissness or fault. He had done *his* utmost in the good work, and, finally, would thank Mr. Firmin to print off the articles already purchased and paid for, and to prepare a brief notice for the next number, announcing the discontinuance of the Review; and Tregarvan showed my wife a cold shoulder for a considerable time afterwards, nor were we asked to his tea-parties, I forget for how many seasons.

This to us was no great loss or subject of annoyance: but to poor Philip? It was a matter of life and almost death to him. He never could save much out of his little pittance. Here were fifty pounds in his hand, it is true; but bills, taxes, rent, the hundred little obligations of a house, were due and pressing upon him; and in the midst of his anxiety, our dear little Mrs. Philip was about to present him with a third ornament to his nursery. Poor little Tertius arrived duly enough; and, such hypocrites were we, that the poor mother was absolutely thinking of calling the child Tregarvan Firmin, as a compliment to Mr. Tregarvan, who had been so kind to them, and Tregarvan Firmin would be such a pretty name, she thought. We imagined the Little Sister knew nothing about Philip's anxieties. Of course, she attended Mrs. Philip through her troubles, and we vow that we never said a word to her regarding Philip's own. But Mrs. Brandon went in to Philip one day, as he was sitting very grave and sad with his two first-born children, and she took both his hands, and said, "You know, dear, I have saved ever so much: and I always intended it for—you know who." And here she loosened one hand from him, and felt in her pocket for a purse, and put it into Philip's hand, and wept on his shoulder. And Philip kissed her, and thanked God for sending him such a dear friend and gave her back her purse, though indeed he had but five pounds left in his own when this benefactress came to him.

Yes: but there were debts owing to him. There was his wife's little portion of fifty pounds a year, which had never been paid since the second quarter after their marriage, which had happened now more than three years ago. As Philip had scarce a guinea in the world, he wrote to Mrs. Baynes, his wife's mother, to explain his extreme want, and to remind her that this money was due. Mrs. General Baynes was living at Jersey at this time in a choice society of half-pay ladies, clergymen, captains, and the like, among whom I have no doubt she moved as a great lady. She wore a large medallion of the deceased General on her neck. She wept dry tears over that interesting cameo at frequent tea-parties. She never could forgive Philip for taking away her child from her, and if any one would take away others of her girls, she would be equally unforgiving. Endowed with that wonderful logic with which women are

blessed, I believe she never admitted, or has been able to admit to her own mind, that she did Philip or her daughter a wrong. In the tea-parties of her acquaintance she groaned over the extravagance of her son-in-law and his brutal treatment of her blessed child. Many good people agreed with her and shook their respectable noddles when the name of that prodigal Philip was mentioned over her muffins and Bohea. He was prayed for ; his dear widowed mother-in-law was pitied, and blessed with all the comfort reverend gentlemen could supply on the spot. " Upon my honour, Firmin, Emily and I were made to believe that you were a monster, sir—with cloven feet and a forked tail, by George !—and now I have heard your story, by Jove, I think it is you, and not Eliza Baynes, who were wronged. She has a deuce of a tongue, Eliza has : and a temper—poor Charles knew what *that* was ! " In fine, when Philip, reduced to his last guinea, asked Charlotte's mother to pay her debt to her sick daughter, Mrs. General B. sent Philip a ten-pound note, open, by Captain Swang, of the Indian army, who happened to be coming to England. And that, Philip says, of all the hard knocks of fate, has been the ~~very~~ hardest which he has had to endure.

But the poor little wife knew nothing of this cruelty, nor, indeed, of the poverty which ~~was~~ hemming round her curtain ; and in the midst of his griefs, Philip Firmin was immensely consoled by the tender fidelity of the friends whom God had sent him. Their griefs were drawing to an end now. Kind readers ~~all~~, may your sorrows, may mine, leave us with hearts not embittered, and ~~humbly~~ acquiescent to the Great Will !



A RECOGNITION

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1862.

Romola.

CHAPTER VI

DAWNING HOPES.



WHEN Maso opened the door again, and ushered in the two visitors, Nello, first making a deep reverence to Romola, gently pushed Tito before him, and advanced with him towards her father.

"Messer Bando," he said, in a more measured and respectful tone than was usual with him, "I have the honour of presenting to you the Greek scholar, who has been eager to have speech of you, not less from the report I made to him of your learning and your priceless collections, than because of the furtherance your patronage may give him under the transient need to which he has been reduced by shipwreck. His name is Tito Melema, at your service."

Romola's astonishment could hardly have been greater if the stranger had worn a panther-skin and carried a thyrsus; for the cunning barber had said nothing of the Greek's age or appearance; and among her father's scholarly visitors, she had hardly ever seen any but middle-aged or grey-headed men. There was only one masculine face, at once youthful and

beautiful, the image of which remained deeply impressed on her mind : it was that of her brother, who long years ago had taken her on his knee, kissed her, and never come back again : a fair face, with sunny hair, like her own. But the habitual attitude of her mind towards strangers—a proud self-dependence and determination to ask for nothing even by a smile—confirmed in her by her father's complaints against the world's injustice, was like a snowy embankment hemming in the rush of admiring surprise. Tito's bright face showed its rich-tinted beauty without any rivalry of colour above his black *saja* or tunic reaching to the knees. It seemed like a wreath of spring, dropped suddenly into Romola's young but wintry life, which had inherited nothing but memories—memories of a dead mother, of a lost brother, of a blind father's happier time—memories of far-off light, love, and beauty, that lay embedded in dark mines of books, and could hardly give out their brightness again until they were kindled for her by the torch of some known joy. Nevertheless, she returned Tito's bow, made to her on entering, with the same pale proud face as ever ; but, as he approached, the snow melted, and when he ventured to look towards her again, while Nello was speaking, a pink flush overspread her face, to vanish again almost immediately, as if her imperious will had recalled it. Tito's glance, on the contrary, had that gentle, beseeching admiration in it which is the most propitiating of appeals to a proud, shy woman, and is perhaps the only atonement a man can make for being too handsome. The finished fascination of his air came chiefly from the absence of demand and assumption. It was that of a fleet, soft-coated, dark-eyed animal that delights you by not bounding away in indifference from you, and unexpectedly pillows its chin on your palm, and looks up at you desiring to be stroked—as if it loved you.

"Messere, I give you welcome," said Bardo, with some condescension ; "misfortune wedded to learning, and especially to Greek learning, is a letter of credit that should win the ear of every instructed Florentine ; for, as you are doubtless aware, since the period when your countryman, Manuello Crisolora, diffused the light of his teaching in the chief cities of Italy, now nearly a century ago, no man is held worthy of the name of scholar who has acquired merely the transplanted and derivative literature of the Latins ; rather, such inert students are stigmatized as *opici* or barbarians, according to the phrase of the Romans themselves, who frankly replenished their urns at the fountain-head. I am, as you perceive, and as Nello has doubtless forewarned you, totally blind : a calamity to which we Florentines are held especially liable, whether owing to the cold winds which rush upon us in spring from the passes of the Apennines, or to that sudden transition from the cool gloom of our houses to the dazzling brightness of our summer sun, by which the *lippi* are said to have been made so numerous among the ancient Romans ; or, in fine, to some occult cause which eludes our superficial surmises. But I pray you be seated : Nello, my friend, be seated."

Bardo paused until his fine ear had assured him that the visitors were

seating themselves, and that Romola was taking her usual chair at his right hand. Then he said :

"From what part of Greece do you come, Messere? I had thought that your unhappy country had been almost exhausted of those sons who could cherish in their minds any image of her original glory, though indeed the barbarous Sultans have of late shown themselves not indisposed to engraft on their wild stock the precious vine which their own fierce bands have hewn down and trampled under foot. From what part of Greece do you come?"

"I sailed last from Nauplia," said Tito; "but I have resided both at Constantinople and Thessalonica, and have travelled in various parts little visited by Western Christians since the triumph of the Turkish arms. I should tell you, however, Messere, that I was not born in Greece, but at Bari. I spent the first sixteen years of my life in Southern Italy and Sicily."

While Tito was speaking, some emotion passed, like a breath on the waters, across Bardo's delicate features: he leaned forward, put out his right hand towards Romola, and turned his head as if about to speak to her; but then, correcting himself, turned away again, and said, in a subdued voice,—

"Excuse me; is it not true—you are young?"

"I am three and twenty," said Tito.

"Ah," said Bardo, still in a tone of subdued excitement, "and you had, doubtless, a father who cared for your early instruction—who, perhaps, was himself a scholar?"

There was a slight pause before Tito's answer came to the ear of Bardo; but for Romola and Nello it commenced with a slight shock that seemed to pass through him, and cause a momentary quivering of the lip; doubtless at the revival of a supremely painful remembrance.

"Yes," he replied; "at least, a father by adoption. He was a Neapolitan, and of accomplished scholarship both Latin and Greek. But," added Tito, after another slight pause, "he is lost to me—was lost on a voyage he too rashly undertook to Delos."

Bardo sank backward again, too delicate to ask another question that might probe a sorrow which he divined to be recent. Romola, who knew well what were the fibres that Tito's voice had stirred in her father, felt that this new acquaintance had with wonderful suddenness got within the barrier that lay between them and the alien world. Nello, thinking that the evident check given to the conversation offered a graceful opportunity for relieving himself from silence, said—

"In truth, it is as clear as Venetian glass that this *bel giovane* has had the finest training; for the two Cennini have set him to work at their Greek sheets already, and they are not men to begin cutting before they have felt the edge of their tools, *mi pare*; they tested him well beforehand, we may be sure, and if there are two things not to be hidden—love and a cough—I say there is a third, and that is ignorance, when once a man is obliged to do something besides wagging his head. The *tonsor inequalis* is inevitably betrayed when he takes the shears in his hand; is

it not true, Messer Bardo? I speak after the fashion of a barber, but, as Luigi Pulci says—

“ Perdonimi s'io fallo: chi m'ascolta
Intenda il mio volgar col suo latino.”

“Nay, my good Nello,” said Bardo, with an air of friendly severity, “you are not altogether illiterate, and might doubtless have made a more respectable progress in learning if you had abstained somewhat from the *cicalata* and gossip of the street-corner, to which our Florentines are excessively addicted; but still more if you had not clogged your memory with those frivolous productions of which Luigi Pulci has furnished the most peccant exemplar—a compendium of extravagancies and incongruities the farthest removed from the models of a pure age, and resembling rather the *grylli* or conceits of a period when mystic meaning was held a warrant for monstrosity of form; with this difference, that while the monstrosity is retained, the mystic meaning is absent; in contemptible contrast with the great poem of Virgil, who, as I long held with Filelfo, before Landino had taken upon him to expound the same opinion, embodied the deepest lessons of philosophy in a graceful and well-knit fable. And I cannot but regard the multiplication of these babbling, lawless productions, albeit countenanced by the patronage, and in some degree the example of Lorenzo himself, otherwise a friend to true learning, as a sign that the glorious hopes of this century are to be quenched in gloom; nay, that they have been the delusive prologue to an age worse than that of iron—the age of tinsel and gossamer, in which no thought has substance enough to be moulded into consistent and lasting form.”

“Once more, pardon,” said Nello, opening his palms outward, and shrugging his shoulders, “I find myself knowing so many things in good Tuscan before I have time to think of the Latin for them; and Messer Luigi’s rhymes are always slipping off the lips of my customers:—that is what corrupts me. And, indeed, talking of customers, I have left my shop and my reputation too long in the custody of my slow Sandro, who does not deserve even to be called a *tonsor inequalis*, but rather to be pronounced simply a bungler in the vulgar tongue. So with your permission, Messer Bardo, I will take my leave—well understood that I am at your service whenever Maso calls upon me. It seems a thousand years till I dress and perfume the damigella’s hair, which deserves to shine in the heavens as a constellation, though indeed it were a pity for it ever to go so far out of reach.”

Three voices made a fugue of friendly farewells to Nello, as he retreated with a bow to Romola and a beck to Tito. The acute barber saw that the pretty youngster, who had crept into his liking by some strong magic, was well launched in Bardo’s favourable regard; and satisfied that his introduction had not miscarried so far, he felt the propriety of retiring.

The little burst of wrath, called forth by Nello’s unlucky quotation, had diverted Bardo’s mind from the feelings which had just before been

hemming in further speech, and he now addressed Tito again with his ordinary calmness.

"Ah! young man, you are happy in having been able to unite the advantages of travel with those of study, and you will be welcome among us as a bringer of fresh tidings from a land which has become sadly strange to us, except through the agents of a now restricted commerce and the reports of hasty pilgrims. For those days are in the far distance which I myself witnessed, when men like Aurispa and Guarino went out to Greece as to a storehouse, and came back laden with manuscripts which every scholar was eager to borrow—and, be it owned with shame, not always willing to restore; nay, even the days when erudite Greeks flocked to our shores for a refuge, seem far off now—farther off than the on-coming of my blindness. But, doubtless, young man, research after the treasures of antiquity was not alien to the purpose of your travels?"

"Assuredly not," said Tito. "On the contrary, my companion—my father—was willing to risk his life in his zeal for the discovery of inscriptions and other traces of ancient civilization."

"And I trust there is a record of his researches and their results," said Bardo, eagerly, "since they must be even more precious than those of Ciriaco, which I have diligently availed myself of, though they are not always illuminated by adequate learning."

"There *was* such a record," said Tito, "but it was lost, like everything else, in the shipwreck I suffered below Ancona. The only record left is such as remains in our—in my memory."

"You must lose no time in committing it to paper, young man," said Bardo, with growing interest. "Doubtless you remember much, if you aided in transcription; for when I was your age, words wrought themselves into my mind as if they had been fixed by the tool of the graver; wherefore I constantly marvel at the capriciousness of my daughter's memory, which grasps certain objects with tenacity, and lets fall all those minutiae whereon depends accuracy, the very soul of scholarship. But I apprehend no such danger with you, young man, if your will has seconded the advantages of your training."

When Bardo made this reference to his daughter, Tito ventured to turn his eyes towards her, and at the accusation against her memory his face broke into its brightest smile, which was reflected as inevitably as sudden sunbeams in Romola's. Conceive the soothing delight of that smile to her! Romola had never dreamed that there was a scholar in the world who would smile at her for a deficiency for which she was constantly made to feel herself a culprit. It was like the dawn of a new sense to her—the sense of comradeship. They did not look away from each other immediately, as if the smile had been a stolen one; they looked and smiled with frank enjoyment.

"She is not really so cold and proud," thought Tito.

"Does *he* forget, too, I wonder?" thought Romola. "But I hope not, else he will vex my father."

But Tito was obliged to turn away, and answer Bardo's question.

"I have had much practice in transcription," he said, "but in the case of inscriptions copied in memorable scenes, rendered doubly impressive by the sense of risk and adventure, it may have happened that my retention of written characters has been weakened. On the plain of the Eurotas, or among the gigantic stones of Mycenæ and Tyrins—especially when the fear of the Turk hovers over one like a vulture—the mind wanders, even though the hand writes faithfully what the eye dictates. But something doubtless I have retained," added Tito, with a modesty which was not false, though he was conscious that it was politic, "something that might be of service if illustrated and corrected by a wider learning than my own."

"That is well-spoken, young man," said Bardo, delighted. "And I will not withhold from you such aid as I can give, if you like to communicate with me concerning your recollections. I foresee a work which will be a useful supplement to the *Isolario* of Cristoforo Buondelmonte, and which may take rank with the *Itineraria* of Ciriaco and the admirable Ambrogio Traversari. But we must prepare ourselves for calumny, young man," Bardo went on with energy, as if the work were already growing so fast that the time of trial was near; "if your book contains novelties you will be charged with forgery; if my elucidations should clash with any principles of interpretation adopted by another scholar, our personal characters will be attacked, we shall be impeached with foul actions; you must prepare yourself to be told that your mother was a fish-woman, and that your father was a renegade priest or a hanged malefactor. I myself, for having shown error in a single preposition, had an invective written against me wherein I was taxed with treachery, fraud, indecency, and even hideous crimes. Such, my young friend—such are the flowers with which the glorious path of scholarship is strewn! But tell me, then: I have learned much concerning Byzantium and Thessalonica long ago from Demetrio Calcondila, who has but lately departed from Florence; but you, it seems, have visited less familiar scenes?"

"Yes; we made what I may call a pilgrimage full of danger, for the sake of visiting places which have almost died out of the memory of the West, for they lie away from the track of pilgrims; and my father used to say that scholars themselves hardly imagine them to have any existence out of books. He was of opinion that a new and more glorious era would open for learning when men should begin to look for their commentaries on the ancient writers in the remains of cities and temples, nay, in the paths of the rivers, and on the face of the valleys and mountains."

"Ah!" said Bardo, fervidly, "your father, then, was not a common man. Was he fortunate, may I ask? Had he many friends?" These last words were uttered in a tone charged with meaning.

"No; he made enemies—chiefly, I believe, by a certain impetuous candour; and they hindered his advancement, so that he lived in

obscurity. And he would never stoop to conciliate: he could never forget an injury."

"Ah!" said Bardo again, with a long, deep intonation.

"Among our hazardous expeditions," continued Tito, willing to prevent further questions on a point so personal, "I remember with particular vividness a visit we snatched to Athens. Our haste, and the double danger of being seized as prisoners by the Turks, and of our galley raising anchor before we could return, made it seem like a fevered vision of the night—the wide plain, the girdling mountains, the ruined porticos and columns, either standing far aloof, as if receding from our hurried footsteps, or else jammed in confusedly among the dwellings of Christians degraded into servitude, or among the forts and turrets of their Moslem conquerors, who have their stronghold on the Acropolis."

"You fill me with surprise," said Bardo. "Athens, then, is not utterly destroyed and swept away, as I had imagined?"

"No wonder you should be under that mistake, for few even of the Greeks themselves, who live beyond the mountain boundary of Attica, know anything about the present condition of Athens, or *Setine*, as the sailors call it. I remember, as we were rounding the promontory of Sunium, the Greek pilot we had on board our Venetian galley pointed to the mighty columns that stand on the summit of the rock—the remains, as you know well, of the great temple erected to the goddess Athena, who looked down from that high shrine with triumph at her conquered rival Poseidon;—well, our Greek pilot, pointing to those columns, said, 'That was the school of the great philosopher Aristotle.' And at Athens itself, the monk who acted as our guide in the hasty view we snatched, insisted most on showing us the spot where St. Philip baptized the Ethiopian eunuch, or some such legend."

"Talk not of monks and their legends, young man!" said Bardo, interrupting Tito impetuously. "It is enough to overlay human hope and enterprise with an eternal frost to think that the ground which was trodden by philosophers and poets is crawled over by those insect-swarms of besotted fanatics or howling hypocrites."

"*Perdio*, I have no affection for them," said Tito, with a shrug; "servitude agrees well with a religion like theirs, which lies in the renunciation of all that makes life precious to other men. And they carry the yoke that befits them: their matin chant is drowned by the voice of the muezzin, who, from the gallery of the high tower on the Acropolis, calls every Mussulman to his prayers. That tower springs from the Parthenon itself; and every time we paused and directed our eyes toward it, our guide set up a wail, that a temple which had once been won from the diabolical uses of the Pagans to become the temple of another virgin than Pallas—the Virgin-Mother of God—was now again perverted to the accursed ends of the Moslem. It was the sight of those walls of the Acropolis, which disclosed themselves in the distance as we leaned over the side of our galley when it was forced by contrary winds to

anchor in the Piræus, that fired my father's mind with the determination to see Athens at all risks, and in spite of the sailors' warnings that if we lingered till a change of wind they would depart without us: but after all, it was impossible for us to venture near the Acropolis, for the sight of men eager in examining 'old stones' raised the suspicion that we were Venetian spies, and we had to hurry back to the harbour."

"We will talk more of these things," said Bardo, eagerly. "You must recal everything, to the minutest trace left in your memory. You will win the gratitude of after-times by leaving a record of the aspect Greece bore while yet the barbarians had not swept away every trace of the structures that Pausanias and Pliny described: you will take those great writers as your models; and such contribution of criticism and suggestion as my riper mind can supply shall not be wanting to you. There will be much to tell; for you have travelled, you said, in the Peloponnesus?"

"Yes; and in Bœotia also: I have rested in the groves of Helicon, and tasted of the fountain Hippocrene. But on every memorable spot in Greece conquest after conquest has set its seal, till there is a confusion of ownership even in ruins, that only close study and comparison could unravel. High over every fastness, from the plains of Lacedæmon to the Straits of Thermopylæ, there towers some huge Frankish fortress, once inhabited by a French or Italian marquis, now either abandoned or held by Turkish bands."

"Stay!" cried Bardo, whose mind was now too thoroughly pre-occupied by the idea of the future book to attend to Tito's further narration. "Do you think of writing in Latin or Greek? Doubtless Greek is the more ready clothing for your thoughts, and it is the nobler language. But, on the other hand, Latin is the tongue in which we shall measure ourselves with the larger and more famous number of modern rivals. And if you are less at ease in it, I will aid you—yes, I will spend on you that long-accumulated study which was to have been thrown into the channel of another work—a work in which I myself was to have had a helpmate."

Bardo paused a moment, and then added,—

"But who knows whether that work may not be executed yet? For you, too, young man, have been brought up by a father who poured into your mind all the long-gathered stream of his knowledge and experience. Our aid might be mutual."

Romola, who had watched her father's growing excitement, and divined well the invisible currents of feeling that determined every question and remark, felt herself in a glow of strange anxiety: she turned her eyes on Tito continually, to watch the impression her father's words made on him, afraid lest he should be inclined to dispel these visions of co-operation which were lighting up her father's face with a new hope. But no! He looked so bright and gentle: he must feel, as she did, that in this eagerness of blind age there was piteousness enough to call forth

inexhaustible patience. How much more strongly he would feel this if he knew about her brother! A girl of eighteen imagines the feelings behind the face that has moved her with its sympathetic youth, as easily as primitive people imagined the humours of the gods in fair weather: what is she to believe in, if not in this vision woven from within?

And Tito was really very far from feeling impatient. He delighted in sitting there with the sense that Romola's attention was fixed on him, and that he could occasionally look at her. He was pleased that Bardo should take an interest in him; and he did not dwell with enough seriousness on the prospect of the work in which he was to be aided, to feel moved by it to anything else than that easy, good-humoured acquiescence which was natural to him.

"I shall be proud and happy," he said, in answer to Bardo's last words, "if my services can be held a meet offering to the matured scholarship of Messere. But doubtless"—here he looked towards Romola—"the lovely damigella, your daughter, makes all other aid superfluous; for I have learned from Nello that she has been nourished on the highest studies from her earliest years."

"You are mistaken," said Romola; "I am by no means sufficient to my father: I have not the gifts that are necessary for scholarship."

Romola did not make this self-depreciatory statement in a tone of anxious humility, but with a proud gravity.

"Nay, my Romola," said her father, not willing that the stranger should have too low a conception of his daughter's powers; "thou art not destitute of gifts; rather, thou art endowed beyond the measure of women; but thou hast withal the woman's delicate frame, which ever craves repose and variety, and so begets a wandering imagination. My daughter"—turning to Tito—"has been very precious to me, filling up to the best of her power the place of a son. For I had once a son. . . ."

Bardo checked himself: he did not wish to assume an attitude of complaint in the presence of a stranger, and he remembered that this young man, in whom he had unexpectedly become so much interested, was still a stranger, towards whom it became him rather to keep the position of a patron. His pride was roused to double activity by the fear that he had forgotten his dignity.

"But," he resumed, in his original tone of condescension, "we are departing from what I believe is to you the most important business. Nello informed me that you had certain gems which you would fain dispose of, and that you desired a passport to some man of wealth and taste who would be likely to become a purchaser."

"It is true; for, though I have obtained employment as a corrector with the Cennini, my payment leaves little margin beyond the provision of necessaries, and would leave less but that my good friend Nello insists on my hiring a lodging from him, and saying nothing about the rent till better days."

"Nello is a good-hearted prodigal," said Bardo; "and though, with

that ready ear and ready tongue of his, he is too much like the ill-famed Margites—knowing many things and knowing them all badly, as I hinted to him but now—he is nevertheless ‘abnormis sapiens,’ after the manner of our born Florentines. But have you the gems with you? I would willingly know what they are—yet it is useless: no, it might only deepen regret. I cannot add to my store.”

“I have one or two *intagli* of much beauty,” said Tito, proceeding to draw from his wallet a small case.

But Romola no sooner saw the movement than she looked at him with significant gravity, and placed her finger on her lips,

“Con viso che tacendo dica, Taci.”

If Bardo were made aware that the gems were within reach, she knew well he would want a minute description of them, and it would become pain to him that they should go away from him, even if he did not insist on some device for purchasing them in spite of poverty. But she had no sooner made this sign than she felt rather guilty and ashamed at having virtually confessed a weakness of her father's to a stranger. It seemed that she was destined to a sudden confidence and familiarity with this young Greek, strangely at variance with her deeply-seated pride and reserve; and this consciousness again brought the unwonted colour to her cheeks.

Tito understood her look and sign, and immediately withdrew his hand from the case, saying, in a careless tone, so as to make it appear that he was merely following up his last words, “But they are usually in the keeping of Messer Domenico Cennini, who has strong and safe places for these things. He estimates them as worth at least five hundred ducats.

“Ah, then, they are fine *intagli*,” said Bardo. “Five hundred ducats! Ah, more than a man's ransom!”

Tito gave a slight, almost imperceptible start, and opened his long dark eyes with questioning surprise at Bardo's blind face, as if his words—a mere phrase of common parlance, at a time when men were often being ransomed from slavery or imprisonment—had had some special meaning for him. But the next moment he looked towards Romola, as if her eyes must be her father's interpreters. She, intensely pre-occupied with what related to her father, imagined that Tito was looking to her again for some guidance, and immediately spoke.

“Alessandra Scula delights in gems, you know, father; she calls them her winter flowers; and the Segretario would be almost sure to buy some of Messere's gems if she wished it. Besides, he himself sets great store by rings and sigils, which he wears as a defence against pains in the joints.”

“It is true,” said Bardo. “Bartolommeo has overmuch confidence in the efficacy of gems—a confidence wider than is sanctioned by Pliny, who clearly shows that he regards many beliefs of that sort as idle superstitions; though not to the utter denial of medicinal virtues in gems. Wherefore, I myself, as you observe, young man, wear certain rings, which the discreet Camillo Leonardi prescribed to me by letter when two

years ago I had a certain infirmity of sudden numbness. But thou hast spoken well, Romola. I will dictate a letter to Bartolommeo, which Maso shall carry. But it were well that Messere should notify to thee what the gems are, together with the intagli they bear, as a warrant to Bartolommeo that they will be worthy of his attention."

"Nay, father," said Romola, whose dread lest a paroxysm of the collector's mania should seize her father, gave her the courage to resist his proposal. "Your word will be sufficient that Messere is a scholar and has travelled much. The Segretario will need no further inducement to receive him."

"True, child," said Bardo, touched on a chord that was sure to respond. "I have no need to add proofs and arguments in confirmation of my word to Bartolommeo. And I doubt not that this young man's presence is in accord with the tones of his voice, so that, the door being once opened, he will be his own best advocate."

Bardo paused a few moments, but his silence was evidently charged with some idea that he was hesitating to express, for he once leaned forward a little as if he were going to speak, then turned his head aside towards Romola and sank backward again. At last, as if he had made up his mind, he said in a tone which might have become a prince giving the courteous signal of dismissal,—

"I am somewhat fatigued this morning, and shall prefer seeing you again to-morrow, when I shall be able to give you the secretary's answer, authorizing you to present yourself to him at some given time. But before you go—" here the old man, in spite of himself, fell into a more flattering tone—"you will perhaps permit me to touch your hand? It is long since I touched the hand of a young man."

Bardo had stretched out his aged white hand and Tito immediately placed his dark but delicate and supple fingers within it. Bardo's cramped fingers closed over them, and he held them for a few minutes in silence. Then he said,—

"Romola, has this young man the same complexion as thy brother—fair and pale?"

"No, father," Romola answered, with determined composure, though her heart began to beat violently with mingled emotions. "The hair of Messere is dark—his complexion is dark." Inwardly she said, "Will he mind it? will it be disagreeable? No, he looks so gentle and good-natured." Then aloud again,

"Would Messere permit my father to touch his hair and face?"

Her eyes inevitably made a timid entreating appeal while she asked this, and Tito's met them with soft brightness as he said, "Assuredly," and, leaning forward, raised Bardo's hand to his curls, with a readiness of assent which was the greater relief to her because it was unaccompanied by any sign of embarrassment.

Bardo passed his hand again and again over the long curls and grasped them a little, as if their spiral resistance made his inward vision

clearer; then he passed his hand over the brow and cheek, tracing the profile with the edge of his palm and fourth finger, and letting the breadth of his hand repose on the rich oval of the cheek.

"Ah!" he said, as his hand glided from the face and rested on the young man's shoulder. "He must be very unlike thy brother, Romola: and it is the better. You see no visions, I trust, my young friend?"

At this moment the door opened, and there entered, unannounced, a tall elderly man in a handsome black silk *luccho*, who, unwinding his *becchetto* from his neck and taking off his cap, disclosed a head as white as Bardo's. He cast a keen glance of surprise at the group before him—the young stranger leaning in that filial attitude, while Bardo's hand rested on his shoulder, and Romola sitting near with eyes dilated by anxiety and agitation. But there was an instantaneous change: Bardo let fall his hand, Tito raised himself from his stooping posture, and Romola rose to meet the visitor with an alacrity which implied all the greater intimacy, because it was unaccompanied by any smile.

"*Ebbene, figlioccina*," said the stately man, as he touched Romola's shoulder; "Maso said you had a visitor, but I came in nevertheless."

"It is thou, Bernardo," said Bardo. "Thou art come at a fortunate moment. This, young man," he continued, while Tito rose and bowed, "is one of the chief citizens of Florence, Messer Bernardo del Nero, my oldest, I had almost said my only friend—whose good opinion, if you can win it, may carry you far. He is but three-and-twenty, Bernardo, yet he can doubtless tell thee much which thou wilt care to hear; for though a scholar, he has already travelled far, and looked on other things besides the manuscripts for which thou hast too light an esteem."

"Ah, a Greek, as I augur," said Bernardo, returning Tito's reverence but slightly, and surveying him with that sort of glance which seems almost to cut like fine steel. "Newly arrived in Florence, it appears. The name of Messere—or part of it, for it is doubtless a long one?"

"On the contrary," said Tito, with perfect good humour, "it is most modestly free from polysyllabic pomp. My name is Tito Melema."

"*Davvero?* (Indeed?)" said Bernardo, rather scornfully, as he took a seat, "I had expected it to be at least as long as the names of a city, a river, a province and an empire all put together. We Florentines mostly use names as we do prawns, and strip them of all flourishes before we trust them to our throats."

"Well, Bardo," he continued, as if the stranger were not worth further notice, and changing his tone of sarcastic suspicion for one of sadness, "we have buried him!"

"Ah!" replied Bardo, with corresponding sadness, "and a new epoch has come for Florence—a dark one, I fear. Lorenzo has left behind him an inheritance that is but like the alchemist's laboratory when the wisdom of the alchemist is gone."

"Not altogether so," said Bernardo. "Piero de' Medici has abundant intelligence; his faults are only the faults of hot blood. I love the lad—

lad he will always be to me, as I have always been *padricciuolo* (little father) to him."

"Yet all who want a new order of things are likely to conceive new hopes," said Bardo. "We shall have the old strife of parties, I fear."

"If we could have a new order of things that was something else than knocking down one coat of arms to put up another," said Bernardo, "I should be ready to say, 'I belong to no party: I am a Florentine.' But as long as parties are in question, I am a Mediccan, and will be a Mediccan till I die. I am of the same mind as Farinata degli Uberti: if any man asks me what is meant by siding with a party, I say, as he did, 'To wish ill or well, for the sake of past wrongs or kindnesses.'"

During this short dialogue, Tito had been standing, and now took his leave.

"But come again at the same hour to-morrow," said Bardo, graciously, before Tito left the room, "that I may give you Bartolommeo's answer."

"From what quarter of the sky has this pretty Greek youngster alighted so close to thy chair, Bardo?" said Bernardo del Nero, as the door closed. He spoke with dry emphasis, evidently intended to convey something more to Bardo than was implied by the mere words.

"He is a scholar who has been shipwrecked and has saved a few gems, for which he wants to find a purchaser. I am going to send him to Bartolommeo Scala, for thou knowest it were more prudent in me to abstain from further purchases."

Bernardo shrugged his shoulders and said, "Romola, wilt thou see if my servant is without? I ordered him to wait for me here." Then, when Romola was at a sufficient distance, he leaned forward and said to Bardo in a low, emphatic tone:—

"Remember, Bardo, thou hast a rare gem of thy own; take care no man gets it who is not likely to pay a worthy price. That pretty Greek has a lithe sleekness about him, that seems marvellously fitted for slipping easily into any nest he fixes his mind on."

Bardo was startled: the association of Tito with the image of his lost son had excluded instead of suggesting the thought of Romola. But almost immediately there seemed to be a reaction which made him grasp the warning as if it had been a hope.

"But why not, Bernardo? If the young man approved himself worthy—he is a scholar—and—and there would be no difficulty about the dowry, which always makes thee gloomy."

CHAPTER VII.

A LEARNED SQUABBLE.

BARTOLOMMEO SCALA, secretary of the Florentine Republic, on whom Tito Melema had been thus led to anchor his hopes, lived in a handsome palace close to the Porta a Pinti, now known as the Casa Gherardesca. His arms—an azure ladder transverse on a golden field, with the motto *Gradatim* placed over the entrance—told all comers that the miller's son held his ascent to honours by his own efforts a fact to be proclaimed without wincing. The secretary was a vain and pompous man, but he was also an honest one: he was sincerely convinced of his own merit, and could see no reason for feigning. The topmost round of his azure ladder had been reached by this time: he had held his secretaryship these twenty years—had long since made his orations on the *ringhiera*, or platform, of the Old Palace, as the custom was, in the presence of princely visitors, while Marzocco, the republican lion, wore his gold crown on the occasion, and all the people cried, “Viva Messer Bartolommeo!”—had been on an embassy to Rome, and had there been made titular Senator, Apostolical Secretary, Knight of the Golden Spur; and had, eight years ago, been Gonfaloniere—last goal of the Florentine citizen's ambition. Meantime he had got richer and richer, and more and more gouty, after the manner of successful mortality; and the Knight of the Golden Spur had often to sit with helpless cushioned heel under the handsome loggia he had built for himself, overlooking the spacious gardens and lawn at the back of his palace.

He was in this position on the day when he had granted the desired interview to Tito Melema. The May afternoon sun was on the flowers and the grass beyond the pleasant shade of the loggia; the too stately silk *lucco* was cast aside, and a light loose mantle was thrown over his tunic; his beautiful daughter Alessandria and her husband, the Greek soldier-poet Marullo, were seated on one side of him: on the other, two friends, not oppressively illustrious, and, therefore, the better listeners. Yet, to say nothing of the gout, Messer Bartolommeo's felicity was far from perfect: it was embittered by the contents of certain papers that lay before him, consisting chiefly of a correspondence between himself and Politian. It was a human foible at that period (incredible as it may seem) to recite quarrels, and favour scholarly visitors with the communication of an entire and lengthy correspondence; and this was neither the first nor the second time that Scala had asked the candid opinion of his friends as to the balance of right and wrong in some half score Latin letters between himself and Politian, all springing out of certain epigrams written in the most playful tone in the world. It was the story of a very typical and pretty quarrel, in which we are interested, because it supplied precisely that thistle of hatred necessary, according to Nello, as a stimulus to the sluggish paces of the cautious steed, Friendship.

Politian, having been a rejected pretender to the love and the hand of Scala's daughter, kept a very sharp and learned tooth in readiness against the too prosperous and presumptuous secretary, who had declined the greatest scholar of the age for a son-in-law. Scala was a meritorious public servant, and, moreover, a lucky man—naturally exasperating to an offended scholar; but then—O beautiful balance of things!—he had an itch for authorship, and was a bad writer—one of those excellent people who, sitting in gouty slippers, “penned poetical trifles” entirely for their own amusement, without any view to an audience, and, consequently, sent them to their friends in letters, which were the literary periodicals of the fifteenth century. Now Scala had abundance of friends who were ready to praise his writings: friends like Ficino and Landino—amiable browsers in the Medicean park along with himself—who found his Latin prose style elegant and masculine; and the terrible Joseph Scaliger, who was to pronounce him totally ignorant of Latinity, was at a comfortable distance in the next century. But when was the fatal coquetry inherent in superfluous authorship ever quite contented with the ready praise of friends? That critical, supercilious Politian—a fellow-browser, who was far from amiable—must be made aware that the solid secretary showed, in his leisure hours, a pleasant fertility in verses, that indicated pretty clearly how much he might do in that way if he were not a man of affairs.

Ineffable moment! when the man you secretly hate sends you a Latin epigram with a false gender—hendecasyllables with a questionable elision, at least a toe too much—attempts at poetic figures which are manifest solecisms. That moment had come to Politian: the secretary had put forth his soft head from the official shell, and the terrible lurking crab was down upon him. Politian had used the freedom of a friend, and pleasantly, in the form of a Latin epigram, corrected the mistake of Scala in making the *culex* (an insect well known at the revival of learning) of the inferior or feminine gender. Scala replied by a bad joke, in suitable Latin verses, referring to Politian's unsuccessful snit. Better and better. Politian found the verses very pretty and highly facetious: the more was the pity that they were seriously incorrect, and inasmuch as Scala had alleged that he had written them in imitation of a certain Greek epigram, Politian, being on such friendly terms, would enclose a Greek epigram of his own, on the same interesting insect—not, we may presume, out of any wish to humble Scala, but rather to instruct him; said epigram containing a lively conceit about Venus, Cupid, and the *culex*, of a kind much tasted at that period, but unhappily founded partly on the zoological mistake that the flea, like the gnat, was born from the waters. Scala, in reply, begged to say that his verses were never intended for a scholar with such delicate olfactories as Politian, nearest of all living men to the perfection of the ancients, and of a taste so fastidious that sturgeon itself must seem insipid to him; defended his own verses, nevertheless, though indeed they were written hastily, without correction, and intended as an agreeable distract-

tion during the summer heat to himself and such friends as were satisfied with mediocrity, he, Scala, not being like some other people, who courted publicity through the booksellers. For the rest, he had barely enough Greek to make out the sense of the epigram so graciously sent him, to say nothing of tasting its elegancies; but—the epigram was Politian's: what more need be said? Still, by way of postscript, he feared that his incomparable friend's comparison of the flea to Venus, on account of its origin from the waters, was in many ways ticklish. Venus might be offended, and that cold and damp origin seemed doubtful in the case of a creature so fond of warmth: a fish were perhaps the better comparison, or, when the power of flying was in question, an eagle, or, indeed, when the darkness was taken into consideration, a bat or an owl were a less obscure and more apposite parallel, &c. &c. Here was a great opportunity for Politian. He was not aware, he wrote, that when he had Scala's verses placed before him, there was any question of sturgeon, but rather of frogs and gudgeons: made short work with Scala's defence of his own Latin, and mangled him terribly on the score of the stupid criticisms he had ventured on the Greek epigram kindly forwarded to him as a model. Wretched cavils, indeed! for as to the damp origin of the flea, there was the authority of Virgil himself, who had called it the "*alumnus* of the waters;" and as to what his dear dull friend had to say about the fish, the eagle, and the rest, it was "*nihil ad rem*;" for, because the eagle could fly, it by no means followed that the flea could not fly, &c. &c. He was ashamed, however, to dwell on such trivialities, and thus to swell a flea into an elephant; but, for his own part, would only add that he had nothing deceitful and double about him, neither was he to be caught when present by the false blandishments of those who slandered him in his absence, agreeing rather with a Homeric sentiment on that head—which furnished a Greek quotation to serve as powder to his bullet.

The quarrel could not end there. The logic could hardly get worse, but the secretary got more pompously self-asserting, and the scholarly poet's temper more and more venomous. Politian had been generously willing to hold up a mirror, by which the too-inflated secretary, beholding his own likeness, might be induced to cease setting up his ignorant defences of bad Latin against ancient authorities whom the consent of centuries had placed beyond question,—unless, indeed, he had designed to sink in literature in proportion as he rose in honours, that by a sort of compensation men of letters might feel themselves his equals. In return, Politian was begged to examine Scala's writings: nowhere would he find a more devout admiration of antiquity. The secretary was ashamed of the age in which he lived, and blushed for it. Some, indeed, there were who wanted to have their own works praised and exalted to a level with the divine monuments of antiquity; but he, Scala, could not oblige them. And as to the honours which were offensive to the envious, they had been well earned: witness his whole life since he came in penury to Florence. The elegant scholar, in reply, was not surprised that Scala found the Age

distasteful to him, since he himself was so distasteful to the Age; nay, it was with perfect accuracy that he, the elegant scholar, had called Scala a bianny monster, inasmuch as he was formed from the offscourings of monsters, born amidst the refuse of a mill, and eminently worthy the long-eared office of turning the paternal millstones (*in pistini sordibus natus et quidem pistrino dignissimus*)!

It was not without reference to Tito's appointed visit that the papers containing this correspondence were brought out to-day. Here was a new Greek scholar whose accomplishments were to be tested; and on nothing did Scala more desire a dispassionate opinion from persons of superior knowledge than that Greek epigram of Politian's. After sufficient introductory talk concerning Tito's travels, after a survey and discussion of the gems, and an easy passage from the mention of the lamented Lorenzo's eagerness in collecting such specimens of ancient art, to the subject of classical tastes and studies in general, and their present condition in Florence, it was inevitable to mention Politian, a man of eminent ability indeed, but a little too arrogant—assuming to be a Hercules, whose office it was to destroy all the literary monstrosities of the age, and writing letters to his elders without signing them, as if they were miraculous revelations that could only have one source. And after all, were not his own criticisms often questionable and his tastes perverse? He was fond of saying pungent things about the men who thought they wrote like Cicero because they ended every sentence with "*esse videtur*:" but while he was boasting of his freedom from servile imitation, did he not fall into the other extreme, running after strange words and affected phrases? Even in his much-belauded *Miscellanea*, was every point tenable? And Tito, who had just been looking into the *Miscellanea*, found so much to say that was agreeable to the secretary—he would have done so from the mere disposition to please, without further motive—that he showed himself quite worthy to be made a judge in the notable correspondence concerning the *culex*. Here was the Greek epigram which Politian had doubtless thought the finest in the world, though he had pretended to believe that the "*transmarini*," the Greeks themselves, would make light of it: had he not been unintentionally speaking the truth in his false modesty?

Tito was ready, and sacrificed the epigram to Scala's content. O wise young judge! He could doubtless appreciate satire even in the vulgar tongue, and Scala—who, excellent man, not seeking publicity through the booksellers, was never unprovided with "*hasty uncorrected trifles*," as a sort of sherbet for a visitor on a hot day, or, if the weather were cold, why then as a cordial—had a few little matters in the shape of Sonnets, turning on well-known foibles of Politian's, which he would not like to go any farther, but which would, perhaps, amuse the company.

Enough: Tito took his leave under an urgent invitation to come again. His gems were interesting; especially the agate, with the *lusus naturæ* in it—a most wonderful semblance of Cupid riding on the lion; and the "*Jew's*"

stone," with the lion-headed serpent enchased in it; both of which the secretary agreed to buy—the latter as a reinforcement of his preventives against the gout, which gave him such severe twinges that it was plain enough how intolerable it would be if he were not well supplied with rings of rare virtue, and with an annulet worn close under the right breast. But Tito was assured that he himself was more interesting than his gems. He had won his way to the Scala Palace by the recommendation of Bardo de' Bardi, who, to be sure, was Scala's old acquaintance and a worthy scholar, in spite of his overvaluing himself a little (a frequent foible in the secretary's friends); but he must come again on the ground of his own manifest accomplishments.

The interview could hardly have ended more auspiciously for Tito, and as he walked out at the Porta a Pinti that he might laugh a little at his ease at the affair of the *culex*, he felt that Fortune could hardly mean to turn her back on him again at present, since she had taken him by the hand in this decided way.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FACE IN THE CROWD.

It is easy to northern people to rise early on Midsummer morning, to see the dew on the grassy edge of the dusty pathway, to notice the fresh shoots among the darker green of the oak and fir in the coppice, and to look over the gate at the shorn meadow, without recollecting that it is the Nativity of Saint John the Baptist.

Not so to the Florentine—still less to the Florentine of the fifteenth century: to him on that particular morning the brightness of the eastern sun on the Arno had something special in it; the ringing of the bells was articulate, and declared it to be the great summer festival of Florence, the day of San Giovanni.

San Giovanni had been the patron saint of Florence for at least eight hundred years—ever since the time when the Lombard Queen Theodolinda had commanded her subjects to do him peculiar honour; nay, says old Villani, to the best of his knowledge, ever since the days of Constantine the Great and Pope Sylvester, when the Florentines deposed their idol Mars, whom they were nevertheless careful not to treat with contumely; for while they consecrated their beautiful and noble temple to the honour of God and of the "Beato Messere Santo Giovanni," they placed old Mars respectfully on a high tower near the River Arno, finding in certain ancient memorials that he had been elected as their tutelar deity under such astral influences that if he were broken, or otherwise treated with indignity, the city would suffer great damage and mutation. But in the fifteenth century that discreet regard to the feelings of the Man-destroyer had long vanished: the god of the spear and shield had ceased to frown by the side of the Arno, and the defences of the Republic were held to

lie in its craft and its coffers. For spear and shield could be hired by gold florins, and on the gold florins there had always been the image of San Giovanni.

Much good had come to Florence since the dim time of struggle between the old patron and the new: some quarrelling and bloodshed, doubtless, between Guelph and Ghibelline, between Black and White, between orthodox sons of the Church and heretic Paterini; some floods, famine, and pestilence; but still much wealth and glory. Florence had achieved conquests over walled cities once mightier than itself, and especially over hated Pisa, whose marble buildings were too high and beautiful, whose masts were too much honoured on Greek and Italian coasts. The name of Florence had been growing prouder and prouder in all the courts of Europe, nay, in Africa itself, on the strength of purest gold coinage, finest dyes and textures, pre-eminent scholarship and poetic genius, and wits of the most serviceable sort for statesmanship and banking: it was a name so omnipresent that a Pope with a turn for epigram had called Florentines "the fifth element." And for this high destiny, though it might partly depend on the stars and *Madonna dell' Impruneta*, and certainly depended on other higher Powers less often named, the praise was greatly due to San Giovanni, whose image was on the fair gold florin.

Therefore it was fitting that the day of San Giovanni—that ancient Church festival already venerable in the days of St. Augustine—should be a day of peculiar rejoicing to Florence, and should be ushered in by a vigil duly kept in strict old Florentine fashion, with much dancing, with much street jesting, and perhaps with not a little stone-throwing and window-breaking, but emphatically with certain street sights such as could only be provided by a city which held in its service a clever Cecca, engineer and architect, valuable alike in sieges and shows. By the help of Cecca, the very Saints, surrounded with their almond-shaped glory, and floating on clouds with their joyous companionship of winged cherubs, even as they may be seen to this day in the pictures of Perugino, seemed, on the eve of San Giovanni, to have brought their piece of the heavens down into the narrow streets, and to pass slowly through them; and, more wonderful still, saints of gigantic size, with attendant angels, might be seen, not seated, but moving in a slow mysterious manner along the streets, like a procession of colossal figures come down from the high domes and tribunes of the churches. The clouds were made of good woven stuff, the saints and cherubs were unglorified mortals supported by firm bars, and those mysterious giants were really men of very steady brain, balancing themselves on stilts, and enlarged, like Greek tragedians, by huge masks and stuffed shoulders; but he was a miserably unimaginative Florentine who thought only of that—nay, somewhat impious, for in the images of sacred things was there not some of the virtue of sacred things themselves? And if, after that, there came a company of merry black demons well-armed with claws and thongs, and other implements of sport, ready to perform impromptu farces of bastinadoing and clothes-

tearing, why, that was the demons' way of keeping a vigil, and they, too, might have descended from the domes and the tribunes. The Tuscan mind slipped from the devout to the burlesque, as readily as water round an angle; and the saints had already had their turn, had gone their way, and made their due pause before the gates of San Giovanni, to do him honour on the eve of his *festa*. And on the morrow, the great day thus ushered in, it was fitting that the tributary symbols paid to Florence by all its dependent cities, districts, and villages, whether conquered, protected, or of immemorial possession, should be offered at the shrine of San Giovanni in the old octagonal church, once the cathedral, and now the baptistery, where every Florentine had had the sign of the Cross made with the anointing chrism on his brow; that all the city, from the white-haired man to the stripling, and from the matron to the lisping child, should be clothed in its best to do honour to the great day, and see the great sight; and that again, when the sun was sloping and the streets were cool, there should be the glorious race or Corso, when the unsaddled horses, clothed in rich trappings, should run right across the city, from the Porta al Prato on the north-west, through the Mercato Vecchio, to the Porta Santa Croce on the south-east, where the richest of *Palii*, or velvet and brocade banners with silk linings and fringe of gold, such as became a city that half clothed the well-dressed world, were mounted on a triumphal car awaiting the winner or winner's owner.

And thereafter followed more dancing; nay, through the whole day, says an old chronicler at the beginning of that century, there were weddings and the grandest gatherings, with so much piping, music and song, with balls, and feasts, and gladness, and ornament, that this earth might have been mistaken for Paradise!

In this year of 1492, it was, perhaps, a little less easy to make that mistake. Lorenzo the magnificent and subtle was dead, and an arrogant, incautious Piero was come in his room; an evil change for Florence, unless, indeed, the wise horse prefers the bad rider, as more easily thrown from the saddle; and already the regrets for Lorenzo were getting less predominant over the murmured desire for government on a broader basis, in which corruption might be arrested, and there might be that free play for everybody's jealousy and ambition, which made the ideal liberty of the good old quarrelsome, struggling times, when Florence raised her great buildings, reared her own soldiers, drove out would-be tyrants at the sword's point, and was proud to keep faith at her own loss. Lorenzo was dead, Pope Innocent was dying, and a troublesome Neapolitan succession, with an intriguing, ambitious Milan, might set Italy by the ears before long: the times were likely to be difficult. Still, there was all the more reason that the Republic should keep its religious festivals.

And Midsummer morning, in this year 1492, was not less bright than usual. It was betimes in the morning that the symbolic offerings to be carried in grand procession were all assembled at their starting-point in

the Piazza della Signoria—that famous Piazza, where stood then, and stand now, the massive turreted Palace of the People, called the Palazzo Vecchio, and the spacious Loggia, built by Orcagna—the scene of all grand State ceremonial. The sky made the fairest blue tent, and under it the bells swung so vigorously that every evil spirit with sense enough to be formidable, must long since have taken his flight; windows and terraced roofs were alive with human faces; sombre stone houses were bright with hanging draperies; the boldly soaring palace tower, the yet older square tower of the Bargello, and the spire of the neighbouring Badia, seemed to keep watch above; and below, on the broad polygonal flags of the piazza, was the glorious show of banners and horses, with rich trappings and gigantic *ceri*, or tapers, that were fitly called towers—strangely aggrandized descendants of those torches by whose faint light the Church worshipped in the catacombs. Betimes in the morning all processions had need to move under the Midsummer sky of Florence, where the shelter of the narrow streets must every now and then be exchanged for the glare of wide spaces; and the sun would be high up in the heavens before the long pomp had ended its pilgrimage in the Piazza di San Giovanni.

But here, where the procession was to pause, the magnificent city, with its ingenious Cecca, had provided another tent than the sky; for the whole of the Piazza del Duomo, from the octagonal baptistery in the centre to the façade of the cathedral and the walls of the houses on the other sides of the quadrangle, was covered, at the height of forty feet or more, with blue drapery, adorned with well-stitched yellow lilies and the familiar coats of arms, while sheaves of many-coloured banners drooped at fit angles under this superincumbent blue—a gorgeous rainbow-lit shelter to the waiting spectators who leaned from the windows, and made a narrow border on the pavement, and wished for the coming of the show.

One of those spectators was Tito Melema. Bright, in the midst of brightness, he sat at the window of the room above Nello's shop, his right elbow resting on the red drapery hanging from the window-sill, and his head supported in a backward position by the right hand, which pressed the curls against his ear. His face wore that bland liveliness, as far removed from excitability as from heaviness or gloom, which marks the companion popular alike amongst men and women—the companion who is never obtrusive or noisy from uneasy vanity or excessive animal spirits, and whose brow is never contracted by resentment or indignation. He showed no other change from the two months and more that had passed since his first appearance in the weather-stained tunic and hose, than that added radiance of good fortune, which is like the just perceptible perfecting of a flower after it has drunk in a morning's sunbeams. Close behind him, ensconced in the narrow angle between his chair and the window-frame, stood the slim figure of Nello in holiday suit, and at his left the younger Cennini—Pietro, the erudite corrector of proof-sheets, not Domenico the practical. Tito was looking alternately down on the

scene below, and upward at the varied knot of gazers and talkers immediately around him, some of whom had come in after witnessing the commencement of the procession in the Piazza della Signoria. Piero di Cosimo was raising a laugh among them by his grimaces and anathemas at the noise of the bells, against which no kind of ear-stuffing was a sufficient barricade, since the more he stuffed his ears the more he felt the vibration of his skull, and declaring that he would bury himself in the most solitary spot of the Valdarno on a *festa*, if he were not condemned, as a painter, to lie in wait for the secrets of colour that were sometimes to be caught from the floating of banners and the chance grouping of the multitude.

Tito had just turned his laughing face away from the whimsical painter to look down at the small drama going on among the chequered border of spectators, when at the angle of the marble steps in front of the Duomo, nearly opposite Nello's shop, he saw a man's face upturned towards him, and fixing on him a gaze that seemed to have more meaning in it than the ordinary passing observation of a stranger. It was a face with tanned head, that rose above the black mantle and white tunic of a Dominican friar—a very common sight in Florence; but the glance had something peculiar in it for Tito. There was a faint suggestion in it, certainly not of an unpleasant kind. Yet what pleasant association had he ever had with monks? None. The glance and the suggestion were hardly longer than a flash of lightning.

"Nello!" said Tito, hastily, but immediately added in a tone of disappointment, "Ah, he has turned round. It was that tall, thin friar who is going up the steps. I wanted you to tell me if you knew aught of him?"

"One of the Frati Predicatori," said Nello, carelessly; "you don't expect me to know the private history of the crows."

"I seem to remember something about his face," said Tito. "It is an uncommon face."

"What? you thought it might be our Fra Girolamo? Too tall; and he never shows himself in that chance way."

"Besides, that loud-barking 'hound of the Lord'* is not in Florence just now," said Francesco Cei, the popular poet; "he has taken Piero de' Medici's hint, to carry his railing prophecies on a journey for a while."

"The Frate neither rails nor prophesies against any man," said a middle-aged personage seated at the other corner of the window; "he only prophesies against vice. If you think that an attack on your poems, Francesco, that is not the Frate's fault."

"Ah, he's gone into the Duomo now," said Tito, who had watched the figure eagerly. "No, I was not under that mistake, Nello. Your Fra

* A play on the name of the Dominicans (*Domini Canes*) which was accepted by themselves, and which is pictorially represented in a fresco painted for them by Simone Memmi.

Girolamo has a high nose and a large under-lip. I saw him once—he is not handsome; but this man”

“True to your descriptions!” said Cennini. “Hark! see! Here come the horsemen and the banners. That standard,” he continued, laying his hand familiarly on Tito’s shoulder,—“that carried on the horse with white trappings—that with the red eagle holding the green dragon between his talons, and the red lily over the eagle—is the gonfalon of the Guelf party, and those cavaliers close round it are the chief officers of the Guelf party. That is one of our proudest banners, grumble as we may; it means the triumph of the Guelfs, which means the triumph of Florentine will, which means triumph of the *popolani*.”

“Nay, go on, Cennini,” said the middle-aged man, seated at the window, “which means triumph of the fat *popolani* over the lean, which again means triumph of the fattest *popolano* over those who are less fat.”

“Cronaca, you are becoming sententious,” said the printer; “Fra Girolamo’s preaching will spoil you, and make you take life by the wrong handle. Trust me, your cornices will lose half their beauty if you begin to mingle bitterness with them; that is the *maniera Tedesca* which you used to declaim against when you came from Rome. The next palace you build we shall see you trying to put the Frate’s doctrine into stone.”

“That is a goodly show of cavaliers,” said Tito, who had learned by this time the best way to please Florentines; “but are there not strangers among them? I see foreign costumes.”

“Assuredly,” said Cennini; “you see there the Orators from France, Milan, and Venice, and behind them are English and German nobles; for it is customary that all foreign visitors of distinction pay their tribute to San Giovanni in the train of that gonfalon. For my part, I think our Florentine cavaliers sit their horses as well as any of those cut-and-thrust northerners, whose wits lie in their heels and saddles; and for yon Venetian, I fancy he would feel himself more at ease on the back of a dolphin. We ought to know something of horsemanship, for we excel all Italy in the sports of the *Giostra*, and the money we spend on them. But you will see a finer show of our chief men by and by, Melena; my brother himself will be among the officers of the Zecca.”

“The banners are the better sight,” said Piero di Cosimo, forgetting the noise in his delight at the winding stream of colour as the tributary standards advanced round the piazza. “The Florentine men are so-so; they make but a sorry show at this distance with their patch of fallow flesh-tint above the black garments; but those banners with their velvet, and satin, and minever, and brocade, and their endless play of delicate light and shadow!—*Va!* your human talk and doings are a tame jest; the only passionate life is in form and colour.”

“Ay, Piero, if Satanasso could paint, thou wouldst sell thy soul to learn his secrets,” said Nello. “But there is little likelihood of it, seeing the blessed angels themselves are such poor hands at *chiaroscuro*, if one may judge from their *capo-d’opera*, the Madonna Nunziata.”

"There go the banners of Pisa and Arezzo," said Cennini. "Ay, Messer Pisano, it is no use for you to look sullen; you may as well carry your banner to our San Giovanni with a good grace. 'Pisans false, Florentines blind'—the second half of that proverb will hold no longer. There come the ensigns of our subject towns and signories, Melema; they will all be suspended in San Giovanni until this day next year, when they will give place to new ones."

"They are a fair sight," said Tito; "and San Giovanni will surely be as well satisfied with that produce of Italian looms as Minerva with her peplos, especially as he contents himself with so little drapery. But my eyes are less delighted with those whirling towers, which would soon make me fall from the window in sympathetic vertigo."

The "towers" of which Tito spoke were a part of the procession esteemed very glorious by the Florentine populace, and having their origin, perhaps, in a confused combination of the tower-shaped triumphal car which the Romans borrowed from the Etruscans, with a kind of hyperbole for the all-efficacious wax taper, were also called *ceri*. But inasmuch as all hyperbole is impracticable in a real and literal fashion, these gigantic *ceri*, some of them so large as to be of necessity carried on wheels, were not solid but hollow, and had their surface made not solely of wax, but of wood and pasteboard, gilded, carved, and painted, as real sacred tapers often are, with successive circles of figures—warriors on horseback, foot soldiers with lance and shield, dancing maidens, animals, trees, and fruits, and in fine, says the old chronicler, "all things that could delight the eye and the heart;" the hollowness having the further advantage that men could stand inside these hyperbolic tapers and whirl them continually, so as to produce a phantasmagoric effect, which, considering the towers were numerous, must have been calculated to produce dizziness on a truly magnificent scale.

"*Pestilenza!*" said Piero di Cosimo, moving from the window, "those whirling circles one above the other are worse than the jangling of all the bells. Let me know when the last taper has passed."

"Nay, you will surely like to be called when the *contadini* come carrying their torches," said Nello; "you would not miss the men of the Mugello and the Casentino, of whom your favourite Lionardo would make a hundred grotesque sketches."

"No," said Piero resolutely; "I will see nothing till the car of the Zecca comes. I have seen clowns enough holding tapers aslant, both with and without cowls, to last me for my life."

"Here it comes, then, Piero—the car of the Zecca," called out Nello, after an interval during which towers and tapers in a descending scale of size had been making their slow transit.

"*Fediddio!*" exclaimed Francesco Cei, "that is a well-tanned San Giovanni! some sturdy Romagnole beggar-man, I'll warrant. Our Signory plays the host to all the Jewish and Christian scum that every other city shuts its gates against, and lets them fatten on us like Saint Anthony's swine."

To make clear this exclamation of Cei's, it must be understood that

the car of the Zecca, or Mint, was originally an immense wooden tower or *cero* adorned after the same fashion as the other tributary *ceri*, mounted on a splendid car, and drawn by two mouse-coloured oxen, whose mild heads looked out from rich trappings bearing the arms of the Zecca. But the latter half of the century was getting rather ashamed of the towers with their circular or spiral paintings, which had delighted the eyes and the hearts of the other half, so that they had become a contemptuous proverb, and any ill-painted figure looking, as will sometimes happen to figures in the best ages of art, as if it had been boned for a pie, was called a *fantoccio da cero*, a tower-puppet; consequently improved taste, with Cecca to help it, had devised for the magnificent Zecca a triumphal car like a pyramidal catafalque, with ingenious wheels warranted to turn all corners easily. Round the base were living figures of saints and angels arrayed in sculpturesque fashion; and on the summit, at the height of thirty feet, well bound to an iron rod and holding an iron cross also firmly infixed, stood a living representative of St. John the Baptist, with arms and legs bare, a garment of tiger-skins about his body, and a golden nimbus fastened on his head—as the Precursor was wont to appear in the cloisters and churches, not having yet revealed himself to painters as the brown and sturdy boy who made one of the Holy Family. For where could the image of the patron saint be more fitly placed than on the symbol of the Zecca? Was not the royal prerogative of coining money the surest token that a city had won its independence? and by the blessing of San Giovanni this “beautiful sheepfold” of his had shown that token earliest among the Italian cities. Nevertheless, the annual function of representing the patron saint was not among the high prizes of public life; it was paid for with ten *lire*, a cake weighing fourteen pounds, two bottles of wine, and a handsome supply of light catables; the money being furnished by the magnificent Zecca, and the payment in kind being by peculiar “privilege” presented in a basket suspended on a pole from an upper window of a private house, whereupon the eidolon of the austere saint at once invigorated himself with a reasonable share of the sweets and wine, threw the remnants to the crowd, and embraced the mighty cake securely with his right arm through the remainder of his passage. This was the attitude in which the mimic San Giovanni presented himself as the tall car jerked and vibrated on its slow way round the piazza to the northern gate of the baptistery.

“There go the Masters of the Zecca, and there is my brother—you see him, Melema?” cried Cennini, with an agreeable stirring of pride at showing a stranger what was too familiar to be remarkable to fellow-citizens. “Behind come the members of the Corporation of Calimara,* the dealers in foreign cloth, to which we have given our Florentine finish; men of ripe years, you see, who were matriculated before you were born; and then comes the famous Art of Money-changers.”

* “Arte di Calimara,” “arte” being, in this use of it, equivalent to corporation.
VOL. VI.—NO. 32. 8.

"Many of them matriculated also to the noble art of usury before you were born," interrupted Francesco Cei, "as you may discern by a certain fitful glare of the eye and sharp curve of the nose which manifest their descent from the ancient harpies, whose portraits you saw supporting the arms of the Zecca. Shaking off old prejudices now, such a procession as that of some four hundred passably ugly men carrying their tapers in open daylight, Diogenes-fashion, as if they were looking for a lost quat-trino, would make a merry spectacle for the Feast of Fools."

"Blaspheme not against the usages of our city," said Pietro Cennini, much offended. "There are new wits who think they see things more truly because they stand on their heads to look at them, like tumblers and mountebanks, instead of keeping the attitude of rational men. Doubtless it makes little difference to Maestro Vaiano's monkeys whether they see our Donatello's statue of Judith with their heads or their tails uppermost."

"Your solemnity will allow some quarter to playful fancy, I hope," said Cei, with a shrug, "else what becomes of the ancients, whose example you scholars are bound to revere, Messer Pietro? Life was never anything but a perpetual see-saw between gravity and jest."

"Keep your jest then till your end of the pole is uppermost," said Cennini, still angry, "and that is not when the great bond of our republic is expressing itself in ancient symbols, without which the vulgar—the *popolo minuto*—would be conscious of nothing beyond their own petty wants of back and stomach, and never rise to the sense of community in religion and law. There has been no great people without processions, and the man who thinks himself too wise to be moved by them to anything but contempt is like the puddle that was proud of standing alone while the river lapped by."

No one said anything after this indignant burst of Cennini's till he himself spoke again.

"Hark! the trumpets of the Signoria: now comes the last stage of the show, Melema. That is our Gonfaloniere in the middle, in the starred mantle, with the sword carried before him. Twenty years ago we used to see our foreign *Podesta*, who was our judge in civil causes, walking on his right hand; but our republic has been over-doctored by clever *medici*. That is the Proposto* of the *Priori* on the left; then come the other seven *Priori*; then all the other magistracies and officials of our republic. You see your patron the Segretario?"

"There is Messer Bernardo del Nero also," said Tito; "his visage is a fine and venerable one, though it has worn rather a petrifying look towards me."

"Ah," said Nello, "he is the dragon that guards the remnant of old Bardo's gold, which, I fancy, is chiefly that virgin gold that falls about the fair Romola's head and shoulders; eh, my Apollino?" he added, patting Tito's head.

* Spokesman or Moderator.

Tito had the youthful grace of blushing, but he had also the adroit and ready speech that prevents a blush from looking like embarrassment. He replied at once:—

“And a very Pactolus it is—a stream with golden ripples. If I were an alchemist ——”

He was saved from the need for further speech by the sudden fortissimo of drums and trumpets and fifes, bursting into the breadth of the piazza in a grand storm of sound—a roar, a blast, and a whistling, well befitting a city famous for its musical instruments, and reducing the members of the closest group to a state of deaf isolation.

During this interval Nello observed Tito's fingers moving in recognition of some one in the crowd below, but not seeing the direction of his glance he failed to detect the object of this greeting—the sweet round blue-eyed face under a white hood—immediately lost in the narrow border of heads, where there was a continual eclipse of round contadina cheeks by the harsh-lined features or bent shoulders of an old spadesman, and where profiles turned as sharply from north to south as weathercocks under a shifting wind.

But when it was felt that the show was ended—when the twelve prisoners released in honour of the day, and the very *barberi* or race-horses, with the arms of their owners embroidered on their cloths, had followed up the Signoria, and been duly consecrated to San Giovanni, and every one was moving from the window—Nello, whose Florentine curiosity was of that lively canine sort which thinks no trifle too despicable for investigation, put his hand on Tito's shoulder and said,—

“What acquaintance was that you were making signals to, eh, giovane?”

“Some little contadina who probably mistook me for an acquaintance, for she had honoured me with a greeting.”

“Or who wished to begin an acquaintance,” said Nello. “But you are bound for the Via de' Bardi and the feast of the Muses: there is no counting on you for a frolic, else we might have gone in search of adventures together in the crowd, and had some pleasant fooling in honour of San Giovanni. But your high fortune has come on you too soon: I don't mean the professor's mantle—that is roomy enough to hide a few stolen chickens, but——Messer Endymion minded his manners after that singular good fortune of his; and what says our Luigi Pulci?”

‘Da quel giorno in quà ch'amor m'accese
Per lei son fatto e gentile e cortese.’

“Nello, *amico mio*, thou hast an intolerable trick of making life stale by forestalling it with thy talk,” said Tito, shrugging his shoulders, with a look of patient resignation, which was his nearest approach to anger: “not to mention that such ill-founded babbling would be held a great offence by that same goddess whose humble worshipper you are always professing yourself.”

"I will be mute," said Nello, laying his finger on his lips, with a responding shrug. "But it is only under our four eyes that I talk any folly about her."

"Pardon! you were on the verge of it just now in the hearing of others. If you want to ruin me in the minds of Bardo and his daughter——"

"Enough, enough!" said Nello. "I am an absurd old barber. It all comes from that abstinence of mine, in not making bad verses in my youth: for want of letting my folly run out that way when I was eighteen, it runs out at my tongue's end now I am at the unseemly age of forty. But Nello has not got his head muffled for all that; he can see a buffalo in the snow. *Addio, giovane.*"

CHAPTER IX.

A MAN'S RANSOM.

TITO was soon down among the crowd, and, notwithstanding his indifferent reply to Nello's question about his chance acquaintance, he was not without a passing wish, as he made his way round the piazza to the Corso degli Adimari, that he might encounter the pair of blue eyes which had looked up towards him from under the square bit of white linen drapery that formed the ordinary hood of the contadina at *festa* time. He was perfectly well aware that that face was Tessa's; but he had not chosen to say so. What had Nello to do with the matter? Tito had an innate love of reticence—let us say a talent for it—which acted as other impulses do, without any conscious motive, and, like all people to whom concealment is easy, he would now and then conceal something which had as little the nature of a secret as the fact that he had seen a flight of crows.

But the passing wish about pretty Tessa was almost immediately eclipsed by the recurrent recollection of that friar whose face had some irrecoverable association for him. Why should a sickly fanatic, worn with fasting, have looked at *him* in particular, and where in all his travels could he remember encountering that face before? Folly! such vague memories hang about the mind like cobwebs, with tickling importunity—best to sweep them away at a dash: and Tito had pleasanter occupation for his thoughts. By the time he was turning out of the Corso degli Adimari into a side street he was caring only that the sun was high, and that the procession had kept him longer than he had intended from his visit to that room in the Via de' Bardi, where his coming, he knew, was anxiously awaited. He felt the scene of his entrance beforehand: the joy beaming diffusedly in the blind face like the light in a semi-transparent lamp; the transient pink flush on Romola's face and neck, which subtracted nothing from her majesty, but only gave it the exquisite charm of womanly sensitiveness, heightened still more by what

seemed the paradoxical boy-like frankness of her look and smile. They were the best comrades in the world during the hours they passed together round the blind man's chair: she was constantly appealing to Tito, and he was informing her, yet he felt himself strangely in subjection to Romola with that majestic simplicity of hers: he felt for the first time, without defining it to himself, that loving awe in the presence of noble womanhood, which is perhaps something like the worship paid of old to a great nature-goddess, who was not all-knowing, but whose life and power were something deeper and more primordial than knowledge. They had never been alone together, and he could frame to himself no probable image of love scenes between them: he could only fancy and wish wildly—what he knew was impossible—that Romola would some day tell him that she loved him. One day in Greece, as he was leaning over a wall in the sunshine, a little black-eyed peasant girl, who had rested her water-pot on the wall, crept gradually nearer and nearer to him, and at last shyly asked him to kiss her, putting up her round olive cheek very innocently. Tito was used to love that came in this unsought fashion. But Romola's love would never come in that way: would it ever come at all?—and yet it was that topmost apple on which he had set his mind. He was in his fresh youth—not passionate, but impressible: it was as inevitable that he should feel lovingly towards Romola as that the white irises should be reflected in the clear sun-lit stream; but he had no coxcombry, and he had an intimate sense that Romola was something very much above him. Many men have felt the same before a large-eyed, simple child.

Nevertheless, Tito had had the rapid success which would have made some men presuming, or would have warranted him in thinking that there would be no great presumption in entertaining an agreeable confidence that he might one day be the husband of Romola—nay, that her father himself was not without a vision of such a future for him. His first auspicious interview with Bartolommeo Scala had proved the commencement of a growing favour on the Secretary's part, and had led to an issue which would have been enough to make Tito decide on Florence as the place in which to establish himself, even if it had held no other magnet. Politian was professor of Greek as well as Latin at Florence, professorial chairs being maintained there, although the university had been removed to Pisa; but for a long time Demetrio Calcondila, one of the most eminent and respectable among the emigrant Greeks, had also held a Greek chair, simultaneously with the too predominant Italian. Calcondila was now gone to Milan, and there was no counterpoise or rival to Politian such as was desired for him by the friends who wished him to be taught a little propriety and humility. Scala was far from being the only friend of this class, and he found several who, if they were not among those thirsty admirers of mediocrity that were glad to be refreshed with his verses in hot weather, were yet quite willing to join him in doing that moral service to Politian. It was finally agreed that Tito should be supported in a

Greek chair, as Demetrio Calcondila had been by Lorenzo himself, who, being at the same time the affectionate patron of Politian, had shown by precedent that there was nothing invidious in such a measure, but only a zeal for true learning and the instruction of the Florentine youth.

Tito was thus sailing under the fairest breeze, and besides convincing fair judges that his talents squared with his good fortune, he wore that fortune so easily and unpretentiously that no one had yet been offended by it. He was not unlikely to get into the best Florentine society: society where there was much more plate than the circle of enamelled silver in the centre of the brass dishes, and where it was not forbidden by the Signory to wear the richest brocade. For where could a handsome young scholar not be welcome when he could touch the lute and troll a gay song? That bright face, that easy smile, that liquid voice, seemed to give life a holiday aspect; just as a strain of gay music and the hoisting of colours make the work-worn and the sad rather ashamed of showing themselves. Here was a professor likely to render the Greek classics amiable to the sons of great houses.

And that was not the whole of Tito's good fortune; for he had sold all his jewels, except the ring he did not choose to part with, and he was master of full five hundred gold florins.

Yet the moment when he first had this sum in his possession was the crisis of the first serious struggle his facile, good-humoured nature had known. An importunate thought, of which he had till now refused to see more than the shadow as it dogged his footsteps, at last rushed upon him and grasped him: he was obliged to pause and decide whether he would surrender and obey, or whether he would give the refusal that must carry irrevocable consequences. It was in the room above Nello's shop, which Tito had now hired as a lodging, that the elder Cennini handed him the last quota of the sum on behalf of Bernardo Rucellai, the purchaser of the Cleopatra.

"*Ecco, giovane mio!*" said the respectable printer and goldsmith, "you have now a pretty little fortune; and if you will take my advice, you will let me place your florins in a safe quarter, where they may increase and multiply, instead of slipping through your fingers for banquets and other follies which are rife among our Florentine youth. And it has been too much the fashion of scholars, especially when, like our Pietro Crinito, they think their scholarship needs to be scented and brodered, to squander with one hand till they have been fain to beg with the other. I have brought you the money, and you are free to make a wise choice or an unwise: I shall see on which side the balance dips. We Florentines hold no man a member of an Art till he has shown his skill and been matriculated; and no man is matriculated to the art of life till he has been well tempted. If you make up your mind to put your florins out to usury, you can let me know to-morrow. A scholar may marry, and should have something in readiness for the *morgen-cap*.* Addio."

* A sum given by the bridegroom to the bride the day after the marriage (*Morgengabe*).

As Cennini closed the door behind him, Tito turned round with the smile dying out of his face, and fixed his eyes on the table where the florins lay. He made no other movement, but stood with his thumbs in his belt, looking down, in that transfixed state which accompanies the concentration of consciousness on some inward image.

"A man's ransom!"—who was it that had said five hundred florins was more than a man's ransom? If now, under this mid-day sun, on some hot coast far away, a man somewhat stricken in years—a man not without high thoughts and with the most passionate heart—a man who long years ago had rescued a little boy from a life of beggary, filth, and cruel wrong, had reared him tenderly, and been to him as a father—if that man were now under this summer sun toiling as a slave, hewing wood and drawing water, perhaps being smitten and buffeted because he was not deft and active? If he were saying to himself, "Tito will find me: he had but to carry our manuscripts and gems to Venice; he will have raised money, and will never rest till he finds me out?" If that were certain, could he, Tito, see the price of the gems lying before him, and say, "I will stay at Florence, where I am fanned by soft airs of promised love and prosperity: I will not risk myself for his sake?" No, surely not, *if it were certain*. But nothing could be farther from certainty. The galley had been taken by a Turkish vessel on its way to Delos: *that* was known by the report of the companion galley, which had escaped. But there had been resistance, and probable blood-shed; a man had been seen falling overboard: who were the survivors, and what had befallen them amongst all the multitude of possibilities? Had not he, Tito, suffered shipwreck, and narrowly escaped drowning? He had good cause for feeling the omnipresence of casualties that threatened all projects with futility. The rumour that there were pirates who had a settlement in Delos was not to be depended on, or might be nothing to the purpose. What, probably enough, would be the result if he were to quit Florence and go to Venice; get authoritative letters—yes, he knew that might be done—and set out for the Archipelago? Why, that he should be himself seized, and spend all his florins on preliminaries, and be again a destitute wanderer—with no more gems to sell.

Tito had a clearer vision of that result than of the possible moment when he might find his father again, and carry him deliverance. It would surely be an unfairness that he, in his full ripe youth, to whom life had hitherto had some of the stint and subjection of a school, should turn his back on promised love and distinction, and perhaps never be visited by that promise again. "And yet," he said to himself, "if I were certain—yes, if I were certain that Baldassarre Calvo was alive, and that I could free him, by whatever exertions or perils, I would go now—now I have the money: it was useless to debate the matter before. I would go now to Bardo and Bartolommeo Scala, and tell them the whole truth." Tito did not say to himself so distinctly that if those two men had known the whole truth he was aware there would have been no alternative for him

but to go in search of his benefactor, who, if alive, was the rightful owner of the gems, and whom he had always equivocally spoken of as "lost;" he did not say to himself, what he was not ignorant of, that Greeks of distinction had made sacrifices, taken voyages again and again, and sought help from crowned and mitred heads for the sake of freeing relatives from slavery to the Turks. Public opinion did not regard *that* as an exceptional virtue.

This was his first real colloquy with himself: he had gone on following the impulses of the moment, and one of those impulses had been to conceal half the fact: he had never considered this part of his conduct long enough to face the consciousness of his motives for the concealment. What was the use of telling the whole? It was true, the thought had crossed his mind several times since he had quitted Nauplia that, after all, it was a great relief to be quit of Baldassarre, and he would have liked to know *who* it was that had fallen overboard. But such thoughts spring inevitably out of a relation that is irksome. Baldassarre was exacting, and had got stranger as he got older: he was constantly scrutinizing Tito's mind to see whether it answered to his own exaggerated expectations; and age—the age of a thick-set, heavy-browed, bald man beyond sixty, whose intensity and eagerness in the grasp of ideas have long taken the character of monotony and repetition, may be looked at from many points of view without being found attractive. Such a man, stranded among new acquaintances, unless he had the philosopher's stone, would hardly find rank, youth, and beauty at his feet. The feelings that gather fervour from novelty will be of little help towards making the world a home for dimmed and faded human beings; and if there is any love of which they are not widowed, it must be the love that is rooted in memories and distils perpetually the sweet balms of fidelity and forbearing tenderness.

But surely such memories were not absent from Tito's mind? Far in the backward vista of his remembered life, when he was only seven years old, Baldassarre had rescued him from blows, had taken him to a home that seemed like opened paradise, where there was sweet food and soothing caresses, all had on Baldassarre's knee; and from that time till the hour they had parted, Tito had been the one centre of Baldassarre's fatherly cares.

Well, he had been docile, pliable, quick of apprehension, ready to acquire: a very bright lovely boy, a youth of even splendid grace, who seemed quite without vices, as if that beautiful form represented a vitality so exquisitely poised and balanced that it could know no uneasy desires, no unrest—a radiant presence for a lonely man to have won for himself. If he were silent when his father expected some response, still he did not look moody; if he declined some labour—why, he flung himself down with such a charming, half-smiling, half-pleading air, that the pleasure of looking at him made amends to one who had watched his growth with a sense of claim and possession: the curves of Tito's mouth had ineffable

good humour in them. And then, the quick talent to which everything came readily, from philosophic systems to the rhymes of a street ballad caught up at a hearing! Would any one have said that Tito had not made due return to his benefactor, or that his gratitude and affection would fail on any great demand? He did not admit that his gratitude had failed; but *it was not certain* that Baldassarre was in slavery, not certain that he was living.

"Do I not owe something to myself?" said Tito, inwardly, with a slight movement of his shoulders, the first he had made since he had turned to look down at the florins. "Before I quit everything, and incur again all the risks of which I am even now weary, I must at least have a reasonable hope. Am I to spend my life in a wandering search? *I believe he is dead.* Cennini was right about my florins: I will place them in his hands to-morrow."

When, the next morning, Tito put this determination into act he had chosen his colour in the game, and had given an inevitable bent to his wishes. He had made it impossible that he should not from henceforth desire it to be the truth that his father was dead; impossible that he should not be tempted to baseness rather than that the precise facts of his conduct should not remain for ever concealed.

Under every guilty secret there is hidden a brood of guilty wishes, whose unwholesome infecting life is cherished by the darkness. The contaminating effect of deeds often lies less in the commission than in the consequent adjustment of our desires—the enlistment of our self-interest on the side of falsity, as, on the other hand, the purifying influence of public confession springs from the fact, that by it the hope in lies is for ever swept away, and the soul recovers the noble attitude of simplicity.

Besides, in this first distinct colloquy with himself the ideas which had previously been scattered and interrupted had now concentrated themselves: the little rills of selfishness had united and made a channel, so that they could never again meet with the same resistance. Hitherto Tito had left in vague indecision the question whether, with the means in his power, he would not return, and ascertain his father's fate; he had now made a definite excuse to himself for not taking that course; he had avowed to himself a choice which he would have been ashamed to avow to others, and which would have made him ashamed in the resurgent presence of his father. But the inward shame, the reflex of that outward law which the great heart of mankind makes for every individual man, a reflex which will exist even in the absence of the sympathetic impulses that need no law, but rush to the deed of fidelity and pity as inevitably as the brute mother shields her young from the attack of the hereditary enemy—that inward shame was showing its blushes in Tito's determined assertion to himself that his father was dead, or that at least search was hopeless.

CHAPTER X.

UNDER THE PLANE-TREE.

ON the day of San Giovanni it was already three weeks ago that Tito had handed his florins to Cennini, and we have seen that as he set out towards the Via de' Bardi he showed all the outward signs of a mind at ease. How should it be otherwise? He never jarred with what was immediately around him, and his nature was too joyous, too unapprehensive, for the hidden and the distant to grasp him in the shape of a dread. As he turned out of the hot sunshine into the shelter of a narrow street, took off the black cloth *berretta*, or simple cap with upturned lappet, which just crowned his brown curls, pushing his hair and tossing his head backward to court the cooler air, there was no brand of duplicity on his brow, neither was there any stamp of candour: it was simply a finely formed, square, smooth young brow; and the slow absent glance he cast round at the upper windows of the houses had neither more dissimulation in it, nor more ingenuousness, than belongs to a youthful well-opened eyelid with its unwearied breadth of gaze; to perfectly pellucid lenses; to the undimmed dark of a rich brown iris; and to a pure cerulean-tinted angle of whiteness streaked with the delicate shadows of long eyelashes. Was it that Tito's face attracted or repelled according to the mental attitude of the observer? Was it a cipher with more than one key? The strong, unmistakable expression in his whole air and person was a negative one, and it was perfectly veracious; it declared the absence of any uneasy claim, any restless vanity, and it made the admiration that followed him as he passed among the troop of holiday-makers a thoroughly willing tribute.

For by this time the stir of the Festa was felt even in the narrowest side streets; the throng which had at one time been concentrated in the lines through which the procession had to pass, was now streaming out in all directions in pursuit of a new object. Such intervals of a Festa are precisely the moments when the vaguely active animal spirits of a crowd are likely to be the most petulant and most ready to sacrifice a stray individual to the greater happiness of the greater number. As Tito entered the neighbourhood of San Martino, he found the throng rather denser; and near the hostelry of the *Bertucce*, or Baboons, there was evidently some object which was arresting the passengers and forming them into a knot. It needed nothing of great interest to draw aside passengers unfreighted with a purpose, and Tito was preparing to turn aside into an adjoining street, when, amidst the loud laughter, his ear discerned a distressed childish voice crying, "Loose me! Holy Virgin, help me!" which at once determined him to push his way into the knot of gazers. He had just had time to perceive that the distressed voice came from a young contadina, whose white hood had fallen off in the struggle to get her hands free from the grasp of a man in the parti-coloured dress of a *cerretano*, or conjuror, who was making laughing

attempts to soothe and cajole her, evidently carrying with him the amused sympathy of the spectators, who by a persuasive variety of words, signifying simpleton, for which the Florentine dialect is rich in equivalents, seemed to be arguing with the contadina against her obstinacy. At the first moment the girl's face was turned away, and he saw only her light brown hair plaited and fastened with a long silver pin: but in the next, the struggle brought her face opposite to Tito's, and he saw the baby features of Tessa, her blue eyes filled with tears, and her under-lip quivering. Tessa, too, saw him, and through the mist of her swelling tears there beamed a sudden hope, like that in the face of a little child, when, held by a stranger against its will, it sees a familiar hand stretched out.

In an instant Tito had pushed his way through the barrier of bystanders, whose curiosity made them ready to turn aside at the sudden interference of this handsome young signor, had grasped Tessa's waist, and had said, "Loose this maiden! What right have you to hold her against her will?"

The conjuror—a man with one of those faces in which the angles of the eyes and eyebrows, of the nostrils, mouth, and sharply defined jaw, all tend upward—showed his small regular teeth in an impish but not ill-natured grin, as he let go Tessa's hands, and stretched out his own backward, shrugging his shoulders, and bending them forward a little in a half apologetic, half protesting manner.

"I meant the *ragazza* no evil in the world, Messere: ask this respectable company. I was only going to show them a few samples of my skill, in which this little damsel might have helped me the better because of her kitten face, which would have assured them of open dealing; and I had promised her a lapful of *confetti* as a reward. But what then? Messer has doubtless better *confetti* at hand, and she knows it."

A general laugh among the bystanders accompanied these last words of the conjuror, raised, probably, by the look of relief and confidence with which Tessa clung to Tito's arm, as he drew it from her waist and placed her hand within it. She only cared about the laugh as she might have cared about the roar of wild beasts from which she was escaping, not attaching any meaning to it; but Tito, who had no sooner got her on his arm than he foresaw some embarrassment in the situation, hastened to get clear of observers, who, having been despoiled of an expected amusement, were sure to re-establish the balance by jests.

"See, see, little one! here is your hood," said the conjuror, throwing the bit of white drapery over Tessa's head. "*Orsù*, bear me no malice; come back to me when Messere can spare you."

"Ah! Maestro Vaiano, she'll come back presently, as the toad said to the harrow," called out one of the spectators, seeing how Tessa started and shrank at the action of the conjuror.

Tito pushed his way vigorously towards the corner of a side street, a little vexed at this delay in his progress to the Via de' Bardi, and intending

to get rid of the poor little *contadina* as soon as possible. The next street, too, had its passengers inclined to make holiday remarks at so unusual a pair; but they had no sooner entered it than he said, in a kind but hurried manner, "Now, little one, where were you going? Are you come by yourself to the Festa?"

"Ah, no!" said Tessa, looking frightened and distressed again; "I have lost my mother in the crowd—her and my father-in-law. They will be angry—he will beat me. It was in the crowd in San Pulinari—somebody pushed me along and I couldn't stop myself, so I got away from them. Oh, I don't know where they're gone! Please, don't leave me!"

Her eyes had been swelling with tears again, and she ended with a sob.

Tito hurried along again: the Church of the Badia was not far off. They could enter it by the cloister that opened at the back, and in the church he could talk to Tessa—perhaps leave her. No! it was an hour at which the church was not open; but they paused under the shelter of the cloister, and he said, "Have you no cousin or friend in Florence, my little Tessa, whose house you could find; or are you afraid of walking by yourself since you have been frightened by the conjuror? I am in a hurry to get to Oltrarno, but if I could take you anywhere near——"

"Oh, I *am* frightened: he was the devil—I know he was. And I don't know where to go—I have nobody: and my mother meant to have her dinner somewhere, and I don't know where. Holy Madonna! I shall be beaten."

The corners of the pouting mouth went down piteously, and the poor little bosom with the beads on it above the green serge gamurra heaved so, that there was no longer any help for it: a loud sob *would* come, and the big tears fell as if they were making up for lost time. Here was a situation! It would have been brutal to leave her, and Tito's nature was all gentleness. He wished at that moment that he had not been expected in the Via de' Bardi. As he saw her lifting up her holiday apron to catch the hurrying tears, he laid his hand, too, on the apron, and rubbed one of the cheeks and kissed the baby-like roundness.

"My poor little Tessa! leave off crying. Let us see what can be done. Where is your home—where do you live?"

There was no answer, but the sobs began to subside a little and the drops to fall less quickly.

"Come! I'll take you a little way, if you'll tell me where you want to go."

The apron fell, and Tessa's face began to look as contented as a cherub's budding from a cloud. The diabolical conjuror, the anger and the beating seemed a long way off.

"I think I'll go home, if you'll take me," she said, in a half whisper, looking up at Tito with wide blue eyes, and with something sweeter than a smile—with a child-like calm.

"Come, then, little one," said Tito, in a caressing tone, putting her arm within his again. "Which way is it?"

"Beyond Peretola—where the large pear-tree is."

"Peretola? Out at which gate, *pazzarella*? I am a stranger, you must remember.

"Out at the Por del Prato," said Tessa, moving along with a very fast hold on Tito's arm.

He did not know all the turnings well enough to venture on an attempt at choosing the quietest streets; and besides, it occurred to him that where the passengers were most numerous there was, perhaps, the most chance of meeting with Mouna Ghita and finding an end to his knight-errantry. So he made straight for Porta Rossa, and on to Ognissanti, showing his usual bright propitiatory face to the mixed observers who threw their jests at him and his little heavy-shod maiden with much liberality. Mingled with the more decent holiday-makers there were frolicsome apprentices, rather envious of his good fortune; bold-eyed women with the badge of the yellow veil; beggars who thrust forward their caps for alms, in derision at Tito's evident haste; dice-ers, sharpers, and loungers of the worst sort; boys whose tongues were used to wag in concert at the most brutal street games: for the streets of Florence were not always a moral spectacle in those times, and Tessa's terror at being lost in the crowd was not wholly unreasonable.

When they reached the Piazza d'Ognissanti, Tito slackened his pace: they were both heated with their hurried walk, and here was a wider space where they could take breath. They sat down on one of the stone *panche* or benches which were frequent against the walls of old Florentine houses.

"*Vergiate santissima!*" said Tessa; "I am glad we have got away from those women and boys; but I was not frightened, because you could take care of me."

"Pretty little Tessa!" said Tito, smiling at her. "What makes you feel so safe with me?"

"Because you are so beautiful—like the people going into Paradise—they are all good."

"It is a long while since you had your breakfast, Tessa," said Tito, seeing some stalls near, with fruit and sweetmeats upon them. "Are you hungry?"

"Yes, I think I am—if you will have some too."

Tito bought some apricots, and cakes, and comfits, and put them into her apron.

"Come," he said, "let us walk on to the Prato, and then perhaps you will not be afraid to go the rest of the way alone."

"But you will have some of the apricots and things," said Tessa, rising obediently and gathering up her apron as a bag for her store.

"We will see," said Tito aloud; and to himself he said, "Here is a little contadina who might inspire a better idyl than Lorenzo de' Medici's *Nencia da Barberino*, that Nello's friends rave about; if I were only a Theocritus, or had time to cultivate the necessary experience by unseasonable walks of this sort! However, the mischief is done now: I am so

late already that another half hour will make no difference. Pretty little pigeon!"

"We have a garden and plenty of pears," said Tessa, "and two cows, besides the mules; and I'm very fond of them. But the *patrigno* is a cross man: I wish my mother had not married him. I think he is wicked; he is very ugly."

"And does your mother let him beat you, *poverina*? You said you were afraid of being beaten."

"Ah, my mother herself scolds me: she loves my young sister better, and thinks I don't do work enough. Nobody speaks kindly to me, only the *Pievano* (parish priest) when I go to confession. And the men in the *Mercato* laugh at me and make fun of me. Nobody ever kissed me and spoke to me as you do; just as I talk to my little black-faced kid, because I'm very fond of it."

It seemed not to have entered Tessa's mind that there was any change in Tito's appearance since the morning he begged the milk from her, and that he looked now like a personage for whom she must summon her little stock of reverent words and signs. He had impressed her too differently from any human being who had ever come near her before, for her to make any comparison of details: she took no note of his dress; he was simply a voice and a face to her, something come from Paradise into a world where most things seemed hard and angry; and she prattled with as little restraint as if he had been an imaginary companion born of her own lovingness and the sunshine.

They had now reached the *Prato*, which at that time was a large open space within the walls, where the Florentine youth played at their favourite *Calcio*—a peculiar kind of foot-ball—and otherwise exercised themselves. At this midday time it was forsaken and quiet to the very gates, where a tent had been erected in preparation for the race. On the border of this wide meadow Tito paused and said,

"Now, Tessa, you will not be frightened if I leave you to walk the rest of the way by yourself. *Addio*. Shall I come and buy a cup of milk from you in the *Mercato* to-morrow morning, to see that you are quite safe?"

He added this question in a soothing tone, as he saw her eyes widening sorrowfully, and the corners of her mouth falling. She said nothing at first; she only opened her apron and looked down at her apricots and sweetmeats. Then she looked up at him again, and said complainingly,—

"I thought you would have come, and we could sit down under a tree outside the gate, and eat them together."

"Tessa, Tessa, you little siren, you would ruin me," said Tito, laughing and kissing both her cheeks. "I ought to have been in the *Via de' Bardi* long ago. No! I must go back now; you are in no danger. There—I'll take an apricot. *Addio*!"

He had already stepped two yards from her when he said the last word. Tessa could not have spoken; she was pale, and a great sob was

rising ; but she turned round as if she felt there was no hope for her, and stepped on, holding her apron so forgetfully that the apricots began to roll out on the grass.

Tito could not help looking after her, and seeing her shoulders rise to the bursting sob, and the apricots fall—could not help going after her and picking them up. It was very hard upon him : he was a long way off the Via de' Bardi, and very near to Tessa.

"See, my silly one," he said, picking up the apricots. "Come, leave off crying, I will go with you, and we'll sit down under the tree. Come, I don't like to see you cry ; but you know I must go back some time."

So it came to pass that they found a great plane-tree not far outside the gates, and they sat down under it, and all the feast was spread out on Tessa's lap, she leaning with her back against the trunk of the tree, and he stretched opposite to her, resting his elbows on the rough green growth cherished by the shade, while the sunlight stole through the boughs and played about them like a winged thing. Tessa's face was all contentment again, and the taste of the apricots and sweetmeats seemed very good.

"You pretty bird !" said Tito, looking at her as she sat eyeing the remains of the feast with an evident mental debate about saving them, since he had said he would not have any more. "To think of any one scolding you ! What sins do you tell of at confession, Tessa ?"

"Oh, a great many. I am often naughty. I don't like work, and I can't help being idle, though I know I shall be beaten and scolded ; and I give the mules the best fodder when nobody sees me, and then when the *madre* is angry I say I didn't do it, and that makes me frightened at the devil. I think the conjuror was the devil. I am not so frightened after I've been to confession. And see, I've got a *Breve* here that a good father who came to Prato preaching this Easter blessed and gave us all." Here Tessa drew from her bosom a tiny bag carefully fastened up. "And I think the Holy Madonna will take care of me ; she looks as if she would ; and perhaps if I wasn't idle, she wouldn't let me be beaten."

"If they are so cruel to you, Tessa, shouldn't you like to leave them, and go and live with a beautiful lady who would be kind to you, if she would have you to wait upon her ?"

Tessa seemed to hold her breath for a moment or two. Then she said doubtfully, "I don't know."

"Then should you like to be *my* little servant, and live with me ?" said Tito, smiling. He meant no more than to see what sort of pretty look and answer she would give.

There was a flush of joy immediately. "Will you take me with you now ? Ah ! I shouldn't go home and be beaten then." She paused a little while, and then added more doubtfully, "But I should like to fetch my black-faced kid."

"Yes, you must go back to your kid, my Tessa," said Tito, rising, "and I must go the other way."

"By Jupiter !" he added, as he went from under the shade of the tree,

"it is not a pleasant time of day to walk from here to the Via de' Bardi ; I am more inclined to lie down and sleep in this shade."

It ended so. Tito had an unconquerable aversion to anything unpleasant, even when an object very much loved and desired was on the other side of it. He had risen early ; had waited ; had seen sights, and had been already walking in the sun : he was inclined for a siesta, and inclined all the more because little Tessa was there, and seemed to make the air softer. He lay down on the grass again, putting his cap under his head on a green tuft by the side of Tessa. That was not quite comfortable ; so he moved again, and asked Tessa to let him rest his head against her lap ; and in that way he soon fell asleep. Tessa sat quiet as a dove on its nest, just venturing, when he was fast asleep, to touch the wonderful dark curls that fell backward from his ear. She was too happy to go to sleep—too happy to think that Tito would wake up, and that then he would leave her, and she must go home. It takes very little water to make a perfect pool for a tiny fish, where it will find its world and paradise all in one, and never have a presentiment of the dry bank. The fretted summer shade, and stillness, and the gentle breathing of some loved life near—it would be paradise to us all, if eager thought, the strong angel with the implacable brow, had not long since closed the gates.

It really was a long while before the waking came—before the long dark eyes opened at Tessa, at first with a little surprise, and then with a smile, which was soon quenched by some pre-occupying thought. Tito's deeper sleep had broken into a doze, in which he felt himself in the Via de' Bardi, explaining his failure to appear at the appointed time. The clear images of that doze urged him to start up at once to a sitting posture, and as he stretched his arms and shook his cap he said,—

"Tessa, little one, you have let me sleep too long. My hunger and the shadows together tell me that the sun has done much travel since I fell asleep. I must lose no more time. Addio," he ended, patting her cheek with one hand, and settling his cap with the other.

She said nothing, but there were signs in her face which made him speak again in as serious and chiding a tone as he could command,—

"Now, Tessa, you must not cry. I shall be angry ; I shall not love you if you cry. You must go home to your black-faced kid, or if you like you may go back to the gate and see the horses start. But I can stay with you no longer, and if you cry, I shall think you are troublesome to me."

The rising tears were checked by terror at this change in Tito's voice. Tessa turned very pale, and sat in trembling silence, with her blue eyes widened by arrested tears.

"Look now," Tito went on, soothingly, opening the wallet that hung at his belt, "here is a pretty charm that I have had a long while—ever since I was in Sicily, a country a long way off."

His wallet had many little matters in it mingled with small coins, and he had the usual difficulty in laying his finger on the right thing.



UNDER THE PLANE-TREE

He unhooked his wallet, and turned out the contents on Tessa's lap. Among them was his onyx ring.

"Ah, my ring!" he exclaimed, slipping it on the forefinger of his right hand. "I forgot to put it on again this morning. Strange, I never missed it! See, Tessa," he added, as he spread out the smaller articles, and selected the one he was in search of. "See this pretty little pointed bit of red coral—like your goat's horn, is it not? and here is a hole in it, so you can put it on the cord round your neck along with your *Breve*, and then the evil spirits can't hurt you: if you ever see them coming in the shadow round the corner, point this little coral horn at them, and they will run away. It is a 'buon fortuna,' and will keep you from harm when I am not with you. Come, undo the cord."

Tessa obeyed with a tranquillizing sense that life was going to be something quite new, and that Tito would be with her often. All who remember their childhood remember the strange vague sense, when some new experience came, that everything else was going to be changed, and that there would be no lapse into the old monotony. So the bit of coral was hung beside the tiny bag with the scrap of scrawled parchment in it, and Tessa felt braver.

"And now you will give me a kiss," said Tito, economizing time by speaking while he swept in the contents of the wallet and hung it at his waist again, "and look happy, like a good girl, and then——"

But Tessa had obediently put forward her lips in a moment, and kissed his cheek as he hung down his head.

"Oh, you pretty pigeon!" cried Tito, laughing, pressing her round cheeks with his hands and crushing her features together so as to give them a general impartial kiss.

Then he started up and walked away, not looking round till he was ten yards from her, when he just turned and gave a parting beck. Tessa was looking after him, but he could see that she was making no signs of distress. It was enough for Tito if she did not cry while he was present. The softness of his nature required that all sorrow should be hidden away from him.

"I wonder when Romola will kiss my cheek in that way?" thought Tito, as he walked along. It seemed a tiresome distance now, and he almost wished he had not been so soft-hearted, or so tempted to linger in the shade. No other excuse was needed to Bardo and Romola than saying simply that he had been unexpectedly hindered; he felt confident their proud delicacy would inquire no farther. He lost no time in getting to Ognissanti, and hastily taking some food there, he crossed the Arno by the Ponte alla Carraja, and made his way as directly as possible towards the Via de' Bardì.

But it was the hour when all the world who meant to be in particularly good time to see the *Corso* were returning from the *Borgli*, or villages just outside the gates, where they had dined and reposed themselves; and the thoroughfares leading to the bridges were of course the

issues towards which the stream of sightseers tended. Just as Tito reached the Ponte Vecchio and the entrance of the Via de' Bardi, he was suddenly urged back towards the angle of the intersecting streets. A company on horseback, coming from the Via Guicciardini, and turning up the Via de' Bardi, had compelled the foot passengers to recede hurriedly. Tito had been walking, as his manner was, with the thumb of his right hand resting in his belt; and as he was thus forced to pause, and was looking carelessly at the passing cavaliers, he felt a very thin cold hand laid on his. He started round, and saw the Dominican friar whose upturned face had so struck him in the morning. Seen closer, the face looked more evidently worn by sickness and not by age; and again it brought some strong but indefinite reminiscences to Tito.

"Pardon me, but—from your face and your ring,"—said the friar, in a faint voice, "is not your name Tito Melema?"

"Yes," said Tito, also speaking faintly, doubly jarred by the cold touch and the mystery. He was not apprehensive or timid through his imagination, but through his sensations and perceptions he could easily be made to shrink and turn pale like a maiden.

"Then I shall fulfil my commission."

The friar put his hand under his scapulary, and drawing out a small linen bag which hung round his neck, took from it a bit of parchment, doubled and stuck firmly together with some black adhesive substance, and placed it in Tito's hand. On the outside was written in Italian, in a small but distinct character—

"Tito Melema, aged twenty-three, with a dark, beautiful face, long dark curls, the brightest smile, and a large onyx ring on his right forefinger."

Tito did not look at the friar, but tremblingly broke open the bit of parchment. Inside, the words were—

"I am sold for a slave: I think they are going to take me to Antioch. The gems alone will serve to ransom me."

Tito looked round at the friar, but could only ask a question with his eyes.

"I had it at Corinth," the friar said, speaking with difficulty, like one whose small strength had been sorely taxed, "I had it from a man who was dying."

"He is dead, then?" said Tito, with a bounding of the heart.

"Not the writer. The man who gave it me was a pilgrim, like myself, to whom the writer had entrusted it, because he was journeying to Italy."

"You know the contents?"

"I know them not, but I conjecture them. Your friend is in slavery—you will go and release him. But I cannot say more at present." The friar, whose voice had become feebler and feebler, sank down on the stone bench against the wall from which he had risen to touch Tito's hand.

"I am at San Marco; my name is Fra Luca."

The Cruise of the Confederate Ship "*Sumter*."

(From the Private Journal of an Officer.)

NEW ORLEANS.—June 3, 1861.—This morning the *Sumter* went into commission. The Confederate tricolour with its eleven stars, each star representing a sovereign state, was raised at the peak of the vessel, and duly honoured by a salute from her guns. For the past fortnight strenuous exertions have been used to get her ready to receive her armament, ammunition, stores, coals, &c., in order that she may get to sea before the mouths of the Mississippi are sealed by the blockading fleet of the United States Government. Already reports reach New Orleans that two ships of the enemy—the *Brooklyn* and the *Powhatan*, both steamers, and represented as having powerful batteries and being uncommonly swift—are lying off the mouths of the Mississippi. In the face of these discouraging rumours, the commander of the naval station and his subordinates have at length completed the repairs on the *Habana*, and christened her the *Sumter*—a cherished name to every Southron. Who knows but that this little steamer may bear the Southern flag to distant seas, and win for herself an immortal name? Much is expected of her. Her model is perfectly symmetrical, her masts are long and raking, her spars slender and nicely proportioned. She is a propeller, barque-rigged, carrying five guns—four 32's, and one 68 on a pivot. Her complement of men is 114. She is to be commanded by Captain Semmes, a veteran officer of the old navy. All who know him represent him as being a skilful seaman, a good tactician, an excellent diplomatist, and a brave man.

June 13.—The *Sumter's* trial trip took place to-day. As the ship was cast loose from her moorings and steamed out into the stream, the river's banks were crowded by an applauding multitude. When about ten miles above the city, the guns were tested, with satisfactory results.

June 17.—Sailing orders are momentarily expected. We may sail to-night. How the people flock to see her as the time draws near for her departure!

June 18.—The ship is under sailing orders, and the executive officer is instructed to permit no one to go ashore.

June 19.—Arrived here (opposite Forts St. Philip and Jackson) to-day. On the way to this place stopped at the Barracks to take in powder. Will remain here awhile to perfect the men in their exercises at the guns. After which—why, probably an attempt will be made to run the blockade!

June 24.—(Head of the Passes.)—After remaining anchored a week

between the forts, the welcome order was at length given to heave anchor and get under way. Never was an order more cheerfully obeyed! It is a matter of wonder how human beings can live there. The mosquitoes are greater torments than the ten plagues of Egypt combined! Here, at the Head of the Passes, it is a comparative elysium. The gentle breezes from the Gulf are most refreshing. The mastheads of the ships composing the blockading squadron, can be distinctly seen from aloft. How the *Sumter* will ever get out is a mystery.

June 25.—An officer was sent to-day to reconnoitre the position of the enemy. He and his commander afterwards landed at the light-houses at Pass-a-l'Outre and South Point, destroyed the buildings, and turned adrift all the oil. This daring feat was accomplished under the very eyes of the enemy—the *Brooklyn* and *Powhatan* lying not more than two miles off.

June 28.—Since the *Sumter* left New Orleans the little steamer *Ivy* has acted as her tender. This morning she went down the river to reconnoitre, and soon returned and reported that the coast was clear. Immediately the vessel's anchor was hove up and she was got under way. In less than half an hour she was at the bar. Before crossing it the huge hull of the *Brooklyn* was seen just behind a point of land not far off, with her top-gallant-masts housed. She being too close to render the attempt to run the blockade safe, the *Sumter's* prow was turned in the direction whence she came, and soon afterwards anchored at the Head of the Passes. Here she will wait, as did Micawber, for something to turn up. After all, who knows but that the wicked little *Ivy* brought a false report on purpose to create a little excitement—merely to prevent the boys dying of ennui?

June 29.—To-day a field howitzer—12-pounder—was brought down by the *Ivy* from Fort Jackson, and added to the armament of the *Sumter*.

June 30. 4½ p.m.—The *Sumter* has run the blockade at last! She is now bounding over the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico; and if she does not soon slacken speed, she will ere many days be in the Caribbean Sea. Everything was managed admirably. At two o'clock in the morning the steamer *Empire Parish* dropped alongside, laden with coal, 200 barrels of which were transferred to the *Sumter's* bunkers before daylight. The *Empire Parish* then steamed down the river, returning about eleven o'clock—just as all hands had been piped to muster—with the welcome intelligence that the blockading squadron had disappeared. The *Sumter* was got under way in double quick time. Directly after crossing the bar, the *Brooklyn* was seen in chase of a sailing vessel, which chase she soon abandoned, and shaped her course for the *Sumter*. At this time the latter ship had no sail on, but soon a favourable breeze sprung up, and the order was given to unfurl. The *Brooklyn* followed her example, spreading every yard of canvas that would draw. The speed of the two ships seemed to be about equal, and for more than two hours it was doubtful whether the little "rebel" would come out victor or vanquished. She was sadly out of trim, being too much down by the head, which caused her to plunge greatly, keeping the forecastle con-

tinually covered with spray. To remedy this, the field howitzer, and about 1,500 gallons of water, were thrown overboard. Up to this time the *Sumter* carried only 18 pounds of steam; suddenly the hand of the steam-gauge indicated that it had been increased to 27 pounds. It soon became evident that the *Sumter* was gaining on the Yankee. The *Brooklyn's* hull gradually sank beneath the horizon, but she still continued the chase, until nothing could be seen of her save her white sails—of which she carried a huge quantity. After a chase of four hours her commander saved the credit of his ship as a fast sailer by turning back! As soon as the enemy wore ship, the *Sumter's* crew manned the rigging and cheered ship most heartily.

July 2.—The *Sumter* has steadily continued on her course southward. It is a great relief to be rid of all bustle, and be thus quietly cruising along.

July 3.—This afternoon, about three o'clock, the look-out reported a sail. As it was the first one seen, her appearance was greeted with pleasure. Chase was given; but she proved to be, not a Yankee, but a Spaniard. Her papers were found correct, and she was permitted to continue on her course. Immediately afterwards another sail was descried—the American ship *Golden Rocket*—a fine vessel of about 1,000 tons burden, bound from Havana to Cienfuegos, in ballast. She being a lawful prize, her crew was transferred to the *Sumter*: her spare sails, and a portion of her stores, were taken out of her, and then she was consigned to the flames. The *Rocket's* sails were all set, and the flames leaped into them, dancing a wild fantastic dance from rope to rope. As the fire spread, and took a firmer hold of the doomed ship, the heavens were illumined gloriously. But it was indeed a sad sight to witness the destruction of such a splendid vessel. When last seen she was a mass of flame from bowsprit to taffrail—enveloped in a winding-sheet of fire.

July 4.—This is the anniversary of the birth of freedom in the Western World; and on this day we, seamen of the Confederate States, captured the American brig *Cuba*. First sending on board a prize crew, we took her in tow. Soon afterwards, however, the tow-line parted, when instructions were given to the prize-master to permit none of his men to go aloft, lest an attempt might be made to recapture her, the old crew being still on board. Late this afternoon another vessel—the brig *Machias*—was captured, and given in charge of a prize crew.

July 5.—The sound "Sail ho!" is becoming familiar to our ears. It was heard twice to-day, and each sail was a prize. The names of the vessels are the *Ben Dunning* and *Alibert Adams*, both brigs, and both from Cuban ports, laden with the productions of the tropics. If the *Sumter* continues capturing at this rate, she will soon be compelled to go into port to leave her prizes and get back her men who are in charge of them. It is likely she will put into some Cuban port, near which coast she now is.

July 6.—Success still attends us. Yesterday the bark *Louisa Kilham*,

and the brigs *West Wind* and *Naiad*, were captured. This is doing a wholesale business. The *Sumter* is as attractive to Yankee ships, as the light of a candle is to the fire-fly, and equally as fatal. After the capture of the last-named vessel, we shaped our course for Cienfuegos, Cuba, and anchored near the outer fort, about four o'clock this afternoon. We waited outside until all our prizes, except the brig *Cuba*, which has not yet made her appearance, sailed in; the *Sumter* then followed in their wake, like a mother watchfully protecting her children. All the prizes brought into this port will be taken charge of by the Cuban authorities, subject to the order of the commander of the *Sumter*. This is cheering. The Northerners predicted that no nation with which they were on terms of amity would permit any vessel belonging to the Confederate States to enter their ports.

July 7.—Finished taking in water and coal, and sailed this morning.

July 17.—Arrived off the harbour of St. Anne, island of Curaçoa, yesterday evening, and this morning steamed in—the men attired in their best clothes, the officers in full uniform, the Confederate flag flying, and the commander's whip-like pennant gaily fluttering at her main. Thousands of people are assembled on the quays to see the little stranger. Amicable relations have been established, and the *Sumter* is quite "a lion." She is in need of a few repairs, which will be made before we sail again.

July 24.—The *Sumter* sailed from St. Anne this morning. As she passed the guard-ship cheers were given, which were caught up by the multitudes assembled on either side of the inlet. Not the least gratifying part of this ovation was the waving of handkerchiefs by some of earth's fairest daughters. These friendly manifestations were duly appreciated, as we proved at the time.

July 25.—The old, familiar sound, "Sail ho!" is heard once more. "Star-spangled banner, long may it wave!" Francis Key never uttered this prayer more fervently than do the *Sumter* "rebels;" for they know that wherever "floats that standard sheet" they are sure of a prize. This one is the *Abby Bradford*, a pretty little schooner, hailing from Portland, State of Maine. As she has a full cargo, a prize crew has been put on board, who will take her into the nearest port, the *Sumter* accompanying her.

July 26.—Anchored to-day outside the harbour of Porto Cabello, Republic of Venezuela. Owing to the commander's refusal to comply with a certain port regulation, the authorities would not grant either the *Sumter* or her prize permission to enter the harbour.

July 27.—Being still unable to gain admission into the harbour, the *Sumter* and her prize left Porto Cabello this morning. Not long afterwards, the barque *Joseph Maxwell*, of Philadelphia, was captured. Her cargo being very valuable, and selected with a view to its sale in the West Indies, or the Spanish Main, the *Sumter* returned with her to Porto Cabello. The authorities refused to admit either vessel, but a portion of the crew of the *Maxwell* was allowed to land, being taken charge of by the

United States consul. Thereupon the *Sumter* and the *Maxwell* left the port; and when out at sea, a prize crew was sent on board, with orders to sail for Cienfuegos. At the same time the *Abby Bradford* was despatched to New Orleans, by way of Berwick's Bay.

July 30.—Arrived about noon at Port of Spain, Island of Trinidad.

August 1.—A great number of persons have visited the *Sumter* here. They cannot conceive how it was possible for her to have run the blockade at New Orleans. They had read all the proclamations of the silly President of the Northern Republic, and believed he would make good his threats; and again, they believed that the Northern navy was sufficiently numerous to sweep from the seas every ship of the Southern Confederacy.

August 3.—The British steamer *Cadmus* arrived to-day. She is a staunch-looking vessel, carrying twelve guns. The most friendly intercourse exists between the two commanders and their officers. The remark was made, "The English here treat us more like princes than plain Republican Americans." No tidings have been received of the prize brig *Cuba*, captured off Cienfuegos. Late journals make no mention of her arrival there; and fears are entertained that ill has befallen her.

August 5.—Sailed from Port of Spain.

August 16.—Arrived off the harbour of Cayenne, French Guiana. The commander being unwilling to comply with one of the port laws relative to war vessels, the *Sumter* left during the afternoon. Some of her officers, however, went ashore, and learned that two days before an United States gunboat had been there looking for the *Sumter*.

August 18.—After leaving Cayenne, the vessel's course was shaped for Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana, off which port she signalled for a pilot until sundown; none having arrived at that hour, she came to anchor. About twilight a sail was seen in the distance, approaching the *Sumter*. It was soon apparent that she was a steam war-vessel. Steam was raised, the anchor hove up, all hands beat to quarters, the guns manned, the old charges drawn, and fresh ones put in their places. By the time all these preliminaries had been arranged, it was ascertained by the aid of the night telescope that the strange vessel had anchored. The *Sumter* followed suit; but a vigilant look-out is kept upon the movements of our supposed enemy.

August 19.—Early this morning the look-outs had reported that the steamer outside was under way. Slowly she steamed towards the *Sumter*, seeming to have made every preparation for attack. She had not yet hoisted her flag, neither had the *Sumter*—each commander being apparently desirous of learning the nationality of the other first, and of letting him know, by a death-dealing broadside, that an enemy was at hand. The stranger looked like an American-built vessel, having long mastheads and a sharp overhanging bow. Yes, there was no mistaking her—she must be one of the gunboats sent in search of the *Sumter*. When she was near enough for the number of her guns to be determined, we found that she

carried one gun more than the *Sumter*, and were glad that the disparity was no greater. Slowly and cautiously the vessels neared each other. When not more than a cable's length off, our first lieutenant hailed her in a loud voice, "Ship ahoy!" "Hullo!" was promptly answered. "This is the Confederate States steamer *Sumter*—what vessel is that?" After waiting about half a minute, which seemed an age, the *enemy* replied: "The French steamer *Abbeville*!" Here was a disappointment—after all this preparation for mortal combat, to find, at last, that the supposed enemy was a friend! There was not a single man who would not freely have relinquished all the prize money then due to him, could he have transformed the Frenchman into a Yankee. She was nearer the equal of the *Sumter* than they ever expected to meet again, and the *Sumter* had captured so many merchantmen that it might be said she did not care to meet any other class of vessels. After the Frenchman had given his name, he was asked if he had a pilot. He answered in the negative; and added that it was his intention to go in without one, as he knew the channel well. He did so, and we followed him. Soon after the *Sumter* anchored, one of the Governor's aids came on board to welcome our commander. Several Yankee vessels in port, as soon as the *Sumter* arrived, ran up the stars and stripes.

August 28.—No one belonging to the *Sumter* has cause to complain of the treatment he has received here. Not a day has passed since her arrival but what some demonstration of sympathy for the cause of the South, or of respect and friendship for the commander of the *Sumter*, has taken place. . . . Late advices from Cuba announce that the crew of a small vessel, previously captured by a Southern man-of-war—name not given—had overpowered and murdered the prize crew. It is feared that the "small vessel" alluded to is the brig *Cuba*.

August 29.—We received intelligence this morning that a gunboat, bearing the flag of the United States, had been seen cruising off the mouth of the Surinam—the river on which Paramaribo is situated. If this is true, this vessel is no doubt one of the fleet of cruisers sent in search of the *Sumter*.

August 30.—The *Sumter* steamed out of the harbour, followed by the most cheering evidences of the friendship of the people.

September 5.—(Maranhão.)—After five days' pleasant sailing from Paramaribo, the *Sumter* arrived, without anything having occurred worthy of note, in the domains of the Emperor of Brazil. Found in port two Brazilian men-of-war—between which, and right abreast of an immense fort, she is now at anchor.

September 14.—The *Sumter* has been ready to sail for several days, but has been detained on account of the non-arrival of the mail, which was received yesterday. Its advices confirm the recapture of the brig *Cuba*. The prize crew consisted of two sailors and two marines, the prize-master being Midshipman Hudgins. One of the sailors, Davidson, informed the captain of the brig, who, although a prisoner, was allowed to

remain on board the *Cuba*, that he and the other sailor, Spencer, were willing to lay down their arms and surrender the vessel to him, provided he would guarantee them pardon from the President of the United States. Captain Stroud promised to use his influence to that end, whereupon the sailors delivered up their arms, and tried to persuade the marines to follow their example. They refused, and informed Mr. Hudgins of the treachery of the two sailors. By this time Captain Stroud, having taken measures for regaining possession of the brig, ordered Mr. Hudgins to give up his weapons. He declined to do so, whereupon Captain Stroud made a signal, which was answered by his own men and the renegades. In the meantime, Mr. Hudgins climbed a mast, from which he fired repeatedly at the party on deck, wounding several men, one fatally; however, he himself was wounded in turn, and thus compelled to descend. The two marines gallantly seconded their commander, but were soon overpowered and put in irons—a punishment that was afterwards accorded to the two traitors.

September 15.—Sailed from San Juan de Maranhão, Brazil.

September 25.—The *Sumter* has now ceased to exercise her vocation so long that the Yankee shippers doubtless think she has bidden farewell to the Spanish Main. If Captain Briggs, of the *Joseph Park*, entertained any such opinion, he was undeceived to-day. About three o'clock this afternoon a rakish-looking little barque hove in sight; it was Briggs's brigantine. We were soon alongside of her. When her first-mate made the unpleasant discovery that his neighbour was an armed Confederate vessel, he attempted to give his barque more sea-room; but his efforts availed him not, though he handled his vessel in a very seamanlike manner. The *Joseph Park*, too, was remarkably swift. However, the captain thought it best to heave-to, and haul down the once glorious Stars and Stripes.

September 27.—For the past two days the *Sumter* and her prize have been cruising along under easy sail, both vessels displaying lights at night, and keeping within sight of each other during the day. To-day, however, the *Sumter* dropped alongside of the *Park*, and after the transfer of the prize crew and a portion of her stores to the steamer, she was first used as a target, and then made a bonfire of.

October 22.—Nearly one month has elapsed since the capture of the *Joseph Park*, and not a single sail has been seen during that time. We think of the Yankees' boast, that their sails whiten the ocean!

October 24.—A sail at last! It is a pleasure to see one occasionally, though it may not be one of the kind we are in quest of. To-day a French brig was boarded. The captain being asked the news from the States, replied, "Before I left home I heard they were fighting in America, but I did not learn who were the belligerents, what they were fighting for, or which was the victorious party!" This Gaul certainly takes very little interest in other people's affairs.

October 28.—The cruise of the *Sumter*, during the last month, has been attended with so little success that it seemed her guardian angel had

flown; but to-day she has shown her face again. The blessing she has bestowed on us this time is a pretty little schooner, the *Daniel Trowbridge*, crammed with everything in the eating line we could desire.

October 29.—Early this morning a boat was sent off to the prize for a supply of fresh provisions, and returned with sheep, pigs, potatoes, and an abundance of fowl—luxuries we had not indulged in for a long time. During the excellent dinner we enjoyed to-day, many thanks were expressed for the kindness of Uncle Abe, in thus remembering us in our hour of need—of fresh provisions.

October 31.—Since the capture of the *Trowbridge* everybody has been busy. A portion of the crew has been employed on the prize, breaking out in the hold, to get the provisions required for the ship's use; while another gang has been making room for the reception of new stores. During this time her decks have looked like a compromise between a provision ware-room and a slaughter-house. Such was the condition of the *Sumter* when, this morning, at eight o'clock, a sail was descried. Preparation was immediately made for the chase. The prize crew was recalled from the schooner, with instructions to fire her before they left. We had become tired of the routine of the past three days, and were glad of the opportunity for a change. What a pleasure it is to be in chase of a ship, especially if her captain is a plucky fellow and a good seaman, as was he of the Danish brigantine *Eliza*! After boarding this ship we proceeded on our course.

November 1.—At half past three o'clock this morning a very large and brilliant light was seen from the deck of the *Sumter*. On nearing it, it was discovered to be the burning wreck of the *Trowbridge*. The *Sumter's* course had been changed since she left the schooner in the morning, which accounts for the second meeting of the two vessels—one trim and rakish in appearance, her decks crowded with happy devil-may-care fellows, to whom it mattered not in what direction the prow of their craft was turned; the other a miserable wreck, abandoned to the mercy of the wind and wave, and sending up to heaven masses of smoke and sheets of flame.

November 2.—No fewer than three sail have been overhauled to-day, all carrying the flag of Great Britain. One of them reported the capture of the "pirate" *Sumter*, off Charleston Harbour, after a most determined resistance, in which she was dismasted, and lost more than half her crew.

November 5.—We meet so many vessels under British colours that the question arises—Are not many of them Yankees in disguise? When we were at San Juan de Maranham it was positively asserted that many Yankee skippers had effected, at that port, a bogus sale of their vessels to English merchants, so that when they sailed they would be under the protection of the British flag! How humiliating it must be to be compelled to resort to these shifts! To-day we boarded the British brigantine *Rothsay*, the French brig *Ilène*, and the British ship *Plover*. The captain of the *Plover* asked the boarding officer if he was in search of the *Sumter*—having mistaken her for a Yankee gunboat. The officer, be-

lieving the skipper to be in jest, replied affirmatively. "Then," said the skipper, "it will take a smarter looking craft than yours to catch the *Sumter*; and even if you find her you can't take her!"

November 7.—Boarded another vessel bearing the British flag—no evidence, now-a-days, that she is owned by British subjects: also a French brig.

November 8.—Still another Britisher! The shipbuilders of Albion must have been busy lately.

November 9.—This morning the *Sumter* arrived at Port Royal, island of Martinique. Astern of us is the French gunboat *Achéron*, whose captain paid his respects to the commander of the *Sumter* soon after she anchored.

November 10.—We have learned, since our arrival here, that the United States gunboat reported cruising off the mouth of the Surinam river was the *Keystone State*. The commander made diligent inquiries respecting the whereabouts of the *Sumter*. On learning from one of the pilots that she was up the river at Paramaribo, he immediately put to sea. He acted wisely: for the *Keystone State* is not more than a match for the *Sumter*. In trying to capture her he might have lost his own ship.

November 12.—Our stay in Port Royal will be an era in the cruise of the *Sumter*. The crew were permitted to go ashore, and seemed to have enjoyed themselves in the style peculiar to old salts. It has been hinted that the *Sumter* boys are strong advocates of temperance, inasmuch as they strove to put down every beverage that would intoxicate. They had many furious encounters in endeavouring to enforce their abstemious principles; for several came aboard minus various very necessary articles of wearing apparel. One of them, to show his love of pure cold water, jumped off the wharf and attempted to wade to the ship. Had not a boat been promptly sent to his assistance, he would never more have answered to the muster-roll. After being fished out of the water and deposited in the boat, he attempted to jump out of it, and it required the combined efforts of the crew to prevent it. Seeing that there was danger of the boat being capsized, the commander of the *Achéron* kindly sent his gig to tow the boat alongside of the *Sumter*.

November 13.—(St. Pierre.)—We arrived here about noon, having left Port Royal in the morning. Being unable to procure coal at the latter port, it was necessary to come hither. As there are so many Yankee cruisers around the West Indies the *Sumter* will not prolong her stay here. A few days before the *Sumter* reached Port Royal the United States war steamer *Iroquoise* put in there, but stayed only long enough to inquire after the *Sumter*. She was described as a gunboat of the largest class, carrying guns of the heaviest calibre.

November 14.—The *Iroquoise* has arrived! When first opening the harbour she was disguised; her yards were braced every way, the Danish flag flying at her peak. But this ruse did not deceive us, for many of us had seen her before. Having taken her position in front of the harbour she hoisted the Stars and Stripes; while some of her crew set to work at

something on her forecastle—doubtless mounting the forward pivot gun, a 120-pounder. The *Iroquoise* is a magnificent-looking craft, bark rigged, carrying six heavy guns. As soon as she hoisted the United States flag, crowds of people collected on the quays, to get a good look at her, some of them even expecting that she would give us battle then and there. Preparations were immediately made for this event. Our ship was cleared for action. The carpenter's gang were set to work making shot plugs. At twilight, all hands were mustered on the quarter-deck, where small arms were served out; and look-outs were doubled fore and aft.

November 15.—Last night about 11 o'clock the *Iroquoise* was seen slowly approaching the *Sumter*. Immediately all hands were called with as little noise as possible. No drum beat to quarters; but "Boys, rouse up, the *Iroquoise* is alongside ready to grapple us!" was sufficient to clear the gun-deck of hammocks in a remarkably short space of time. The gun-deck, being already cleared for action, was properly lighted; the guns were manned, the magazine was opened, and the surgeon and his assistant "stood by." Our big pivot gun bore directly on the *Iroquoise*; and her crew (the picked men of the ship) made a picture not easily forgotten, as they stood about her, every man with a revolver in his belt and a cutlass at his side. It was thought that the *Iroquoise* would undertake to board us in boats. Had the attempt been made, the Yankees would have met with a warm reception. Captain Palmer went ashore directly after his arrival, and boasted that as he had been sent after the *Sumter*, he intended to take her. He even had the assurance to ask permission of the authorities to capture her in the harbour. To this modest request, he received for an answer: "The *Sumter* can remain in our port, and receive the protection of our flag, during the pleasure of her commander, but if she, or the *Iroquoise*, violates the neutrality of the port, the guns of our forts shall be turned against her." From this we inferred that Captain Palmer might endeavour to carry his point by stratagem. The boys knew that once in the hands of the Yankees they could not expect any other than the most brutal treatment, and, remembering the fate of the *Savannah's* crew, resolved never to give up the ship. Death is preferable to capture. . . . Seeing that the commander of the *Sumter* and his little crew were as wide awake as himself, Captain Palmer wisely concluded to defer the attack. As the *Iroquoise* wore round and stood out to sea, our men were ordered to leave their quarters. Some of them took their hammocks below, to finish their night's sleep, others turned into the hammock nettings, or lay upon the deck, all with their arms girded on them or within reach. A few loitered about, discussing the probability of another visit from our friends. The *Iroquoise* dropped alongside of us about one o'clock, and again at three o'clock in the morning, but attempted nothing.—The French gunboat *Achéron*, 8 guns, arrived to-day from Port Royal. The commander paid his respects to our captain, through one of his officers, soon after she came to anchor, which courtesy was reciprocated. It is understood that the *Achéron* will have no com-

munication with the *Iroquoise*, nor permit her to communicate with the shore, otherwise than by signals, until she anchors.

November 16.—The *Iroquoise* dropped anchor to-day. Thereupon the commander of the *Achéron* sent an officer aboard to confer with Captain Palmer. The result of the conference is that the *Iroquoise* must come to anchor, or else must go three miles outside of the harbour. Immediately after the departure of the officer the *Iroquoise* hove anchor for a cruise in the harbour.

November 17.—The time having arrived for the *Iroquoise* either to anchor or leave the harbour, she chose the latter alternative, and is now three miles outside.

November 19.—The *Iroquoise* still hovers about us. The harbour, like that of New Orleans, is crescent-shaped, but the points are more clearly defined than those of the Crescent City. Between these two points of land, about three miles apart, the *Iroquoise* has taken her position, and is continually steaming from one to the other. It reminds one of a big bully swaggering in front of a little man's door, and daring him to come out and fight.

November 22.—The *Sumter* raised steam late this afternoon to test the repairs that have been made on her machinery. Seeing the smoke, the *Iroquoise*, after dark, came in much nearer than usual. We learned to-day that several of the crew of the *Joseph Park* and *Daniel Troubridge*, put ashore at Port Royal by the *Sumter*, but afterwards sent to this place by the United States Consul, are now serving on the *Iroquoise*. Before they left the *Sumter* they all spoke gratefully of the treatment they had received, and solemnly swore not to take up arms against the Confederate States during the present struggle.

November 23.—The *Sumter* is once more in blue water! Every preparation having been made, the ship being in good sailing trim, a portion of her stores placed on the spar deck, to be hove overboard to lighten her in case it was necessary, precisely as the eight o'clock gun was fired, she slipped her anchor and steamed slowly out to sea, keeping close under cover of the land. Scarcely had her propeller revolved a dozen times before a blue light appeared at the masthead of the only Yankee ship in port. Then a second signal was displayed on shore, and then another. The engine was stopped. The *Sumter* was now abreast of the French war steamer, which was under the guns of the fort, but nothing could be seen of the *Iroquoise*. The engine was again started; our ship moving very slowly, and still closely hugging the land. When nearly opposite the southern point, the *Iroquoise* was seen bearing down on us; but as we were so completely under cover of the land, it was not likely that she saw us. The *Sumter's* prow was turned in the direction of the other point, but afterwards she ran closer into the harbour, all the time watching every movement of the *Iroquoise*. Seeing that she was still watching the southern point, the *Sumter* shot across to the northern point at her fullest speed. Just before she reached the point a vessel was seen a little ahead

of her. The engine was again stopped to determine the character of this craft. The darkness was so intense that it was impossible to make her out at first. A blundering quartermaster pronounced her to be an armed steamer; after a minute of anxious suspense, she was transformed into a sailing frigate, lying broadside on; and finally, while we were in momentary expectation of attack, she proved to be a harmless little fore and aft schooner. About a quarter of an hour was lost in making out this vessel. The engine was again set in motion, and in a few minutes the *Sumter* was rounding the point. After she passed Diamond Rock she gave the land a wider berth, heading for the open sea. Even at this moment we could scarcely realize that the wide-awake Captain Palmer could be foiled so easily. Did he wait until morning watching the southern point? or did he give chase to an imaginary *Sumter*? It will be hard to convince him now that the rebels did not leave St. Pierre either by the overland or the underground route. . . . The *Sumter* passed the Island of Dominique at 10.35. Allowing for the detention at the point, she made the thirty miles in two hours; this is good time, considering that she encountered a head wind and a rough sea. The boys refuse to call this running the blockade; they say it was merely a little Saturday night's frolic, and it would be nothing but right to return and give Captain Palmer another chance of promotion. It should have been stated that a large and brilliant light, which was placed astern of the *Sumter*, in the window of a building near the Cathedral, every night after the arrival of the *Iroquoise*, was hauled down as soon as the former got under weigh. Four lights, seemingly on a flag-staff, were placed one above another, on a housetop, supposed to be that of the United States Consul; after being displayed about five minutes they were put out, one at a time. The vessel that raised a blue light to her masthead was the same one that hauled down the British flag, which she had flown ever since the *Sumter* had been in port, and hoisted her proper colours, the Stars and Stripes, as soon as the *Iroquoise* arrived.

November 25.—To-day we captured the ship *Montmorenci*, of Bath, Me., with a cargo of 1,800 tons of coal, consigned to British residents in St. Thomas. Her captain executed a bond to the value of the ship in favour of the commander of the *Sumter*. After taking from her her papers and colours, she was permitted to continue on her course.

November 26.—Captured and burned the schooner *Arcade*, of Portland, Me.

December 3.—Early this morning a large ship was overhauled—the *Vigilant*, bound to Sombrero Island for guano. Her crew, all blacks, were terribly frightened at seeing the *Sumter*. When the prize-crew boarded her the negroes could hardly be prevented from jumping overboard, and when they came aboard the *Sumter* they acted as though their hour had come. Some of them verily believed that they would have to walk a plank. The *Vigilant* was stripped of everything we wanted, and then fired. We took from her a nine-pounder rifle gun, which is mounted

on the fore-castle, in place of the one hove overboard in running the blockade of the Mississippi.

December 8.—Maine has given us three ships this week; now it is the turn of the old Bay State. A bark, fitted out for a three years' whaling voyage, was made a bonfire of to-day. She was fourteen days out from New Bedford. She had sprung a leak, which kept the men continually at the pumps; some of them were in an almost exhausted condition. The approach of the *Sumter* was hailed with joy.

December 14.—For several days past we have had rough weather; and last night it blew a perfect hurricane. Early in the evening all the hatches were battened down, and the guns secured—precautions which were taken not a moment too soon. At midnight the gale raged with extraordinary violence. Wind and waves seemed to have entered into a league to destroy us. At one o'clock this morning a sea struck her forward, staving in the bulwarks on the starboard side of the gun deck, and carrying away one of the stanchions to which the bow guns were partly secured. The gun, a thirty-two pounder, finding itself adrift, started off on a cruise on its own account. It was soon captured, however, and carried back to its old quarters. The hole in the ship's side was temporarily repaired, by which time the flying jibboom was sprung; however, we got it rigged in, and all the oar and the jib were saved in good condition. Just before daylight the storm began to abate, but even now (11 A.M.) the ship is pitching terribly showing her keel to the skies and her decks to the fishes. The *Sumter* in passing through this ordeal, proved herself a much better sea-boat than many of us even hoped to find her.

December 25.—Christmas! In the South, this year, Christmas is not likely to be celebrated as in the old days. It will probably be turned into a day of fasting and mourning, and prayers will ascend for the repose of the souls of those who have fallen in battle, and for the safety of the thousands of fathers, husbands, and brothers whose lives are staked for their country's cause. We, here in the Western Ocean, have passed a sad day—a miserable imitation of Christmas.

December 28.—The British bark *Rouchabuctoo*, of Aberdeen, was boarded to-day. She brought intelligence of the burning, in the British Channel, of the American packet-ship *Harvey Birch*, by a side-wheel steamer carrying the Confederate flag, and supposed to be the *Nashville*.

December 29.—In the track of vessels again. To-day the Southern flag exchanged courtesies with the shipping of many nations—British, French, Dutch, Prussian, &c.—twenty-seven sail in all. Out of this number not a single Yankee! If the terrible *Nashville* has captured them all on this side of the Atlantic, the *Sumter* will have to return to her old cruising ground in the Caribbean Sea.

December 30.—The *Sumter* has been half a year out from New Orleans to-day. Since that date she has run two blockades, and evaded the vigilance of the fleet of gunboats which have been searching for

her all over the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. She has captured sixteen valuable prizes; visited ports in Cuba, Curaçoa, Trinidad, Martinique, Venezuela, Dutch and French Guiana, and Brazil. A still more creditable feat is that of crossing the Atlantic in the dead of winter; for the *Sumter* is anything but a staunch ship. What a reflection it is on the vaunted efficiency of the United States navy, that a little bark of less than 500 tons, with a crew of only 114 men, should for six months prey upon its shipping without having once to fight for it! Her success in running the blockade of St. Pierre may be attributed to a lack of vigilance on the part of Captain Palmer. In fact, it was the stupidity of his friends on shore that deceived him. He would have done well by imitating the *Sumter* in muffling his lights. He should have remembered how that mighty warrior of olden times, Gideon, with only 300 men, put to flight the hosts of Midian: it was merely by the judicious use of lights!

January 3, 1862.—Several vessels have been seen, but the sea was too rough to overhaul them.

January 4.—We have arrived at Cadiz. We steamed in without a pilot, though one towed astern, and gave directions as to the channel, not daring to venture on to her decks until she had been boarded by the health officers. These gentlemen have ordered the *Sumter* into quarantine for three days.

January 5.—This morning our commander was ordered to leave the port within twenty-four hours. He refused to obey this strange order. The *Sumter* is not in a seaworthy condition, being very leaky. It is a flagrant violation of international law to withhold succour from a distressed vessel, even though she belongs to an enemy, and in time of war. If any doubt existed as to whether an attempt would be made to enforce this mandate, it is now removed. Towards nightfall a large frigate steamed down from the inner bay—the rendezvous of the Spanish war vessels—and anchored near the *Sumter*. It is madness to expect that the *Sumter* would be the victor in an engagement with *her*. Notwithstanding this, our commander will not leave this port until his vessel is repaired.

January 6.—The hour fixed for our departure has come and gone. This morning the authorities informed us that the Spanish Cabinet had refused to sanction their action; and therefore the *Sumter* would be permitted to remain in the port of Cadiz. Soon afterwards the frigate hove anchor and left. Thus ends this miserable farce. Our commander is destined to be popular with the Spaniards: they invariably honour those whom they cannot bully.

January 7.—This afternoon the prisoners captured on board the *Arcade*, the *Vigilant*, and the *Eben Dodge*—forty-three in all—were sent ashore, the captains of the respective vessels having previously made arrangements with the United States Consul for sending them away. We heartily wish them a pleasant passage home.

January 12.—Steamed about fifteen miles up the inlet to the Government navy yard, where the *Sumter* is to be thoroughly overhauled, for repairs.

January 14.—The ship has been carefully inspected, and as she is not so much in need of repairs as was anticipated, she will haul out of dock to-morrow. She looks no less beautiful out of water than in it. Her great length, in proportion to her beam, gives her the appearance of a much larger vessel than she really is.

January 15.—Hauled out of dry dock and were towed down to the city.

January 16.—Seven of the crew have deserted here; and so the commander, hearing that much discontent existed in the ship, ordered all hands to be assembled and addressed them as follows:—"I have had you mustered to tell you that I have just received a despatch from our commissioner in London. He has sent us money and clothing, which are on the way, and will be here in a few days. When they come to hand you will get liberty and money, and will have your run on shore as heretofore. I have endeavoured to make you as comfortable as the circumstances of the ship would allow. I am deeply grieved that any of my crew should feel themselves so ill-treated or badly provided for as to desert their colours; not only desert, but to basely sell themselves to the enemy. I will now read to you the law of the Confederate States navy for the punishment of desertion." After reading the clause making desertion punishable with death, he continued, "If I catch any of those deserters I will execute them at the yard arm. The law leaves me no other alternative. I thought the *Sumter* had acquired some little reputation that would attach her crew to her. The enemy have been chasing you hither and thither. They have been searching for you all over the world; this fact alone should teach you the importance the enemy attach to your capture. You are well thought of by our own Government, and throughout Europe. Almost every newspaper I see contains some flattering notice of the *Sumter*; and the time will come when it will be thought no little credit to have served on her. Now, any of you who wish to leave can do so. I will not send officers in the boats to watch you. I do not wish to command a prison ship. I would much rather a man would desert our flag now, in port, than desert his gun in time of action. I will not have such men: I can dispense with all such dross." Then, after calling upon several of the men, upon whom he conferred rates for their good conduct, he ordered all hands to be piped down. The captain's address was delivered with deep emotion, and evidently had the effect of buoying up the spirits of those who were dispirited, if any there were. The United States Consul offers tempting inducements to all who will desert the *Sumter*. He has runners who besiege every boat we send ashore, and who employ every means (except force) to persuade the men to leave.

January 17.—Owing to our inability to procure what we required in Cadiz, we sailed thence to Gibraltar, only eighty miles distant, which we will reach to-morrow. The conduct of the Spaniards towards us has been so vacillating as to be the source of much annoyance. The day after the arrival of the *Sumter*, objection was made to her remaining longer

than twenty-four hours. To the order to leave, our commander answered that the Queen's proclamation did not apply to vessels in distress; that he would not endanger the lives of his command by going to sea in the condition his vessel was then in. In order to force him to respect this mandate a mammoth frigate was menacingly stationed near the *Sumter*. When the hour for our departure came, the Spaniards magnanimously granted us permission to remain. Next she was hauled into one of the Government docks, the officials as polite as Parisians, and seemingly fearful of their inability to pay sufficient deference to our commander. After undergoing slight repairs, the *Sumter* was towed down to the city. Here she procured a supply of water, but not a bucket of coal, the sale of it being positively forbidden. The commander was again ordered to leave within two hours. Six hours thereafter the authorities notified him verbally that he could remain and get everything he required. He replied that he desired nothing from the Spaniards, and would have no further intercourse with them. The written permission of the authorities was promised, and declined. Soon after the messenger had left the ship, we got under weigh. When abreast of the outer port the *Sumter* was hailed by a row boat, the oarsmen bending to their work as though their lives depended on the delivery of the huge papers held aloft by an official in the bow of the boat. Great must have been his astonishment on learning that this document was not worth stopping for!

January 18.—We are under the guns of Gibraltar the impregnable. We did not make the harbour until after nightfall, having been detained overhauling a couple of Yankees—the barques *Neapolitan* and *Investigator*. The crew of the former were transferred to the latter, when, after taking from her her papers and colours, she proceeded on her voyage. The *Investigator's* cargo was consigned to English merchants; hence her release. While we were taking from the *Neapolitan* what was necessary for the ship's use, we drifted within three miles of the coast of Morocco, where she was burned. Soon after we anchored, the senior naval officer of this station sent off a boat, tendering his respects, and inquiring if he could be of any service to the commander of the *Sumter*.

January 19.—We have received numerous visitors from the British steam frigate *Scylla*. They expressed surprise that so small a craft should create such a noise in the world. The old saying, that birds of a feather will flock together, is well exemplified in the visits of men-of-war's men to each other.

January 21.—The barque *Investigator*, after she was released by the *Sumter*, on the 18th, put into this port, and landed the crew of the *Neapolitan*. She sailed to-day for Liverpool. As soon as the *Sumter* arrived, the commander was notified that he would not be permitted to land any prisoners of war. As *passengers*, however, there was no objection to landing them from the barque!

February 12.—The United States gunboat *Tuscarora*, which, for several weeks, has been watching the Confederate States steamer *Nash-*

ville at Southampton, made her appearance here about noon. She is sent hither to watch the *Sumter*, and is now at anchor about half a mile astern of us. She is a new vessel, nearly three times the size of the *Sumter*, and carries nine guns, two of them of the heaviest calibre known to the Northern navy. However, she is not too big to be eluded.

February 13.—The *Tuscarora* has steamed over to the Spanish side. This Captain Craven no doubt considers a shrewd move, for, being in Spanish waters, he will have the right to leave at the same hour that the *Sumter* does.

February 21.—The paymaster of the *Sumter* left here in a French steamer, on the 18th, for Cadiz. He was accompanied by a Southerner, who was formerly United States Vice-Consul at Cadiz, but resigned on the inauguration of the rail-splitting President of the Northern Confederacy. The steamer stopped at Tangiers, in Morocco, and these two gentlemen went ashore, when they were arrested by a posse of soldier-policemen, and dragged to the residence of the United States Consul, where they were incarcerated in irons, as though they were guilty of a heinous crime. With Morocco, as with most Mahomeddan countries, Christian powers have stipulated that their citizens and subjects shall not be amenable to the laws of the Moslem, but remain under the jurisdiction of the representatives of their respective Governments. These gentlemen had, of course, no suspicion that such an act could be perpetrated in the territory of a neutral power, notwithstanding the existence of this custom, or they never would have exposed themselves to the treatment they have experienced.

February 22.—A letter has been received from the paymaster, announcing that he had made his escape, but was afterwards recaptured. He states that his treatment is of the harshest kind, and is rendered still more unendurable by many indignities.

February 23.—We raised steam to-day to go alongside of a coal-ship. While the vessel was being unmoored an accident occurred to one of the boilers, of so serious a nature as to compel us to postpone taking in our supply of coals for a few days. The boilers are well nigh worn out.

February 24.—By the last steamer from England we are in receipt of the London *Times* of a recent date, containing statements made by Captains Smith, Minott, and Hoxie, whose vessels,—the *Arcade*, *Vigilant*, and *Eben Dodge*,—were captured and destroyed at sea on the *Sumter's* passage across the Atlantic. They complain of the filthy condition of the vessel, and of their being messed with the petty officers. Now the truth is that they messed with the warrant officers, whose mess-room, although situated forward, on the orlop deck, was as comfortable and commodious as the size of the ship would allow. For obvious reasons they were not quartered in the cabin or ward-room. When the *Eben Dodge*, Captain Hoxie's ship, was captured, she was in a sinking condition. Her men were so worn at the pump that half of them were helpless, and their health was as carefully attended to by our surgeon and his assistant as that of our own men.

Captain Hoxie also complained that his crew were robbed of all their clothing, except one suit. The *Eben Dodge* had an outfit of clothing for three years. This clothing was the property of the owners of the ship, put aboard to be served out to the crew as they might require it, and to be charged to their respective accounts. The *Dodge*, when captured, became the property of the Confederate States, with all her tackle and stores; nevertheless, the crew were permitted to retain two suits besides those they wore at the time of capture.

February 28—Several days ago a large sailing war-vessel made her appearance off this harbour. She bears the Stars and Stripes, and appears to be heavily armed. She sailed to-day.

March 1.—The unknown war-vessel spoken of above is the United States sloop-of-war *Ino*, 23 guns. When she left yesterday, she sailed across the strait to Tangiers, and took aboard the paymaster of the *Sumter*. She afterwards returned and anchored in Spanish waters, off Algeciras, whence she sailed to-day for the States, leaving to the *Tuscarora* the pleasant duty of looking after the *Sumter*. The *Ino* is said to be a merchantman transformed into a war-vessel. The intention of the shrewd secretary of the Northern navy was to send her into the Mediterranean, where she would be likely to encounter the *Sumter*. The *Sumter*, of course, would drop alongside of her, thinking her an ordinary merchant ship, when the batteries of the *Ino* would open on her, and, with a single broadside, blow the *Sumter* into a million of pieces.

March 10.—There has been considerable movement among the Northern war-vessels in these and adjacent waters during the past few days. The *Kearsarge*, Commander Pickering, seven guns, which arrived at Algeciras on the 7th, steamed over and anchored astern of us on the following day. Being ordered to leave yesterday, she returned to the Spanish side. Her guns were all run in, and the ports closed, but at every air and light-port a dozen heads could be seen, every eye strained to catch a glimpse of the little blockade-runner. The *Kearsarge* may be a stronger ship, and better armed and more numerously manned than the *Sumter*, but we can beat the Yankees singing. Our old friend the *Tuscarora* now lies just outside the neutral ground in Spanish waters having been ordered away from this side. The *Flambeau* is at Tangiers, and another Northern war-vessel, name unknown, is reported cruising about the mouth of the Mediterranean.

March 14.—After nightfall yesterday an armed sailing-vessel, flying the Stars and Stripes, in attempting to enter the harbour of Algeciras, was fired at twice. She then wore ship, and stood over to this side of the bay and anchored near the neutral ground. This morning she sailed over to Algeciras. The supposed cause of her being fired on is her violation of the port regulation forbidding the entry of vessels after sundown.

April 3.—By late advices from the United States, we learn that a general naval court-martial had been convened in the Federal capital, and among the cases tried were those of the commanders of the *Brooklyn* and

Keystone State, the offence of the first being his permitting the *Sumter* to leave the Mississippi river and go to sea, while his vessel was stationed there to blockade one of the mouths of that river. It was proved in evidence that the *Brooklyn* was in an unseaworthy condition; that her boilers were unsafe under a full head of steam; and that she was in chase of another vessel at the time the *Sumter* made her escape. If the *Brooklyn* was not seaworthy, why was she retained as one of the blockading fleet? It is a well-known fact that the *Brooklyn* was one of the strongest and fleetest vessels belonging to the Northern navy, and was, on the 30th of last June, in complete order in every respect. The commander of the *Keystone State* was not so fortunate. It was proved that he was in possession of authentic information respecting the whereabouts of the *Sumter*; that she was at the time lying at anchor in the Surinam river, near Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana; that she was poorly armed, and not fully manned; and that there was no excuse whatever for his not meeting her and giving her battle. The commander of the *Keystone State* was sentenced to be cashiered accordingly.

April 8.—Owing to the *Sumter's* boilers being completely worn out—they having been patched so often that no reliance can be placed in them—our commander has determined to disband and pay off his crew, and lay up the old ship until the expiration of the war. This news is received on all hands with great joy. We are heartily sick of the life of inactivity we have been leading for the past three months, though much regret will be felt at leaving the old ship which has carried us over so many miles of ocean, and through so many perils.

April 9.—Paying off and disbanding the crew was commenced to-day. A portion of the crew was sent ashore this afternoon, and the balance will follow them to-morrow. In leaving the *Sumter*, many pleasant associations are broken up—many cherished friends are separated. There is not a single man on her but who entertains for our old commander a sincere respect, and would be willing to follow him anywhere.

April 10.—Yesterday the paymaster finished paying off the crew, with the exception of eleven men who remain on board to take care of the ship.

The Art of Alpine Travel.

MOUNTAINIERS are now so completely established as one of our national sports, that the words of an eminent authority on another and older sport may fairly be made use of in treating of it. In Roger Ascham's *Schole or Partitions of Shootinge*, Toxophilus says, "Learning to shoote is little regarded in Englande, for this consideration, because men be so apte by nature they have a greate ready forwardnesse and will to use it, although no man teache them, although no man bidde them, and so of their own courage they runne hedlynge on it, and shoote they ill, shoote they well, greate heed they take not." It is very much in this spirit that many pedestrians set about mountain excursions in Switzerland. In the full enjoyment of their holiday, exhilarated by that potent stimulant, pure mountain air, conscious that "they be apte by nature," they run "hedlynge," and "greate heed they take not." Not that great heed, in the strict sense of the words, is required, or that a regular course of instruction in mountaineering is necessary to enable a man to enjoy thoroughly a mountain ramble. Still there are certain little precautions to be taken, the neglect of which will as certainly entail discomfort and even risk, as the adoption of them will ensure comfort and safety.

But there is another and perhaps even more numerous class of Alpine tourist; that which goes into the other extreme, and gives itself unheard of trouble in imagining and providing against a host of possible wants. Albert Smith, in his "Mont Blanc," used to give a caricature of this kind of tourist, in the description of the young gentleman who carried a stone jar for hot water in his knapsack, because he sometimes suffered from cold feet at night; and most travellers in Switzerland have overtaken a specimen of the class toiling painfully up the Col de Balme, or the St. Nicholas Valley, or some other approach to one of the great pedestrian centres, Chamouni or Zermatt. He is a remarkable object. From the sole of his boots—which are sure to be laced or otherwise secured on some ingeniously inconvenient principle, involving a great loss of time and temper—to the crown of his hat, which is full of contrivances for ventilation, he is an elaborate work of art, a result of long and deep study. His coat is a nest of pockets, to what end it would be hard to say, for he carries his dram-flask, telescope, and everything he can, slung over his shoulder. His knapsack is a mass of straps and buckles, and takes as long to adjust as a diving dress, besides being of such dimensions that, when he is seen from the rear ascending a hill, he reminds one of the old Bible prints of Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza. Nevertheless he looks

upon it as a master-piece of ingenuity, and, if you subsequently fraternize with him, will point out with no small pride what he playfully calls his "dodges" for preventing it from misbehaving in any way. He is a most undesirable companion for a glacier expedition, causing delay with his complicated gear, which is always giving way somewhere, and mentally cursed by the guides, upon whom, sooner or later, the burden falls, and who take a malicious pleasure in disregarding his elegant straps and buckles, and carry his pack in a rough-and-ready fashion, with a rope run through some of the fastenings, to their utter destruction.

The mistake which he has fallen into is trying to make a knapsack do the duty of a portmanteau. He has not sufficiently studied the question propounded by an excellent little religious work, "Is it possible to make the best of both worlds?" We think decidedly not, at least within the limits of a knapsack, the worlds being the valley and the mountain-top, the world of large hotels and table-d'hôtes and carriage tourists, and the upper region of chalet-inns and cow-houses and hay-lofts, and in other queer lodgings with which the mountaineer must content himself. It is true that attention to dress is not so rigorously exacted in Switzerland as in Hyde Park, and (especially of late years) the most lordly of hotel-keepers and the most serene of waiters will behave quite kindly to the Alpine tramp, let him be ever so tattered and torn. He has, in fact, become a power in Switzerland, and they respect his sunburnt face, and weather-beaten wide-awake and shabby shooting-coat, because they know that these things mean possible ascents of the Mont Blanc, or Monte Rosa, or Jungfrau of the neighbourhood, and consequently large orders for meats and wines, and, for all his insolvent appearance, a handsomer bill than that of milord who comes with half a dozen portmanteaus. Nevertheless there is a certain *gêne* in sitting down to a great table-d'hôte in a coat from which no amount of furbishing will remove the traces of bivouacs in the rocks and sojourns in leaky chalets, and which perhaps has been only made presentable half an hour before by the village tailor, in whose atelier you sat in your shirt-sleeves while he tried by means of fine-drawing to make you fit for Society. Besides, there is the return home to be considered. Although you may be perfectly understood at Interlachen or Chamouni, you will be liable to misinterpretation at Paris or Baden; nor is it a pleasant thing to enter a restaurant (and ah! how good is that little dinner at Philippe's after six weeks of flinty cheese and granitic bread and fibrous Alpine mutton!) with a consciousness that you present somewhat the appearance of a rat-catcher in reduced circumstances; or to be hailed at Boulogne as a fellow-bankrupt by some of the dilapidated craft lying in that harbour of refuge for insolvency. Those who are not strong-minded enough to make light of little difficulties of this sort will naturally try to avoid them by sundry additions to the mere pedestrian's outfit, which additions, if the traveller insists on making it literally a knapsack tour, compel him to carry a knapsack far too large and too heavy for the mountains. It is much better to take a small portmanteau,

which can be either left at some town which he is sure to revisit, or sent on, according to his plans. This can always be done in Switzerland or the Tyrol, at a very trifling cost and with perfect safety, by depositing the package, securely and legibly labelled, at the post office. All he requires for the mountains will go into a very small and light knapsack, not an abomination covered with sealskin, like those which look so effective in a shop window, but one made of macintosh and with as few straps and buckles as possible. In packing this knapsack the traveller should remember the advice of that eminent authority Palliser, "The Solitary Hunter," "Do not burden yourself uselessly by trying to forestall a thousand imaginary necessities,"—advice just as applicable to Alpine travel as to a campaign on the Prairies. A very little experience will show how few things are really required for excursions on the High Alps.

We have known expeditions to have been made with perfect success and comfort on a toothbrush and a spare pair of stockings, and if to these you add a second shirt, a pair of flannel trowsers, to be worn while those in ordinary use are drying, a comb, and a sponge, which is a great comfort when you take a bath in a mountain stream, you have all that even luxury demands. Sydney Smith recommended young authors who wished to attain simplicity of style, to strike out every second word when they came to read over their compositions, and something of the same sort might be done with advantage by the intending mountaineer, when arranging his kit. If he were to make out a list of things he fancies he wants, and then to strike out every second article, it would give a wonderful compactness to his budget. It should be borne in mind that on anything like a difficult expedition, what with provisions, ropes, hatchets, and perhaps a ladder, the guides will generally have quite as much weight to carry as is good for them, and that porters are, as the experience of many an Alpine traveller has shown, very often serious incumbrances.

There are, however, one or two things required in addition to those already mentioned. Some travellers go on the principle of despising the chances of cold and wet, and indeed there is more fuss made about these evils than they are worth. Still it is well to make some sort of provision against them. For this purpose, we incline to a belief that nothing will be found so generally useful as a plaid. Properly adjusted, it will keep out a great deal of rain. It is invaluable in camping out, a most desirable addition to the luxuries of a hay bed in a chalet, a comfortable wrap in starting in the raw dark morning, and when not in use, easily carried. If anything more be required, one of those pocket siphonias, which do not weigh more than twelve ounces, or occupy more space than a penny roll, will be quite sufficient. Something in the way of a telescope will be wanted, especially if new routes are to be tried. Many eminent hands advocate the double opera-glass, and certainly it has its advantages, but there is one fatal objection to it, that it is bulky and heavy, and must be carried in a sling, which makes it an intolerable nuisance in mountain climbing, as it is always swinging round to the front, dealing its bearer

shrewd knocks, and damaging itself against the rocks. Everything considered, there is probably nothing better than one of Cary's little pocket telescopes. It is quite powerful enough for examining the side of a distant mountain or picking out the way among the crevasses of a glacier, and does not take up more room than an ordinary pocket-knife. One or two points connected with the costume for the mountains may be touched upon here. There is no use in having boots made of that extravagant thickness one often sees in the Alps. A really well-made double sole is stout enough for any work, and thick enough to bear nails, of which, by the way, it is as well to bring a stock from England, for those to be had in Switzerland are apt to wear smooth in a very short time.* Spring-side boots are much more convenient for putting on and off than lace-up ones, but the elastic material suffers from the wet, and is likely to get cut by rocks; but whichever plan be adopted, they should be made broad in the sole, and if a strap be fixed over the broad part of the foot, it will be found a great protection against sharp stones. The ordinary shooting-coat, with a fair sprinkling of pockets, is for general purposes an admirable and a comfortable coat, but it does not do for constant and severe rock climbing. It is too long, and the flaps, especially if the pockets are heavily loaded, have an awkward knack of striking the middle of the thigh at each upward motion of the leg in ascending, while in descending, they have a way of remaining behind while you let yourself down, and then disgorging their contents over you. "A sweet thing in coats" for mountaineering would be a jacket reaching not lower than three or four inches below the hips, made of stout tweed, and lined, sleeves and back, with flannel. In any case, whatever the cut of the coat, this latter is a point worth consideration. Flannel dries soon, and never strikes a chill, while ordinary linings, when soaked with perspiration, remain cold and damp for a long time. The knickerbocker-*versus*-trouser question is as yet undecided, and until more facts have been accumulated it would be rash to venture an opinion. All that can be said is, that the former, with gaiters, would be very comfortable in a tramp through soft snow, but that somehow old mountaineers still cling to the latter.

To come back to the first class of tourist we spoke of, the advice they stand in need of is to "take it easy:" advice perhaps not very palatable to a holiday-seeker with a great deal to see and a bare month to see it in, but which, like many other unpalatable things, must be taken and digested. If you wish to avoid breaking down, being knocked up, getting blistered feet, not to mention the risk of more serious accidents, do not attempt to do too much at first. It may be provoking to a man, who has a soul for higher things, to spend the early days of his holiday upon hackneyed excursions—to-day to the Montanvert, to-morrow to the

* Moseley and Son, of King Street, Covent Garden, make boot nails expressly intended for glacier excursions. They are of steel, double-headed, and made to screw into the sole, so that they can be fixed or removed in a few seconds. Three or four of these screwed into each sole give a firmer hold on ice than any crampon.

Flegère, the day after to the Breven—but it is in most cases a necessity, and, in the long run, a saving of time. Of course there are many who stand in no need of this hint. The practised mountaineer will know from experience what he can do in his first day out; and the man who has been steadily rowing or cricketing during the season will require little or no probationary work, though even he is not proof against blisters, those plagues of pedestrian travel. But with many a Londoner who goes to Switzerland—and it is especially to the Londoner we address these hints—it is very different. The chances are, that any exercise which he has taken on the river in the season is not of a character to improve his wind, and he must get that whitebait out of his system before he attempts excursions in the high Alps. The injunction is all the more necessary because the air of the mountains has a peculiarly invigorating effect, and makes the traveller almost fancy that fatigue is a sensation he is never again to experience. It will do a great deal, but it will not give suppleness to limbs that have not for some time past undergone any severer gymnastics than the London streets afford; it will not harden feet that have not done an honest day's walking for the last nine months; it will not supply the necessary power of inflation to lungs that have had of late no harder work than that entailed by the ascent of a staircase. Therefore let the untrained beware how he yields to the influence of that treacherous stimulant, and when, on some such height as the Col de Balme, he gets his first unadulterated whiff of mountain air, and his first fair glimpse of the snow-world, 'and his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,' let him not decide upon starting for the top of Mont Blanc the next day, but rather make up his mind to go up the Breven instead. The chances are, he will have reason to be glad of having adopted the amendment. For the first hour or so, perhaps, he will spin along merrily. Too merrily most likely, as is the way generally with young mountaineers. Old guides and chamois-hunters take to the mountain-side in a very different style; they plod steadily upwards, with steps short and slow, and as regular as the beats of a pendulum, the toes turned rather outwards, and the weight of the body thrown well forwards. But this kind of pace will not suit the impatience of the newly arrived tourist, and consequently before long he will begin to be very much impressed by the scenery. In other words, he will be slightly blown, and if he is not ingenuous enough to admit the fact, will exhibit a tendency to stop every now and then, and allude in panting raptures to the glories of the view. Presently there will come on a dull aching sensation about the knees and thighs unused to "such a getting upstairs" as this: a feeling as if those parts had been severely thrashed with a bamboo cane. Then thirst, and frequent halts at every stream and rivulet that crosses the path; and perhaps by the time he gets to the top of the Cheminée he will even have come to taking furtive pulls at his dram-flask, if he carries one. At this stage of the proceedings, let him pause and ask himself how he would like to be, in his present condition, spread out against a wall of ice, like

an owl against a barn-door, his feet in two holes about the size of watch-pockets, his hands in two others, below him a crevasse of indefinite depth, and above a guide adjuring him to "monter!"* And yet such a position



does occur sometimes in the passage of the Glacier des Bossons yonder, and might at this very moment be his, if he had started this morning according to his first impulse. Let him not be discouraged, however, or fancy that he has not in him the materials of which a good mountaineer is made. Many a traveller has begun worse who has afterwards made some of the most difficult excursions in the Alps with ease and enjoyment. He cannot expect to pass from a life of inactivity to one of violent exercise at one step. After one or two excursions of the same sort, always adhering to the golden rule, "take it easy," he will find himself a different being—that he has reformed himself altogether, and that he can do at a good steady pace, without calling a single halt or turning a hair, far more than he did a couple of days before with considerable distress. It will be

* There can be little doubt that fatigue from insufficient training was, if not the principal, one of the causes of the sad accident which happened on the Col du Géant, in 1860. The statement of the two surviving guides, the length of time taken in reaching the top of the pass, the unfavourable state of the snow, and the fact that the unfortunate travellers had been but a short time among the mountains, all make it more than probable that they were very much distressed when they commenced their descent, and if there is one kind of place that more than another demands the full exercise of every muscle, it is the kind of place where that fatal slip took place.

as well, too, on these excursions, to ascertain whether he is sufficiently sure-footed on ice, and free from giddiness, for the more difficult glacier expeditions. In this respect, as in every other, practice is everything. A man constitutionally liable to giddiness ought not, of course, to attempt any feat in which a seizure would be attended with danger, but with most persons the feeling wears off after a few days among the mountains.

We have already spoken of blistered feet among the evils arising from want of due preparation. There is, however, another precaution which every writer recommends, but which cannot be recommended too often. Avoid hard walking in new boots, or, at least, in boots that have not had time to adapt themselves to the shape of the foot. Prevention is better than cure, but if blisters do make their appearance to any extent it is better to lie by and cure them at once than to fight against them. A day spent in doctoring your blisters is often a wise economy, for a bad one may rub itself into an ugly sore, and put an end to your walking for the vacation. As an ointment there is, after all, nothing better than the old-fashioned application of common white soap made into a thin paste with brandy, and rubbed in night and morning. Against the other ills that Alpine flesh is heir to, sun-blisters and snow-blindness, no amount of training will give security. So often as you have to encounter a long tramp over snow-fields, more especially over freshly-fallen snow, so often do you run the risk of an attack of one or both. A veil and green or neutral tint spectacles will give a good deal of protection, but unfortunately the places where you require veil and spectacles most are just the places where you cannot afford to part with a particle of your natural clearness of vision, and where, if you had a spare pair of eyes, you would find them uncommonly useful. Glycerine has been recommended as a prophylactic for sun-blisters, but we never found it of any use, and very much prefer the more homely lubricant, flesh butter. For preventing snow-blindness there is nothing except wearing the spectacles as much as possible while on the snow. You must not conclude that you are going to escape because you do not happen to feel any inconvenience on the march. The attack always comes like a thief in the night. You go to bed without any unusual sensation, except, perhaps, a slight heat about the eyeball, but in the night-watches you wake up weeping plentifully, and feeling exactly as if some enemy had flung a shovelful of red-hot sand into your eyes. Almost every innkeeper and guide has his own nostrum to recommend, and you will be told to apply white of eggs, to wear goggles of raw meat, and to adopt other inconvenient remedies. But, though bathing with lukewarm milk and water may ease the smarting a little, the best plan is simply to "grin and bear it," and abstain from reading, writing, or drawing until it goes off, which it generally does in a few hours.

Old hands at Alpine travel, especially when two or three go together, may now and then dispense with guides. But the inexperienced traveller

would make a sorry figure in the Alps without them. If, in the course of his rambles, he meets with a trustworthy and willing guide (and he will be unusually unfortunate if he does not), he will find it the best and cheapest plan in the end to take him on for the rest of his tour at a fixed daily rate, making, if necessary, a special arrangement for expeditions of extra difficulty. It is not by any means so much a matter of importance that he should know the country which is to be travelled, as that he should be generally experienced in mountaineering, and a good fellow; the latter especially, because, besides serving you in the capacities of guide, valet, and courier, he will be also your comrade, your messmate, and the sharer in your bivouac, and all its discomforts and enjoyments. The Chamouni guides are generally rather more travelled than those of the Oberland, and as they, most of them, speak the Piedmontese patois of the upper valleys, are perhaps more useful on the Italian side of the Alps. On the other hand, they seldom know a word of German, while most of the Oberlanders understand at least enough French to get on with in the Chamouni district. The Oberlanders seem to have become of late more popular as guides with eminent mountain climbers than the Chamouni men, which very possibly may be owing to that travesty on protection, the Chamouni guide-regulations. These, though much less troublesome than they used to be, are still vexatious enough, and no matter how much of a *bon enfant* he may be, one cannot help regarding the man as a part of the system, while the Oberlander has all the attractions of an untaxed commodity secured to you by Free Trade. But it is with a guide as to locality very much as it is with a horse as to colour: if he is willing, obliging, good-humoured, and knows his business, it matters little where he hails from. A first-rate guide will be all this, and, if you are fortunate enough to secure a first-rate guide, rule the roast as much as you like in the valley, but on the mountain let his word be law. With a second-rate guide*—and it may be your fortune to have to cross a difficult pass with guides who do not inspire confidence—it is safer to adopt a different tone, and carry things with rather a high hand. Men of this class are often ignorant, stupid, pig-headed, and of little value, except for their thews and sinews, and mere local knowledge. Nevertheless, they are apt to give themselves great airs, and, if you let them have their own way, not unfrequently to lead you into scrapes. One of their leading failings is that, not from caution, but from their ignorance of the proper precautions, they have a great horror of glacier travelling, and, if you allow them, will lead you a dance over rocks to avoid it, thereby adding perhaps hours to your march, and putting the skulls of the party in danger from falling

* By second-rate guides we mean those men at places like Chamouni and Zermatt, who, though professed guides, are not in the habit of going on high glacier expeditions, and generally the men one picks up at the out-of-the-way places where there is no great demand for guides. A glance at the man's book will generally determine to which species he belongs.

stones. In a case of this sort your only resources are a little judicious snubbing, and your own judgment. Travelling along a glacier, even when



there are concealed crevasses, is not such a very formidable feat, if you bear in mind a few simple rules, namely, always to make the party go in Indian file, never abreast, which is simply to multiply the chances of some one falling in; always to keep the rope taut, for the more slack it is the farther a man falls, if the snow gives way; and the farther he falls the greater the chance of his pulling in some one after him: to take care that the guide or guides have the rope tied round their waists, not looped on their arms after the slovenly fashion they are so fond of; and, finally, to make the leading man probe every foot of the way with his alpenstock. Practised eyes will generally detect a lurking crevasse, unless the snow is fresh, but it would not be easy to describe the signs. If, however, you perceive ahead a streak of snow of greater purity than the rest, you may be pretty sure the enemy is there.

A paper on mountaineering would not be complete without a few words on camping-out, and they are the more necessary because camping-out is a bugbear to many Alpine travellers, who think nothing of encountering all other forms of hardship. There is, to some minds, something absurd about the notion of passing a night *sub Jove frigido*, except in case of dire necessity. Those good old-wives' fables about lumbago and sciatica, catching your death of cold, and being rheumatic for the rest of your life, are still believed in to a very great extent, and many a tourist has either given up a noble excursion, or else pushed on vehemently to gain some musty, stuffy, flea-haunted chalet, acting under the superstition that it is necessary to go through the form of going to bed under a roof, when with a little dexterity he might have passed a sufficiently comfortable, not to say enjoyable, night among the rocks. We speak from experience and in grateful remembrance of nights of sound and refreshing sleep which

might have been nights of sleepless torment. It is quite possible for a man in good health, with fair weather, to sleep night after night on the mountain side, just as well and as safely as in the best hotel in the valley, and far better than in most of the chalet inns. The first thing to be considered, of course, is the place for camping, and the great desideratum is a spot sheltered from the wind then blowing, and from that likely to blow during the night. Shelter over head is a minor point compared with this. Rain, if it comes, comes with the wind, and if you are protected from the one you are protected to a great extent from the other; besides, it is a much smaller evil to be wet through than to be pierced through and through by the nipping and eager air of morning in the Alps. The lighting of a fire and fetching water belong to the guides' department, but it is as well to see that they collect a good supply of firewood when an opportunity occurs on the march, and if you leave a little behind in your camp some future traveller will bless you. While these operations are going on, pick out your sleeping place and make it comfortable, levelling the floor and building up as much shelter for your head and the upper part of your body as possible. This done, adjust your knapsack for a pillow, and lie down provisionally in order to ascertain whether any further improvements are possible; for it will not be pleasant to have to rise in the dark, destroying your own rest and disturbing your neighbours, because some forgotten stone is working its way in between two of your ribs. If you can find any grass, hay, pine or rhododendron twigs within half an hour's walk, a couple of arnis' full will materially add to your comfort. One of those sleeping bags, recommended by Mr. Galton, would be, of course, a complete protection against cold and damp; but it would also be a serious addition to the weight to be carried, weighing at least 10lbs., and, we imagine, on anything of a warm night, must be intolerably hot. The only substitute we have ever tried is a light waterproof sheet with loops at the end and sides, so that it can be laced up into a kind of bag if required. This is equally good as a protection against damp, and when used with a plaid, very nearly as warm, but has the advantages of not being close and stuffy, and of not weighing above a pound-and-a-half or two pounds. Besides, it serves for a variety of purposes. It will make a screen against the wind, a diminutive but still useful tent, a carpet to spread over a damp floor, and even a pretty good fortification against the enemies that lurk in the hay of a chalet. Your bed being made to your mind, take off your boots and put on dry stockings if you wish to avoid cold feet during the night. By this time the fire will be burning brightly, and it will be time to see about supper. It is by no means a bad provision to bring a small tin casserole for making soup. Soup is peculiarly grateful after a hard day's tramp, besides which, meat goes farther in this way than in any other, and you can turn the bones to some account. The same utensil washed out will do for coffee or tea. The latter is more refreshing, and also more easily made if you adopt Mr. Galton's plan, *i.e.* to tie up the requisite quantity

with sugar *quant. suff.* in a muslin bag, which is to be put in when the water boils and allowed to stand according to taste. Then comes what is perhaps the pleasantest hour of the twenty-four—that happy digestive interval between supper and turning in, when full, not of Bacchus and fat venison, but of soup and lean mutton and red wine, you stretch yourself out, and raising the incense of the soothing weed, discuss the events of to-day and the plans of to-morrow. Fresh fuel is heaped on the fire, and the little flames run up the twigs like fiery lizards, lighting up for an instant the black rocks behind and the bronzed faces of the guides. Then some one starts a song, and soon the music of the distant waterfall is drowned in a torrent of quaint old German *Lieder* poured forth from sturdy lungs. If you have a song sing it, no matter about its being understood. We have known “Vilikins and his Dinah” to have been produced with great effect in a mountain bivouac, though perhaps the success in that instance was due to the universal intelligibility of the “too-ral-li-day” which enters so largely into the composition of that popular lyric. Then succeeds another kind of music, more monotonous and nasal, and finding talk and song at an end for the night, you put up the collar of your coat, tie a handkerchief round your neck, and turn over on your face, not on your side or back, which are by no means positions to be adopted when lying on a hard surface. A tyro in camping-out generally finds it very hard to get to sleep on his first night in the open air. The novelty of the thing, the chill night air blowing across his cheek, the snoring of the guides, the sight, when he opens his eyes, of the solemn stars looking down on him, the moon sailing away through the heavens over his head, the pale forms of the mountains standing round him like the ghosts of the brawny giants he has been gazing on all day—all these things tend to make his first night on the mountains one of fitful slumber. He will soon get used to it, and after one or two bivouacs will sleep as soundly with a knapsack for his pillow, and the sky for his bed-curtain, as ever he did on the four-poster of civilization, and feel just as reluctant in the morning to rise from his mountain lair as if it had been a bed of down. But even with a sleep broken in this way, he is far better off than he would be if he attempted to pass the night in some foul-smelling, flea-swarming chalet. For the horrors of such a night, see the volumes of *Peaks and Passes* passim, and he who has endured them will readily believe that ghastly legend of the Oberland which relates how a young chamois-hunter, healthy and juicy, once lay down on the hay in a deserted chalet, and returned no more to his native village. Next spring, as the herdsmen led their charge up to the Alp, they found a gruesome skeleton. It was the hunter's. Maddened by a long fast, the fleas had fallen on him in a body, and devoured him. If these hints of ours save one Alpine traveller from one flea-bite, not to speak of a fate like this, we shall feel,—to use the words of the old-fashioned preface writers—that we have not written in vain.



THANKSGIVING.

Philip.

CHAPTER XLII.

IN WHICH WE REACH THE LAST STAGE BUT ONE OF THIS JOURNEY.



ALTHOUGH poverty was knocking at Philip's humble door, little Charlotte in all her trouble never knew how menacing the grim visitor had been. She did not quite understand that her husband in his last necessity sent to her mother for his due, and that the mother turned away and refused him. "Ah," thought poor Philip, groaning in his despair, "I wonder whether the thieves who attacked the man in the parable were robbers of his own family, who knew that he carried money with him to Jerusalem, and waylaid him on the journey?" But again and again he has thanked God, with grateful heart, for the Samaritans whom he has

met on life's road, and if he has not forgiven, it must be owned he has never done any wrong to those who robbed him.

Charlotte did not know that her husband was at his last guinea, and a prey to dreadful anxiety for her dear sake, for after the birth of her child a fever came upon her; in the delirium consequent upon which the poor thing was ignorant of all that happened round her. A fortnight with a wife in extremity, with crying infants, with hunger menacing at the door, passed for Philip somehow. The young man became an old man in this time. Indeed, his fair hair was streaked with white at the temples afterwards. But it must not be imagined that he had not friends during his affliction, and he always can gratefully count up the names of many persons to whom

he might have applied had he been in need. He did not look or ask for these succours from his relatives. Aunt and uncle Twysden shrieked and cried out at his extravagance, imprudence, and folly. Sir John Ringwood said he must really wash his hands of a young man who menaced the life of his own son. Grenville Woolcomb, with many oaths, in which brother-in-law Ringwood joined chorus, cursed Philip, and said he didn't care, and the beggar ought to be hung, and his father ought to be hung. But I think I know half-a-dozen good men and true who told a different tale, and who were ready with their sympathy and succour. Did not Mrs. Flanagan, the Irish laundress, in a voice broken by sobs and gin, offer to go and chare at Philip's house for nothing, and nurse the dear children? Did not Goodenough say, "If you are in need, my dear fellow, of course you know where to come;" and did he not actually give two prescriptions, one for poor Charlotte, one for fifty pounds to be taken immediately, which he handed to the nurse by mistake? You may be sure she did not appropriate the money, for of course you know that the nurse was Mrs. Brandon. Charlotte has one remorse in her life. She owns she was jealous of the Little Sister. And now when that gentle life is over, when Philip's poverty trials are ended, when the children go sometimes and look wistfully at the grave of their dear Caroline, friend Charlotte leans her head against her husband's shoulder, and owns humbly how good, how brave, how generous a friend heaven sent them in that humble defender.

Have you ever felt the pinch of poverty? In many cases it is like the dentist's chair, more dreadful in the contemplation than in the actual suffering. Philip says he never was fairly beaten, but on that day when, in reply to his solicitation to have his due, Mrs. Baynes's friend, Captain Swang, brought him the open ten-pound note. It was not much of a blow; the hand which dealt it made the hurt so keen. "I remember," says he, "bursting out crying at school, because a big boy hit me a slight tap, and other boys said, 'Oh, you coward.' It was that I knew the boy at home, and my parents had been kind to him. It seemed to me a wrong that Bunps should strike me," said Philip; and he looked, while telling the story, as if he could cry about this injury now. I hope he has revenged himself by presenting coals of fire to his wife's relations. But this day, when he is enjoying good health, and competence, it is not safe to mention mothers-in-law in his presence. He fumes, shouts, and rages against them, as if all were like his; and his, I have been told, is a lady perfectly well satisfied with herself and her conduct in this world; and as for the next — but our story does not dare to point so far. It only interests itself about a little clique of people here below—their griefs, their trials, their weaknesses, their kindly hearts.

People there are in our history who do not seem to me to have kindly hearts at all; and yet, perhaps, if a biography could be written from their point of view, some other novelist might show how Philip and his biographer were a pair of selfish worldlings unworthy of credit: how uncle and aunt Twysden were most exemplary people, and so forth.

Have I not told you how many people at New York shook their heads when Philip's name was mentioned, and intimated a strong opinion that he used his father very ill? When he fell wounded and bleeding, patron Tregarvan dropped him off his horse, and cousin Ringwood did not look behind to see how he fared. But these, again, may have had their opinion regarding our friend, who may have been misrepresented to them—I protest as I look back at the nineteen past portions of this history, I begin to have qualms, and ask myself whether the folks of whom we have been prattling have had justice done to them; whether Agnes Twysden is not a suffering martyr justly offended by Philip's turbulent behaviour, and whether Philip deserves any particular attention or kindness at all. He is not transcendently clever; he is not gloriously beautiful. He is not about to illuminate the darkness in which the peoples grovel, with the flashing emanations of his truth. He sometimes owes money, which he cannot pay. He slips, stumbles, blunders, brags. Ah! he sins and repents—pray heaven—of faults, of vanities, of pride, of a thousand shortcomings! This I say—*Ego*—as my friend's biographer. Perhaps I do not understand the other characters round about him so well, and have overlooked a number of their merits, and caricatured and exaggerated their little defects.

Among the Samaritans who came to Philip's help in these his straits, he loves to remember the name of J. J., the painter, whom he found sitting with the children one day making drawings for them, which the good painter never tired to sketch.

Now if those children would but have kept Ridley's sketches, and waited for a good season at Christy's, I have no doubt they might have got scores of pounds for the drawings, but then, you see, they chose to improve the drawings with their own hands. They painted the soldiers yellow, the horses blue, and so forth. On the horses they put soldiers of their own construction. Ridley's landscapes were enriched with representations of "Omnibuses," which the children saw and admired in the neighbouring New Road. I dare say, as the fever left her, and as she came to see things as they were, Charlotte's eyes dwelt fondly on the pictures of the omnibuses inserted in Mr. Ridley's sketches, and she put some aside and showed them to her friends, and said, "Doesn't our darling show extraordinary talent for drawing? Mr. Ridley says he does. He did a great part of this etching."

But, besides the drawings, what do you think Master Ridley offered to draw for his friends? Besides the prescriptions of medicine, what drafts did Dr. Goodenough prescribe? When nurse Brandon came to Mrs. Philip in her anxious time, we know what sort of payment she proposed for her services. Who says the world is all cold? There is the sun and the shadows. And the heaven which ordains poverty and sickness sends pity, and love, and succour.

During Charlotte's fever and illness, the Little Sister had left her but for one day, when her patient was quiet, and pronounced to be mending. It

appears that Mrs. Charlotte was very ill indeed on this occasion ; so ill that Dr. Goodenough thought she might have given us all the slip : so ill that, but for Brandon, she would, in all probability, have escaped out of this troublous world and left Philip and her orphaned little ones. Charlotte mended then : could take food, and liked it, and was specially pleased with some chickens which her nurse informed her were "from the country." "From Sir John Ringwood, no doubt?" said Mrs. Firmin, remembering the presents sent from Berkeley Square, and the mutton and the turnips.

"Well, eat and be thankful!" says the Little Sister, who was as gay as a little sister could be, and who had prepared a beautiful bread sauce for the fowl; and who had tossed the baby, and who showed it to its admiring brother and sister ever so many times; and who saw that Mr. Philip had his dinner comfortable; and who never took so much as a drop of porter—at home a little glass sometimes was comfortable, but on duty, never, never! No, not if Dr. Goodenough ordered it! she vowed. And the doctor wished he could say as much, or believe as much, of all his nurses.

Milman Street is such a quiet little street that our friends had not carpeted it in the usual way; and three days after her temporary absence, as nurse Brandon sits by her patient's bed, powdering the back of a small pink infant that makes believe to swim upon her apron, a rattle of wheels is heard in the quiet street—of four wheels, of one horse, of a jingling carriage, which stops before Philip's door. "It's the trap," says nurse Brandon, delighted. "It must be those kind Ringwoods," says Mrs. Philip. "But stop, Brandon. Did not they, did not we?—oh, how kind of them!" She was trying to recal the past. Past and present for days had been strangely mingled in her fevered brain. "Hush, my dear! you are to be kep' quite still," says the nurse—and then proceeded to finish the polishing and powdering of the pink frog on her lap.

The bedroom window was open towards the sunny street: but Mrs. Philip did not hear a female voice say, "'Old the 'orse's 'ead, Jim," or she might have been agitated. The horse's head was held, and a gentleman and a lady with a great basket containing pease, butter, greens, flowers, and other rural produce, descended from the vehicle and rang at the bell.

Philip opened it; with his little ones, as usual, trotting at his knees.

"Why, my darlings, how you air grown!" cries the lady.

"Bygones be bygones. Give us your 'and, Firmin: here's mine. My missus has brought some country butter and things for your dear good lady. And we hope you liked the chickens. And God bless you, old fellow, how are you?" The tears were rolling down the good man's cheeks as he spoke. And Mrs. Mugford was likewise exceedingly hot, and very much affected. And the children said to her, "Mamma is better now: and we have a little brother, and he is crying now upstairs."

"Bless you, my darlings!" Mrs. Mugford was off by this time. She put down her peace-offering of carrots, chickens, bacon, butter. She

cried plentifully. "It was Brandon came and told us," she said; "and when she told us how all your great people had flung you over, and you'd been quarrelling again, you naughty fellar; I says to Mugford, 'Let's go and see after that dear thing, Mugford,' I says. And here we are. And year's two nice cakes for your children" (after a forage in the cornucopia), "and, 'lor, how they are grown!"

A little nurse from the upstairs regions here makes her appearance, holding a bundle of cashmere shawls, part of which is removed, and discloses a being pronounced to be ravishingly beautiful, and "jest like Mrs. Mugford's Emaly!"

"I say," says Mugford, "the 'old shop's still open to you. T'other chap wouldn't do at all. He was wild when he got the drink on board. Irish. Pitched into Bickerton, and black'd 'is eye. It was Bickerton who told you lies about that poor lady. Don't see 'im no more now. Borrowed some money of me; haven't seen him since. We were both wrong, and we must make it up—the missus says we must."

"Amen!" said Philip, with a grasp of the honest fellow's hand. And next Sunday he and a trim little sister, and two children, went to an old church in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, which was fashionable in the reign of Queen Anne, when Richard Steele kept house, and did not pay rent, hard by. And when the clergyman in the Thanksgiving particularized those who desired now to "offer up their praises and thanksgiving for late mercies vouchsafed to them," once more Philip Firmin said "Amen," on his knees, and with all his heart.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE REALMS OF BLISS.



YOU know—all good boys and girls at Christmas know—that, before the last scene of the pantomime, when the Good Fairy ascends in a blaze of glory, and Harlequin and Columbine take hands, having danced through all their tricks and troubles and tumbles, there is a dark, brief, seemingly meaningless penultimate scene, in which the performers appear to grope about perplexed, whilst the music of bassoons and trombones, and the like, groans tragically. As the actors, with gestures of dismay and outstretched arms, move hither and thither, the wary frequenter of pantomimes sees the illuminators of the Abode of Bliss and Hall of Prismatic Splendour nimbly moving behind the canvas, and streaking the darkness with twinkling fires—fires which shall blaze out

presently in a thousand colours round the Good Fairy in the Revolving Temple of Blinding Bliss. Be happy, Harlequin! Love and be happy and dance, pretty Columbine! Children, mamma bids you put your shawls on. And Jack and Mary (who are young and love pantomimes,) look lingeringly still over the ledge of the box, whilst the fairy temple yet revolves, whilst the fireworks play, and ere the Great Dark Curtain descends.

My dear young people, who have sate kindly through the scenes during which our entertainment has lasted, be it known to you that last chapter was the dark scene. Look to your cloaks, and tie up your little throats, for I tell you the great baize will soon fall down. Have I had any secrets from you all through the piece? I tell you the house will be empty and you will be in the cold air. When the boxes have got their nightgowns on, and you are all gone, and I have turned off the gas, and am in the empty theatre alone in the darkness, I promise you I shall not be merry. Never mind! We can make jokes though we are ever so sad. We can jump over head and heels, though I declare the pit is half

emptied already, and the last orange-woman has slunk away. Encore une pirouette, Colombine ! Saute, Arlequin, mon ami ! Though there are but five bars more of the music, my good people, we must jump over them briskly, and then go home to supper and bed.

Philip Firmin, then, was immensely moved by this magnanimity and kindness on the part of his old employer, and has always considered Mugford's arrival and friendliness as a special interposition in his favour. He owes it all to Brandon, he says. It was she who bethought herself of his condition, represented it to Mugford, and reconciled him to his enemy. Others were most ready with their money. It was Brandon who brought him work rather than alms, and enabled him to face fortune cheerfully. His interval of poverty was so short, that he actually had not occasion to borrow. A week more, and he could not have held out, and poor Brandon's little marriage present must have gone to the ornatoph of sovereigns—the dear Little Sister's gift which Philip's family cherish to this hour.

So Philip, with a humbled heart and demeanour, clambered up on his sub-editorial stool once more at the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and again brandished the paste pot and the scissors. I forget whether Bickerton still remained in command at the *Pall Mall Gazette*, or was more kind to Philip than before, or was afraid of him, having heard of his exploits as a fire-eater; but certain it is, the two did not come to a quarrel, giving each other a wide berth, as the saying is, and each doing his own duty. Good-by, Monsieur Bickerton. Except, mayhap, in the final group round the FAIRY CHARIOT (when, I promise you, there will be such a blaze of glory that he will be invisible), we shall never see the little spiteful envious creature more. Let him pop down his appointed trap-door; and, quick fiddles ! let the brisk music jig on.

Owing to the coolness which had arisen between Philip and his father on account of their different views regarding the use to be made of Philip's signature, the old gentleman drew no further bills in his son's name, and our friend was spared from the unpleasant persecution. Mr. Hunt loved Dr. Firmin so ardently that he could not bear to be separated from the doctor long. Without the doctor, London was a dreary wilderness to Hunt. Unfortunate remembrances of past pecuniary transactions haunted him here. We were all of us glad when he finally retired from the Covent Garden taverns and betook himself to the Bowery once more.

And now friend Philip was at work again, hardly earning a scanty meal for self, wife, servant, children. It was indeed a meagre meal, and a small wage. Charlotte's illness, and other mishaps, had swept away poor Philip's little savings. It was determined that we would let the elegantly furnished apartments on the first floor. You might have fancied the proud Mr. Firmin rather repugnant to such a measure. And so he was on the score of convenience, but of dignity, not a whit. To this day, if

necessity called, Philip would turn a mangle with perfect gravity. I believe the thought of Mrs. General Baynes's horror at the idea of her son-in-law letting lodgings greatly soothed and comforted Philip. The lodgings were absolutely taken by our country acquaintance, Miss Pybus, who was coming up for the May meetings, and whom we persuaded (heaven be good to us) that she would find a most desirable quiet residence in the house of a man with three squalling children. Miss P. came, then, with my wife to look at the apartments; and we allured her by describing to her the delightful musical services at the Foundling hard by; and she was very much pleased with Mrs. Philip, and did not even wince at the elder children, whose pretty faces won the kind old lady's heart: and I am ashamed to say we were mum about the baby: and Pybus was going to close for the lodgings, when Philip burst out of his little room, without his coat, I believe, and objurgated a little printer's boy, who was sitting in the hall, waiting for some "copy" regarding which he had made a blunder; and Philip used such violent language towards the little lazy boy, that Pybus said "she never could think of taking apartments in that house," and hurried thence in a panic. When Brandon heard of this project of letting lodgings, she was in a fury. *She* might let lodgin's, but it wasn't for Philip to do so. "Let lodgin's, indeed! Buy a broom, and sweep a crossin'!" Brandon always thought Charlotte a poor-spirited creature, and the way she scolded Mrs. Firmin about this transaction was not a little amusing. Charlotte was not angry. She liked the scheme as little as Brandon. No other person ever asked for lodgings in Charlotte's house. May and its meetings came to an end. The old ladies went back to their country towns. The missionaries returned to Caffraria. (Ah! where are the pleasant-looking Quakeresses of our youth, with their comely faces, and pretty dove-coloured robes? They say the goodly sect is dwindling—dwindling.) The Quakeresses went out of town: then the fashionable world began to move: the Parliament went out of town. In a word, everybody who could, made away for a holiday, whilst poor Philip remained at his work, snipping and pasting his paragraphs, and doing his humble drudgery.

A sojourn on the sea-shore was prescribed by Dr. Goodenough, as absolutely necessary for Charlotte and her young ones, and when Philip pleaded certain cogent reasons why the family could not take the medicine prescribed by the doctor, that eccentric physician had recourse to the same pocket-book which we have known him to produce on a former occasion; and took from it, for what I know, some of the very same notes which he had formerly given to the Little Sister. "I suppose you may as well have them as that rascal Hunt?" said the Doctor, scowling very fiercely. "Don't tell *me*. Stuff and nonsense. Pooh! Pay me when you are a rich man!" And this Samaritan had jumped into his carriage, and was gone, before Philip or Mrs. Philip could say a word of thanks. Look at him as he is going off. See the green brougham drive away, and turn westward, and mark it well. A shoe go

after thee, John Goodenough; we shall see thee no more in this story. You are not in the secret, good reader: but I, who have been living with certain people for many months past, and have a hearty liking for some of them, grow very soft when the hour for shaking hands comes, to think we are to meet no more. Go to! when this tale began, and for some months after, a pair of kind old eyes used to read these pages, which are now closed in the sleep appointed for all of us. And so page is turned after page, and behold *Finis* and the volume's end.

So Philip and his young folks came down to Periwinkle Bay, where we were staying, and the girls in the two families nursed the baby, and the child and mother got health and comfort from the fresh air, and Mr. Mugford—who believes himself to be the finest sub-editor in the world—and I can tell you there is a great art in sub-editing a paper—Mr. Mugford, I say, took Philip's scissors and paste pot, whilst the latter enjoyed his holiday. And J. J. Ridley, R.A., came and joined us presently, and we had many sketching parties, and my drawings of the various points about the bay, viz., Lobster Head, the Mollusc Rocks, &c. &c., are considered to be very spirited, though my little boy (who certainly has not his father's taste for art) mistook for the rock a really capital portrait of Philip, in a gray hat and paletot, sprawling on the sand.

Some twelve miles inland from the bay is the little town of Whipham Market, and Whipham skirts the park palings of that castle where Lord Ringwood had lived, and where Philip's mother was born and bred. There is a statue of the late lord in Whipham market-place. Could he have had his will, the borough would have continued to return two members to Parliament, as in the good old times before us. In that ancient and grass-grown little place, where your footsteps echo as you pass through the street, where you hear distinctly the creaking of the sign of the "Ringwood Arms" hotel and posting-house, and the opposition creaking of the "Ram Inn" over the way—where the half-pay captain, the curate, and the medical man stand before the fly-blown window-blind of the "Ringwood Institute" and survey the strangers—there is still a respect felt for the memory of the great lord who dwelt behind the oaks in yonder hall. He had his faults. His lordship's life was not that of an anchorite. The company his lordship kept, especially in his latter days, was not of that select description which a nobleman of his lordship's rank might command. But he was a good friend to Whipham. He was a good landlord to a good tenant. If he had his will, Whipham would have kept its own. His lordship paid half the expense after the burning of the town-hall. He was an arbitrary man, certainly, and he flogged Alderman Duffle before his own shop, but he apologized for it most handsomely afterwards. Would the gentlemen like port or sherry? Claret not called for in Whipham; not at all: and no fish, because all the fish at Periwinkle Bay is bought up and goes to London. Such were the remarks made by the landlord of the Ringwood Arms to three cavaliers

who entered that hostelry. And you may be sure he told us about Lord Ringwood's death in the postchaise as he came from Turreys Regum; and how his lordship went through them gates (pointing to a pair of gates and lodges which skirt the town), and was drove up to the castle and laid in state; and his lordship never would take the railway, never; and he always travelled like a nobleman, and when he came to a hotel and changed horses, he always called for a bottle of wine, and only took a glass, and sometimes not even that. And the present Sir John has kept no company here as yet; and they say he is close of his money, they say he is. And this is certain, Whipham haven't seen much of it, Whipham haven't.

We went into the inn yard, which may have been once a stirring place, and then sauntered up to the park gate, surmounted by the supporters and armorial bearings of the Ringwoods. "I wonder whether my poor mother came out of that gate when she eloped with my father?" said Philip. "Poor thing, poor thing!" The great gates were shut. The westering sun cast shadows over the sward where here and there the deer were browsing, and at some mile distance lay the house, with its towers and porticos and vanes flaming in the sun. The smaller gate was open, and a girl was standing by the lodge door. Was the house to be seen?

"Yes," says a little red-cheeked girl, with a curtsy.

"No!" calls out a harsh voice from within, and an old woman comes out from the lodge and looks at us fiercely. "Nobody is to go to the house. The family is a-coming."

That was provoking. Philip would have liked to behold the great house where his mother and her ancestors were born.

"Marry, good dame," Philip's companion said to the old beldam, "this goodly gentleman hath a right of entrance to yonder castle, which, I trow, ye wot not of. Heard ye never tell of one Philip Ringwood, slain at Busaco's glorious fi——"

"Hold your tongue, and don't chaff her, Pen," growled Firmin.

"Nay, and she knows not Philip Ringwood's grandson," the other wag continued, in a softened tone. "This will convince her of our right to enter. Canst recognize this image of your queen?"

"Well, I suppose 'ee can go up," said the old woman, at the sight of this talisman. "There's only two of them staying there, and they're out a-drivin'."

Philip was bent on seeing the halls of his ancestors. Gray and huge, with towers, and vanes, and porticos, they lay before us a mile off, separated from us by a streak of glistening river. A great chestnut avenue led up to the river, and in the dappled grass the deer were browsing.

You know the house, of course. There is a picture of it in Watts, bearing date 1783. A gentleman in a cocked hat and pigtail is rowing a lady in a boat on the shining river. Another nobleman in a cocked hat is angling in the glistening river from the bridge, over which a postchaise is passing.

"Yes, the place is like enough," said Philip; "but I miss the post-chaise going over the bridge, and the lady in the punt with the tall parasol. Don't you remember the print in our housekeeper's room in Old Parr Street? My poor mother used to tell me about the house, and I imagined it grander than the palace of Aladdin. It is a very handsome house," Philip went on. "It extends two hundred and sixty feet by seventy-five, and consists of a rustic basement and principal story, with an attic in the centre, the whole executed in stone. The grand front towards the park is adorned with a noble portico of the Corinthian order, and may with propriety be considered one of the finest elevations in the —.' I tell you I am quoting out of Watts's 'Seats of the Nobility and Gentry,' published by John and Josiah Boydell, and lying in our drawing-room. Ah, dear me! I painted the boat and the lady and gentleman in the drawing-room copy, and my father boxed my ears, and my mother cried out, poor dear soul! And this is the river, is it? And over this the postchaise went with the club-tailed horses, and here was the pig-tailed gentleman fishing. It gives one a queer sensation," says Philip, standing on the bridge, and stretching out his big arms. "Yes, there are the two people in the punt by the rushes. I can see them, but you can't; and I hope, sir, you will have good sport." And here he took off his hat to an imaginary gentleman supposed to be angling from the balustrade for ghostly gudgeon. We reach the house presently. We ring at a door in the basement under the portico. The porter demurs, and says some of the family is down but they are out, to be sure. The same half-crown argument answers with him which persuaded the keeper at the lodge. We go through the show-rooms of the stately but somewhat faded and melancholy palace. In the cedar dining-room there hangs the grim portrait of the late earl; and that fair-haired officer in red? that must be Philip's grandfather. And those two slim girls embracing, surely those are his mother and his aunt. Philip walks softly through the vacant rooms. He gives the porter a gold piece ere he goes out of the great hall, forty feet cube, ornamented with statues brought from Rome by John first Baron, namely, Heliogabalus, Nero's mother, a priestess of Isis, and a river god; the pictures over the doors by Pedimento; the ceiling by Leotardi, &c; and in a window in the great hall there is a table with a visitors'-book, in which Philip writes his name. As we went away, we met a carriage which drove rapidly towards the house, and which no doubt contained the members of the Ringwood family, regarding whom the porteress had spoken. After the family differences previously related, we did not care to face these kinsfolks of Philip, and passed on quickly in twilight beneath the rustling umbrage of the chestnuts. J. J. saw a hundred fine pictorial effects as we walked; the palace reflected in the water; the dappled deer under the chequered shadow of the trees. It was, "Oh, what a jolly bit of colour," and, "I say, look, how well that old woman's red cloak comes in!" and so forth. Painters never seem tired of their work. At seventy they are students still, patient, docile, happy.

May we too, my good sir, live for fourscore years, and never be too old to learn! The walk, the brisk accompanying conversation, amid stately scenery around, brought us with good appetites and spirits to our inn, where we were told that dinner would be served when the omnibus arrived from the railway.

At a short distance from the Ringwood Arms, and on the opposite side of the street, is the Ram Inn, neat postchaises and farmers' ordinary; a house, of which the pretensions seemed less, though the trade was somewhat more lively. When the tooting of the horn announced the arrival of the omnibus from the railway, I should think a crowd of at least fifteen people assembled at various doors of the High Street and Market. The half-pay captain and the curate came out from the Ringwood Athenæum. The doctor's apprentice stood on the step of the surgery door, and the surgeon's lady looked out from the first floor. We shared the general curiosity. We and the waiter stood at the door of the Ringwood Arms. We were mortified to see that of the five persons conveyed by the 'bus, one was a tradesman, who descended at his door (Mr. Packwood, the saddler, so the waiter informed us), three travellers were discharged at the Ram, and only one came to us.

"Mostly bagnmen goes to the Ram," the waiter said, with a scornful air; and these bagnmen, and their bags, quitted the omnibus.

Only one passenger remained for the Ringwood Arms Hotel, and he presently descended under the *porte cochère*; and the omnibus—I own, with regret, it was but a one-horse machine—drove rattling into the court-yard, where the bells of the "Star," the "George," the "Rodney," the "Dolphin," and so on, had once been wont to jingle, and the court had echoed with the noise and clatter of hoofs and ostlers, and the cries of "First and second, turn out."

Who was the merry-faced little gentleman in black, who got out of the omnibus, and cried, when he saw us, "What, *you* here?" It was Mr. Bradgate, that lawyer of Lord Ringwood's with whom we made a brief acquaintance just after his lordship's death. "What, *you* here?" cries Bradgate, then, to Philip. "Come down about this business, of course? Very glad that you and—and certain parties have made it up. Though! you weren't friends."

What business? What parties? We had not heard the news? We had only come over from Periwinkle Bay by chance, in order to see the house.

"How very singular! Did you meet the—the people who were staying there?"

We said we had seen a carriage pass, but did not remark who was in it. What, however, was the news? Well. It would be known immediately, and would appear in Tuesday's *Gazette*. The news was that Sir John Ringwood was going to take a peerage, and that the seat for Whipham would be vacant. And herewith our friend produced from his travelling bag a proclamation, which he read to us, and which was addressed—

"To the worthy and independent Electors of the Borough of Ringwood.

"London, Wednesday.

"GENTLEMEN,—A gracious Sovereign having been pleased to order that the family of Ringwood should continue to be represented in the House of Peers, I take leave of my friends and constituents who have given me their kind confidence hitherto, and promise them that my regard for them will never cease, or my interest in the town and neighbourhood where my family have dwelt for many centuries. The late lamented Lord Ringwood's brother died in the service of his Sovereign in Portugal, following the same flag under which his ancestors for centuries have fought and bled. My own son serves the Crown in a civil capacity. It was natural that one of our name and family should continue the relations which so long have subsisted between us and this loyal, affectionate, but independent borough. Mr. Ringwood's onerous duties in the office which he holds are sufficient to occupy his time. A gentleman united to our family by the closest ties will offer himself as a candidate for your suffrages —"

"Why, who is it? He is not going to put in uncle Twysden, or my sneak of a cousin?"

"No," says Mr. Bradgate.

"Well, bless my soul! he can't mean me," said Philip. "Who is the dark horse he has in his stable!"

Then Mr. Bradgate laughed. "Dark horse you may call him. The new member is to be Grenville Woolcomb, Esq., your West India relative, and no other."

Those who know the extreme energy of Mr. P. Firmin's language when he is excited, may imagine the explosion of Philippine wrath which ensued as our friend heard this name. "That miscreant: that skinflint: that wealthy crossing-sweeper: that ignoramus who scarce could do more than sign his name! Oh, it was horrible, shameful! Why, the man is on such ill terms with his wife that they say he strikes her. When I see him I feel inclined to choke him, and murder him. *That* brute going into Parliament, and the republican Sir John Ringwood sending him there! It's monstrous!"

"Family arrangements. Sir John, or, I should say, my Lord Ringwood, is one of the most affectionate of parents," Mr. Bradgate remarked. "He has a large family by his second marriage, and his estates go to his eldest son. We must not quarrel with Lord Ringwood for wishing to provide for his young ones. I don't say that he quite acts up to the extreme Liberal principle of which he was once rather fond of boasting. But if you were offered a peerage, what would you do; what would I do? If you wanted money for your young ones, and could get it, would you not take it? Come, come, don't let us have too much of this Spartan virtue! If we were tried, my good friend, we should not be much worse or better than our neighbours. Is my fly coming, waiter?" We asked Mr. Bradgate to defer his departure, and to share our dinner. But he declined,

and said he must go up to the great house, where he and his client had plenty of business to arrange, and where no doubt he would stay for the night. He bade the inn servants put his portmanteau into his carriage when it came. "The old lord had some famous port wine," he said; "I hope my friends have the key of the cellar."

The waiter was just putting our meal on the table, as we stood in the bow-window of the Ringwood Arms coffee-room, engaged in this colloquy. Hence we could see the street, and the opposition inn of the Ram, where presently a great placard was posted. At least a dozen street boys, shopmen, and rustics were quickly gathered round this manifesto, and we ourselves went out to examine it. The Ram placard denounced, in terms of unmeasured wrath, the impudent attempt from the Castle to dictate to the free and independent electors of the borough. Freemen were invited not to promise their votes; to show themselves worthy of their name; to submit to no Castle dictation. A county gentleman of property, of influence, of liberal principles—no WEST INDIAN, no CASTLE FLUNKY, but a TRUE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, would come forward to rescue them from the tyranny under which they laboured. On this point the electors might rely on the word of A BRITON.

"This was brought down by the clerk from Bedloe's. He and a newspaper man came down in the train with me; a Mr. —."

As he spoke, there came forth from the "Ram" the newspaper man of whom Mr. Bradgate spoke—an old friend and comrade of Philip, that energetic man and able reporter, Phipps of the *Daily Intelligence*, who recognized Philip, and cordially greeting him, asked what he did down here, and supposed he had come to support his family.

Philip explained that we were strangers, had come from a neighbouring watering place to see the home of Philip's ancestors, and was not even aware, until then, that an electioneering contest was pending in the place, or that Sir John Ringwood was about to be promoted to the peerage. Meanwhile, Mr. Bradgate's fly had driven out of the hotel yard of the Ringwood Arms, and the lawyer running to the house for a bag of papers, jumped into the carriage and called to the coachman to drive to the castle.

"*Bon appétit!*" says he, in a confident tone, and he was gone.

"Would Phipps dine with us?" Phipps whispered, "I am on the other side, and the Ram is our house."

We, who were on no side, entered into the Ringwood Arms, and sat down to our meal—to the mutton and the catsup, cauliflower and potatoes, the copper-edged side dishes, and the watery melted butter, with which strangers are regaled in inns in declining towns. The town *badands*, who had read the placard at the Ram, now came to peruse the proclamation in our window. I daresay thirty pairs of clinking boots stopped before the one window and the other, the while we ate tough mutton and drank fiery sherry. And J. J., leaving his dinner, sketched some of the figures of the townsfolk staring at the manifesto, with the old-fashioned Ram Inn for a background—a picturesque gable enough.

Our meal was just over, when, somewhat to our surprise, our friend Mr. Bradgate the lawyer returned to the Ringwood Arms. He wore a disturbed countenance. He asked what he could have for dinner? Mutton, neither hot nor cold. Hum! That must do. So he had not been invited to dine at the Park? We rallied him with much facetiousness on this disappointment.

Little Bradgate's eyes started with wrath. "What a churl the little black fellow is!" he cried. "I took him his papers. I talked with him till dinner was laid in the very room where we were. French beans and neck of venison—I saw the housekeeper and his man bring them in! And Mr. Woolcomb did not so much as ask me to sit down to dinner—but told me to come again at nine o'clock! Confound this mutton—it's neither hot nor cold! The little skinflint! The glasses of fiery sherry which Bradgate now swallowed served rather to choke than appease the lawyer. We laughed, and this jocularity angered him more. "Oh," said he, "I am not the only person Woolcomb was rude to. He was in a dreadful ill-temper. He abused his wife: and when he read somebody's name in the strangers' book, I promise you, Firmin, he abused *you*. I had a mind to say to him, 'Sir, Mr. Firmin is dining at the Ringwood Arms, and I will tell him what you say of him.' What india-rubber mutton this is! What villanous sherry! Go back to him at nine o'clock, indeed! Be hanged to his impudence!"

"You must not abuse Woolcomb before Firmin," said one of our party. "Philip is so fond of his cousin's husband, that he cannot bear to hear the black man abused."

This was not a very brilliant joke, but Philip grinned at it with much savage satisfaction.

"Hit Woolcomb as hard as you please, he has no friends here, Mr. Bradgate," growled Philip. "So he is rude to his lawyer, is he?"

"I tell you he is worse than the old earl," cried the indignant Bradgate. "At least the old man was a peer of England, and could be a gentleman when he wished. But to be bullied by a fellow who might be a black footman, or ought to be sweeping a crossing! It's monstrous!"

"Don't speak ill of a man and a brother, Mr. Bradgate. Woolcomb can't help his complexion."

"But he can help his confounded impudence, and shan't practise it on *me*!" the attorney cried.

As Bradgate called out from his box, puffing and fuming, friend J. J. was scribbling in the little sketch-book which he always carried. He smiled over his work. "I know," he said, "the Black Prince well enough. I have often seen him driving his chestnut mares in the Park, with that bewildered white wife by his side. I am sure that woman is miserable, and, poor thing——"

"Serve her right! What did an English lady mean by marrying such a fellow!" cries Bradgate.

"A fellow who does not ask his lawyer to dinner!" remarks one of

the company; perhaps the reader's very humble servant. "But what an imprudent lawyer he has chosen—a lawyer who speaks his mind."

"I have spoken my mind to his betters, and be hanged to him! Do you think I am going to be afraid of *him*?" bawls the irascible solicitor.

"*Contempsi Catilinæ gladios*—do you remember the old quotation at school, Philip." And here there was a break in our conversation, for chancing to look at friend J. J.'s sketch-book, we saw that he had made a wonderful little drawing, representing Woolcomb and Woolcomb's wife, grooms, phaeton, and chestnut mares, as they were to be seen any afternoon in Hyde Park, during the London season.

Admirable! Capital! Everybody at once knew the likeness of the dusky charioteer. Iracundus himself smiled and sniggered over it. "Unless you behave yourself, Mr. Bradgate, Ridley will make a picture of *you*," says Philip. Bradgate made a comical face and retreated into his box, of which he pretended to draw the curtain. But the sociable little man did not long remain in his retirement; he emerged from it in a short time, his wine decanter in his hand, and joined our little party; and then we fell to talking of old times; and we all remembered a famous drawing by H. B., of the late Earl of Ringwood, in the old-fashioned swallow-tailed coat and tight trowsers, on the old-fashioned horse, with the old-fashioned groom behind him, as he used to be seen pounding along Rotten Row.

"I speak my mind, do I?" says Mr. Bradgate, presently. "I know somebody who spoke *his* mind to that old man, and who would have been better off if he had held his tongue."

"Come, tell me, Bradgate," cried Philip. "It is all over and past now. Had Lord Ringwood left me something? I declare I thought at one time that he intended to do so."

"Nay, has not your friend here been rebuking me for speaking my mind? I am going to be as mum as a mouse. Let us talk about the election," and the provoking lawyer would say no more on a subject possessing a dismal interest for poor Phil.

"I have no more right to repine," said that philosopher, "than a man would have who drew number *x* in the lottery, when the winning ticket was number *y*. Let us talk, as you say, about the election. Who is to oppose Mr. Woolcomb?"

Mr. Bradgate believed a neighbouring squire, Mr. Hornblow, was to be the candidate put forward against the Ringwood nominee.

"Hornblow! what, Hornblow of Grey Friars?" cries Philip. "A better fellow never lived. In this case he shall have our vote and interest; and I think we ought to go over and take another dinner at the 'Ram.'"

The new candidate actually turned out to be Philip's old school and college friend, Mr. Hornblow. After dinner we met him with a staff of canvassers on the tramp through the little town. Mr. Hornblow was paying his respects to such tradesmen as had their shops yet open. Next

day being market day he proposed to canvass the market-people. "If I meet the black man, Firmin," said the burly squire, "I think I can chaff him off his legs. He is a bad one at speaking, I am told."

As if the tongue of Plato would have prevailed in Whipham and against the nominee of the great house! The hour was late to be sure, but the companions of Mr. Hornblow on his canvass augured ill of his success after half-an-hour's walk at his heels. Baker Jones would not promise no how: that meant Jones would vote for the castle, Mr. Hornblow's legal aide-de-camp, Mr. Batley, was forced to allow. Butcher Brown was having his tea,—his shrill-voiced wife told us, looking out from her glazed back parlour: Brown would vote for the castle. Saddler Briggs would see about it. Grocer Adams fairly said he would vote against us—against *us*?—against Hornblow, whose part we were taking already. I fear the flattering promises of support of a great body of free and unbiassed electors, which had induced Mr. Hornblow to come forward and, &c., were but inventions of that little lawyer, Batley, who found his account in having a contest in the borough. When the polling-day came—you see, I disdain to make any mysteries in this simple and veracious story—MR. GRENVILLE WOOLCOMB, whose solicitor and agent spoke for him—Mr. Grenville Woolcomb, who could not spell or speak two sentences of decent English, and whose character for dulness, ferocity, penuriousness, jealousy, almost fatuity, was notorious to all the world—was returned by an immense majority, and the country gentleman brought scarce a hundred votes to the poll.

We who were in nowise engaged in the contest, nevertheless, found amusement from it in a quiet country place where little else was stirring. We came over once or twice from Periwinkle Bay. We mounted Hornblow's colours openly. We drove up ostentatiously to the Ram, forsaking the Ringwood Arms, where MR. GRENVILLE WOOLCOMB'S COMMITTEE ROOM was now established in that very coffee-room where we had dined in Mr. Bradgate's company. We warmed in the contest. We met Bradgate and his principal more than once, and our Montagus and Capulets defied each other in the public street. It was fine to see Philip's great figure and noble scowl when he met Woolcomb at the canvass. Gleams of mulatto hate quivered from the eyes of the little captain. Darts of fire flashed from beneath Philip's eyebrows as he elbowed his way forward, and hustled Woolcomb off the pavement. Mr. Philip never disguised any sentiment of his. Hate the little ignorant, spiteful, vulgar, avaricious beast? Of course I hate him, and I should like to pitch him into the river. Oh, Philip! Charlotte pleaded. But there was no reasoning with this savage when in wrath. I deplored, though perhaps I was amused by, his ferocity.

The local paper on our side was filled with withering epigrams against this poor Woolcomb, of which, I suspect, Philip was the author. I think I know that fierce style and tremendous invective. In the man whom he hates he can see no good; and in his friend no fault. When we met

Bradgate apart from his principal, we were friendly enough. He said we had no chance in the contest. He did not conceal his dislike and contempt for his client. He amused us in later days (when he actually became Philip's man of law) by recounting anecdotes of Woolcomb, his fury, his jealousy, his avarice, his brutal behaviour. Poor Agnes had married for money, and he gave her none. Old Twysden, in giving his daughter to this man, had hoped to have the run of a fine house; to ride in Woolcomb's carriages, and feast at his table. But Woolcomb was so stingy that he grudged the meat which his wife ate, and would give none to her relations. He turned those relations out of his doors. Talbot and Ringwood Twysden, he drove them both away. He lost a child, because he would not send for a physician. His wife never forgave him that meanness. Her hatred for him became open and avowed. They parted, and she led a life into which we will look no farther. She quarrelled with parents as well as husband. "Why," she said, "did they sell me to that man?" Why did she sell herself? She required little persuasion from father and mother when she committed that crime. To be sure, they had educated her so well to worldliness, that when the occasion came she was ready.

We used to see this luckless woman, with her horses and servants decked with Woolcomb's ribbons, driving about the little town, and making feeble efforts to canvass the townspeople. They all knew how she and her husband quarrelled. Reports came very quickly from the Hall to the town. Woolcomb had not been at Whiphham a week when people began to hoot and jeer at him as he passed in his carriage. "Think how weak you must be," Bradgate said, "when we can win with this horse! I wish he would stay away, though. We could manage much better without him. He has insulted I don't know how many free and independent electors, and infuriated others, because he will not give them beer when they come to the house. If Woolcomb would stay in the place, and we could have the election next year, I think your man might win. But, as it is, he may as well give in, and spare the expense of a poll." Meanwhile Hornblow was very confident. We believe what we wish to believe. It is marvellous what faith an enthusiastic electioneering agent can inspire in his client. At any rate, if Hornblow did not win this time, he would at the next election. The old Ringwood domination in Whiphham was gone henceforth for ever.

When the day of election arrived, you may be sure we came over from Periwinkle Bay to see the battle. By this time Philip had grown so enthusiastic in Hornblow's cause—(Philip, by the way, never would allow the possibility of a defeat)—that he had his children decked in the Hornblow ribbons, and drove from the bay, wearing a cockade as large as a pancake. He, I, and Ridley the painter, went together in a dog-cart. We were hopeful, though we knew the enemy was strong; and cheerful, though, ere we had driven five miles, the rain began to fall.

Philip was very anxious about a certain great roll of paper which we

carried with us. When I asked him what it contained, he said it was a gun; which was absurd. Ridley smiled in his silent way. When the rain came, Philip cast a cloak over his artillery, and sheltered his powder. We little guessed at the time what strange game his shot would bring down.

When we reached Whipham, the polling had continued for some hours. The confounded black miscreant, as Philip called his cousin's husband, was at the head of the poll, and with every hour his majority increased. The free and independent electors did not seem to be in the least influenced by Philip's articles in the county paper, or by the placards which our side had pasted over the little town, and in which freemen were called upon to do their duty, to support a fine old English gentleman, to submit to no castle nominee, and so forth. The pressure of the Ringwood steward and bailiffs was too strong. However much they disliked the black man, tradesman after tradesman, and tenant after tenant, came up to vote for him. Our drums and trumpets at the Ram blew loud defiance to the brass band at the Ringwood Arms. From our balcony, I flatter myself, we made much finer speeches than the Ringwood people could deliver. Hornblow was a popular man in the county. When he came forward to speak, the market-place echoed with applause. The farmers and small tradesmen touched their hats to him kindly, but slunk off sadly to the polling-booth and voted according to order. A fine, healthy, handsome, red-checked squire, our champion's personal appearance enlisted all the ladies in his favour.

"If the two men," bawled Philip, from the Ram window, "could decide the contest with their coats off before the market-house yonder, which do you think would win—the fair man or the darkey?" (Loud cries of "Hornblow for ever!" or, "Mr. Philip, we'll have *yew*!") "But you see, my friends, Mr. Woolcomb does not like a *fair* fight. Why doesn't he show at the Ringwood Arms and speak? I don't believe he can speak—not English. Are you men? Are you Englishmen? Are you white slaves to be sold to that fellow?" (Immense uproar. Mr. Finch, the Ringwood agent, in vain tries to get a hearing from the balcony of the Ringwood Arms.) "Why does not Sir John Ringwood—my Lord Ringwood now—come down amongst his tenantry and back the man he has sent down? I suppose he is ashamed to look his tenants in the face. I should be, if I ordered them to do such a degrading job. You know, gentlemen, that I am a Ringwood myself. My grandfather lies buried—no, not buried—in yonder church. His tomb is there. His body lies on the glorious field of Busaco!" ("Hurray!") "I am a Ringwood." (Cries of "Hoo—down. No Ringwoods year. We wunt have un!") "And before George, if I had a vote, I would give it for the gallant, the good, the admirable, the excellent Hornblow. Some one holds up the state of the poll, and Woolcomb is ahead! I can only say, electors of Whipham, *the more shame for you!*" "Hooray! Bravo!" The boys, the people, the shouting, are all on our side. The voting, I regret to say, steadily continues in favour of the enemy.

As Philip was making his speech, an immense banging of drums and blowing of trumpets arose from the balcony of the Ringwood Arms, and a something resembling the song of triumph called, "See the Conquering Hero comes," was performed by the opposition orchestra. The lodge-gates of the park were now decorated with the Ringwood and Woolcomb flags. They were flung open, and a dark green chariot with four grey horses issued from the park. On the chariot was an earl's coronet, and the people looked rather scared as it came towards us, and said—"Do'ee look, now, 'tis my lard's own postchaise!" On former days Mr. Woolcomb and his wife, as his aide-de-camp, had driven through the town in an open barouche, but, to-day being rainy, preferred the shelter of the old chariot, and we saw, presently, within, Mr. Bradgate, the London agent, and by his side the darkling figure of Mr. Woolcomb. He had passed many agonizing hours, we were told subsequently, in attempting to learn a speech. He cried over it. He never could get it by heart. He swore like a frantic child at his wife who endeavoured to teach him his lesson.

"Now's the time, Mr. Briggs!" Philip said to Mr. B., our lawyer's clerk, and the intelligent Briggs sprang downstairs to obey his orders. Clear the road there! make way! was heard from the crowd below us. The gates of our inn courtyard, which had been closed, were suddenly flung open, and, amidst the roar of the multitude, there issued out a cart drawn by two donkeys, and driven by a negro, beasts and man all wearing Woolcomb's colours. In the cart was fixed a placard, on which a most undeniable likeness of Mr. Woolcomb was designed: who was made to say, "VOTE FOR ME! AM I NOT A MAN AND A BRUDDER?" This cart trotted out of the yard of the Ram, and, with a cortège of shouting boys, advanced into the market-place, which Mr. Woolcomb's carriage was then crossing.

Before the market-house stands the statue of the late earl, whereof mention has been made. In his peer's robes, a hand extended, he points towards his park gates. An inscription, not more mendacious than many other epigraphs, records his rank, age, virtues, and the esteem in which the people of Whipham held him. The mulatto who drove the team of donkeys was an itinerant tradesman who brought fish from the bay to the little town; a jolly wag, a fellow of indifferent character, a frequenter of all the alehouses in the neighbourhood, and rather celebrated for his skill as a bruiser. He and his steeds streamed with Woolcomb ribbons. With ironical shouts of "Woolcomb for ever!" Yellow Jack urged his cart towards the chariot with the white horses. He took off his hat with mock respect to the candidate sitting within the green chariot. From the balcony of the Ram we could see the two vehicles approaching each other; and the Yellow Jack waving his ribboned hat, kicking his bandy legs here and there, and urging on his donkeys. What with the roar of the people, and the banging and trumpeting of the rival bands, we could hear but little: but I saw Woolcomb thrust his yellow head out of his chaise-window—he pointed towards that impudent donkey-cart, and urged, seemingly, his postilions

to ride it down. Plying their whips, the postboys galloped towards Yellow Jack and his vehicle, a yelling crowd scattering from before the horses, and rallying behind them, to utter execrations at Woolcomb. His horses were frightened, no doubt; for just as Yellow Jack wheeled nimbly round one side of the Ringwood statue, Woolcomb's horses were all huddled together and plunging in confusion beside it, the fore-wheel came in abrupt collision with the stonework of the statue railing: and then we saw the vehicle turn over altogether, one of the wheelers down with its rider, and the leaders kicking, plunging, lashing out right and left, wild and maddened with fear. Mr. Philip's countenance, I am bound to say, wore a most guilty and queer expression. This accident, this collision, this injury, perhaps death of Woolcomb and his lawyer, arose out of our fine joke about the Man and the Brother.

We dashed down the stairs from the Ram—Hornblow, Philip, and half-a-dozen more—and made a way through the crowd towards the carriage, with its prostrate occupants. The mob made way civilly for the popular candidate—the losing candidate. When we reached the chaise, the traces had been cut: the horses were free: the fallen postilion was up and rubbing his leg: and, as soon as the wheelers were taken out of the chaise, Woolcomb emerged from it. He had said from within (accompanying his speech with many oaths, which need not be repeated, and showing a just sense of his danger), “Cut the traces, hang you! And take the horses away: I can wait until they're gone. I'm sittin' on my lawyer; I ain't goin' to have *my* head kicked off by those wheelers.” And just as we reached the fallen postchaise he emerged from it, laughing, and saying, “Lie still, you old beggar!” to Mr. Bradgate, who was writhing underneath him. His issue from the carriage was received with shouts of laughter, which increased prodigiously when Yellow Jack, nimbly clambering up the statue-railings, thrust the outstretched arm of the statue through the picture of the Man and the Brother, and left that cartoon flapping in the air over Woolcomb's head.

Then a shout arose, the like of which has seldom been heard in that quiet little town. Then Woolcomb, who had been quite good-humoured as he issued out of the broken postchaise, began to shriek, curse, and revile more shrilly than before; and was heard, in the midst of his oaths and wrath, to say, “He would give any man a shillin' who would bring him down that confounded thing!” Then scared, bruised, contused, confused, poor Mr. Bradgate came out of the carriage, his employer taking not the least notice of him.

Hornblow hoped Woolcomb was not hurt, on which the little gentleman turned round, and said, “Hurt? no; who are you! Is no fellah goin' to bring me down that confounded thing? I'll give a shillin', I say, to the fellah who does!”

“A shilling is offered for that picture!” shouts Philip with a red face, and wild with excitement. “Who will take a whole shilling for that beauty.”

On which Woolcomb began to scream, curse, and revile more bitterly than before. "You here? Hang you, why are you here? Don't come bullyin' me. Take that fellah away, some of you fellahs. Bradgate, come to my committee-room. I won't stay here, I say. Let's have the beast of a carriage, and——Well, what's up now?"

While he was talking, shrieking, and swearing, half a dozen shoulders in the crowd had raised the carriage up on its three wheels. The panel which had fallen towards the ground had split against a stone, and a great gap was seen in the side. A lad was about to thrust his hand into the ouffice, when Woolcomb turned upon him.

"Hands off, you little beggar!" he cried, "no priggin'! Drive away some of these fellahs, you postboys! Don't stand rubbin' your knee there, you great fool. What's this?" and he thrust his own hand into the place where the boy had just been marauding.

In the old travelling carriages there used to be a well or sword-case, in which travellers used to put swords and pistols in days when such weapons of defence were needful on the road. Out of this sword-case of Lord Ringwood's old post-chariot, Woolcomb did not draw a sword, but a foolscap paper folded and tied with a red tape. And he began to read the superscription—"Will of the Right Honourable John, Earl of Ringwood. Bradgate, Smith and Burrows."

"God bless my soul! It's the will he had back from my office, and which I thought he had destroyed. My dear fellow, I congratulate you with all my heart!" And herewith Mr. Bradgate the lawyer began to shake Philip's hand with much warmth. "Allow me to look at that paper. Yes, this is in my handwriting. Let us come into the Ringwood Arms—the Ram—anywhere, and read it to you!"

. . . Here we looked up to the balcony of the Ringwood Arms, and beheld a great placard announcing the state of the poll at 1 o'clock.

| | | | | |
|----------|---|---|---|-----|
| WOOLCOMB | . | . | . | 216 |
| HORNBLow | . | . | . | 92 |

"We are beaten," said Mr. Hornblow, very good-naturedly. "We may take our flag down. Mr. Woolcomb, I congratulate you."

"I knew we should do it," said Mr. Woolcomb, putting out a little yello s-kidded hand. Had all the votes beforehand—knew we should do the trick. I say. Hi! you—Whatdyoucallem—Bradgate! What is it about, that will? It does not do any good to *that* beggar does it?" and with laughter and shouts, and cries of "Woolcomb for ever," and "Give us something to drink, your honour," the successful candidate marched into his hotel.

And was the tawny Woolcomb the fairy who was to rescue Philip from grief, debt, and poverty? Yes. And the old postchaise of the late Lord Ringwood was the fairy chariot. You have read in a past chapter how the old lord, being transported with anger against Philip, desired his lawyer to bring back a will in which he had left a handsome legacy to the

young man, as his mother's son. My lord had intended to make a provision for Mrs. Firmin, when she was his dutiful niece, and yet under his roof. When she eloped with Mr. Firmin, Lord Ringwood vowed he would give his niece nothing. But he was pleased with the independent and forgiving spirit exhibited by her son; and, being a person of much grim humour, I daresay chuckled inwardly at thinking how furious the Twysdens would be, when they found Philip was the old lord's favourite. Then Mr. Philip chose to be insubordinate, and to excite the wrath of his great uncle, who desired to have his will back again. He put the document into his carriage, in the secret box, as he drove away on that last journey, in the midst of which death seized him. Had he survived, would he have made another will, leaving out all mention of Philip? Who shall say? My lord made and cancelled many wills. This certainly, duly drawn and witnessed, was the last he ever signed; and by it Philip is put in possession of a sum of money which is sufficient to ensure a provision for those whom he loves. Kind readers, I know not whether the fairies be rife now, or banished from this work-a-day earth, but Philip's biographer wishes you some of those blessings which never forsook Philip in his trials: a dear wife and children to love you, a true friend or two to stand by you, and in health or sickness, a clear conscience, and a kindly heart. If you fall upon the way, may succour reach you. And may you, in your turn, have help and pity in store for the unfortunate whom you overtake on life's journey.

Would you care to know what happened to the other personages of our narrative? Old Twysden is still babbling and bragging at clubs, and though aged is not the least venerable. He has quarrelled with his son for not calling Woolcomb out, when that unhappy difference arose between the Black Prince and his wife. He says his family has been treated with cruel injustice by the late Lord Ringwood, but as soon as Philip had a little fortune left him he instantly was reconciled to his wife's nephew. There are other friends of Firmin's who were kind enough to him in his evil days, but cannot pardon his prosperity. Being in that benevolent mood which must accompany any leave-taking, we will not name these ill-wishers of Philip, but wish that all readers of his story may have like reason to make some of their acquaintances angry.

Our dear Little Sister would never live with Philip and his Charlotte, though, the latter *especially* and with all her heart besought Mrs. Brandon to come to them. That pure and useful and modest life ended a few years since. She died of a fever caught from one of her patients. She would not allow Philip or Charlotte to come near her. She said she was justly punished for being so proud as to refuse to live with them. All her little store she left to Philip. He has now in his desk the five guineas which she gave him at his marriage; and J. J. has made a little picture of her, with her sad smile and her sweet face, which hangs in Philip's drawing-room, where father, mother, and children talk of the Little Sister as though she were among them still.

She was dreadfully agitated when the news came from New York of Doctor Firmin's second marriage. "His second? His third!" she said. "The villain, the villain!" That strange delusion which we have described as sometimes possessing her increased in intensity after this news. More than ever, she believed that Philip was her own child. She came wildly to him, and cried that his father had forsaken them. It was only when she was excited that she gave utterance to this opinion. Doctor Goodenough says that though generally silent about it, it never left her.

Upon his marriage Dr. Firmin wrote one of his long letters to his son, announcing the event. He described the wealth of the lady (a widow from Norfolk, in Virginia) to whom he was about to be united. He would pay back, ay, with interest, every pound, every dollar, every cent he owed his son. Was the lady wealthy? We had only the poor doctor's word.

Three months after his marriage he died of yellow fever, on his wife's estate. It was then the Little Sister came to see us in widow's mourning, very wild and flushed. She bade our servant say, "Mrs. Firmin was at the door;" to the astonishment of the man, who knew her. She had even caused a mourning-card to be printed. Ah, there is rest now for that little, fevered brain, and peace, let us pray, for that fond faithful heart.

The mothers in Philip's household and mine have already made a match between our children. We had a great gathering the other day at Rotherhampton, at the house of our friend Mr. Clive Newcome (whose tall boy, my wife says, was very attentive to our Helen), and, having been educated at the same school, we sat ever so long at dessert, telling old stories, whilst the children danced to piano music on the lawn. Dance on the lawn, young folks, whilst the elders talk in the shade! What? The night is falling: we have talked enough over our wine: and it is time to go home? Good night. Good night, friends, old and young! The night will fall: the stories must end: and the best friends must part.

The Climate and the Work.

IN all times the duties of those who serve great States, in exalted positions, are heavy. The world is *not* easily governed, although mankind may be easily directed. Who can tell how many rulers have sunk in death beneath the weight of their harness? History is filled with examples of monarchs abdicating, and kings seeking relief from intolerable burthens in retirement, but we know nothing of those who have struggled on to the end, and died with sealed lips—of the satraps and pro-consuls who, in the old days, succumbed under griefs, or cares, or wrongs in places remote and unrecorded. In Danubian marshes, in the wastes of Pannonia, in the fever-stricken valleys of Asia Minor, in Numidian deserts, in British forests, divided from the whole world, Rome lost, no doubt, her bravest and her best, whose names are unremembered, and who fell at their post.

There would be less envy of Great Britain, on account of her Indian possessions, if the world could be made aware of the price of their retention. The nation pays tribute of that which is dearest to it for the glory or advantages of ruling over these many-tongued races in the East. Scarcely do we ourselves count the cost. See, mail after mail, how the list of the dead lengthens out! What household is there which does not own its losses? What family is there which has not to say of some loved one—“He died in India?” It seems quite a natural thing to us that young men should be cut off in their prime, and lay their bones in that strange land. Scarcely less numerous are they who retire, wounded to death, from the field, and can just carry their wearied limbs homewards to fall on the threshold and expire. How many survivors of the conflict are tied in a kind of Maxentian bond to life, and exist as it were on sufferance? It may be true that few of the great statesmen of India died in office, though some there have been who did; but the number of those who have fallen victims to the effects of climate, incessant mental exertion, and physical suffering, and exposure, cannot be easily estimated.

It is scarcely possible for any young nobleman to obtain such a standing before the world as to justify a ministry in appointing him to the best office in the gift of the Crown, and if the Governor-General be a man advanced in years or past middle age, the probability is that he breaks down during his career, or feels the effects of his residence in India for life, unless he takes refuge in the hills, far away from the traditional seat of Government. Recently the great grief consequent upon the loss of Lord Canning has re-opened the question whether there might not be a permanent change of the site of the central authority. It is argued that no public necessity exists for the residence of the Viceroy in Calcutta, that railroads

and telegrams have rendered Simla as near and as accessible to all India as Allahabad was to Calcutta in former times, and that the country has no right to expose its servants to the perils which are attributed to the vicinity of the Mahratta ditch. But these arguments apply almost equally well to the judges, the administrators, the lieutenant-governors, and the officers of the Crown. In time of public agitation or alarm, rail and telegraph are not to be always depended upon, and when once an interruption takes place in their working, Simla is placed at a great disadvantage by its remoteness from the principal places in the empire. Governing by telegram is by no means safe or advisable. The wire is too thin to bear the whole weight of India. It is an invaluable auxiliary, but an untrustworthy chief. Whether the plans for centralising the work of the Government at Allahabad be carried out or not, it is obvious the situation possesses only a few advantages over that at Calcutta. Power is always more respected and dreaded, especially by Orientals, when its paraphernalia are visible; and the man who accepts the dignity and the grandeur, not to mention the emoluments, of the Viceroyalty must be prepared to make a great sacrifice of personal comfort, though we should not ask him to lay down his life in lieu of them.

The Governor-General of India is more than a viceroy. The king or queen whom he represents has no such power as he exercises daily, and can issue no ukases as absolute, on matters of the greatest moment, as those which come from his council chamber. It is true that his acts are subject to revision, control, and even abrogation or repudiation at home; but that circumstance only increases the difficulty of his position when he is called upon to act in any emergency. If he be a vigorous man, he will direct rather than follow the policy of the Government at home.

There has scarce been a Governor-General of India who has not had ample reason to distrust the assurances of the wisest political soothsayers, and to denounce the horoscope they have drawn for him. Our rule must be subject to all the accidents which affect the life of an artificial and foreign body. Who could tell what storms were gathering from Frenchman or Mahratta in days gone by, from the Khalsa or Cabool, from the Nana or the greased cartridge? The men who have gone out prepared to meet the tempest have found calm, and they who sallied forth for a summer cruise became suddenly engaged in struggling against a hurricane. Not only must the intrigues, the discontents, the prejudices, the religious agitations, and the political tendencies of pauperized, ignorant, and bigoted populations be constantly watched, but the very heavens themselves exercise most powerful agencies over the condition of our rule. The revenue may fall short, owing to failure of our opium crop, and a bad season; then public works languish; the ruler is accused of a hundred shortcomings. The cloudless skies yield no rain, and whole districts are parched up and burnt; flocks, herds, and human beings perish of hunger and drought;—the calamity is traced to British rule, and to the culpable neglect of men in

high places. The image of the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, which overspreads the earth, at last scorching it with fire and rushing waters, is essentially Oriental. It applies to the physical and moral condition of the empire; the moment it rises every eye should be fixed upon the phenomenon, though it may pass harmlessly away. Under the golden throne on which our Viceroy sits, there are seething in India elements of hate, disaffection, and intrigue, which may at any time burst forth with volcanic fury. A hundred years is but a little time in the life of a nation; it does not obliterate the memories of conquest, or the bitter animosities of subjected races and dethroned dynasties. We are too apt to forget that the poor betinselled creature who gets out of the way of the sahib's buggy in the bazaar, may be one in whose veins is the blood of the "Sulatteen," or of Sevajee; and that high place in India, as elsewhere, ennobles the descendants of those who held it. We fondly hope that the age of insurrection and the rage for conquest are past; but we must be sanguine indeed if we think our rule has outlived the hopes and the hatreds of the conquered and despoiled. "By rigid inflexible justice"—Vain words! Let us not finish the sentence. Whatever we may do in India, we cannot be just. The very conditions of our presence there must always demand the most watchful vigilance over our own acts to prevent the commission of wrong, as it were, involuntarily, because every hour of our lives and every step we take is marked by some fresh temptation to do it. The new era which is always coming, when peace and good-will and paternal love shall unite the two races, will arrive only with the millennium. The hand which holds the sword may cover the blade with olive-leaves, but the edge must be sharp and the blow sure when needs be, and the inextinguishable nature of the subtle fire which animates all national life warns us to be prepared against all the contingencies to which those who rule an alien people are ever exposed. We are too apt to forget this fact. No Governor-General of India ought to do so. It is not that the people of India are exceptional. Take the history of any country similarly situated, and you will find the same laws in operation, and in our opinion those laws are invariable, be the race of people what it may—Pole or Rajpoot, Circassian or Sikh. A *resumé* of our relations with India since 1760 gives us annual wars and disturbances; but if we were to make a short abstract of our history for the same time, and give it to a Hindostanee to read, he would gather from it the idea that England was the most belligerent power in the world, and that her people must sleep on their swords, surrounded by enemies all over the world. The gradual mitigation of the subsidizing and contingent system, and the utter abandonment of the policy of beating down the whole surface of India to the dead level of an earthen threshing floor, as well as a development of the principle of giving the natives an interest and a share in the task of administering justice and governing themselves, may afford some guarantees for a happier future in India. But we must never forget our rule has lasted only a little over 100 years,

and that for more than three-quarters of that period it extended over a comparatively small and insignificant portion of the present territory, and was exercised as a lieutenancy.

The grandsons are still living of one of our most formidable enemies when we were a small Indian power. We have conversed with an old man who served Lord Lake at a time when, as he said, the English were glad of the assistance of the smallest Rajahs. In consolidating our empire now, and in the endeavour to avoid recourse to the means by which we established it, there is ample scope for the display of the most consummate genius and the most untiring energy in administration. But the task is almost beyond human power, exercised as it must be in such a country, and in a climate such as that of India. As we have said, the penalty we pay for the glory of possessing an empire so vast is also enormous. The new policy is more difficult than the old. It is easier to take than to keep. A brilliant campaign formerly covered many defects of internal administration. A war was a facile mode of escaping from difficulties or closing knotty discussions. As the empire has expanded, the losses incurred in retaining it are increased. The climate kills as many as the sword. Among the principal causes of the strain which is required on the part of our English ruler as compared with a man of any other race, is to be enumerated the inflexibility of his nature and habits; but the grandest and most important of all is, that he is only a settler. On the other hand, the Mahomedan took up his abode for life among the people, and soon became part of them, so that in the last rebellion the Hindoo tribes rallied round Mahomedan leaders. Feroze Shah fought along with Tantia Topee, the one of the royal house of Delhi, the other a Brahmin.

We have to watch over not only our own prestige, our national faith and honour, our two hundred millions of capital embarked in India, but our relations with the rest of the world; for the loss of Hindostan would go far to reduce the power of England abroad, and, right or wrong, revolt is always accepted as an evidence of bad government, and if successful, is held to be its own best justification. There is not an English subject in India who is not interested in the great work; but on the Governor-General rests not only the weight of it, but the accumulated burthen of all the faults and errors of his countrymen, spread broadcast over the land, and this source of anxiety is more likely to be increased than to diminish.

The new Governor-General arrives, he is received at Calcutta mid the thunder of cannon, the roar of addresses, the clangour of offices and departments. At the very first he has to be on his guard against any indiscreet expression of opinion, any enthusiastic exposition of a policy. He is surrounded by the astute, accomplished, and informed men, who have fought their way step by step through all the phases of Indian official life, and to whom no secret of that vast cosmogony is hid—who know its language, its peoples, its traditions, and who have struggled onwards and upwards, till their great ambition is laid prostrate before the

new-comer, who has never set foot on the land before. Each seeks to acquire some sort of ascendancy in the councils of the person who is now master of the situation, and each man is probably the embodiment of a faction, the exponent of some theory, the necessary head of a great department. Outside the official circle are glimpses of the dusky faces of the governed, the subtle, yielding, yet unalterable races, for whose weal or woe he has come to judgment. But he must depend on those around him for all knowledge of their feelings, happiness, and wants. The first generation or two of Indian viceroys, which produced men who had lived among the natives and knew them and their language thoroughly, can never be renewed, unless the modern practice be broken through, and such a man as John Lawrence is sent out to govern. At present the Indian service is the only one in the world, perhaps, to the head of which no member, however able, can rise.

The disadvantage to the newly-appointed Governor must remain, no matter what his acquirements, of being dependent on those who preceded him for guidance on most matters. For some time after his arrival, he will unconsciously select those as his favoured counsellors, whose ideas are most in accordance with his own views. After a time he acts for himself, and in shaking off his old friends, provokes a certain amount of latent jealousy and a spirit of opposition, which are exhibited when and where they are little anticipated or expected. If he be fortunate, for the first year all goes well. He resides in Calcutta, bears the heat, wonders why people complain of it, thinks the winter delightful, and has been hotter in London in the summer. He works on the unfinished plans of his predecessors, concludes a treaty, confirms a grant, approves of several useful public undertakings. His stittings to the charming country seat on the river, with its gardens, wide-spread lawn, and stately trees, amuse him. The novelty of the society, the pleasure of power, attract and charm his attention. His administration glides on peaceably, and the Indian press can find no fault with him, except that he is doing nothing, or that he is not "extending British interests." India makes no figure in debates, or in the home papers, and the Government are quite comfortable. Perhaps the opening of a railway bridge, or the dispersion of a dacoitee, mark the early months of his rule; or the increase of Government schools furnishes matter for an able report. But all this while there is little rest: whether the Governor be at Calcutta or Barrackpore, he is working away at statistics and documents, reading up his business, and desirous, if he is worth his salt, of emulating the fame of some one of his great predecessors, uncertain whether he will follow Bentinck or Hastings. His second year approaches, and he begins to bestir himself. It is absolutely necessary that those disorders in Hyderabad, of which he sees so much in the papers, should cease. The Secretary of State has written a despatch to direct his attention to the subject, and the resident is therefore instructed to remonstrate with the Nizam, who is of course irritated at the interference, and thinks he has just as much right to scold the Governor-General on account of the

riots among the Bheels, or the disturbances in the bazaars of Bengal. The disaffection is duly noted, and a memo. is made for future cogitation, but just as the matter is about to be discussed, perhaps *in foro Martis*, the news of an angry peace debate comes out, and it strikes the Viceroy that if he would have rest, he must leave the Rohillas and Arabs of Hydrabad alone. But then there is the Ganges Canal, there are numerous branches to be opened, locks to be repaired, sluices made. A current of active engineers is directed to the diseased places. They invigorate the soil with a sprouting of able reports, quite wonderful to any but an Indian official to see. The works are of permanent usefulness. The Governor and all the powers that be sanction them. Lo ! another despatch—*verbosa et grandis epistola*. "The most rigid economy consistent with the public service is to be observed, and no outlay can be sanctioned which is not of paramount necessity." Or another stretch of railway is to be opened, which is prohibited, on the ground that just at present it is important to show large balances in the treasury, and it is better to pay the company their high interest, than to part with the ready money. The Governor takes refuge in education. He adopts the magnificent scheme of Mr. Polycarp, and the whole system of village and Government schools is about being reorganized, when he is suddenly stopped by the intimation that he will set all the Mussulman and Hindoo world in a blaze, and some of the Council threaten to resign.

The Governor-General is irritated at all these failures. He is responsible for India, and yet he can do nothing. A second summer is upon him. He is not so strong ; at least, he does not bear the heat so well as before. The anxiety and the sun begin to act on his liver. The treasury is too low to permit him to make a tour in state ; he fears to be accused of an extravagant outlay, or of profuse habits. Nor does he like to repair to Simla so soon, lest it might be construed into a desire to escape from work, and a slothful disposition. Accounts from Bombay indicate an unsettled state of things in Goojerat. But he has never been in Bombay, knows nothing of Goojerat, and therefore is obliged to trust to those who are on the spot or to the Bombay representatives, whose policy may have led to the disaffection. If he interferes, directly the Bombay people are very angry, and distant relations spring up between the authorities of the Presidency and the Viceroy. It may be that Madras is the source of trouble ; though that presidency does not always boast of officers as able and as restless as Sir C. Trevelyan. But trouble there is sure to be. We heard a great servant of the Crown, with a varied knowledge of affairs, declare that in any other department of State a man might be tolerably certain of the nature of his work ; but that the man who ruled India must be prepared for a succession of novelties and surprises more various and complicated than all the administrators of the world beside have to manage and decide. When the second autumn comes, therefore, with its sickness and depressing influences, it will not surprise us to see a paragraph in the *Indian papers* stating that the Governor-

General is indisposed—a slight attack of the complaint so common at the season, combined with feverish symptoms. In a week or ten days he is out again; and the frequenters of the esplanade remark that “his Excellency looks pale. Hear he had a deuce of a wiggling from home about that Durrumpore affair. He’s not a kind of man to take liberties with himself.” “Why don’t he go to the hills?” “Don’t like leaving old Hepar in command, I am told; very jealous of him and Sir Curry Jecur ever since the Bundrum business.” “He should go out pig-sticking,” grunts an old gnarled hog-hunter. “He doesn’t out enough in the open air; keeps too much in doors,” remarks an ancient indigo-planter, with face as blue as his own vats. His Excellency, however, gets through the year—rather uneasy, because he has not signalised his administration by any extraordinary departure from the routine of business which has to be disposed of every day—foiled in a hundred benevolent projects—consumed by zeal for the public good which cannot find outlet—and hampered by small opposition to great projects. He has hit on a plan to assimilate taxation, or to insure uniformity of valuation; or he is engaged on a scheme for the readjustment of tenures in some ancient province, where all things are going wrong by reason of some ill-advised settlements. The obstacles he encounters augment at every step. As the adventurous knight is menaced by apparitions and demons, which increase in frightfulness and strength as he gets nearer and nearer to the enchanted castle, so do the difficulties of the reformer in India assume more formidable and varied shapes as he draws towards the accomplishment of his task. The resolution of the man is spurred to the utmost. He answers objections, comments on and combats adverse reports, and argues the matter with the civilians, who regard him either as the victim of a delusion, or as a dangerous destructive. Every stone of the old edifice he removes is followed by such a rush of dust that the whole of it seems tumbling about his ears. Here prescription, there written documents, in another place local customs or prejudices, are arrayed against his plan. Still he toils on. Night and day he works at unfamiliar tenures and complicated codes; and as he intensifies his labour, so does the task before him increase: he has put his hand to the plough, and cannot go back.

There is a dull leaden heat in the air: the sun lets fall rays like molten metal, which flow through every crevice, and stream through the *demi-jour* of the palace. The punkahs wave to and fro and flap the heavy atmosphere in throbs which give one the sensation of the rippling of water in a hot bath. Half the world is asleep or panting in a wide-awake doze. The natives slink along the shaded sides of the streets, if perforce they must go forth at all; and even their bronzed faces are like the *acra sudantia* of which the poet speaks as a sign of the hard times long ago. Where is the Governor-General? He is seated in a room surrounded with maps and books, and filled with tables, on which are red boxes labelled “Punjaub,” “Finance,” “Hill States,” “Public Schools,” “Rajah of

Durwan," and the like, and piles of despatches. An important despatch has just been received relative to the claims of certain priests to a peepul-tree in a Government enclosure; and the Governor-General is setting it all straight, and consulting the best authorities, with Fahrenheit at 102 deg. in the shade. Every one of these big red boxes is full of good or evil, as that of Pandora. There is another important despatch just come in from an outlying deputy commissioner in the North West, concerning a murdered explorer, or a Russian officer seen in a bazaar by a Yarkand merchant, which demands immediate attention. There is a longer despatch from home, which must be provided for by next mail. Then there are railway claims to be settled—a rancorous quarrel, perhaps, between the Government military engineer and the company's civil engineer. And the Government at home are anxious that cotton should be developed, or that teak should be grown immediately, or that the works on the Thibet and Hindostan road should be pushed on, or that great Godavery canal be accomplished. Besides, there are the all-important and most perplexing questions arising out of educational and religious matters—the supreme object of Christianizing the people, without violence to the precepts of Christianity, and of educating them without injuring our reputation for good faith and honesty. Then see the army of great dignitaries to be superintended, and corresponded, and reported, and minuted; the charges against authorities to be investigated; the difficult points arising out of succession, adoption, and the like; the interests to be looked after in the matter of reversions, which the British Crown has been good enough to adopt from the Mogul; the plans for "not letting well alone," which enthusiasts, or persons without the excuse of enthusiasm, are continually pressing on Government; the abuses of the police system, their reform, the chief direction of the army. These do not all press on him together, but a good many of them do so. They come upon him and interrupt the course of his great scheme, and distract him with cares and perplexity, and over much to do. Sykes must know all about the new appointments in Oude; and Mangles and Weir Hogg, and a host of others, are troubling the souls of Indians in Parliament, and must be choked off with returns. And so hour after hour passes. The private secretary has long ago gone off in his buggy to take that famous ever-varying, always the same drive "up and down" and "down and up" the esplanade outside Fort William. The sun has got tired of being hotter and hotter, and is about taking a dip in the sea to cool himself. The long, lean flanked, diverse-legged, and many medalled Sipahis, who mount guard on landing and corridor, have been changed many times, each tall, dark faced, white mustachioed veteran being replaced by another exactly of the same cut and size. The obese old fellows in the splendid Oriental liveries—and, O! my lords and gentlemen, be the calves of your servitors as big, their wigs and hair as powdered, their coats as fine, and their netherkins as gaudy as you please never will you see anything in your halls like these gorbellied knaves with jewelled hangers and scarfs of cashmere—they are, we say, becoming

fatigued by inactivity and idleness, and wondering if the Governor is going out at all before dinner, when suddenly the carriages come round to the porch just ere utter darkness begins, and a stiff European with some stiff aides descends the stairs and marches to his vehicle. In a cloud of dust he whirls by the fetid banks of the Hooghly, and just as the air begins to catch a sickly pallor from the night he is whirled back again in time to dress for dinner. And then comes the great banquet, "the burra khana," which is perennial. There is the same long table, and the same long bill of fare—a mixture of France and Hindostan—of Christian, Hindoo, and Moslem *cuisines*; the same number of guests; the diurnal young nobleman, armed with letters of introduction, whose object is to shoot in the presence of all the independent rajahs and nawabs of India; the intelligent member in embryo, who is coaching himself up in Indian matters; the great politician, who has come down to take his passage home; the general, who wishes to take counsel on some knotty military question; the resident officials; the great bankers and their wives; the officers, civil, military, and naval, who may be at Calcutta—the apparatus, in fact, of the whole Court. At last repose comes, for dinner is over, and bed-time arrives; and if the howling of the jackals close to the very windows of the palace, or state affairs, may let him repose, there are a few hours of oblivion and peace till the first faint streaks of day filter upwards. "It is always best to get over as much business as possible in the cool of the morning." If you know where the Governor-General's window is, and look up at it ere the sun is above the horizon as you are going out for your ride, you will probably see a light in it contending with the dawn, and you may be sure he is inside with his head busied over these perpetual papers—still working and toiling on. But these are but small evils. Lucky will he be if he escape with such internal cares. It is much more likely that instead of the peaceful reign which he was promised, there comes troubles and rumours of war. A native potentate takes umbrage at the botanical excursions of a scientific British official in the next province, and forbids any more invasions of his territory on any pretence whatever. The angry botanist seeks at once to extirpate the barbarians, and collects his forces, "awaiting his Excellency's pleasure": the opium crop is beginning to fall off, so that the revenue estimates will be seriously compromised, and the balance of Indian finance deranged: a bund has broken in the canal, or a river has swept over a tract as large as Hampshire: "the Bheels are up," or some obscure tribe never heard of before by him or by any one, except the collectors and residents on their borders, rush upon every European, and destroy him if they can: intrigues are reported against some great object of policy from a native Court, and over and above all these, there is that constant cloud about Afghanistan and Herat, and Dost Mahomed, involved with less substantial vapours, such as Persian armies and Russian demonstrations: the indigo planters and the natives are at variance, and it becomes a question whether a population or an industry are to be crushed to the earth: disturbances are reported from the

Goozerat side, and at the same time there is an unsettled state of things among the people in the extreme north-west provinces.

A force must be collected as a corps of observation, and the Governor-General has to select the generals, and to make the arrangements. His dreams of progress and improvement vanish, for another despatch informs him the royal troops have been attacked by the disorderly levies of a native prince, or that some tributary refuses, with violence, to pay his quota into the treasury. There is no time for delay. Tradition of Government, instinct of the situation, and the like, require immediate action, and so there is a war, great or small, on his hands. Was there ever Viceroy of India who had not one? Shore only just escaped the Mysore war, and Bentinck was saved from fighting the poor Rajah of Coorg, by the dependence of the latter on the justice and generosity of the English people. These were the only two who had no great wars. Now-a-days, the people with whom we can engage in hostility are few and far apart, and we have learnt, too, that we may lose what we have by grasping at more than our hands can hold. Lord Elgin will be fortunate, nevertheless, if he can keep out of a war-budget, far more fortunate than our ideal Viceroy, who closes his third year with armies in the field, and an enormous outlay, which are barely tolerated, because the first have been victorious, and the last has led to the acquisition of more territory, forced as it were on the victors. All the while the Viceroy, knowing how much depends on the defence he puts into the hands of the ministry at home, writes most elaborate and voluminous despatches, which is a habit that will grow on him daily, till at last half the day, at least, must be devoted to unmitigated writing home, and the rest to smaller minutes, memoranda, and the transaction of business. The solicitude of office becomes more oppressive, and all the time the stamina of life are yielding, as an oak beam surrenders to the white ants. In the greater issues the counsellors who before were ready with advice, either deprecate responsibility or mutely dissent from the course of their chief. The expenses mount up, the estimates increase, the actualities far exceed the estimates. Success and peace only indicate great deficiencies in the revenue, but the Viceroy resolves to improve the occasion, and at last he starts on a tour in which he is to display the splendour of the *raj*, to overwhelm the guilty and reward the faithful. His camp is formed—regiments of infantry, clouds of cavalry, batteries of artillery—whole herds of elephants and camels, and natives, and myriads of camp followers. In the meadows and cantonments reserved for the Viceregal use, the grand canvas city grows up in the early morning and vanishes at night as the Viceroy sweeps on. Day by day the chiefs of the people, Rajah, Nawab, Talookdar, and Zemindar, flock in to pay their respects to the pale-faced man who desires only to do them justice. His ear is oppressed by the voice of continual complaint, and by the evidence of suffering or wrong. As he travels his work—working on ever—still accumulates, and still he proceeds, consuming the hours of the night and

eating into the day at times when all the world is at rest. There is so much to be done—so much undone—such a field for faith and love! Can the Christian governor do nothing to call these dusky millions to the truth? Can the good magistrate make no effort to strengthen right, and strike down the wrong which walks abroad over the land? Will it not be his to see that justice is done without the delays of law, the insolence of office, the palsy of tedious formularies, and the corruption which renders the Courts odious and intolerable? Here is work again! In every province, in every collectorate, there is always an increase of it—the brain works, and the pen travels, as the caravan moves on. How enviable would be the condition of rulers if the subjects were always content! There is a feeling of irritation produced by the restless activity of these subjugated races. One man thinks there will be no peace till Turkey is obliterated, or the Mussulman is utterly rooted out. Another is for a crusade to Mecca, a third is for propaganda among the Hindoos. A fourth is a Russophobic, and declares every bazaar riot is instigated from St. Petersburg, *vid* Ispahan.

The Governor's health fails him again. His physicians declare he must go to Simla, which in a lucky moment Lord Amherst found out thirty odd years ago. The Viceregal procession halts at the foot of the hills, and the Governor leaves his elephants, his escort, his camels, his gorgeous tents, his horses, and is borne on men's shoulders, in a shallow sort of sidless sedan-chair, up amid the clouds and rhododendrons and fir trees, by endless zigzags, till he is deposited at the door of his cottage in the wood, with a view of the snowy range, and of innumerable ladies, young, old, and neither, scampering round Jacko, followed and surrounded by the bearded Apollos and the youthful subalternacy of the station. But dark care sits behind him. Up come bullock-trains laden with red and black boxes, stationery and despatches, and at once a Government dak is opened for the plains; there is a fresh supply of plates, acid, and wire for the telegraph, orderlies and clerks are established, and by a principle of gravitation upwards, which is most unnatural, the heads of departments all seek the centre at Simla. The Governor comes to improve his health. It is on a day in June he arrives. Beneath his windows spread the plain like a dingy sea lost in a foggy horizon of heat. Above him peer the snow-clad summits of the nival regions dinting the blue sky. There is a good cook, plenty of pleasant society. The A. D. C. says Simla is rather good this year. There is the list of whom to feed, to give drink to, and to avoid—there is every prospect of a delightful season, were it not that the rainy season is just coming on. That very evening plains and snow ridges are shut out by a black cloud, which settles down on the pine-tops. There is a silence for a moment; and then a sheet of fire, and a rolling clap of thunder, and a rush of water as if from a mill-sluice, announce that the rains have set in. A few days' and nights' perpetual thunder and lightning, and a stream, as though the Danaids were filling their tubs aloft, and then the weather settles down for six or seven weeks into the steady

discharge of its duties, which consist in wrapping Simla and all the entourage in a cauldron of mist, warm vapour, and water, very much as if it were kept continually within range of bursting steam boilers. The steam cannot be kept out. His Excellency remarks with wonder that the Viceregal boots resemble underdone beef-steaks, and that his gubernatorial linen appears as if it had been just extracted from a washing-vat. His attention is further called to the fact that his blotting-paper will not act as blotting-paper, and that his writing-paper will insist on assuming the functions which the other paper has abandoned. More important, however, he finds that his head will not work—that there is a degree of lassitude and ennui come upon him which neutralizes all his power. Day after day passes, and still the depression increases, accompanied perhaps by the malady which few visitors to Simla escape. Through all the clouds and rain come up the ceaseless voices from the plains asking to be governed. The Governor had hoped to get on to Chini, a summer retreat near the foot of the nearer slopes of the snowy range, but he doubts now if he can venture to go so far. And, in fact, when the rains are about to cease, the condition of matters is so grave that he is obliged to move down to the plains again—or thinks he is—and to repair to Calcutta under a shower of taunts from the papers for his inglorious love of ease and luxurious self-indulgence. Instead of finding an improvement in his health, the Viceroy is weaker this year than he was at any time before. The nerves and the temper perhaps are affected; or there is an excessive semi-irritable cautiousness, which causes him to ponder over every side of a question before he decides it, warned perhaps by some decisions which have not met with general approval. "Some of our Indian campaigns," said an old Company's medical officer, "were caused by indigestion." The climate of Government House is certainly belligerent. The caprices and excesses of Oriental despots, which are so remarkable, and which have raised such wonderment and reprobation, may be accounted for by the effects of heat on the liver—a melancholia predisposing to violent fits of fury. Tamerlane, Zenghis Khan, Oglou, Nadir Shah, Timour, and others, may have been the victims of ignorant practitioners and crude medical treatment. Let us suppose that our English Viceroy is a man of such just judgment, self-control, and philanthropy that he is exempted, if not from the operation, at least from the results of such morbid agencies. Let us hope that he conquers himself: which, to a man not immediately affected by any public opinion, and exposed to many temptations to gratify the sentiment of the minute, is no small triumph. Amid so many difficulties, with such a vast field, so variously occupied, governing three times the population subject to the Czar of all the Russias, the Viceroy cannot be much more than a sort of lightning-conductor, which carries off the flash and silences the thunder within his sphere. It is but too true that the part of the successor of the Great Mogul, one degree removed, is beyond conception arduous, and that it is shaped for, rather than by, him in accordance with the march of events. Take

the case of the man, one of the last and best taken from his country. Lord Canning went out to India prepared to find a contented people, a prosperous empire, a grand career for a peaceful administration; bent on developing the resources of so many kingdoms; to inaugurate the era of progression and expansion in all works of public good, education, railways, canals, and the like. Lord Dalhousie had almost exhausted annexation and absorption. The Khalsa were destroyed as an enemy; and the Punjaub, in the hands of Sir John Lawrence, was exhibiting a spectacle of order and improvement, which it would be Lord Canning's greatest glory to have shown in every part of India. But all his hopes were frustrated. But little more than a year was left him to become acquainted with the scene of his labours, to study the questions which demanded attention, to master, as well as he could, the policy of his predecessor, and to make his first essay to inaugurate a Viceroyalty of beneficence and tranquil improvement; when suddenly there came that terrible storm over the land, the traces of which have not yet disappeared—the return of which, even in the full confidence of power and strength, and the forearming of previous experience, would send a thrill through the empire. Compared with the dangers Lord Canning had to face, his predecessors encountered nothing more formidable: but in many respects he is the type of the class which has ruled and suffered for the State.

* * * * *

There may have been greater statesmen in India than Lord Canning; but assuredly the future historian will find it difficult to discover any Governor-General on whom a more fearful responsibility and a more gigantic task was imposed than on him who, suddenly overwhelmed by the chaotic masses which to all but a faithful, dauntless few must have seemed the ruins of an empire, not only sustained the burden, but successfully fulfilled the duty of salvation and reconstruction. The work of such men as Clive, Hastings, Wellesley, and Dalhousie was of a very different character. It is true that in their efforts to found, to create, extend, and cement that great empire in the east, they were often exposed to tremendous crises and to terrible perils. It was the labour of statesmen and soldiers year after year to lay the foundations of the imperial edifice, and to add story after story to the splendid fabric. But it was the highest achievement of which moral courage, faith, self-reliance, and self-sacrifice are capable to stand undismayed amid the crash of the towering pile, and in accents of calm dignity and command to rally the flying, encourage the fainthearted, rebuke the despairing, and animate by word and example the band who were faithful to their chief in that appalling moment. Had Clive lost Plassy, Warren Hastings fallen at Benares—even had Wellington been beaten at Assaye, the consequences would have been as nothing compared to those which would have resulted to our power from the destruction by our mutinous soldiers of every vestige of our rule in India. In those days the European met undisciplined, demoralized crowds of Hindoo and Mussulman horse and

foot, ignorant of the art of war, and possessing no military quality except the power of dying on the battlefield. The communities of British subjects were scanty, our prestige and reputation had not become bound up with the possession of a vast territory in Asia, our commerce had not been developed, nor our capital concentrated in those remote regions : no long-
ing eyes were then turned towards our great domain ; for Bonaparte, in his intrigues with Tippoo, rather sought our expulsion than the restoration of the French dominions : at the worst, we might then have recovered all that was lost. But in the great mutiny our scattered bands had to resist the attacks of a soldiery trained to victory in many a field, well-armed and equipped, and so distributed that they had an enormous preponderance at all the strategic points except Meerut. Our rule extended from the frontiers of Cabool and the Himalayas—from the Persian Gulf and the eastern shore of the Bay of Bengal all over the broad expanse of Hindostan. The gaze of Europe was fixed upon us—all Asia looked on with breathless interest—across the Atlantic a great Confederation, not then divided against itself, regarded the unequal contest, in which a feeling of sympathy for kinsmen contrasted with the promptings of commercial ambition and self-interest.

From the cities and very centres of our power were heard tales which chilled the heart for a moment, that the blood might flow with more angry flush into every cheek, and nerve more sternly every arm. The massacre became a political engine used by a party to bar the door to reconciliation for ever. At that very moment, when the counsels of passion were most to be dreaded, and the light of reason was most needed to enable one to pierce the dreadful gloom of torture and death in which the land was wrapped, there rose up a babble of voices, terrified, discordant, aggravating every horror, stinging every passion to madness, and filling men's minds with images of atrocity, and lust, and bloodshed. In a few weeks the whole of our Central and Western Indian empire had been submerged by the waves of this sanguinary rebellion, save two or three little spots where the survivors of the deluge had assembled, and with unflinching courage, if doubtful of the result, were either defending themselves with a constancy and heroism which will extort the highest praise from history, or where they had collected in a handful on the burning plains of the Jumna, and with a valour sublime in its audacity and purpose, were besieging in the city of Delhi a vast army. All over the rest of the empire men's minds were agitated by sympathy and alarm. In the cities of Lower Bengal the timid Baboo muttered treason, and the haughty European trembled for his life. Allahabad had been the scene of one of the most hideous of all the nocturnal massacres. Benares was convulsed ; the great city of Calcutta was filled with cruel anxiety. In the midst of such terrors it was not wonderful if men took counsel of their fears rather than of their reason, and called out to their rulers to kill all their enemies, and to believe all to be their enemies belonging to a race so false and so merciless and bloody as those who, Hindoo or Mussulman, were kith and

kin of the sowars of Nana Sahib and the sepoys of the Mogul. Some of the most experienced men in India were led away to join the cry which was raised by the timid or the ignorant, and by the sufferers who had too many wrongs to avenge to be patient or prudent. Clemency suddenly became a crime, a political offence, a traitorous, unfeeling, barbarous neglect of duty. There were those who did not scruple to say, "We must have vengeance first; then let us talk of justice." It was precisely the occasion when the extreme of severity and indiscriminate punishment might have been mistaken and approved for vigour and energy.

To brave the ill-feeling of his own countrymen, to resist the natural impulses of poor human nature, to be "just and fear not," was more than greater men than even Lord Canning might have dared in such an emergency, and yet he did all this and more. He opposed himself to the passions of the hour, jealous of the reputation of his country in time to come. He assumed the responsibility of rejecting advice and of directing military operations where failure would have been the consummation of that ruin he was struggling to avert. Perfectly aware that in any uprising he would be the first victim, he remained at his post at Calcutta, surrounded by native guards, within a few miles of the disarmed native grenadiers at Barrackpore, maintaining the dignity of a Viceroy and the calm of a man who, not heedless of danger, was prepared for the worst in the discharge of his duty—the captain who would only sink with the last plank of his ship. While he was restraining the vindictive measures which many would have forced on his Government, Lord Canning was preparing the edge of the sword for those who had sought our destruction. An impassable torrent of rebellion rolled between him and the great chief who, from the other side of the empire, was engaged with greater means, the most wonderful energy, sagacity, and courage, in the labour of saving and restoring our rule. It has been suggested that Lord Canning was not a faithful coadjutor of Sir John Lawrence in that critical time when the proconsul of the Punjaub was hurrying on his small battalions to the walls of Delhi, but if any one had asked him who followed so sadly the coffin of the Governor-General in Westminster Abbey a few weeks ago whether such charges could be made with justice, we doubt not Sir John Lawrence would have at once repelled them. While civilians were urgent for the restoration of power in their pashalics, and soldiers saw but the strategical points, Lord Canning was considering the best mode of vindicating the Imperial power, and establishing the political pre-eminence of Great Britain by military operations.

We need not recall the glorious marches, the immortal battles, the defences and sieges without parallel, which distinguished the first phase of action when we had recovered the stunning effects of the treacherous blow, but it may be remembered that when Lord Clyde defeated the Gwalior Contingent outside Cawnpore, and, pushing up the main trunk road, had taken Futteghur, there were loud cries heard

because he retreated, as it was called, to Cawnpore, without attempting the invasion of Rohilcund. Lord Canning perceived that any successes in the west would be of inferior political importance as long as Oude was insurgent, and Lucknow the seat of a royal government, to the standard of which every armed man in India would hasten. Supported by the adhesion of Lord Clyde to most of his views, the Governor-General endured all the taunts and invectives directed against him by the press, and by a considerable portion of the Indian community, while the British general lay at Cawnpore collecting troops and a siege train and field artillery for an attack on the heart of the rebellion.

In all the labours necessary for the accomplishment of this object he bore a part, just as in the beginning he had bestowed time, thought, and active superintendence, on the organization of the successful transport by which so many thousands of troops were sent up country from Calcutta with comparative ease and comfort, and rapidity, in an Indian autumn. As soon as the masterly arrangements of Sir Colin Campbell had done their work Lord Canning indeed hastened to assert the restoration of British rule in Oude in a proclamation which gave some ground for the accusation of severity against the man who had been so often charged with undue leniency and feebleness of government; but the principle laid down in that document was perhaps right in the main, and, interpreted by Sir James Outram, and subsequently by Sir R. Montgomery, it certainly afforded a basis on which Lord Canning was enabled to found that system of giving to the aristocracy of Oude a share in the administration of justice and a small show of magisterial and squirearchical rights, which has since worked with such fair results. Never perhaps has any civilian governor been placed in similar relations to a general in the field as those of Lord Canning with Lord Clyde. That differences of opinion existed now and then is not surprising—but rarely, if ever, have there been such readiness of concession, such an *entente cordiale* in essential matters, and such a sincere recognition of mutual good qualities. When Lord Clyde crossed the Ganges at Allahabad to complete his work, the winter after Rose's splendid campaign in Central India, he was provided by Lord Canning with instructions for the effectual carrying out of the Queen's proclamation of November 2nd, which were angrily attacked by civilians and others, even in the camp of the Commander-in-Chief, but their policy and sagacity have been demonstrated by subsequent events. Oude is now as tranquil as Ireland. It may not be out of place to mention here that Lord Canning was most desirous of keeping secret the exact nature of those instructions till Lord Clyde was in the field. He had drawn them up with his own hand just before the ceremonies at Allahabad, when the Queen's proclamation was read. All his staff were fatigued and worn out, but Lord Clyde received his despatches after midnight, ere he crossed the river, and on opening them he found the elaborate paper written in a fair hand, accompanied by a note from Lady Canning, in which she excused herself for any imperfections in the manuscript because

she had, under the circumstances, taken on herself the task of copying out the instructions.

Not many months elapsed subsequently till the Viceroy was enabled to proceed on a tour through pacified India, holding his Court with unusual magnificence, rewarding the faithful among the faithless, distributing titles and honours, and presenting to the rukes of Hindostan the visible type of the restored sovereignty of Great Britain. The gracious lady who had shared all his toils was taken from him before his own career had closed. It is not too much to say that a more perfect impersonation of womanly grace, faith, devotion, and virtue rarely lived than Lady Canning. One might have wished she had lived to enjoy the triumph of seeing her husband's policy ratified by success, and of hearing the voice of praise where once had sounded vituperation and calumny; but her gentle nature would have been quite content with a quiet recognition by the natives of Hindostan and the people of England of the soundness and policy of his administration. It was the hope of his friends that he, too, might have lived to take that part in the councils of the nation to which his services entitled him, and to which the gratitude of the country would have called him; at least they hoped that he would have lived long enough to give his fellow-countrymen an opportunity of showing how they appreciated his services. "*Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam, premia si tollas?*" The sad ceremony which opened the gates of Westminster Abbey, and gave another grave within its precincts to those of its illustrious dead whom the people delight to honour, was all that fate has permitted us to do.

A House in Westminster.

“THEY have ordinarily for a monastery but the houses of the rich, for a cell a hired room, for a chapel the parish church, for cloisters the streets of the city or the wards of the hospitals; for a profession obedience, the fear of God for a grating, and for a veil a holy modesty.”

This is what St. Vincent de Paul, who was alive two hundred years ago, said of the Sisters of Charity; and his words have been quoted again and again, and are quoted still, though two hundred years have passed since they were spoken:—“Let the sisters live at home or abroad,” he continues, “lives as virtuous, as pure, as edifying as though they were nuns in their convents.” And farther on he speaks of the respect, the cordiality, the affection with which they should serve the poor, no matter how vexing and repugnant such service may be; and he bids them prefer this work even to their spiritual exercises. “There is this difference,” he says, somewhere else, “between nuns and sisters of charity—nuns have only their own perfection for an aim, whereas these sisters are devoted like ourselves to the service and the deliverance of others.”

In the days when St. Vincent de Paul, with the aid of Mademoiselle Legras, first started the Society of the Sisters of Charity, it was only a very humble little enterprise. They were simple peasant girls from the provinces; they wore no dress but their peasant dress; they hardly formed a distinct society, but were the helpers and assistants of another charitable association much in vogue at one time, namely, that of *Dames de la Charité*. These were for the most part the great ladies of the day, who at first, in the very beginning of their company, and according to its rules, were equally devoted to the service of the poor. But after a little, though the ladies still possessed the means to assist those who were in distress, they often had not the power or the goodwill to attend to them personally—husbands, engagements, dignities, were in the way, says the Abbé Maynard, in his history of St. Vincent de Paul. The husbands did not wish their wives to expose themselves; or the wives, bred up delicately, were afraid of contagion, dreaded bad air, like the Marquise de Sablé, or had not strength to climb up the innumerable steps which lead to the garrets of the poor, or to perform the offices necessary to attendance on the sick. So they tried to find substitutes, and to send their servants in their places; but with these it was no labour of love: the scheme did not prosper, the society, useful as it was, languished, and seemed coming to an end, when good St. Vincent de Paul was applied to. And St. Vincent, who was a man of expedients, bethought him of one or two girls whom he had come across, devoted and warm-hearted, and eager to be of use in the world, without money sufficient to enter into a religious order, and yet with

no desire for marriage and home life. They—there were but two to begin with—were placed under the care of Mademoiselle Legras, a person given to good works, and a widow, although she was called by this odd-sounding title. By her they were trained and taught, and despatched into different parishes to practise the good things they had learned while under her care. By degrees their numbers increased more and more : soon they had penetrated into the schools, into the prisons, into the hospitals. Sick people, and young children, and prisoners, and captives they tried to help. Everywhere people were asking for them—the work was ready for the workers. The King and the Queen, and other charitable persons, subscribed for their maintenance, but their way of life was so frugal, that two hundred francs, and sometimes even fifty écus a year, sufficed for the keep of each one of them.

In 1655 the sisters of charity, servants of the poor, were raised to the rank of a distinct company, or confrérie, under the direction of St. Vincent, and with Mademoiselle Legras for a superior. From year to year, on the 25th of March, they were to renew their vows ; and so they do still, for the order is a secular and not a religious order, and the vows are not perpetual. The rules are simple, and not in great number. Everything is to be in common : they are to dress and live in a uniform manner, on the model of the principal house. Of outward mortification but little is prescribed, as it is incompatible with their other duties : inward mortification is to be unceasing. They are to prefer all the most disagreeable and unpleasant employments,—to wish for the most uncomfortable places, the most painful separations, and exiles. They are to be ready to obey in all things ; they are to love and help one another, but to make no particular friendships ; they are to pay and receive no visits without permission and necessity ; they are to rise at four and go to bed at nine, and to be constantly employed even in their recreations. If they are ill they are to content themselves with the ordinary fare of poor people, for servants are not to be better treated than their masters. Schoolmistresses are to prefer the poor children to the children of the rich, and see they are not despised. Sisters in villages, who live in couples, are more especially to love and to help one another,—to teach little beggars on the road, to instruct the girls who are out in the fields with their flocks : sisters in hospitals have their own peculiar duties, and rules, and directions. They are one and all to keep themselves from the mere suspicion of evil, and to be humble, and simple, and charitable, and good to the poor and the unhappy,—all of which are things much more easy to prescribe than to follow out. But these good sisters seem in a wonderful measure to have done as they were bid.

A few years ago two of them landed at Folkestone, in their big flapping caps, intending to come to London and do what good deeds lay in their power ; but the custom-house officers would not let them through in their monastic dress, and as it was part of their rule never to lay it aside, they were forced to cross the water again, and go back, with their

kind intentions and big flapping caps. It is odd to mark which of these should count first, good deeds or big caps—how the first may be given up, the latter never. Now-a-days the laws, or the custom-house officers, are more lenient, and have ceased to wage war with starched cambric: sisters may go about, and be kind, in what dress they please. Only a day ago, on a quiet country high road, we passed a nun going along by a hedge: she was all in blue and in white; the hedge looked green with recent rain, the sky was tossed with gray clouds,—blue, and gray, and shining green,—I can see it before me now. And now it has come to pass, that in the place where, of all others, they were most wanted,—in the midst of crime, and dirt, and poverty, and evil speaking, these good, gentle, silent, white-capped sisters have taken up their abode.

It is always a little surprising when, after having known people for ever so long, you are told, or they tell you, or you find out, something about them, which makes them seem quite different persons in your eyes, and it often happens in the same way, that after having passed a hundred times through perfectly familiar scenes and places, you discover something, the existence of which you had never even thought of, which quite changes their aspect in your eyes. It may be a pleasant, sunshiny little row you have taken a fancy to—laburnum trees, children on the door-steps, flowers in the windows, little trucks with oranges and crockery passing and repassing. One day you go in, perhaps, to No. 8. You find a family in each room, two scolding old women in the kitchen; the children are twins, and belong to the starving flyman upstairs. Next door lives more trouble, more aches and pains, and twins, and emptiness; and you are told that they have got the small-pox at No. 10. You never go down the row again with the same satisfaction; or perhaps you are not the same person you were before you went into No. 8.

Or it may be the other way, as in Westminster; and if you happen to have come across the park under the trees, and have passed Queen's Square and Park Place, and travelled along the narrow streets which lead to the Abbey, you may have looked up at the old towers as they dominate over the city, and then into the faces which passed you as you went along, and in them you may have seen, with a hopeless, helpless glance, some of the griefs, and the wants, and troubles, older than the towers themselves which are clustering round about them. But if by chance, in this dreary slough of rags, of grime, and of necessity, you come across your old friend Christian coming safe, though rather dirty, out of the mire; or, kind Help, with his friendly hand outstretched, walking about to see whom he can relieve, the slough does not seem quite so terrible any more—so dark, so hopeless, so gloomy.

In the Westminster slough, in Park Street, not on the side where all the windows look into the park, but on the cheap, silent, quiet side of the row, one of those brown old houses is a little convent of *Sœurs de Charité*. It is at No. 12, on the left-hand side: there is a plate on the door—"The Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul." Help has taken up his abode

there, and is holding out a kindly hand to certain luckless Christians. Some are very small Christians—they cannot speak plain, many of them, to tell their wants. Little feeble arms and legs; wistful faces, with wondering eyes; small garments slipping off grimy little backs and shoulders: what a pathetic little crowd it is, and with it elders, wearier, more sick, more suffering perhaps, but not half so touching in their ugly sorrows.

What comes out of the brown house? A great deal of kindness, food for some of the hungry gasping mouths, good words for the sick, care for the deserted children;—six visitors in slim grey dresses, with white caps, and rosaries tied round their waists, who thread the little narrow streets all round about. The people used to call them butterflies, because of this flapping head-dress, but they are used to it now, and hardly heed them as they come and go. It was exciting at first to walk a little way in the street alongside one of the sisters, but scarcely anybody paid the slightest attention as we passed by.

The sister went walking over the stones in her clumsy, rough shoes, and turned down presently by a very narrow passage. As she walked along she unwittingly made the subject of one picture and then another. Her gray clothes harmonized with the grimy hues all about her, her white cap caught the faint gleam of London sunshine, her cloth dress fell in straight folds. Up a narrow wooden staircase, and then through a wooden door, and as we come into a long whitewashed, dilapidated room, there is an outcry of childish voices, and they all come trooping up to stare at us. One little thing, sitting on the floor, instantly begins to chatter—"Loot dere! Loot dere! Loot, loot, loot!" says she, and she takes up bits of a red-flannel frock in her poor little fingers, and shows them to us, and then, when the frock has been looked at, there is a wonderful, beautiful piece of black gimp round the sleeve, which is making her so very happy.

When they ask her who made the pretty new frock, she says, "Sipper, loot dere!" Loot dere is another delightful piece of gimp on the other sleeve; and Sipper must be the other sister who is standing by. The children standing round tell us that this little girl's name is Mary, and then a boy called Johnny tells his, and then Felix and Tommy tell theirs, then all the others tell theirs. They were little Paddies, almost all, as well as I could make out. One tiny creature said its name was O'Toole, or something very like. (Why should it be ludicrous, somehow, for a baby to be called O'Toole?) All down each side of the wall stand a row of little beds, and at the end of the room there is a little altar, with a small bed on either side for some infant Samuel to sleep in. There was a low casement looking into the street, a cupboard, a big towel-horse, and, in the middle of the room, just in front of the altar, a cradle was standing, and in the cradle lay a poor little child, who was dying of water on the brain.

Meanwhile, all the other children had run along the room to show us which were their beds, and stood, like small sentinels, at the foot of each.

Johnny was particularly active, and pointed out the sister of the baby who was dying, and seemed to lead the sports, and to head a little band that was running round and round us almost the whole time. The sick little baby and its pale-faced sister were the children of a poor man who had no wife to look after them, and who sent them here, for he could not mind them himself. One wee little creature, with bony arms, and a pinched face, and gleaming dark eyes, and a sore chin, was sitting on the floor staring at us weirdly, and thumping a little piece of wood upon the ground. The sisters said that was the child who had nearly died of being starved : it did not look now as if it could ever get well ; but they smiled, and assured us it was doing nicely. The children seem to have names for one another. One little girl they all call Garibaldi. There was another, a little stunted creature who was sitting in a chair, with a big frilled nightcap on. The other children call it grandmother. The sisters said poor little grandmother was five years old, but she scarcely looked three. You could almost guess the history of the poor little lives as you looked into the children's pale faces. Sister Stephanie, who had brought us in, picked up the little girl with the red frock, and stood smiling at the children as they trotted round and round her.

I don't suppose that she was thinking of the same things as those which I was putting into her mind. I don't suppose she was saying to herself what other people say to themselves when they see nuns, with children clinging to their veils and playing with their rosaries. Is there any more pretty, more sad, more pathetic sight to be seen ? Here are the little ones growing up and coming into the world : here are the elders, who would fain be out of it, and who have turned away, and thought to shut it out with their black veils or white flapping caps. Who can revolt against the laws of heaven ? who can cease to be in the world and of it until the hour comes for him to go ? Priests and nuns are not less human creatures than the men and women outside the convent walls ; cabbages sprout in the convent garden exactly as they do in the fields all round about ; dry bread and water must taste the same in the refectory there, or in the parlour at home. You have thought harshly of your neighbour next door, or of the brother or sister who kneels beside you in the chapel. You have said your prayers outside the bars or within them. You have had your hopes, your disappointments, your likes, your dislikes. One man's self-denial is shown by battling for himself with temptation ; another who may possess the gift, perhaps, in a greater measure, may be able to place his affairs in a second person's hands, and so be content to put away his own inclinations, and blindly obey. But all the same ; it is the same world, the same combinations of gifts of good, of ill, of light, of darkness, which you can no more escape than you can jump into the planet Venus.

The afternoon sun had come shining into the room. When we were gone, the sister who was in charge would go back to her place between the altar and the cradle ; the children had begun to forget all about us. A little company was entrenched in a castle behind the towel-horse, another

little group was standing peering out through the open window into the quiet street below. A child standing near the door made a little speech and said, "Dood-by, and bless 'on, and taro you don't fall;" and then another little thing, ever so small, peeped from behind her, and prattled, "Dooby, a beasouatareoufa," all over again. And then the door shut upon all the children's clatter, on the laughter and the chattering, on the sister working by the altar, and the baby in its cradle, dying.

Sister Stephanie, coming away with us, said, "That is what we consider a nice easy place." All the nursemaids in London should have been at hand to hear! "There are thirteen babies who live there, besides extern infants," says the report. "The same sister makes the clothes, attends to the cleanliness, feeding, and general care of all the children permanently kept in the nursery."

I think kind Sister Stephanie, when she had spoken, remembered her rules, for she said, smiling still, that for all that, she had rather be where she was. She told us that she had got up at four o'clock that morning—but one can look in the rules of two hundred years ago to see how she had spent the day.

In the house itself there was not much to look at; bare floors and walls, with a crucifix in each room, and a picture here and there. A lay sister, in a black quilled cap, had let us into the little boarded parlour. I saw Cardinal Wiseman hanging on the wall, and St. Vincent de Paul, and the venerable Mademoiselle Legras, the first superior of the order. She had an amiable face, and a long nose, and was sitting in an arm-chair. On the table lay a little flat book, with a list of subscriptions. What becomes of these subscriptions I need not say. The house is bare, the food is scanty and meagre; the sisters' dresses are darned and worn; their shoes are rough and clumsy. But then outside is a crowd who live in houses even more empty, whose clothes are rags, whose troubles are countless. "At half-past twelve," says the report, "there is a distribution to the poor and the sick, who have been visited, according to the ability of the house. Food, tea, and sugar are given, and, where possible, the rents of any deserving poor in danger of being turned out into the streets are paid to the landlord. The sisters devoted to the poor preside over the daily distribution."

Sister Stephanie said what was hardest to bear was the constant disappointment they met with among the poor. Everybody, however, must look for this, for, after all, poor people cannot be expected never to go wrong any more than rich people, and their standard is different to the standard of those who are more well to do in the world.

The superioress of the little community came in presently to speak to Mrs. H., who had brought me. She was quite young, with a charming unaffected manner, speaking very pretty English, and not at all coming up to our orthodox Protestant idea of what a superior should be. Somebody has since told me that she was one of the *Sœurs de Charité* who did such good service in the Crimea. I am very much tempted to quote here a little sentence out of the Abbé Maynard's account, in which he contrasts

his sisters with our Sisters of Mercy. But it is not for me or for any one else to put the salt of good deeds into a balance. Who can count them? Who can perform them at pleasure? Who can measure and mete? What man can judge his own doings, how much less his neighbours'? But still we can be thankful for all the good which we see round about us. And unselfishness and charity and mercy are good in any dress, in any language, in any heart, Catholic or Protestant, Jew, Turk, infidel, or heretic, unto which the same good gifts have been vouchsafed, coming from the same Great Source of all.

The superioress said there was but little to see in their house: what there was she would be glad to show us. Upstairs, sitting at two tables, were the usual little girls sewing, who seem to spring up, with their little thimbles ready and needles threaded, wherever charitable institutions flourish. Some of them were little orphans adopted by the sisters, and entirely kept by them; others were day boarders who came to learn. They looked rosy, and bonny, and happy; the littler they were the bigger stitches they took. Some of them were working beautifully, and making smart little frocks for little Catholic babies—little Protestant caps and bibs are doubtless manufactured elsewhere. They did lessons in the morning, and sewed in the afternoon. It was the lay sister in the black cap who taught them to work, and who was standing over them now, tacking and snipping in a decided business-like manner. "She can't talk English," said the superior, in her friendly way—"only enough to scold the little girls." But the little girls only laughed too, and did not look much afraid, or as if they got many scoldings.

While Mrs. H. was talking to the children, I turned round and happened to see a little picture ready painted, like one of Mrs. Henriette Browne's in the Great Exhibition. An inner room, a yellow wall, light flooding in through the window, and a little group of children at a table, with two grey sisters standing over them—grey and white in their pretty convent dress, and still and silent as is their way. One wondered, seeing a sight so strange to one's unfamiliar eyes, whether this was really England, London, within the sound of the Abbey bells, or Paris, or Bruges, or Brussels, with the towers of Notre Dame, or St. John, or St. Gudule, chiming the hours outside.

We went upstairs again with Sister Stephanie, to be shown the little chapel in which a priest, who comes across the park, says mass for the sisters every morning. It was a pretty little chapel, with a faint scent of incense and a dim light. Speaking from a heretical point of view, I cannot say that we care much for lace, or for artificial flowers, or that we associate them habitually with devotional feeling. Red cushions, cherubim tombstones, square pews, and mahogany pulpits, are not in themselves one whit more sacred objects than the cotton lace, and flowers, and flower-pots of the Roman Catholic faith. Only from long habit, they mean Sunday chimes and church-going to us Protestant folks, and we cling to them, and like them, and gladly kneel down in the midst of them. And no doubt to a Catholic bred up

amongst them, the little altars, and images, and bowers, and candlesticks, speak a same familiar language.

For we all know how they can talk sometimes, those little bits of wood, or paper, or rag, or what not. Who does not now and then in his journey come across some little broken relic or other, telling its own little touching story—telling, perhaps, of a whole living life of tenderness and forbearance, of kind deeds, kind words spoken years and years ago, and after long silence, conjured up by this little talisman, and beginning to speak again?

Just outside the little chapel, coming out into the passage once more, I was very much interested by seeing a bandbox, which seemed the last thing one would have expected to find in a convent. The sister laughed, and said it would not be of much use to her. It belonged to one of the day-comers; and then in the superioress's cabinet there was another surprising vanity—a beautiful yellow silk quilt, which the sisters were making for some Catholic lady out in the world.

The superioress told us a little about her work, speaking quite simply and touchingly of the terrible distress and trouble which she had come across. In Paris, she said, there was great misery, but not such misery as this. There are bureaux de bienfaisance and more means and appliances for relief, and then she told us of a poor woman and a child, almost dead of starvation when they found them out: that was the thin little child whom we saw in the nursery.

A friend has sent me a list of ever so many sad cases she had been told of by a sister. It is the same tragedy played over day after day in one garret and another, on the same dismal bare boards—shall we be the audience? Here is a woman, after twenty years, turned out of doors by her husband, and she and her mother are found in a dark garret, the old woman lying on the bare floor, cold, hungry, suffering and torn by cruel illness—neither of them knowing where to turn. Then comes an abandoned family in Old Pye Street, where all the children are dying of small-pox, whom these kind sisters nurse and tend.* Then there is a woman dying in a hospital. Her great care and anxiety is for her little boy of ten years old, who lives by leading a blind man about the streets. Sister I— finds him out after her death, in the most horrible state, dressed in rags, and covered with vermin. The good sisters send the little boy off to an orphanage in Belgium, and the dirty little boy turns out a good little boy, too, and now writes them back charming little letters. And then come some generalities that are only more sad because they are talked of as matters of course. Wives in consumption, wasting away from want of food; drunken fathers' children crying; and lastly comes a tipsy beggar-woman, whose baby, I am glad to say, is safe out of her drunken hands, and running about in the nursery with Johnny and Felix, and all the other little things.

There are dens in Westminster where no respectable people dare go;

* This case is well known, and got into the newspapers at the time.

streets and alleys where the houses are built so close together that scarcely more than one person can pass along at a time. Persons who visit the poor in some of these localities choose days and hours when the men are away from home; they dare not go when they are there. Fights in the streets, insults, brutality, drunkenness, swearing and brawling, and then all the children prattling and playing in the dirt, and stirring the gutters round about, and looking on with their round eyes; and the geese cackling, and the women standing at the doors with their babies; and then, perhaps, three or four people shrieking and yelling, and rolling over and over in the middle of the road:—one need not go into the dens of Westminster to see such scenes as these; and one turns away and comes out into the broad streets again, glad to escape out of this Hades into which one had strayed. But into this brawling grimy land the quiet sisters pass without fear or hesitation; they glide along like kindly ghosts of the living women they used once to be; they enter the houses; they stand by the sick patients; people send for them, and they come. No one harms them, and the men themselves, instead of ill-treating, respect them and help them in every way. More people come to them for help than they are able to assist. Sister I. (who is a real person, though initials always sound somehow like myths) says it is the most painful task to be obliged to refuse relief, as they are often obliged to do, from having no more to give. They can find use for anything and everything that people will send them; clothing they are most thankful for, and the smallest sums. Besides the nursery and the little orphanage, and the visiting and the nursing, the sisters hold a night-school every evening. "This evening class of the roughest and most neglected young men in the parish," says the report—and I have heard the same thing from other quarters—"has worked an extraordinary change in the parish. Many who have been drunkards, and leading a most depraved life, have opened their hearts like children to the sisters."

Old Pye Street, Orchard Street, and Duck Lane, I read (still in the report), are the worst and most miserable localities. In Old Pye Street the habitual course of vice is too fearful to be described. "Common lodging-houses are congregated there of the worst description, alternating with thieves' dens—of all houses the most difficult to enter—knots of wretched, abandoned women, with all quality and likeness of womanhood blotted out and trampled under foot—ruffianly men, whose faces are branded with every vice—boys and girls, in the very earliest youth, hopelessly hardened and depraved, and whose only object in life is to corrupt and destroy the bodies and souls of others—grimed, unswept, unwashed, undrained houses, falling to pieces, rotting with neglect and dirt." Here are enemies enough for these kindly little champions to battle with, and it would seem hard indeed to withhold from them a helping hand in their brave fight with the dragons that are overrunning the land.

As I write of the brave deeds of these sisters of charity, it seems to me hard not to say one word of the work of other sisters, not Catholics,

but of our own persuasion, who have also put on straight-cut dresses, and devoted their lives to the service of their neighbours. All round about, wherever one turns, one finds more and more people at work and trying to do good, until one almost wonders that there are other people remaining to be worked upon and to be done good to.

And yet there they are, in vaster, greater numbers than the *Sœurs de Charité* themselves, or the sisters, or the visitors, or the deaconesses. There are great institutions established here and there, Clure with all its ramifications, Margaret Street, and many more, and every day new ones are springing up. At No. 50 in Burton Crescent, there is a modest little establishment, working very quietly and simply, and benefiting the poor folks and the wicked in Somers Town and King's Cross. It is under the direction of the clergy of the district; a few sisters are living together; they wear dark blue gowns, and very white caps. Those I saw were quite young; there happened to be but two, I think, at home in the house. They have a little hospital on the first floor, a little school, and a little chapel; they are district visitors, and they say that they could not go about among the poor as they do were it not for their dress. There is nothing pretty or picturesque about the place; it is perfectly bare and uncomfortable. The young lady who took me over it, said that everything connected with their work was so well arranged that not one of them had too much on her hands; the superior herself had not more simple, kindly ways than this well-bred young lady in her blue dress. She took me all over the house, into the trim little chambers, the school-room, the chapel. In the infirmary another blue sister was standing in the window at work; a sick girl was sitting in an arm-chair, a sad-looking woman lying in her bed. In a little closet opening out of the room is a bed for the sister who attends them by night; they take it by turns to do this. It was all very quiet and rather dull perhaps, and yet practical and gentle, and capable of much good, so it seemed to me.

I should like to say more, but I can think of nothing more interesting than the young ladies themselves, devoted to their work, nursing the sick, teaching little maid-servants to sew and to cook, spending their kindly youth in quiet good efforts. They, too, have published a little report and list of subscriptions. The report says that the experiment—for as yet it can be considered as little more—proves the immense advantage of organized woman's work. A large amount of good has already been effected, and they (it is the clergyman and managers who are speaking) feel assured that it only requires further development to be, with God's blessing, eminently useful to His church.

I cannot help contrasting with this the life which some other people have no doubt considered as eminently useful to the Church. Somebody has said somewhere that we have yet to learn to be tolerant of intolerance. To us Protestants the life of a Poor Clare Colettine* does indeed

* "At half-past four they rise, and after morning prayers make the Way of the Cross, which is followed by prime and terce of the Divine office, the little hours of the

seem intolerable. It is quite a relief to turn again to the friendly sisters of charity, and to say what I have neglected until now to say, that they have secured a plot of land in a convenient situation, and are going to build and enlarge their orphanage and their nursery. Here is a pretty story of one of the children, that my friend has sent me :—

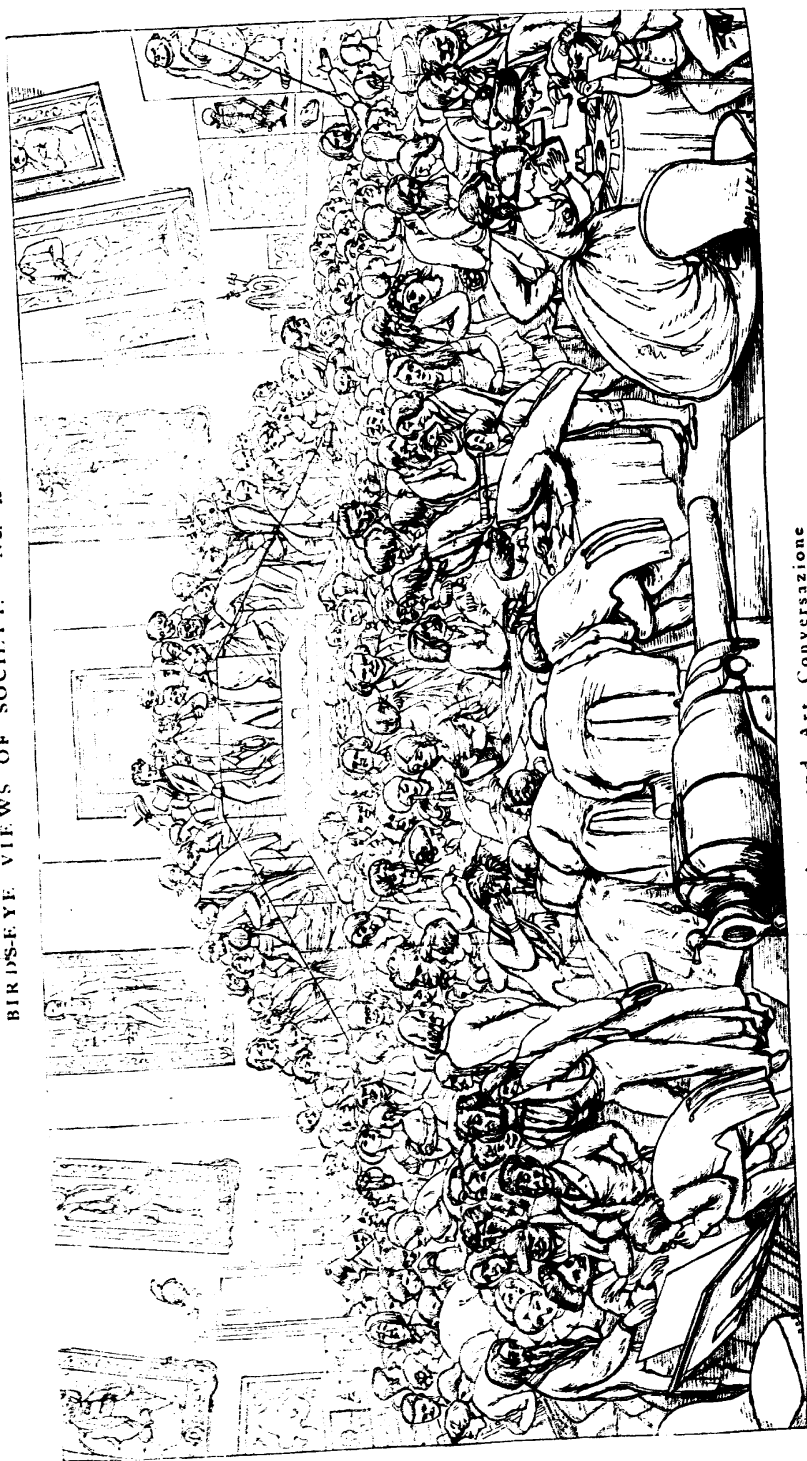
One of the Jesuit fathers had been for a long time working very hard to establish the boot and shoe work in Westminster, and had finally succeeded in doing so. One morning a little girl called one of the sisters and said, "Sister, I have been dreaming."

"Well, what have you dreamt?"

"I dreamt I was in heaven, and I saw Father —— there. He was so high in heaven, and had a beautiful crown on his head, and it was all made of little shoes."

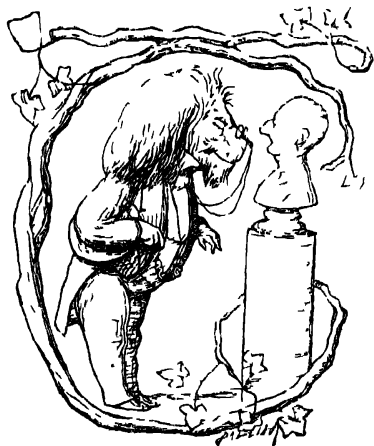
And so here and there are people at work, and as each day comes to an end, so much has been done to try and do away the evil thereof. Who has not sometimes wondered by whom, and in what manner, the best life is being lived—in silken dress or horsehair, in a busy active world or in a silent quiet one; by eager spirits burning for the truth, by doubtful ones humbly seeking? All these questions people must answer, in their own different ways, for themselves, from their own different points of view. While the people in the world have been coming and going on their busy errands; while the Poor Clare has been reciting her endless lauds and litanies; while the poor have been heiding patiently in their garrets, or brawling in the streets; while the deaconesses and sisters have been tending their sick; while men have been labouring out in the fields, maids busy at their homely work in the houses, armies marching about the world, sailors tossing in their ships on the seas, fathers working for their homes, mothers tending their households; while men and women have been dying and weeping, marrying and gathering in their stores; while the sisters have been decking the chapel with flowers; the world—a little infinite point in space—has been travelling on for millions of miles, carrying all the people, all the works, all the care, the sisters, the chapel, the flowers along with it.

office of the Blessed Virgin, and various prayers. At half-past six, preparation for holy communion; seven, mass; after communion an hour's thanksgiving, then the whole rosary is said aloud. At nine they go to work till eleven, at twelve dinner—the first meal of the day; after dinner, a quarter of an hour for grace, vespers, and compline of our Lady, and a procession in honour of the Sacred Heart. Half-past one, work is resumed; at half-past three litanies, matins, and lauds of the Blessed Virgin; at four, vespers of Divine office; at five, meditation till six; at six, collation—a few ounces of bread and a little beer; at half-past six, recommendation of benefactors, compline, and prayers. At half-past seven the nuns go to their cells, and at eight are in bed. They rise at eleven, say matins and lauds, and the chaplet of the holy souls is followed by an hour's meditation; at two the sisters go to bed again, to begin the day anew at half-past four. A weary life it may seem to read of," says the little book, "but not so to those who lead it in peace and joy; and at the occasional recreations nothing is more remarkable than their spirit of joyous gladness."—*Religious Orders*, by the Author of *Eastern Hospitals*, p. 120.



Science and Art Conversatione

Conversazione: Science and Art.



THE rooms are fitted up with all kinds of curious, interesting, and instructive objects, models of steam-engines, of steam-boats, of steam printing-presses, of iron ships, of life-boats, and lighthouses for saving vessels, and rifled guns for destroying them.

There are huge maps hung upon the walls, showing the very latest portion of the world that has been discovered, and the only surviving explorer of the expedition who made the discovery is present to explain and tell all about it. Another traveller is expounding, with the aid of a plan of the bones, and a full-

length portrait of the creature in a complete state, the manners, customs, and personal appearance of the very latest discovery in natural history. Portraits of the last thing out in the way of pre-Adamite monsters are also to be seen, being a portion of one toe, in a fossil state, of a new species of *megathérium*—very rare.

There are busts of celebrated philosophers, statesmen, and poets, portraits on the walls of the most distinguished civil engineers, chemists, geologists, comparative anatomists, Arctic explorers, and Eastern travellers.

There are fragments of the last city of almost fabulous antiquity dug up out of the earth and put together again on paper, and there is a huge nugget of gold from the last of the "diggings." Also there are microscopes through which you may gaze at the wondrous beauties to be seen in the foot of a frog, and telescopes through which you may gaze at the stars.

Artists are showing their drawings to admiring amateurs, or pompous collectors, or purse-proud patrons.

And there is an electric battery in one corner of the room, at which ladies and gentlemen may be shocked as much as they like.

There are to be seen in the vast crowd which is pouring in and pouring out a great variety of men and women, eminent in their various pursuits. There are literary lions, artistic celebrities, famous lecturers upon science, distinguished inventors in mechanics, discoverers of planets: Some with the half mild, half wild, slightly eccentric, and wholly

abstracted look which is characteristic of many of the class; others with an eager, thoughtful look; others again with an energetic, adventurous appearance—almost all interesting, none commonplace. They have generally a cheerful, placid appearance, as they talk to one another, exchange ideas, or criticise some new invention, or drink tea.

If instruction does not bore you too much, and you are not averse to informing your mind with new facts, it is possible that in one such evening, by keeping your eyes open, and your ears also, you may learn more useful knowledge than is to be acquired in, suppose we say, all the balls in the season, or out of the season.

The Battle with Time.

His life was one grand battle with old Time.

From morn to noon, from noon to weary night,

Ever he fought as only strong men fight;

And so he passed out of his golden prime

Into grim hoary manhood; and he knew

No rest from that great conflict, till he grew

Feeble and old, ere years could make him so.

Then on a bed of pain he laid his head,

As one sore-spent with labour and with woe;

"Rest comes at last; I thank thee, God," he said.

Death came; upon his brow laid chilly hands,

And whispered, "Vanquished!" But he gasped out, "No,

I am the Victor now; for unto lands

Where Time's dark shadow cannot fall, I go."

J. W. K.

Our Survey of Literature, Science, and Art.

THERE is an impatient intolerance of the facts of human nature, when exhibited in Literature, which the unhappy cowardice of authors tends more and more to foster. That which every one knows to be true in Life, is resolutely shunned in Literature. Daily experience impresses us with the fact, that owing to one infirmity or another, no man is a hero to his valet; but although we refuse to see with valet-eyes, and know full well that the hero is a hero, let the talk of the servants' hall be what it may, our authors timidly stand in awe of valet-criticism, and carefully suppress every detail which might provoke it. History remorselessly chronicles the weaknesses, defects, vices, and even sins of men who have, in spite of these, been benefactors of the race, and of men who serve as the great exemplars of ambitious youth. But Biography knows nothing of such heroes. All the defects of its hero must be proved to have been misunderstood merits. If he squinted, it will not have been more than a gentleman ought to squint; if he deserted his wife, it will have been the wife's fault; if he betrayed his friend, it will have been from motives of the loftiest patriotism.

The *lucæ Boswelliana*, as Macaulay christened it, is, as Boswell splendidly proved, compatible with the most open-eyed recognition and the most fearless presentation of every defect and infirmity. But less courageous writers imitate Boswell's idolatry, and shrink from Boswell's candour. Almost every other biographer would have presented Johnson as "the sage" in the abstract; he gave us the man in the concrete; and his biography is immortal in consequence. There is perhaps as much imbecility as insincerity in the *furor biographicus*. A mind of reasonable strength will, even in its most fervent enthusiasm, keep its eyes open to the facts; and if the facts declare that a man gained lasting love and veneration from those who knew him, in spite of errors, short-comings, and infirmities, bodily or mental, these will be recognized as part of human imperfection, not as deductions from real human worth. Unhappily, the biographer trembles for his hero if a stain be allowed to appear on his garments. He argues like a lawyer in presence of a jury, resolute to make black yellow, if not absolutely white; and like the paid advocate, he is reckless in blackening the characters of every witness opposed to his client.

In consequence of this radical mistake on the part of almost all biographers, the paradox is true, that we must not look to a biography for a veridical account of a hero; to gain some definite image of him, we must look elsewhere. Such, we regret to say, is notably the case with Mrs. Oliphant's *Life of Edward Irving*—a book written with more love than ability: a

book of deep interest, and, in some respects, of worth; but *not* a good biography. Scattered through the two large volumes, there are letters and anecdotes which give us glimpses of Irving; but the man himself remains as mythical as before. It does not appear that Mrs. Oliphant knew him personally; nor has she made sufficiently clear to herself the whole character of the man. At any rate, she does not present a clear image in her book. We are left to guesses, founded on the few details here given; and these are somewhat confused by the rhetorical exuberance of the presentation. She has cleared up certain points which were obscure; and has convinced us of the deep sincerity and apostolic singleness of the man whom many thought to be a charlatan, and some sneered at as a maniac. For this our thanks are due. But this is almost all. That Irving was a man of striking aspect, we knew, for we had seen him; that he was a preacher with a thrilling voice and manner, we knew, for we had heard him; but our knowledge now does not extend much farther, except, as just hinted, that we can no longer doubt his sincerity.

Nevertheless, with many drawbacks, the book is deeply moving. It is the story of an ardent nature, *not* eminently endowed with intellect, but strong in enthusiasm, in moral purity and in certain oratorical gifts, suddenly tried with the trials of prosperity and the trials of adversity; at first followed as a nine days' wonder, and then, "when Fashion went her idle way," neglected as a charlatan.

" Certes, il ne méritait
Ni cet excès d'honneur, ni cette indignité."

He had not the intellectual strength which could enable him to sustain the part of a prophet. He was free from the worldliness and craft which would have seduced him into charlatanism. Simple and weak, earnest and credulous, he was a dupe and a victim; and the story of his fall is one of great pathos.

Mrs. Oliphant does not attempt to discriminate. She sees no fault. Even when narrating an anecdote which plainly enough betrays Irving's overweening vanity, it is not the vanity which arrests her, but the susceptibility of Chalmers, who is thus sneered at for being hurt:—

"The length of the preliminary service seems to have troubled the great Scotch preacher (Chalmers) mightily. He appears to have felt, with true professional disgust, the wearing out of that audience, which properly belonged not to Irving, but to himself. Long after he recurs to the same incident in a conversation with Mr. Gurney. 'I undertook 'to open Irving's new church in London,' says the discontented divine. 'The congregation, in their eagerness to obtain seats, had already been assembled three hours. Irving said he would assist me by reading a chapter for me. He chose the longest in the Bible, and went on for an hour and a half. On another occasion he offered me the same aid, adding, "I can be short." I said, "How long will it take you?" "Only 'an hour and forty minutes."' Such an indiscretion was likely to go

"to the heart of the waiting preacher. Dr. Chalmers never seems to have forgotten that impatient interval, during which he had to sit by silent, and see his friend take the bloom of expectation off the audience, which had not come to hear Irving, but Chalmers."

Although the samples of eloquence given in these volumes are samples of mere wordiness, and never indicate any intellectual eminence, the letters exhibit a very beautiful spirit. Considering that Irving was reared in the intolerant Scotch Church, it is interesting to find him writing to his wife that a Mr. Cox, who had travelled, "delighted me with one declaration, that in the Catholic churches of Italy he had never heard a sermon (though he had heard many) which breathed of saints' days and other mummeries, but always of solid theology, deep piety, and much unction, and that he had met with many whom he believed most spiritual. My dear, I have often more concern about the issue of the intellectual forms of our own Church, which tend to practical and theoretical infidelity, than of the sensual forms of the Romish Church, which do tend to superstition, and still preserve a faith, though it be of the sense. Any way, I give God praise, that either with us, or with them, He preserveth a seed."

Yet after reading this, an unpleasant jar is given when we find him writing to his infant daughter, in explanation of the word "mass"—"Now, my dear Meggy, the mass is a *very wicked thing*, and is not in our religion, but in a religion which they call Papacy." We have not space for further extracts, but decidedly advise our readers to take the book in hand.

It will be obvious to every one that this is not the fitting place to open a discussion on the great problems of Philosophy and Religion, but our "Survey," superficial as it is, must include at least the mention of a work so lofty in aim and so remarkable in execution as the *System of Philosophy*, which Mr. Herbert Spencer is issuing to subscribers, in quarterly instalments, and of which the first volume, containing *First Principles*, is now complete. Here we have one more attempt to reconcile the contending claims of Religion and Science; an attempt we shall not venture to appreciate in these pages, but which, we may as well warn our readers, will be found satisfactory by very few orthodox thinkers. Nevertheless, in spite of all dissidence respecting the conclusions, the serious reader will applaud the profound earnestness and thoroughness with which those conclusions are advocated; the immense scientific knowledge brought to bear on them by way of illustration; and the acute and subtle thinking displayed in every chapter. Abstract principles are sometimes pushed to paradoxical extremities; and logical deduction is made to land the author in conclusions which seem rather verbal than real. But the book is never commonplace. It always excites thought; sometimes it strains the attention severely, especially by its demands on our scientific knowledge; but the style, though monotonous, is clear, and never leaves the meaning doubtful, which in a work of this severe order is a very rare merit. The first part is devoted to the Unknowable; to ultimate religious ideas;

to ultimate scientific ideas; and to the reconciliation of the two. This will, no doubt, be the most generally interesting portion of the work. The second part sets forth the Laws of the Knowable, and ranges over the whole field of science, from astronomy to political economy. With this brief indication of its contents and purpose we must be satisfied.

Shelley has a certain public, not a very extensive one, but very ardent in its admiration. Yet we fancy there are few, even of this public, who will be very grateful to Mr. Richard Garnett for the small volume he has just issued, *Relics of Shelley*. Such imperfect scraps of verse were very unwisely rescued from the old note-books in which they were jotted down. They are not remarkable in themselves. They throw no fresh light on Shelley's opinions or peculiarities. They no more merit publication than the figures which an artist may idly sketch on his blotting-paper while his mind is in suspense as to how he shall frame a sentence in the letter he is writing. It is undeniable that Shelley himself would have vehemently protested against such a publication; and to most persons it will appear a strange method of testifying admiration for a man of genius, to print the jottings of a note-book which have none of his genius to excuse their publication. The few letters from Shelley and Mrs. Shelley which are added to the verses are pleasant enough, and might fitly find a place in *Memorials*; the rest of the volume is a mistake.

The Life and Letters of Washington Irving, of which only the first volume has appeared, is a work modestly and not unskillfully arranged by his nephew, Mr. Pierre Irving. The story is told, as far as practicable, in Irving's own letters; and very agreeable reading it is. There was little in the events of his life to make a stirring biography; but the man was so thoroughly amiable, and the writer is so universally loved, that a sustained quiet interest carries us through the volume. We get a strange glimpse of the difficulties and annoyances of continental travel in the early part of this century; but if the traveller had his patience tried by petty vexations, he had the advantage of meeting with adventures now-a-days rarely met—out of novels. Thus Washington Irving, having been captured by pirates, from whom he was released after a fright, lands in Sicily, and the very night of his arrival, while slumbering in a corner, he is disturbed by voices. Presently his friend Captain Hall enters, informs him there is to be a masked ball that evening, and that a gentleman dressed as a Turk has promised to admit them. Up he gets, dresses himself in one of Hall's marine uniforms, and they set off in the Turk's company, supposing, of course, they are going to some public entertainment. They are somewhat staggered on arriving at a stately mansion, and finding themselves ascending the stairs through rows of servants in livery. This increases as they enter a magnificent saloon brilliantly lighted; and it amounts to the decidedly startling as they observe that, with the exception of their conductor, all the guests are without masks and in plain clothes. They have no time to ask questions. The Turk has marshalled them to that part of the room where the host and his daughters await the guests.

Pointing to his companions, the Turk crosses his arms, makes a low salaam, and without uttering a word stands motionless. It flashes across Irving's mind that they have been decoyed into what must seem an unwarrantable intrusion. Irving makes a confused attempt at explanation, adding that he imagined he was being conducted to a public ball. Their host replies graciously that they are in the house of the Baron Palmeria, and asks the name of their conductor. A new embarrassment: Irving does not know his name. "Whoever he is," rejoins the Baron, "I am indebted to him for introducing to my house gentlemen whose uniform is a sufficient passport anywhere." At this the Turk whispers in the ear of the Baron, who, turning to them with a smile, informs them that their conductor teaches his daughter English, and contrived this surprise, in order to give his pupils the pleasure of conversing in their newly acquired language. This explanation clears up everything, and a most jovial evening is spent. Such incidents are not to be met with in Europe now-a-days.

There are several amusing stories, indifferently told, in this volume. The following, of George Frederick Cooke, the tragedian, is very ludicrous. At his benefit at the Park Theatre he had to play Shylock and Sir Archy Mac Sarcasm. He went through Shylock admirably, but had primed himself with drink to such a degree before the commencement of the after-piece that he was not himself. His condition was so apparent that they hurried through the piece to have the curtain fall, when lo! as it was descending, Cooke stepped out from under it, and presented himself before the footlights to make a speech. Instantly there were shouts from the pit: "Go home, Cooke—go home—you're drunk." Cooke kept his ground. "Didn't I please you in Shylock?" "Yes, yes, you played that nobly." "Well, then, the man who played Shylock well couldn't be drunk." "You weren't drunk then, but you are now;" and they continued to roar—"Go home! go to bed." Cooke, indignant, tapped the handle of his sword emphatically: "'Tis but a foil!"—then extending his right arm to the audience, and shaking his finger at them: "'Tis well for you it is," and marched off amid roars of laughter.

Although disfigured, occasionally, by the vices of style encouraged in the contributions of Our Own Correspondents, *Italy under Victor Emmanuel*, by Count Ariivabene, merits, and will doubtless receive, considerable attention. It is a personal narrative, filled up from authentic sources. The writer, who, in his exile, had become a naturalized Englishman, was appointed correspondent of the *Daily News*, and under his eyes were transacted the eventful scenes of 1859, '60, and '61, in which a powerful nation was born out of a few petty states, and Garibaldi's wondrous Sicilian expedition made us aware that the old achievements of Romance might have been very sober history. The narrative is rapid, animated, breathlessly interesting. The narrator is modest, and his picturesque pages are free from all prosiness in the shape of political philosophy. The sketches of character are superficial, but without gall; and the little details of Italian life, which are naturally brought in, help to give vividness and

relief. All the great battles are illustrated by excellent maps; and thus the reader has a very good specimen of contemporary history, brought conveniently within access.

It was a happy thought of Mr. Chorley's to make his *Thirty Years' Musical Recollections* the vehicle for a brief history of the opera in England during that period. By so doing he has given gossip, which would otherwise have been simply pleasant, a more definite aim. The plan of recording under each year all the operas, ballets, singers, and dancers, which that year offered to the public, makes these volumes useful for reference, especially as the first performances and first appearances are also indicated; and every reader whose own recollections travel over the same period, will follow Mr. Chorley's chronicle with unflagging interest. We can hardly name two volumes of pleasanter gossip about music and singers; strengthened, as they are, by the obvious honesty of the critic, who, without disguising his likes and dislikes, takes the utmost pains to give each his due; and whose musical sympathies are sufficiently catholic to embrace all forms of excellence. Mr. Chorley writes with a caprice of style and grammar not a little surprising and whimsical at times; but he writes with real love and knowledge; and his criticisms, light in manner, are weighty enough in matter. Two detestable portraits—one of Rubini, the other of Grisi—disfigure the volumes. If these were abolished—if the two volumes were printed in one—and if a copious index were added, the book might keep a place on the shelves as a very serviceable record of thirty years. Meanwhile, readers in want of a light, yet not uninteresting work, will be quite safe in ordering this from the library.

SCIENCE.

Influence of the Nurse upon the Nursling.—In general, people are wholly unaware of the fact that bones grow and waste with great rapidity. Bone is composed chiefly of earthly matters; and we should as soon expect a milestone to increase and decrease with the changing hours, as this inorganic-looking bone. Nevertheless, it is a fact that bones are always in an active state of waste and repair; and no tissue in the body is so rapidly and successfully repaired, after injury, or after portions have been cut away, as the bony tissue. Some years ago, M. Flourens hit upon the ingenious device of tracing the growth of bone by giving animals madder in their food. The madder coloured all the new deposits; so that, after a time, every bone in the body was of a deep red. If of two animals thus fed, one were deprived of madder at a certain period, the tale was told by the layers of uncoloured bone which covered those that were coloured; and in time the whole of the coloured bone would disappear. M. Flourens has since made valuable and varied use of his discovery. He has employed it to show the influence of the mother upon her offspring. Taking a sow with young, and freely administering madder with her food, he found the little pigs all born with coloured bones. That the reader may fairly

understand the surprising nature of this result, he should know that the communication between parent and offspring is of an extremely *indirect* kind—it is only through the blood; and that blood does not simply flow from her arteries into the arteries of the offspring; but circulates in a system of *closed* vessels, which lie side by side with the closed vessels of the young one, and through the *walls* of both these vessels certain constituents of the blood ooze, and, among these constituents, apparently, the colouring matter.

Nor do the marvels end here. M. Flourens has just submitted to the *Académie des Sciences* the result of his experiments on “nursing mothers.” These are so important in their suggestions to human mothers, especially to those who suffer their children to be brought up by wet-nurses, or “by hand,” that we deem it right to give it not only publicity, but all the emphasis we can command. Let the facts first be stated. The litter of a sow was kept carefully separated from her, except during the moments of sucking. She was fed on food with which madder had been mingled. In a fortnight or three weeks all the bones of the little pigs were reddened. Remember, that the milk of such a sow is, to the eye, as white as that of any other sow; nothing reveals the presence of the madder, save the remarkable effects on the osseous tissues of mother and offspring. The doubt thus raised, helps to strengthen the idea, that probably it was not through the milk that these little pigs received the colouring matter, but in some more direct way. This doubt M. Flourens very wisely considered. He observed that when the sow was admitted to her young ones, she had her snout covered with remains of the food in which she had plunged it, and this the little ones began to lick greedily enough. He therefore chose other animals, with whom he could be certain of no such possible source of error. He chose white rats and rabbits. The rats are born blind and naked; they never eat during the first few days after birth, they only suck; and they quit the nest when between two and three weeks old. Rabbits, also, are born blind and naked; quit the nest on the twenty-fifth or thirtieth day, and only suck at first. Here were all the conditions for an unexceptionable experiment. M. Flourens began to feed a rat with madder directly after she had produced her young; and examining the young on the eleventh day, every part of their osseous tissue was red. It was the same with rabbits, on the ninth day. He carefully examined, in each case, the mouth, throat, stomach, and intestines of these animals, without finding a trace of the madder.

The conclusion is inevitable. The milk of the mother affects the organism of the child; and whatever the mother eats, or drinks, affects her milk. It has long been known that medicines administered to the nurse affect the nursling; that if the nurse indulge in alcohol, the nursling suffers for it; but it is now clear that influences less obvious than these, influences which do not betray themselves by such easily recognized effects, must also affect the milk, and through the milk, the nursling. Although the organism by its marvellous chemistry transmutes the most

various substances of food into the few organic compounds, *assimilating* them, as we say, so that the herbage of the meadow is converted into bone, muscle, membrane, and nerve, not distinguishable from those got out of beefsteak, there are, nevertheless, very many substances which resist this transmutation, which cannot be assimilated, and which act therefore for good or evil, like strange bodies. Tennyson's "Ulysses" profoundly says,

"I am a part of all that I have met."

He might with equal truth, though with less dignity have said—

"I am a part of all that I have ate."

Silently and unobserved, yet with irresistible certainty, every substance taken into his organism has been *active* for good or for evil, and the condition of his organism is the resultant of these manifold influences.

A Parasitic Mollusc.—Parasites are innumerable; but although the molluscs have many kinds living upon them, especially on their shells, they have hitherto never been found living on or in the bodies of other animals. It was therefore with no small surprise that in March, 1861, the present writer discovered that the parasites on the fins and tails of some sticklebacks, whose development he was watching, turned out to be veritable bivalves. The sticklebacks were obtained from one of the duck-ponds in our Zoological Gardens. Their tails and fins were studded with what looked like cysts; and as the appearance of these cysts was quite *strange* to us, we determined to watch them. In the course of two or three weeks we arrived at the conclusion that they were bivalves, apparently the *Anodonta*. That which removed all doubt was the observation, repeatedly made, of the opening and shutting of the shell: a point to which we shall presently return. Not finding any notice of such a fact in the books on our shelves, we applied to Professor Huxley, who informed us that Mr. Pollock had some time before made a similar observation, and had been urged to work it out, but had been unable to find the time.

In the current number of the *Microscopical Journal*, the Rev. W. Houghton says, that in April, 1861, Mr. Busk communicated to him Mr. Pollock's observations, which interested Mr. Houghton enough to determine his investigation of the point. He has done so with success, though there are still obscurities which must be cleared up. All naturalists are aware that the young anodontas are hatched in the gills of the parent; a curious nest, and one which for many years misled naturalists into the belief that the young fry found in the gills of the anodont were parasites. What becomes of them on quitting the gills is a mystery. However, they are now detected in one stage of their course, namely, comfortably fastened on the tails of fish and tadpoles—unless they prefer settling about the eyes or on the bodies of young eels. But "how *gut* they there?" A bivalve is not an animal of active locomotion; it cannot swim; it cannot crawl; how, then, can it lay hold of the fast-swimming fish? This point Mr. Houghton has lighted up. At the time of quitting the gills, he says, they keep up a constant snapping together of their valves,

reminding one of the somewhat similar action of the birds' heads (*avicularia*) of some of the marine polyzoa. In the course of these vague snapping it will sometimes occur that the tail or fin of a fish comes within range, and then the little mollusc has comfortable quarters secured. It is fixed there. Nay, according to Mr. Houghton, it is impossible that the valves should ever re-open so long as they remain attached to the tissues of the fish, owing to the barbed hooks of the valves. But we question this, for although we never witnessed the snapping, we very distinctly and repeatedly saw the valves open and shut, slowly, as is the ordinary habit of these creatures when free in the water. The observation by which Mr. Houghton established the truth of Mr. Pollock's discovery may be given in his own words. "On the 8th May, I examined five or six specimens of *Anodonta cygnea*, and found that in some instances the branchiæ were destitute of the fry, while in others they were half emptied, showing that now was the time for observation. On the 9th, I opened one and detached with the point of a knife a portion of the contents of the branchiæ, and put it into a vessel of water, in which was a small stickle-back with a number of young recently hatched. On the 11th, I examined the fish and found several of the fry attached to the ends of the pectoral fins, their valves being closed upon the fin rays." Mr. Houghton adds that the fry when put into a vessel of water without a fish all died.

A R T.

Gibson is right. His tinted "Venus" is a success: a far greater success than our prejudices yet allow us to think. When we first heard, years ago, that Gibson was engaged on a tinted statue, we looked forward to the result of his novel labours with a curiosity that was not devoid of hope. There had been coloured statues in the heyday of sculpture: why might not the same thing be successful now? No perfect specimen had come down to us, to show us the object aimed at, or the effects produced by the Greek artists. The effect might be bad—more possibly it might be less suitable now than of yore: still, the chiefs of Greek sculpture had chosen to employ tinting, and if the greatest of living sculptors deliberately resolved to adopt the same process, we could not but think that he might be right. Our impression, however, was sadly dashed by the unfavourable reports of those who had seen the statue in the artist's studio at Rome. There seemed to be a consensus of opinion that the tinting was a mistake. We ceased to hope: we were ready, like others, to see that sad sight, a great man's failure. But there now stands the statue: and what is our verdict? The unfavourable opinion seems all but universal. The adverse judgment of the critics has been taken up with animation by the public. Approach the statue any hour of the day, and you will hear a merciless running fire of remarks directed against it—especially by the ladies, who are always most ready with their opinions. "A fine statue, if it had not been painted," is the mildest judgment you hear—and that is sure to be from a

man. "What horrid eyes!" "I can't bear to look at those frightful earrings!" come in chorus from the young ladies. Gibson certainly never meant his *magnum opus* to be a "sensation statue." It was not for startling effect, but for beauty, and to heighten expression, that the great sculptor lavished time, and thought, and labour upon this work. Yet a sensation statue it certainly is. And as it is the talk of the day, we shall give our own opinion upon it.

First of all, the statue is a marvel of perfection in form. There is no female statue, either of woman or goddess, that is equal to it. What perhaps strikes us most, is the wonderful fleshlike softness which the imperceptibly undulating moulding of the figure imparts to the marble. When we say "imperceptibly undulating," we only hazard a conjecture as to the artist's mode of working: but as to the result we speak unhesitatingly. Apart from all tinting, we never saw marble imitate so nearly the plump softness of flesh. Then as to the tinting. The longer we look, the more we ponder, the more assured is our conviction that Gibson is right, and that we have before us by far the greatest statue of the age. There are two opposite lines of reasoning urged against this statue. One of these is, that it is too like a living woman, whereas (say the objectors) sculpture ought not to attempt such imitation. The other—and, if we are to judge from the remarks of the crowd of onlookers, the more general—is that the tinting is *not* like life; it is "unnatural;" some (young ladies) say "hideous." Both of these sets of objections cannot be right. In regard to the first, we would say, that we do not accept as an established principle, that sculpture must not approach "too near" to living nature. Reserving that question, all that we admit is, that the nearer the approach is made the more intolerable any defects become. But if by "too near" be meant actual imitation, then Gibson's "Venus" is not too near. No one ever saw hair of that tint, or lips so little coloured; and it is obvious, that if the artist had meant actual imitation, he would not have left the skin as it is. It is a step beyond white marble; that is all. And we do not know why the white of marble should be reckoned the sole prescriptive colour for statuary. Gibson's tinting is more suggestive of life than the plain marble; indeed it is eminently suggestive; but it is suggestive only; it is not imitation. If any competent judge will look long, and judge calmly, we think he will come to the conclusion that Gibson has added a charm—has given enhanced beauty and expression—to this statue without entering into any rivalry with living nature. If by the tinting he has enhanced the beauty and expression of his statue, that settles the matter; it must be a success. And we maintain that the beauty and expression are finer than if the statue were untinted. Wash off that tinting, and will the statue be as charming? We say it would *not*.

We have tarried so long before this statue that we must leave the other sculpture in the Exhibition for the present unnoticed,—with one little exception, Woolner's busts of Tennyson and Maurice. These also,

in a small way, are "sensations;" for they are in what may be called a new style, about which there is considerable difference of opinion. They aim at realism. They purport to represent the actual man, without any smoothing over or idealising. They stand on the landing-place of the eastern stairs, leading up to the Picture Galleries. You can easily see them from the top of the staircase. How do they look among the others? At this distance the artist's peculiar style is not very noticeable, but we were struck with the unpleasant pose of the Laureate's head. It is stuck up, and is not commanding. It has a self-asserting, almost aggressive, air, before which one's vertebrae instinctively erect themselves into a defiant perpendicular. The air of the head, therefore, is bad, because needlessly unpleasant; also because it has not the expression of power which might have been expected to accompany such an attitude. Tennyson has really a very fine and powerful head; but compare his bust with that of Allan Cunningham, which stands beside it, or with Etty's, away to the right, and you will see at once how essential calm is to the expression of strength, and how the power of the Laureate's head is lost by the want of repose about it. But it is in the details of these busts that the "new style" is to be found. We have no objection to make to the style. The more realistic the better. But we object to Mr. Woolner's rendering of it. The more the artist enters into rivalry with life, the higher must be his powers. Mr. Woolner may improve his style into something really excellent—it is a style in which a great hit may be made; but he has not done so yet. It is in the bust of Maurice that the artist's style most challenges attention. But as we stand before it, we feel that we cannot see the face for the wrinkles; and were we hurried away from it, without seeing the name, we could only speak of it as "the man with the wrinkles." The expression is swallowed up by those wrinkles. In copying the markings of the face in stone, the sculptor should bear in mind, firstly, that the very hardness of his material intensifies the effect of wrinkles; and, secondly, that the dark shadows of the marble make the wrinkles look much deeper than they do when seen amidst the flesh-colour of the living face. The exact depth or size of a wrinkle, therefore—and the same may be said of some other details—is not the only thing to be attended to. A sculptor may copy a feature with careful precision, yet fail to produce the right effect in the marble. We might criticise, in a similar vein, the Laureate's hair, which looks so hard that one might take it for strong nicely curled candlewicks steeped in oil.

Roundabout Papers.—No. XXIII.

DE FINIBUS.



WILKIN Swift was in love with Stella, and despatching her a letter from London thrice a month by the Irish packet, you may remember how he would begin letter No. XXIII., we will say, on the very day when XXII. had been sent away, stealing out of the coffee-house or the assembly so as to be able to prattle with his dear; "never letting go her kind hand, as it were," as some commentator or other has said in speaking of the Dean and his amour. When Mr. Johnson, walking to Dodsley's, and touching the posts in Pall Mall as he walked, forgot to pat the head of one of them, he went back and imposed his hands on it,—impelled I know not by what

superstition. I have this I hope not dangerous mania too. As soon as a piece of work is out of hand, and before going to sleep, I like to begin another: it may be to write only half a dozen lines: but that is something towards Number the Next. The printer's boy has not yet reached Green Arbour Court with the copy. Those people who were alive half an hour since, Pendennis, Clive Newcome, and (what do you call him? what was the name of the last hero? I remember now!) Philip Frenn have hardly drunk their glass of wine, and the mammas have only this minute got the children's cloaks on, and have been bowed out of my premises—and here I come back to the study again: *tamen usque recurro*. How lonely it looks now all these people are gone! My dear good friends, some folks are utterly tired of you, and say, "What a poverty of friends the man has! He is always asking us to meet those Pendennises, Newcomes, and so forth. Why does he not introduce us to some new characters? Why is he not thrilling like Twostars, learned and profound like Threestars, exquisitely humorous and human like Fourstars? Why, finally, is he not somebody else?" My good people, it is not only impossible to please you all, but it is absurd to try. The dish which one man devours, another dislikes. Is the dinner of to-day not to your taste? Let us hope to-morrow's entertainment will be more agreeable. * * I resume my original sub-

ject. What an odd, pleasant, humorous, melancholy feeling it is to sit in the study, alone and quiet, now all these people are gone who have been boarding and lodging with me for twenty months! They have interrupted my rest: they have plagued me at all sorts of minutes: they have thrust themselves upon me when I was ill, or wished to be idle, and I have growled out a "Be hanged to you, can't you leave me alone now?" Once or twice they have prevented my going out to dinner. Many and many a time they have prevented my coming home, because I knew they were there waiting in the study, and a plague take them! and I have left home and family, and gone to dine at the Club, and told nobody where I went. They have bored me, those people. They have plagued me at all sorts of uncomfortable hours. They have made such a disturbance in my mind and house, that sometimes I have hardly known what was going on in my family, and scarcely have heard what my neighbour said to me. They are gone at last; and you would expect me to be at ease? Far from it. I should almost be glad if Woolecomb would walk in and talk to me; or Twysden reappear, take his place in that chair opposite me, and begin one of his tremendous stories.

Madmen, you know, see visions, hold conversations with, even draw the likeness of, people invisible to you and me. Is this making of people out of fancy madness? and are novel-writers at all entitled to strait-waistcoats? I often forget people's names in life; and in my own stories contritely own that I make dreadful blunders regarding them; but I declare, my dear sir, with respect to the personages introduced into your humble servant's fables, I know the people utterly—I know the sound of their voices. A gentleman came in to see me the other day, who was so like the picture of Philip Firmin in Mr. Walker's charming drawings in the *Cornhill Magazine*, that he was quite a curiosity to me. The same eyes, beard, shoulders, just as you have seen them from month to month. Well, he is not like the Philip Firmin in my mind. Asleep, asleep in the grave, lies the bold, the generous, the reckless, the tender-hearted creature whom I have made to pass through those adventures which have just been brought to an end. It is years since I heard the laughter ringing, or saw the bright blue eyes. When I knew him both were young. I become young as I think of him. And this morning he was alive again in this room, ready to laugh, to fight, to weep. As I write, do you know, it is the grey of evening; the house is quiet; everybody is out; the room is getting a little dark, and I look rather wistfully up from the paper with perhaps ever so little fancy that HE MAY COME IN.—No? No movement. No grey shade, growing more palpable, out of which at last look the well-known eyes. No, the printer came and took him away with the last page of the proofs. And with the printer's boy did the whole cortège of ghosts flit away, invisible? Ha! stay! what is this? Angels and ministers of grace! The door opens, and a dark form—enters, bearing a black—a black suit of clothes. It is John. He says it is time to dress for dinner.

* * * * *

Every man who has had his German tutor, and has been coached through the famous Faust of Goethe (thou wert my instructor, good old Weissenborn, and these eyes beheld the great master himself in dear little Weimar town !) has read those charming verses which are prefixed to the drama, in which the poet reverts to the time when his work was first composed, and recalls the friends now departed, who once listened to his song. The dear shadows rise up around him, he says ; he lives in the past again. It is to-day which appears vague and visionary. We humbler writers cannot create Fausts, or raise up monumental works that shall endure for all ages ; but our books are diaries, in which our own feelings must of necessity be set down. As we look to the page written last month, or ten years ago, we remember the day and its events ; the child ill, mayhap, in the adjoining room, and the doubts and fears which racked the brain as it still pursued its work ; the dear old friend who read the commencement of the tale, and whose gentle hand shall be laid in ours no more. I own for my part that, in reading pages which this hand penned formerly, I often lose sight of the text under my eyes. It is not the words I see ; but that past day ; that bygone page of life's history ; that tragedy, comedy it may be, which our little home company was enacting ; that merry-making which we shared ; that funeral which we followed ; that bitter, bitter grief which we buried.

And, such being the state of my mind, I pray gentle readers to deal kindly with their humble servant's manifold short-comings, blunders, and slips of memory. As sure as I read a page of my own composition, I find a fault or two, half-a-dozen. Jones is called Brown. Brown, who is dead, is brought to life. Aghast, and months after the number was printed, I saw that I had called Philip Firmin, Clive Newcome. Now Clive Newcome is the hero of another story by the reader's most obedient writer. The two men are as different, in my mind's eye, as—as Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli let us say. But there is that blunder at page 990, line 76, volume 81 of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and it is past mending ; and I wish in my life I had made no worse blunders or errors than that which is hereby acknowledged.

Another Finis written. Another mile-stone passed on this journey from birth to the next world ! Sure it is a subject for solemn cogitation. Shall we continue this story-telling business and be voluble to the end of our age ? Will it not be presently time, O prattler, to hold your tongue, and let younger people speak ? I have a friend, a painter, who, like other persons who shall be nameless, is growing old. He has never painted with such laborious finish as his works now show. This master is still the most humble and diligent of scholars. Of Art, his mistress, he is always an eager, reverent pupil. In his calling, in yours, in mine, industry and humility will help and comfort us. A word with you. In a pretty large experience I have not found the men who write books superior in wit or learning to those who don't write at all. In regard of mere information, non-writers must often be superior to writers. You don't expect a lawyer

in full practice to be conversant with all kinds of literature; he is too busy with his law; and so a writer is commonly too busy with his own books to be able to bestow attention on the works of other people. After a day's work (in which I have been depicting, let us say, the agonies of Louisa on parting with the Captain, or the atrocious behaviour of the wicked Marquis to Lady Emily) I march to the Club, proposing to improve my mind and keep myself "posted up," as the Americans phrase it, with the literature of the day. And what happens? Given, a walk after luncheon, a pleasing book, and a most comfortable arm-chair by the fire, and you know the rest. A doze ensues. Pleasing book drops suddenly, is picked up once with an air of some confusion, is laid presently softly in lap: head falls on comfortable arm-chair cushion: eyes close: soft nasal music is heard. Am I telling Club secrets? Of afternoons, after lunch, I say, scores of sensible fogies have a doze. Perhaps I have fallen asleep over that very book to which "Finis" has just been written. And if the writer sleeps, what happens to the readers? says Jones, coming down upon me with his lightning wit. What? You *did* sleep over it? And a very good thing too. These eyes have more than once seen a friend dozing over pages which this hand has written. There is a vignette somewhere in one of my books of a friend so caught napping with "Pendennis," or the "Newcomes," in his lap; and if a writer can give you a sweet soothing, harmless sleep, has he not done you a kindness? So is the author who excites and interests you worthy of your thanks and benedictions. I am troubled with fever and ague, that seizes me at odd intervals and prostrates me for a day. There is cold fit, for which, I am thankful to say, hot brandy-and-water is prescribed, and this induces hot fit, and so on. In one or two of these fits I have read novels with the most fearful contentment of mind. Once, on the Mississippi, it was my dearly beloved *Jacob Faithful*: once at Frankfort O. M., the delightful *Vingt Ans Après* of Monsieur Dumas: once at Tonbridge Wells, the thrilling *Woman in White*: and these books gave me amusement from morning till sunset. I remember those ague fits with a great deal of pleasure and gratitude. Think of a whole day in bed, and a good novel for a companion! No cares: no remorse about idleness: no visitors: and the *Woman in White* or the *Chevalier d'Artagnan* to tell me stories from dawn to night! "Please, ma'am, my master's compliments, and can he have the third volume?" (This message was sent to an astonished friend and neighbour who lent me, volume by volume, the *W. in W.*) How do you like your novels? I like mine strong, "hot with," and no mistake: no love-making: no observations about society: little dialogue, except where the characters are bullying each other: plenty of fighting: and a villain in the cupboard, who is to suffer tortures just before *Finis*. I don't like your melancholy *Finis*. I never read the history of a consumptive heroine twice. If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer (as the *Examiner* used to say in old days), it would be to act, *not à la mode le pays de Pole* (I think that was the phraseology), but *always* to give quarter. In the story of Philip, just come to an end,

I have the permission of the author to state that he was going to drown the two villains of the piece—a certain Doctor F—— and a certain Mr. T. H—— on board the *President*, or some other tragic ship—but you see I relented. I pictured to myself Firmin's ghastly face amid the crowd of shuddering people on that reeling deck in the lonely ocean, and thought, "Thou ghastly lying wretch, thou shalt not be drowned: thou shalt have a fever only; a knowledge of thy danger; and a chance—ever so small a chance—of repentance." I wonder whether he *did* repent when he found himself in the yellow-fever, in Virginia? The probability is, he fancied that his son had injured him very much, and forgave him on his deathbed. Do you imagine there is a great deal of genuine right-down remorse in the world? Don't people rather find excuses which make their minds easy; endeavour to prove to themselves that they have been lamentably belied and misunderstood; and try and forgive the persecutors who *will* present that bill when it is due; and not bear malice against the cruel ruffian who takes them to the police-office for stealing the spoons? Years ago I had a quarrel with a certain well-known person (I believed a statement regarding him which his friends imparted to me, and which turned out to be quite incorrect). To his dying day that quarrel was never quite made up. I said to his brother, "Why is your brother's soul still dark against me? It is I who ought to be angry and unforgiving: for I was in the wrong." In the region which they now inhabit (for Finis has been set to the volumes of the lives of both here below), if they take any cognizance of our squabbles, and tittle-tattles, and gossips on earth here, I hope they admit that my little error was not of a nature unpardonable. If you have never committed a worse, my good sir, surely the score against you will not be heavy. Ha, *dilectissimi fratres!* It is in regard of sins *not* found out that we may say or sing (in an under-tone, in a most penitent and lugubrious minor key), *Miserere nobis miseris peccatoribus.*

Among the sins of commission which novel-writers not seldom perpetrate, is the sin of grandiloquence, or tall-talking, against which, for my part, I will offer up a special *libera me*. This is the sin of schoolmasters, governesses, critics, sermoners, and instructors of young or old people. Nay (for I am making a clean breast, and liberating my soul), perhaps of all the novel-spinners now extant, the present speaker is the most addicted to preaching. Does he not stop perpetually in his story and begin to preach to you? When he ought to be engaged with business, is he not for ever taking the Muse by the sleeve, and plaguing her with some of his cynical sermons? I cry *peccavi* loudly and heartily. I tell you I would like to be able to write a story which should show no egotism whatever—in which there should be no reflections, no cynicism, no vulgarity (and so forth), but an incident in every other page, a villain, a battle, a mystery in every chapter. I should like to be able to feed a reader so spicily as to leave him hungering and thirsting for more at the end of every monthly meal.

Alexandre Dumas describes himself, when inventing the plan of a work, as lying silent on his back for two whole days on the deck of a yacht in a Mediterranean port. At the end of the two days he arose, and called for dinner. In those two days he had built his plot. He had moulded a mighty clay, to be cast presently in perennial brass. The chapters, the characters, the incidents, the combinations were all arranged in the artist's brain ere he set a pen to paper. My Pegasus wont fly, so as to let me survey the field below me. He 'vas no wings, he is blind of one eye certainly, he is restive, stubborn, slow; crops a hedge when he ought to be galloping, or gallops when he ought to be quiet. He never will show off when I want him. Sometimes he goes at a pace which surprises me. Sometimes, when I most wish him to make the running, the brute turns restive, and I am obliged to let him take his own time. I wonder do other novel-writers experience this fatalism? They *must* go a certain way, in spite of themselves. I have been surprised at the observations made by some of my characters. It seems as if an occult Power was moving the pen. The personage does or says something, and I ask, how the Dickens did he come to think of that? Every man has remarked in dreams, the vast dramatic power which is sometimes evinced; I won't say the surprising power, for nothing does surprise you in dreams. But those strange characters you meet make instant observations of which you never can have thought previously. In like manner, the imagination foretels things. We spake anon of the inflated style of some writers. What also if there is an *afflated* style,—when a writer is like a Pythoness on her oracle tripod, and mighty words, words which he cannot help, come blowing, and bellowing, and whistling, and moaning through the speaking pipes of his bodily organ? I have told you it was a very queer shock to me the other day when, with a letter of introduction in his hand, the artist's (not my) Philip Firmin walked into this room, and sat down in the chair opposite. In the novel of *Pendennis*, written ten years ago, there is an account of a certain Costigan, whom I had invented (as I suppose authors invent their personages out of scraps, heel-taps, odds and ends of characters). I was smoking in a tavern parlour one night—and this Costigan came into the room alive—the very man:—the most remarkable resemblance of the printed sketches of the man, of the rude drawings in which I had depicted him. He had the same little coat, the same battered hat, cocked on one eye, the same twinkle in that eye. "Sir," said I, knowing him to be an old friend whom I had met in unknown regions, "sir," I said, "may I offer you a glass of brandy-and-water?" "*Bedad, ye may,*" says he, "*and I'll sing ye a song tu.*" Of course he spoke with an Irish brogue. Of course he had been in the army. In ten minutes he pulled out an army agent's account, whereon his name was written. A few months after we read of him in a police court. How had I come to know him, to divine him? Nothing shall convince me that I have not seen that man in the world of spirits. In the world of spirits and water I know I did: but that is a mere quibble of words. I was not surprised when he spoke in an Irish

brogue. I had had cognizance of him before somehow. Who has not felt that little shock which arises when a person, a place, some words in a book (there is always a collocation) present themselves to you, and you know that you have before met the same person, words, scene, and so forth?

They used to call the good Sir Walter the "Wizard of the North." What if some writer should appear who can write so *enchantingly* that he shall be able to call into actual life the people whom he invents? What if Mignon, and Margaret, and Goetz von Berlichingen are alive now (though I don't say they are visible), and Dugald Dalgetty and Ivanhoe were to step in at that open window by the little garden yonder? Suppose Uncas and our noble old Leather Stocking were to glide silent in? Suppose Athos, Porthos, and Aramis should enter with a noiseless swagger, curling their mustachios? And dearest Amelia Booth, on Uncle Toby's arm; and Tittlebat Titmouse, with his hair dyed green; and all the Crummles company of comedians, with the Gil Blas troop; and Sir Roger de Coverley; and the greatest of all crazy gentlemen, the Knight of La Mancha, with his blessed squire? I say to you, I look rather wistfully towards the window, musing upon these people. Were any of them to enter, I think I should not be very much frightened. Dear old friends, what pleasant hours I have had with them! We do not see each other very often, but when we do, we are ever happy to meet. I had a capital half hour with Jacob Faithful last night; when the last sheet was corrected, when "Finis" had been written, and the printer's boy, with the copy, was safe in Green Airbour Court.

So you are gone, little printer's boy, with the last scratches and corrections on the proof, and a fine flourish by way of Finis at the story's end. The last corrections? I say those last corrections seem never to be finished. A plague upon the weeds! Every day, when I walk in my own little literary garden-plot, I spy some, and should like to have a spud, and root them out. Those idle words, neighbour, are past remedy. That turning back to the old pages produces anything but elation of mind? Would you not pay a pretty fine to be able to cancel some of them? Oh, the sad old pages, the dull old pages! Oh, the cares, the *ennui*, the squabbles, the repetitions, the old conversations over and over again! But now and again a kind thought is recalled, and now and again a dear memory. Yet a few chapters more, and then the last: after which, behold Finis itself come to an end, and the Infinite begun.



THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1862.

Romola.

CHAPTER XI.

TITO'S DILEMMA.



WHEN Fra Luca had ceased to speak, Tito still stood by him in irresolution, and it was not till, the pressure of the passengers being removed, the friar rose and walked slowly into the church of Santa Felicità, that Tito also went on his way along the Via de' Bardi.

"If this monk is a Florentine," he said to himself—"if he is going to remain at Florence, everything must be disclosed." He felt that a new crisis had come, but he was not, for all that, too agitated to pay his visit to Bardo, and apologize for his previous non-appearance. Tito's talent for concealment was being fast developed into something less neutral. It was still possible—perhaps it might be inevitable—for him to accept

frankly the altered conditions, and avow Baldassarre's existence—but hardly without casting an unpleasant light backward on his original reticence as studied equivocation, in order to avoid the fulfilment of a secretly recognized claim, to say nothing of his quiet settlement of himself and investment of his florins, when, it would be clear, his benefactor's fate had not

been certified. It was, at least, provisionally wise to act as if nothing had happened, and, for the present, he would suspend decisive thought; there was all the night for meditation, and no one would know the precise moment at which he had received the letter.

So he entered the room on the second story, where Romola and her father sat among the parchment and the marble, aloof from the life of the streets on holidays as well as on common days, with a face just a little less bright than usual, from regret at appearing so late; a regret which wanted no testimony, since he had given up the sight of the Corso in order to express it; and then set himself to throw extra animation into the evening, though all the while his consciousness was at work like a machine with complex action, leaving deposits quite distinct from the line of talk; and by the time he descended the stone stairs and issued from the grim door in the starlight, his mind had really reached a new stage in its formation of a purpose.

And when, the next day, after he was free from his professorial work, he turned up the Via del Cocomero, towards the convent of San Marco, his purpose was fully shaped. He was going to ascertain from Fra Luca precisely how much he conjectured of the truth, and on what grounds he conjectured it; and, further, how long he was to remain at San Marco. And on that fuller knowledge he hoped to mould a statement which would in any case save him from the necessity of quitting Florence. Tito had never had occasion to fabricate an ingenious lie before: the occasion was come now—the occasion which circumstance never fails to beget on tacit falsity; and his ingenuity was ready. For he had convinced himself that he was not bound to go in search of Baldassarre. He had once said that on a fair assurance of his father's existence and whereabouts, he would unhesitatingly go after him. But, after all, *why* was he bound to go? What, looked at closely, was the end of all life, but to extract the utmost sum of pleasure? And was not his own blooming life a promise of incomparably more pleasure, not for himself only, but for others, than the withered winty life of a man who was past the time of keen enjoyment, and whose ideas had stiffened into barren rigidity? Those ideas had all been sown in the fresh soil of Tito's mind, and were lively germs there; that was the proper order of things—the order of Nature, which treats all maturity as a mere nidus for youth. Baldassarre had done his work, had had his draught of life: Tito said it was *his* turn now.

And the prospect was so vague:—"I think they are going to take me to Antioch:" here was a vista! After a long voyage, to spend months, perhaps years, in a search for which even now there was no guarantee that it would not prove vain: and to leave behind at starting a life of distinction and love: and to find, if he found anything, the old exacting companionship which was known by rote beforehand. Certainly the gems and therefore the florins were, in a sense, Baldassarre's: in the narrow sense by which the right of possession is determined in ordinary affairs; but in that larger and more radically natural view by which the

world belongs to youth and strength, they were rather his who could extract the most pleasure out of them. That, he was conscious, was not the sentiment which the complicated play of human feelings had engendered in society. The men around him would expect that he should immediately apply those florins to his benefactor's rescue. But what was the sentiment of society?—a mere tangle of anomalous traditions and opinions, that no wise man would take as a guide, except so far as his own comfort was concerned. Not that he cared for the florins, save perhaps for Romola's sake: he would give up the florins readily enough. It was the joy that was due to him and was close to his lips, which he felt he was not bound to thrust away from him and travel on, thirsting. Any maxims that required a man to fling away the good that was needed to make existence sweet were only the lining of human selfishness turned outward: they were made by men who wanted others to sacrifice themselves for their sake. He would rather that Baldassarre should not suffer: he liked no one to suffer: but could any philosophy prove to him that he was bound to care for another's suffering more than for his own? To do so, he must have loved Baldassarre devotedly, and he did *not* love him: was that his own fault? Gratitude! seen closely, it made no valid claim: his father's life would have been dreary without him: are we convicted of a debt to men for the pleasures they give themselves?

Having once begun to explain away Baldassarre's claim, Tito's thought showed itself as active as a virulent acid, eating its rapid way through all the tissues of sentiment. His mind was destitute of that dread which has been erroneously decried as if it were nothing higher than a man's animal care for his own skin: that awe of the Divine Nemesis which was felt by religious pagans, and, though it took a more positive form under Christianity, is still felt by the mass of mankind simply as a vague fear at anything which is called wrong-doing. Such terror of the unseen is so far above mere sensual cowardice that it will annihilate that cowardice: it is the initial recognition of a moral law restraining desire, and checks the hard bold scrutiny of imperfect thought into obligations which can never be proved to have any sanctity in the absence of feeling. "It is good," sing the old Eumenides, in *Æschylus*, "that fear should sit as the guardian of the soul, forcing it into wisdom—good that men should carry a threatening shadow in their hearts under the full sunshine; else, how shall they learn to revere the right?" That guardianship may become needless; but only when all outward law has become needless—only when duty and love have united in one stream and made a common force.

As Tito entered the outer cloister of San Marco, and inquired for Fra Luca, there was no shadowy presentiment in his mind: he felt himself too cultured and sceptical for that: he had been nurtured in contempt for the tales of priests whose impudent lives were a proverb; and in erudite familiarity with disputes concerning the chief good, which had after all, he considered, left it a matter of taste. Yet fear was a strong element in

Tito's nature—the fear of what he believed or saw was likely to rob him of pleasure; and he had a definite fear that Fra Luca might be the means of driving him from Florence.

"Fra Luca? ah, he is gone to Fiesole—to the Dominican monastery there. He was taken on a litter in the cool of the morning. The poor brother is very ill. Could you leave a message for him?"

This answer was given by a *fra converso*, or lay brother, whose accent told plainly that he was a raw contadino, and whose dull glance implied no curiosity.

"Thanks; my business can wait."

Tito turned away with a sense of relief. "This friar is not likely to live," he said to himself. "I saw he was worn to a shadow. And at Fiesole there will be nothing to recall me to his mind. Besides, if he should come back, my explanation will serve as well then as now. But I wish I knew what it was that his face recalled to me."

CHAPTER XII.

THE PRIZE IS NEARLY GRASPED.

Tito walked along with a light step, for the immediate fear had vanished; the usual joyousness of his disposition reassumed its predominance, and he was going to see Romola. Yet Romola's life seemed an image of that loving, pitying devotedness, that patient endurance of irksome tasks, from which he had shrunk and excused himself. But he was not out of love with goodness, or prepared to plunge into vice: he was in his fresh youth, with soft pulses for all charm and loveliness; he had still a healthy appetite for ordinary human joys, and the poison could only work by degrees. He had sold himself to evil, but at present life seemed so nearly the same to him that he was not conscious of the bond. He meant all things to go on as they had done before, both within and without him: he meant to win golden opinions by meritorious exertion, by ingenious learning, by amiable compliance: he was not going to do anything that would throw him out of harmony with the beings he cared for. And he cared supremely for Romola; he wished to have her for his majestic, beautiful, and loving wife. There might be a wealthier alliance within the ultimate reach of successful accomplishments like his, but there was no woman in all Florence like Romola. When she was near him, and looked at him with her sincere hazel eyes, he was subdued by a delicious influence as strong and inevitable as those musical vibrations which take possession of us with a rhythmic empire that no sooner ceases than we desire it to begin again.

As he trod the stone stairs, when he was still outside the door, with no one but Maso near him, the influence seemed to have begun its work by the mere nearness of anticipation.

"Welcome, Tito mio," said the old man's voice, before Tito had spoken.

There was a new vigour in the voice, a new cheerfulness in the blind face, since that first interview more than two months ago. "You have brought fresh manuscript, doubtless; but since we were talking last night I have had new ideas: we must take a wider scope—we must go back upon our footsteps."

Tito, paying his homage to Romola as he advanced, went, as his custom was, straight to Bardo's chair, and put his hand in the palm that was held to receive it, placing himself on the cross-legged leather seat with scrolled ends, close to Bardo's elbow.

"Yes," he said, in his gentle way; "I have brought the new manuscript, but that can wait your pleasure. I have young limbs, you know, and can walk back up the hill without any difficulty."

He did not look at Romola as he said this, but he knew quite well that her eyes were fixed on him with delight.

"That is well said, my son." Bardo had already addressed Tito in this way once or twice of late. "And I perceive with gladness that you do not shrink from labour, without which, the poet has wisely said, life has given nothing to mortals. It is too often the '*palma sine pulvere*,' the prize of glory without the dust of the race, that young ambition covets. But what says the Greek? '*In the morning of life, work; in the mid-day, give counsel; in the evening, pray.*' It is true, I might be thought to have reached that helpless evening; but not so, while I have counsel within me which is yet unspoken. For my mind, as I have often said, was shut up as by a dam; the plenteous waters lay dark and motionless, but you, Tito mio, have opened a duct for them, and they rush forward with a force that surprises myself. And now, what I want is, that we should go over our preliminary ground again, with a wider scheme of comment and illustration; otherwise I may lose opportunities which I now see retrospectively, and which may never occur again. You mark what I am saying, Tito?"

He had just stooped to reach his manuscript, which had rolled down, and Bardo's jealous ear was alive to the slight movement.

Tito might have been excused for shrugging his shoulders at the prospect before him, but he was not naturally impatient; moreover, he had been bred up in that laborious erudition, at once minute and copious, which was the chief intellectual task of the age; and with Romola near, he was flouted along by waves of agreeable sensation that made everything seem easy.

"Assuredly," he said; "you wish to enlarge your comments on certain passages we have cited."

"Not only so; I wish to introduce an occasional *excursus*, where we have noticed an author to whom I have given special study; for I may die too soon to achieve any separate work. And this is not a time for scholarly integrity and well-sifted learning to lie idle, when it is not only rash ignorance that we have to fear, but when there are men like Calderino, who, as Poliziano has well shown, have recourse to impudent falsities of

citation to serve the ends of their vanity and secure a triumph to their own mistakes. Wherefore, Tito mio, I think it not well that we should let slip the occasion that lies under our hands. And now we will turn back to the point where we have cited the passage from Thucydides, and I wish you, by way of preliminary, to go with me through all my notes on the Latin translation made by Lorenzo Valla, for which the incomparable Pope Nicholas V.—with whose personal notice I was honoured while I was yet young, and when he was still Thomas of Sarzana—paid him (I say not unduly) the sum of five hundred gold scudi. But inasmuch as Valla, though otherwise of dubious fame, is held in high honour for his severe scholarship, so that the epigrammatist has jocosely said of him that since he went among the shades, Pluto himself has not dared to speak in the ancient languages, it is the more needful that his name should not be as a stamp warranting false warcs; and therefore I would introduce an *excursus* on Thucydides, wherein my castigations of Valla's text may find a fitting place. Romola mia, thou wilt reach the needful volumes—thou knowest them—on the fifth shelf of the cabinet."

Tito rose at the same moment with Romola, saying, "I will reach them, if you will point them out," and followed her hastily into the adjoining small room, where the walls were also covered with ranges of books in perfect order.

"There they are," said Romola, pointing upward; "every book is just where it was when my father ceased to see them."

Tito stood by her without hastening to reach the books. They had never been in this room together before.

"I hope," she continued, turning her eyes full on Tito, with a look of grave confidence—"I hope he will not weary you; this work makes him so happy."

"And me too, Romola—if you will only let me say, I love you—if you will only think me worth loving a little."

His speech was the softest murmur, and the dark beautiful face, nearer to hers than it had ever been before, was looking at her with beseeching tenderness.

"I do love you," murmured Romola; she looked at him with the same simple majesty as ever, but her voice had never in her life before sunk to that murmur. It seemed to them both that they were looking at each other a long while before her lips moved again; yet it was but a moment till she said, "I know *now* what it is to be happy."

The faces just met, and the dark curls mingled for an instant with the rippling gold. Quick as lightning after that, Tito set his foot on a projecting ledge of the bookshelves and reached down the needful volumes. They were both contented to be silent and separate, for that first blissful experience of mutual consciousness was all the more exquisite for being unperturbed by immediate sensation.

It had all been as rapid as the irreversible mingling of waters, for even the eager and jealous Bardo had not become impatient.

"You have the volumes, my Romola?" the old man said, as they came near him again. "And now you will get your pen ready; for, as Tito marks off the scholia we determine on extracting, it will be well for you to copy them without delay—numbering them carefully, mind, to correspond with the numbers he will put in the text he will write."

Romola always had some task which gave her a share in this joint work. Tito took his stand at the *leggio*, where he both wrote and read, and she placed herself at a table just in front of him, where she was ready to give into her father's hands anything that he might happen to want, or relieve him of a volume that he had done with. They had always been in that position since the work began, yet on this day it seemed new; it was so different now for them to be opposite each other, so different for Tito to take a book from her, as she lifted it from her father's knee. Yet there was no finesse to secure an additional look or touch. Each woman creates in her own likeness the love-tokens that are offered to her; and Romola's deep calm happiness encompassed Tito like the rich but quiet evening light which dissipates all unrest.

They had been two hours at their work, and were just desisting because of the fading light, when the door opened and there entered a figure strangely incongruous with the current of their thoughts and with the suggestions of every object around them. It was the figure of a short stout black-eyed woman, nearly fifty, wearing a black velvet *berretta*, or close cap, embroidered with pearls, under which surprisingly massive black braids surmounted the little bulging forehead, and fell in rich plaited curves over the ears, while an equally surprising carmine tint on the upper region of the fat cheeks contrasted with the surrounding sallowness. Three rows of pearls and a lower necklace of gold reposed on the horizontal cushion of her neck; the embroidered border of her trailing black-velvet gown and her embroidered long-drooping sleeves of rose-coloured damask, were slightly faded, but they conveyed to the initiated eye the satisfactory assurance that they were the splendid result of six months' labour by a skilled workman; and the rose-coloured petticoat, with its dimmed white fringe and seed-pearl arabesques, was duly exhibited in order to suggest a similar pleasing reflection. A handsome coral rosary hung from one side of an inferential belt, which emerged into certainty with a large clasp of silver wrought in *niello*; and, on the other side, where the belt again became inferential, hung a *scarsella*, or large purse of crimson velvet, stitched with pearls. Her little fat right hand, which looked as if it had been made of paste, and had risen out of shape under partial baking, held a small book of devotions, also splendid with velvet, pearls, and silver.

The figure was already too familiar to Tito to be startling, for Monna Brigida was a frequent visitor at Bardo's, being excepted from the sentence of banishment passed on feminine triviality, on the ground of her cousinship to his dead wife and her early care for Romola, who now looked round at her with an affectionate smile, and rose to draw the leather seat

to a due distance from her father's chair, that the coming gush of talk might not be too near his ear.

"*La cugina?*" said Bardo, interrogatively, detecting the short steps and the sweeping drapery.

"Yes, it is your cousin," said Monna Brigida, in an alert voice, raising her fingers smilingly at Tito, and then lifting up her face to be kissed by Romola. "Always the troublesome *cugina* breaking in on your wisdom," she went on, seating herself and beginning to fan herself with the white veil hanging over her arm. "Well, well; if I didn't bring you some news of the world now and then, I do believe you'd forget there was anything in life but these mouldy ancients, who want sprinkling with holy water if all I hear about them is true. Not but what the world is bad enough nowadays, for the scandals that turn up under one's nose at every corner—I don't want to hear and see such things, but one can't go about with one's head in a bag; and it was only yesterday—well, well, you needn't burst out at me, Bardo, I'm not going to tell anything; if I'm not as wise as the three kings, I know how many legs go into one boot. But, nevertheless, Florence is a wicked city—is it not true, Messer Tito? for you go into the world. Not but what one must sin a little—Messer Domeneddio expects that of us, else what are the blessed sacraments for? And what I say is, we've got to reverence the saints, and not to set ourselves up as if we could be like them, else life would be unbearable; as it will be if things go on after this new fashion. For what do you think? I've been at the wedding to-day—Dianora Acciajoli's with the young Albizzi that there has been so much talk of—and everybody wondered at its being to-day instead of yesterday; but, *cieli!* such a wedding as it was might have been put off till the next Quaresima for a penance. For there was the bride looking like a white nun—not so much as a pearl about her—and the bridegroom as solemn as San Giusoppe. It's true! And half the people invited were *piagnoni*—they call them *piagnoni** now, these new saints of Fra Girolamo's making. And to think of two families like the Albizzi and the Acciajoli taking up such notions, when they could afford to wear the best! Well, well, they invited me—but they could do no other, seeing my husband was Luca Antonio's uncle by the mother's side—and a pretty time I had of it while we waited under the canopy in front of the house, before they let us in. I couldn't stand in my clothes, it seemed, without giving offence; for there was Monna Berta, who has had worse secrets in her time than any I could tell of myself, looking askance at me from under her hood like a *pin-zochera*,† and telling me to read the Frate's book about widows, from which she had found great guidance. Holy Madonna! it seems as if widows had nothing to do now but to buy their coffins, and think it a thousand years till they get into them, instead of enjoying themselves a little when they've got their hands free for the first time. And what do you think was the

* Funereal mourners: properly, paid mourners.

† A Sister of the Third Order of St. Francis: an uncloistered nun.

music we had to make our dinner lively? A long discourse from Fra Domenico of San Marco, about the doctrines of their blessed Fra Girolamo—the three doctrines we are all to get by heart; and he kept marking them off on his fingers till he made my flesh creep: and the first is, Florence, or the Church—I don't know which, for first he said one and then the other—shall be scourged; but if he means the pestilence, the Signory ought to put a stop to such preaching, for it's enough to raise the swelling under one's arms with fright; but then, after that, he says Florence is to be regenerated; but what will be the good of that when we're all dead of the plague, or something else? And then, the third thing, and what he said oftenest, is, that it's all to be in our days: and he marked that off on his thumb, till he made me tremble like the very jelly before me. They had jellies, to be sure, with the arms of the Albizzi and the Acciajoli raised on them in all colours; they've not turned the world quite upside down yet. But all their talk is, that we are to go back to the old ways: for up starts Francesco Valori, that I've danced with in the Via Larga when he was a bachelor and as fond of the Medici as anybody, and he makes a speech about the old times, before the Florentines had left off crying '*Popolo*' and begun to cry '*Palle*'—as if that had anything to do with a wedding!—and how we ought to keep to the rules the Signory laid down heaven knows when, that we were not to wear this and that, and not to eat this and that—and how our manners were corrupted and we read bad books; though he can't say that of *me* ——”

“Stop, *cugina*!” said Bardo, in his imperious tone, for he had a remark to make, and only desperate measures could arrest the rattling lengthiness of Monna Brigida's discourse. But now she gave a little start, pursed up her mouth and looked at him with round eyes.

“Francesco Valori is not altogether wrong,” Bardo went on. “Bernardo, indeed, rates him not highly, and is rather of opinion that he christens private grudges by the name of public zeal; though I must admit that my good Bernardo is too slow of belief in that unalloyed patriotism which was found in all its lustre among the ancients. But it is true, Tito, that our manners have degenerated somewhat from that noble frugality which, as has been well seen in the public acts of our citizens, is the parent of true magnificence. For men, as I hear, will now spend on the transient show of a *giostra* sums which would suffice to found a library, and confer a lasting possession on mankind. Still, I conceive, it remains true of us Florentines that we have more of that magnanimous sobriety which abhors a trivial lavishness than it may be grandly open-handed on grand occasions, than can be found in any other city of Italy; for I understand that the Neapolitan and Milanese courtiers laugh at the scarcity of our plate, and think scorn of our great families for borrowing from each other that furniture of the table at their entertainments. But in the vain laughter of folly wisdom hears half its applause.”

“Laughter, indeed!” burst forth Monna Brigida again, the moment Bardo paused. “If anybody wanted to hear laughter at the wedding to-

day they were disappointed, for when young Niccolò Macchiavelli tried to make a joke, and told stories out of Franco Sacchetti's book, how it was no use for the Signoria to make rules for us women, because we were cleverer than all the painters, and architects, and doctors of logic in the world, for we could make black look white, and yellow look pink, and crooked look straight, and, if anything was forbidden, we could find a new name for it—Holy Virgin! the *piagnoni* looked more dismal than before, and somebody said Sacchetti's book was wicked. Well, I don't read it—they can't accuse me of reading anything. Save me from going to a wedding again if that's to be the fashion; for all of us who were not *piagnoni* were as comfortable as wet chickens. I was never caught in a worse trap but once before, and that was when I went to hear their precious Frate last Quaresima in San Lorenzo. Perhaps I never told you about it, Messer Tito?—it almost freezes my blood when I think of it. How he rated us poor women! and the men, too, to tell the truth, but I didn't mind that so much. He called us cows, and lumps of flesh, and wantons, and mischief-makers—and I could just bear that, for there were plenty others more fleshy and spiteful than I was—though every now and then his voice shook the very bench under me like a trumpet; but then he came to the *capelli morti* (dead, i.e. false hair), and, O misericordia! he made a picture—I see it now—of a young woman lying a pale corpse, and us light-minded widows—of course he meant me as well as the rest, for I had my plaits on, for if one is getting old, one doesn't want to look as ugly as the Befana*—us widows rushing up to the corpse, like bare-pated vultures as we were, and cutting off its young dead hair to deck our old heads with. Oh, the dreams I had after that! And then he cried, and wrung his hands at us, and I cried too (*piagnoni*, indeed! they may well be *piagnoni*). And to go home, and to take off my jewels, this very clasp, and everything, and to make them into a packet, *f'ù tutt'uno*; and I was within a hair of sending them to the good men of St. Martin to give to the poor, but, by heaven's mercy, I bethought me of going first to my confessor, Fra Cristoforo, at Santa Croce, and he told me how it was all the work of the devil, this preaching and prophesying of them. Fra Girolamo, and the Dominicans were trying to turn the world upside down, and I was never to go and hear him again, else I must do penance for it; for the great preachers Fra Mariano and Fra Menico, had shown how Fra Girolamo preached lies—and that was true, for I heard them both in the Duomo—and how the Pope's dream of San Francesco propping up the Church with his arms was being fulfilled still, and the Dominicans were beginning to pull it down. Well and good: I went away *con Dio*, and made myself easy. I am not going to be frightened by a Frate Predicatore again. And all I say is, I wish it hadn't been the Dominicans that poor

* The name given to the grotesque black-faced figures, supposed to represent the Magi, carried about or placed in the windows on Twelfth Night: a corruption of Epifania.

Dino joined years ago, for then I should have been glad when I heard them say he was come back——"

"Silenzio!" said Bardo, in a loud agitated voice, while Romola half-started from her chair, clasped her hands, and looked round at Tito, as if *now* she might appeal to him. Monna Brigida gave a little scream, and bit her lip.

"Donna!" said Bardo, again, "hear once more my will. Bring no reports about that name to this house; and thou, Romola, I forbid thee to ask. My son is dead."

Bardo's whole frame seemed vibrating with passion, and no one dared to break silence again. Monna Brigida lifted her shoulders and her hands in mute dismay; then she rose as quietly as possible, gave many significant nods to Tito and Romola, motioning to them that they were not to move, and stole out of the room like a culpable fat spaniel who has barked unseasonably.

Meanwhile, Tito's quick mind had been combining ideas with lightning-like rapidity. Bardo's son was not really dead, then, as he had supposed: he was a monk; he was "come back:" and Fra Luca—yes! it was the likeness to Bardo and Romola that had made the face seem half-known to him. If he were only dead at Fiesole at that moment! This importunate selfish wish inevitably thrust itself before every other thought. It was true that Bardo's rigid will was a sufficient safeguard against any intercourse between Romola and her brother; but *not* against the betrayal of what he knew to others, especially when the subject was suggested by the coupling of Romola's name with that of the very Tito Melema whose description he had carried round his neck as an index. No! nothing but Fra Luca's death could remove all danger; but his death was highly probable, and after the momentary shock of the discovery, Tito let his mind fall back in repose on that confident hope.

They had sat in silence, and in a deepening twilight for many minutes, when Romola ventured to say—

"Shall I light the lamp, father, and shall we go on?"

"No, my Romola, we will work no more to-night. Tito, come and sit by me here."

Tito moved from the reading-desk and seated himself on the other side of Bardo, close to his left elbow.

"Come nearer to me, figliuola mia," said Bardo again, after a moment's pause. And Romola seated herself on a low stool and let her arm rest on her father's right knee, that he might lay his hand on her hair, as he was fond of doing.

"Tito, I never told you that I had once a son," said Bardo, forgetting what had fallen from him in the emotion raised by their first interview. The old man had been deeply shaken and was forced to pour out his feelings in spite of pride. "But he left me—he is dead to me—I have disowned him for ever. He was a ready scholar, as you are, but more fervid and impatient, and yet sometimes rapt and self-absorbed, like a flame fed by

some fitful source; showing a disposition from the very first to turn away his eyes from the clear lights of reason and philosophy, and to prostrate himself under the influences of a dim mysticism which eludes all rules of human duty as it eludes all argument. And so it ended. We will speak no more of him: he is dead to me. I wish his face could be blotted from that world of memory in which the distant seems to grow clearer and the near to fade."

Bardo paused, but neither Romola nor Tito dared to speak—his voice was too tremulous, the poise of his feelings too doubtful. But he presently raised his hand and found Tito's shoulder to rest it on, while he went on speaking with an effort to be calmer.

"But *you* have come to me, Tito—not quite too late. I will lose no more time in vain regret. When you are working by my side I seem to have found a son again."

The old man, preoccupied with the governing interest of his life, was only thinking of the much-meditated book which had quite thrust into the background the suggestion, raised by Bernardo del Nero's warning, of a possible marriage between Tito and Romola. But Tito could not allow the moment to pass unused.

"Will you let me be always and altogether your son? Will you let me take care of Romola—be her husband? I think she will not deny me. She has said she loves me. I know I am not equal to her in birth—in anything; but I am no longer a destitute stranger."

"Is it true, my Romola?" said Bardo, in a lower tone, an evident vibration passing through him and dissipating the saddened aspect of his features.

"Yes, father," said Romola, firmly. "I love Tito—I wish to marry him, that we may be both your children and never part."

Tito's hand met hers in a strong clasp for the first time, while she was speaking, but their eyes were fixed anxiously on her father.

"Why should it not be?" said Bardo, as if arguing against any opposition to his assent, rather than assenting. "It would be a happiness to me; and thou, too, Romola, wouldst be the happier for it."

He stroked her long hair gently and bent towards her.

"Ah, I have been apt to forget that thou needest some other love than mine. And thou wilt be a noble wife. Bernardo thinks I shall hardly find a husband fitting for thee. And he is perhaps right. For thou art not like the herd of thy sex: thou art such a woman as the immortal poets had a vision of, when they sang the lives of the heroes—tender but strong, like thy voice, which has been to me instead of the light in the years of my blindness. . . . And so thou lovest him?"

He sat upright again for a minute and then said, in the same tone as before, "Why should it not be? I will think of it; I will talk with Bernardo."

Tito felt a disagreeable chill at this answer, for Bernardo del Nero's eyes had retained their keen suspicion whenever they looked at him,

and the uneasy remembrance of Fra Luca converted all uncertainty into fear.

"Speak for me, Romola," he said, pleadingly. "Messer Bernardo is sure to be against me."

"No, Tito," said Romola, "my godfather will not oppose what my father firmly wills. And it is your will that I should marry Tito—is it not true, father? Nothing has ever come to me before that I have wished for strongly: I did not think it possible that I could care so much for anything that could happen to myself."

It was a brief and simple plea; but it was the condensed story of Romola's self-repressing colourless young life, which had thrown all its passion into sympathy with aged sorrows, aged ambition, aged pride and indignation. It had never occurred to Romola that she should not speak as directly and emphatically of her love for Tito as of any other subject.

"Romola mia!" said her father fondly, pausing on the words, "it is true thou hast never urged on me any wishes of thy own. And I have no will to resist thine; rather, my heart met Tito's entreaty at its very first utterance. Nevertheless, I must talk with Bernardo about the measures needful to be observed. For we must not act in haste, or do anything unbecoming my name. I am poor, and held of little account by the wealthy of our family—nay, I may consider myself a lonely man—but I must nevertheless remember that generous birth has its obligations. And I would not be reproached by my fellow-citizens for rash haste in bestowing my daughter. Bartolommeo Scala gave his Alessandra to the Greek Marullo, but Marullo's lineage was well known, and Scala himself is of no extraction. I know Bernardo will hold that we must take time: he will, perhaps, reproach me with want of due forethought. Be patient, my children: you are very young."

No more could be said, and Romola's heart was perfectly satisfied. Not so Tito's. If the subtle mixture of good and evil prepares suffering for human truth and purity, there is also suffering prepared for the wrongdoer by the same mingled conditions. As Tito kissed Romola on their parting that evening, the very strength of the thrill that moved his whole being at the sense that this woman, whose beauty it was hardly possible to think of as anything but the necessary consequence of her noble nature, loved him with all the tenderness that spoke in her clear eyes, brought a strong reaction of regret that he had not kept himself free from that first deceit which had dragged him into this danger of being disgraced before her. There was a spring of bitterness mingling with that fountain of sweets. Would the death of Fra Luca arrest it? He hoped it would.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SHADOW OF NEMESIS.

It was the lazy afternoon time on the seventh of September, more than two months after the day on which Romola and Tito had confessed their love to each other.

Tito, just descended into Nello's shop, had found the barber stretched on the bench with his cap over his eyes: one leg was drawn up, and the other had slipped towards the ground, having apparently carried with it a manuscript volume of verse, which lay with its leaves crushed. In a corner sat Sandro, playing a game at *mora* by himself, and watching the slow reply of his left fingers to the arithmetical demands of his right with solemn-eyed interest.

Treading with the gentlest step, Tito snatched up the lute, and bending over the barber, touched the strings lightly while he sang,—

“Quant' è bella giovinezza,
Che si fugge tuttavia!
Chi vuol esser lieto sia;
Di doman non c'è certezza.”*

Nello was as easily awaked as a bird. The cap was off his eyes in an instant, and he started up.

“Ah, my Apollino! I am somewhat late with my siesta on this hot day, it seems. That comes of not going to sleep in the natural way, but taking a potion of potent poesy. Hear you, how I am beginning to match my words by the initial letter, like a *trovatore*? That is one of my bad symptoms: I am sorely afraid that the good wine of my understanding is going to run off at the spigot of authorship, and I shall be left an empty cask with an odour of dregs, like many another incomparable genius of my acquaintance. What is it, my Orpheus?” here Nello stretched out his arms to their full length, and then brought them round till his hands grasped Tito's curls, and drew them out playfully. “What is it you want of your well-tamed Nello? For I perceive a coaxing sound in that soft strain of yours. Let me see the very needle's eye of your desire, as the sublime poet says, that I may thread it.”

“That is but a tailor's image of your sublime poet's,” said Tito, still letting his fingers fall in a light dropping way on the strings. “But you have divined the reason of my affectionate impatience to see your eyes open. I want you to give me an extra touch of your art—not on my chin, no; but on the *zazzera*, which is as tangled as your Florentine

* “Beauteous is life in blossom!
And it fleeteth—fleeteth ever;
Whoso would be joyful—let him!
There's no surety for the morrow.”

Carnival Song by Lorenzo dei Medici.

politics. You have an adroit way of inserting your comb, which flatters the skin, and stirs the animal spirits agreeably in that region; and a little of your most delicate orange scent would not be amiss, for I am bound to the Scala palace, and am to present myself in radiant company. The young Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici is to be there, and he brings with him a certain young Bernardo Dovizi of Bibbiena, whose wit is so rapid, that I see no way of outrivalling it save by the scent of orange-blossoms."

Nello had already seized and flourished his comb, and pushed Tito gently backward into the chair, wrapping the cloth round him.

"Never talk of rivalry, *bel giovane mio*: Bernardo Dovizi is a keen youngster, who will never carry a net out to catch the wind; but he has something of the same sharp-muzzled look as his brother Ser Piero da Bibbiena, the weasel that Piero de' Medici keeps at his beck to slip through small holes for him. No! you distance all rivals, and may soon touch the sky with your forefinger. They tell me you have even carried enough honey with you to sweeten the sour Messer Angelo; for he has pronounced you less of an ass than might have been expected, considering there is such a good understanding between you and the Secretary."

"And between ourselves, *Nello mio*, that Messer Angelo has more genius and erudition than I can find in all the other Florentine scholars put together. It may answer very well for them to cry me up now, when Poliziano is beaten down with grief, or illness, or something else; I can try a flight with such a sparrow-hawk as Pietro Crinito, but for Poliziano, he is a large-beaked eagle who would swallow me, feathers and all, and not feel any difference."

"I will not contradict your modesty there, if you will have it so; but you don't expect us clever Florentines to keep saying the same things over again every day of our lives, as we must do if we always told the truth. We cry down Dante, and we cry up Francesco Cei, just for the sake of variety; and if we cry you up as a new Poliziano, heaven has taken care that it shall not be quite so great a lie as it might have been. And are you not a pattern of virtue in this wicked city? with your ears double-waxed against all siren invitations that would lure you from the Via de' Bardi, and the great work which is to astonish posterity?"

"Posterity in good truth, whom it will probably astonish as the universe does, by the impossibility of seeing what was the plan of it."

"Yes, something like that was being prophesied here the other day. Cristoforo Landino said that the excellent Bardo was one of those scholars who lie overthrown in their learning, like cavaliers in heavy armour, and then get angry because they are over-ridden—which pithy remark, it seems to me, was not a herb out of his own garden; for of all men, for feeding one with an empty spoon and gagging one with vain expectation by long discourse, Messer Cristoforo is the pearl. Ecco! you are perfect now." Here Nello drew away the cloth. "Impossible to add a grace more! But love is not always to be fed on learning, eh? I

shall have to dress the *sazzera* for the betrothal before long—is it not true?"

"Perhaps," said Tito, smiling, "unless Messer Bernardo should next recommend Bardo to require that I should yoke a lion and a wild boar to the car of the Zecca before I can win my Alcestis; though I confess he is right in holding me unworthy of Romola; she is a Pleiad that may grow dim by marrying any mortal."

"Gnaffè, your modesty is in the right place there. Yet Fate seems to have measured and chiselled you for the niche that was left empty by the old man's son, who, by the way, Cronaca was telling me, is now at San Marco. Did you know?"

A slight electric shock passed through Tito as he rose from the chair, but it was not outwardly perceptible, for he immediately stooped to pick up the fallen book, and busied his fingers with flattening the leaves, while he said,

"No: he was at Fiesole, I thought. Are you sure he is come back to San Marco?"

"Cronaca is my authority," said Nello, with a shrug. "I don't frequent that sanctuary, but he does. Ah," he added, taking the book from Tito's hands, "my poor Nencia da Barberino! It jars your scholarly feelings to see the pages dog's-eared. I was lulled to sleep by the well-rhymed charms of that rustic maiden—'prettier than the turnip-flower,' 'with a cheek more savoury than cheese.' But to get such a well-scented notion of the *contadina*, one must lie on velvet cushions in the Via Larga—not go to look at the Fierucoloni stumping in to the Piazza della Nunziata this evening after sundown."

"And pray who are the Fierucoloni?" said Tito, indifferently, settling his cap.

"The *contadine* who come from the mountains of Pistoia, and the Casentino, and heaven knows where, to keep their vigil in the church of the Nunziata and sell their yarn and dried mushrooms at the Fierucola (petty fair), as we call it. They make a queer show, with their paper lanterns, howling their hymns to the Virgin on this eve of her nativity—if you had the leisure to see them. No?—well, I have had enough of it myself, for there is wild work in the Piazza. One may happen to get a stone or two about one's ears or shins without asking for it, and I was never fond of that pressing attention. Addio."

Tito carried a little uneasiness with him on his visit, which ended earlier than he had expected, the boy-cardinal Giovanni de' Medici, youngest of red-hatted fathers, who has since presented his broad dark cheek very conspicuously to posterity as Pope Leo the Tenth, having been detained at his favourite pastime of the chase, and having failed to appear. It still wanted half an hour of sunset as he left the door of the Scala palace, with the intention of proceeding forthwith to the Via de' Bardi, but he had not gone far when, to his astonishment, he saw Romola advancing towards him along the Borgo Pinti.

She wore a thick black veil and black mantle, but it was impossible to mistake her figure and her walk; and by her side was a short stout fori which he recognized as that of Monna Brigida, in spite of the unusual plainness of her attire. Romola had not been bred up to devotional observances, and the occasions on which she took the air elsewhere than under the loggia on the roof of the house, were so rare and so much dwelt on beforehand, because of Bardo's dislike to be left without her, that Tito felt sure there must have been some sudden and urgent ground for an absence of which he had heard nothing the day before. She saw him through her veil and hastened her steps.

"Romola, has anything happened?" said Tito, turning to walk by her side.

She did not answer at the first moment, and Monna Brigida broke in.

"Ah, Messer Tito, you do well to turn round, for we are in haste. And is it not a misfortune?—we are obliged to go round by the walls and turn up the Via del Maglio, because of the *Fiera*; for the contadine coming in block up the way by the Nunziata, which would have taken us to San Marco in half the time."

Tito's heart gave a great bound, and began to beat violently.

"Romola," he said, in a lower tone, "are you going to San Marco?"

They were now out of the Borgo Pinti and were under the city walls, where they had wide gardens on their left hand, and all was quiet. Romola put aside her veil for the sake of breathing the air, and he could see the subdued agitation in her face.

"Yes, *Tito mio*," she said, looking directly at him with sad eyes. "For the first time I am doing something unknown to my father. It comforts me that I have met you, for at least I can tell *you*. But if you are going to him, it will be well for you not to say that you met me. He thinks I am only gone to the *cugina*, because she sent for me. I left my godfather with him: *he* knows where I am going, and why. You remember that evening when my brother's name was mentioned and my father spoke of him to you?"

"Yes," said Tito, in a low tone. There was a strange complication in his mental state. His heart sank at the probability that a great change was coming over his prospects, while at the same time his thoughts were darting over a hundred details of the course he would take when the change had come,—and yet he returned Romola's gaze with a hungry sense that it might be the last time she would ever bend it on him with full unquestioning confidence.

"The *cugina* had heard that he was come back, and the evening before—the evening of San Giovanni—as I afterwards found, he had been seen by our good Maso near the door of our house; but when Maso went to inquire at San Marco, Dino, that is, my brother—he was christened Bernardino, after our godfather, but now he calls himself Fra Luca—had been taken to the monastery at Fiesole, because he was ill. But this morning a message came to Maso, saying that he was come back to San Marco, and Maso went to him there. He is very ill, and he has

adjured me to go and see him. I cannot refuse it, though I hold him guilty: I still remember how I loved him when I was a little girl, before I knew that he would forsake my father. And perhaps he has some word of penitence to send by me. It cost me a struggle to act in opposition to my father's feeling, which I have always held to be just. I am almost sure you will think I have chosen rightly, Tito, because I have noticed that your nature is less rigid than mine, and nothing makes you angry: it would cost you less to be forgiving; though, if you had seen your father forsaken by one to whom he had given his chief love—by one in whom he had planted his labour and his hopes—forsaken when his need was becoming greatest—even you, Tito, would find it hard to forgive."

What could he say? He was not equal to the hypocrisy of telling Romola that such offences ought not to be pardoned; and he had not the courage to utter any words of dissuasion.

"You are right, my Romola; you are always right, except in thinking too well of me."

There was really some genuineness in those last words, and Tito looked very beautiful as he uttered them, with an unusual pallor in his face, and a slight quivering of his lip. Romola, interpreting all things largely, like a mind prepossessed with high beliefs, had a tearful brightness in her eyes as she looked at him, touched with keen joy that he felt so strongly whatever she felt. But without pausing in her walk, she said—

"And now, Tito, I wish you to leave me, for the cugina and I shall be less noticed if we enter the piazza alone."

"Yes, it were better you should leave us," said Monna Brigida; "for to say the truth, Messer Tito, all eyes follow you, and let Romola muffle herself as she will, every one wants to see what there is under her veil, for she has that way of walking like a procession. Not that I find fault with her for it, only it doesn't suit my steps. And, indeed, I would rather not have us seen going to San Marco, and that's why I am dressed as if I were one of the *piagnoni* themselves, and as old as Sant' Anna; for if it had been anybody but poor Dino, who ought to be forgiven if he's dying, for what's the use of having a grudge against dead people?—make them feel while they live, say I——"

No one made a scruple of interrupting Monna Brigida, and Tito, having just raised Romola's hand to his lips, and said, "I understand, I obey you," now turned away, lifting his cap—a sign of reverence, rarely made at that time by native Florentines, and which excited Bernardo del Nero's contempt for Tito as a fawning Greek, while to Romola, who loved homage, it gave him an exceptional grace.

He was half glad of the dismissal, half disposed to cling to Romola to the last moment in which she would love him without suspicion. For it seemed to him certain that this brother would before all things want to know, and that Romola would before all things confide to him, what was her father's position and her own after the years which must have brought so much change. She would tell him that she was soon to be publicly

betrothed to a young scholar, who was to fill up the place left vacant long ago by a wandering son. He foresaw the impulse that would prompt Romola to dwell on that prospect, and what would follow on the mention of the future husband's name. Fra Luca would tell all he knew and conjectured, and Tito saw no possible falsity by which he could now ward off the worst consequences of his former dissimulation. It was all over with his prospects in Florence. There was Messer Bernardo del Nero, who would be delighted at seeing confirmed the wisdom of his advice about deferring the betrothal until Tito's character and position had been established by a longer residence; and the history of the young Greek professor whose benefactor was in slavery, would be the talk under every loggia. For the first time in his life he felt too fevered and agitated to trust his power of self-command; he gave up his intended visit to Bardo, and walked up and down under the walls until the yellow light in the west had quite faded, when, without any distinct purpose, he took the first turning, which happened to be the Via San Sebastiano, leading him directly towards the Piazza dell' Annunziata. He was at one of those lawless moments which come to us all if we have no guide but desire, and the pathway where desire leads us seems suddenly closed; he was ready to follow any beckoning that offered him an immediate purpose.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PEASANTS' FAIR.

THE moving crowd and the strange mixture of noises that burst on him at the entrance of the piazza, reminded Tito of what Nello had said to him about the Fierucoloni, and he pushed his way into the crowd with a sort of pleasure in the hooting and elbowing, that filled the empty moments, and dulled that calculation of the future which had so new a dreariness for him, as he foresaw himself wandering away solitary in pursuit of some unknown fortune, that his thought had even glanced towards going in search of Baldassarre after all.

At each of the opposite inlets he saw people struggling into the piazza, while above them paper lanterns, held aloft on sticks, were waving uncertainly to and fro. A rude monotonous chant made a distinctly traceable strand of noise, across which screams, whistles, gibing chants in piping boyish voices, the beating of *nacchere* or drums, and the ringing of little bells, met each other in confused din. Every now and then one of the dim floating lights disappeared with a smash from a stone lanced more or less vaguely in pursuit of mischief, followed by a scream and renewed shouts. But on the outskirts of the whirling tumult there were groups who were keeping this vigil of the Nativity of the Virgin in a more methodical manner than by titful stone-throwing and gibing. Certain ragged men, darting a hard sharp glance around them while their tongues rattled merrily, were inviting

country people to game with them on fair and open-handed terms; two masquerading figures on stilts, who had snatched lanterns from the crowd, were swaying the lights to and fro in meteoric fashion, as they strode hither and thither; a sage trader was doing a profitable business at a small covered stall, in hot *berlingozzi*, a favourite farinaceous delicacy; one man standing on a barrel, with his back firmly planted against a pillar of the loggia in front of the Foundling Hospital (*Spedale degl' Innocenti*), was selling efficacious pills, invented by a doctor of Salerno, warranted to prevent toothache and death by drowning; and not far off, against another pillar, a tumbler was showing off his tricks on a small platform; while a handful of 'prentices, despising the slack entertainment of guerilla stone-throwing, were having a private concentrated match of that favourite Florentine sport at the narrow entrance of the Via de' Febbrai.

Tito, obliged to make his way through chance openings in the crowd, found himself at one moment close to the trotting procession of bare-footed, hard-heeled contadine, and could see their sun-dried, bronzed faces, and their strange fragmentary garb, dim with hereditary dirt, and of obsolete stuffs and fashions, that made them look, in the eyes of the city people, like a way-worn ancestry returning from a pilgrimage on which they had set out a century ago. Just then it was the hardy, scant-feeding peasant-women from the mountains of Pistoia, who were entering with a year's labour in a moderate bundle on their backs, and in their hearts that meagre hope of good and that wide dim fear of harm, which were somehow to be cared for by the Blessed Virgin, whose miraculous image, painted by the angels, was to have the curtain drawn away from it on this Eve of her Nativity, that its potency might stream forth without obstruction.

At another moment he was forced away towards the boundary of the piazza, where the more stationary candidates for attention and small coin had judiciously placed themselves, in order to be safe in their rear. Among these Tito recognized his acquaintance Bratti, who stood with his back against a pillar and his mouth pursed up in disdainful silence, eyeing every one who approached him with a cold glance of superiority, and keeping his hand fast on a serge covering, which concealed the contents of the basket slung before him. Rather surprised at a deportment so unusual in an anxious trader, Tito went nearer and saw two women go up to Bratti's basket with a look of curiosity, whereupon the pedlar drew the covering tighter, and looked another way. It was quite too provoking, and one of the women was fain to ask what there was in his basket?

"Before I answer that, Monna, I must know whether you mean to buy. I can't show such wares as mine in this fair for every fly to settle on and pay nothing. My goods are a little too choice for that. Besides, I've only two left, and I've no mind to sell them; for with the chances of the pestilence that wise men talk of, there is likelihood of their being worth their weight in gold. No, no: *andate con Dio*."

The two women looked at each other.

"And what may be the price?" said the second.

"Not within what you are likely to have in your purse, buona donna," said Bratti, in a compassionately supercilious tone. "I recommend you to trust in Messer Domeneddio and the saints: poor people can do no better for themselves."

"Not so poor!" said the second woman, indignantly, drawing out her money-bag. "Come, now! what do you say to a *grosso*?"

"I say you may get twenty-one *quattrini* for it," said Bratti, coolly; "but not of me, for I haven't got that small change."

"Come; two, then?" said the woman, getting exasperated, while her companion looked at her with some envy. "It will hardly be above two, I think."

After further bidding, and further mercantile coquetry, Bratti put on an air of concession.

"Since you've set your mind on it," he said, slowly raising the cover, "I should be loth to do you a mischief; for Maestro Gabbadeo used to say, when a woman sets her mind on a thing and doesn't get it, she's in worse danger of the pestilence than before. *Ecco!* I have but two left; and let me tell you, the fellow to them is on the finger of Maestro Gabbadeo, who is gone to Bologna—as wise a doctor as sits at any door."

The precious objects were two clumsy iron rings, beaten into the fashion of old Roman rings such as were sometimes disinterred. The rust on them, and the entirely hidden character of their potency, were so satisfactory, that the *grossi* were paid without grumbling, and the first woman, destitute of those handsome coins, succeeded after much show of reluctance on Bratti's part in driving a bargain with some of her yarn, and carried off the remaining ring in triumph. Bratti covered up his basket, which was now filled with miscellanies, probably obtained under the same sort of circumstances as the yarn, and moving from his pillar, came suddenly upon Tito, who, if he had had time, would have chosen to avoid recognition.

"By the head of San Giovanni, now," said Bratti, drawing Tito back to the pillar; "this is a piece of luck. For I was talking of you this morning, Messer Greco; but, I said, he is mounted up among the *signori* now—and I'm glad of it, for I was at the bottom of his fortune—but I can rarely get speech of him, for he's not to be caught lying on the stones now—not he! But it's your luck, not mine, Messer Greco, save and except some small trifle to satisfy me for my trouble in the transaction."

"You speak in riddles, Bratti," said Tito. "Remember, I don't sharpen my wits, as you do, by driving hard bargains for iron rings: you must be plain."

"By the Holy 'Vangels! it was an easy bargain I gave them. If a Hebrew gets thirty-two per cent., I hope a Christian may get a little more. If I had not borne a conscience, I should have got twice the money and twice the yarn. But, talking of rings, it is your ring—that very ring you've got on your finger—that I could get you a purchaser for—ay, and a purchaser with a deep money-bag."

"Truly?" said Tito, looking at his ring, and listening.

"A Genoese who is going straight away into Hungary, as I understand. He came and looked all over my shop to see if I had any old things I didn't know the price of; I warrant you, he thought I had a pumpkin on my shoulders. He had been rummaging all the shops in Florence. And he had a ring on—not like yours, but something of the same fashion; and as he was talking of rings, I said I knew a fine young man, who was a particular acquaintance of mine, who had a ring of that sort. And he said, 'Who is he, pray? Tell him I'll give him his price for it.' And I thought of going after you to Nello's to-morrow; for it's my opinion of you, Messer Greco, that you're not one who'd see the Arno run broth, and stand by without dipping your finger."

Tito had lost no word of what Bratti had said, yet his mind had been very busy all the while. Why should he keep the ring? It had been a mere sentiment, a mere fancy, that had prevented him from selling it with the other gems; if he had been wiser and had sold it, he might perhaps have escaped that identification by Fra Luca. It was true that it had been taken from Baldassarre's finger and put on his as soon as his young hand had grown to the needful size; but there was really no valid good to anybody in those superstitious scruples about inanimate objects. The ring had helped towards the recognition of him. Tito had begun to dislike recognition, which was a claim from the past. This foreigner's offer, if he would really give a good price, was an opportunity for getting rid of the ring without the trouble of seeking a purchaser.

"You speak with your usual wisdom, Bratti," said Tito. "I have no objection to hear what your Genoese will offer. But when and where shall I have speech of him?"

"To-morrow, at three hours after sunrise, he will be at my shop, and if your wits are of that sharpness I have always taken them to be, Messer Greco, you will ask him a heavy price. For he minds not money; it's my belief he's buying for somebody else, and not for himself—perhaps for some great signor."

"*Sta bene*," said Tito. "I will be at your shop if nothing hinders."

"And you will doubtless deal nobly by me for old acquaintance' sake, Messer Greco, so I will not stay to fix the small sum you will give me in token of my service in the matter. It seems to me a thousand years now till I get out of the piazza, for a fair is a dull, not to say a wicked thing, when one has no more goods to sell."

Tito made a hasty sign of assent and adieu, and moving away from the pillar, again found himself pushed towards the middle of the piazza and back again, without the power of determining his own course. In this zigzag way he was carried along to the end of the piazza opposite the church, where, in a deep recess formed by an irregularity in the line of houses, an entertainment was going forward which seemed to be especially attractive to the crowd. Loud bursts of laughter interrupted a monologue



which was sometimes slow and enigmatical, at others rattling and buffoonish. Here a girl was being pushed forward into the inner circle with apparent reluctance, and there a loud laughing minx was finding a way with her own elbows. It was a strange light that was spread over the piazza. There were the pale stars breaking out above, and the dim waving lanterns below, leaving all objects indistinct except when they were seen close under the fitfully moving lights; but in this recess there was a stronger light, against which the heads of the encircling spectators stood in dark relief as Tito was gradually pushed towards them, while above them rose the head of a man wearing a white mitre with yellow cabalistic figures upon it.

"Behold, my children!" Tito heard him saying, "behold your opportunity! neglect not the holy sacrament of matrimony when it can be had for the small sum of a white quattrino—the cheapest matrimony ever offered, and dissolved by special bull beforehand at every man's own will and pleasure. Behold the bull!" Here the speaker held up a piece of parchment with huge seals attached to it. "Behold the Indulgence granted by his Holiness Alexander the Sixth, who, being newly elected Pope for his peculiar piety, intends to reform and purify the Church, and wisely begins by abolishing that priestly abuse which keeps too large a share of this privileged matrimony to the clergy and stints the laity. Spit once, my sons, and pay a white quattrino! This is the whole and sole price of the indulgence. The quattrino is the only difference the Holy Father allows to be put any longer between us and the clergy—who spit and pay nothing."

Tito thought he knew the voice, which had a peculiarly sharp ring, but the face was too much in shadow from the lights behind for him to be sure of the features. Stepping as near as he could, he saw within the circle behind the speaker an altar-like table raised on a small platform, and covered with a red drapery stitched all over with yellow cabalistical figures. Half-a-dozen thin tapers burned at the back of this table, which had a conjuring apparatus scattered over it, a large open book in the centre, and at one of the front angles a monkey fastened by a cord to a small ring and holding a small taper, which in his incessant fidgety movements fell more or less aslant, while an impish boy in a white surplice occupied himself chiefly in cuffing the monkey, and adjusting the taper. The man in the mitre also wore a surplice, and over it a chasuble on which the signs of the zodiac were rudely marked in black upon a yellow ground. Tito was sure now that he recognized the sharp upward-tending angles of the face under the mitre: it was that of Maestro Vaiano, the *cerretano*, from whom he had rescued Tessa. Pretty little Tessa! Perhaps she too had come in among the troops of *contadine*?

"Come, my maidens! This is the time for the pretty who can have many chances, and for the ill-favoured who have few. Matrimony to be had hot, eaten, and done with as easily as *berlingozzi*! And see!" here the conjuror held up a cluster of tiny bags. "To every bride I give a

Breve with a secret in it—the secret alone worth the money you pay for the matrimony. The secret how to — no, no, I will not tell you what the secret is about, and that makes it a double secret. Hang it round your neck if you like, and never look at it; I don't say that will not be the best, for then you will see many things you don't expect: though if you open it (you may break your leg—*è vero*), but you will know a secret! Something nobody knows but me! And mark—I give you the *Breve*, I don't sell it, as many another holy man would: the *quattrino* is for the matrimony, and the *Breve* you get for nothing. *Orsù, giovanetti*, come like dutiful sons of the church and buy the indulgence of his Holiness Alexander the Sixth."

This buffoonery just fitted the taste of the audience: the *fiarucola* was but a small occasion, so the townsmen might be contented with jokes that were rather less indecent than those they were accustomed to hear at every carnival, put into easy rhyme by the *Magnifico* and his poetic satellites; while the women, over and above any relish of the fun, really began to have an itch for the *Brevi*. Several couples had already gone through the ceremony, in which the conjuror's solemn gibberish and grimaces over the open book, the antics of the monkey, and even the preliminary spitting, had called forth peals of laughter; and now a well-looking, merry-eyed youth of seventeen, in a loose tunic and a red cap, pushed forward, holding by the hand a plump brunette, whose scanty ragged dress displayed her round arms and legs very picturesquely.

"Fetter us without delay, maestro!" said the youth, "for I have got to take my bride home and paint her under the light of a lantern."

"Ha! Mariotto, my son, I commend your pious observance. . . ." The conjuror was going on, when a loud chattering behind warned him that an unpleasant crisis had arisen with his monkey.

The temper of that imperfect acolyth was a little tried by the over-active discipline of his colleague in the surplice, and a sudden cuff administered as his taper fell to a horizontal position, caused him to leap back with a violence that proved too much for the slackened knot by which his cord was fastened. His first leap was to the other end of the table, from which position his remonstrances were so threatening that the imp in the surplice took up a wand by way of an equivalent threat, whereupon the monkey leaped on to the head of a tall woman in the foreground, dropping his taper by the way, and chattering with increased emphasis from that eminence. Great was the screaming and confusion, not a few of the spectators having a vague dread of the Maestro's monkey, as capable of more hidden mischief than mere teeth and claws could inflict; and the conjuror himself was in some alarm lest any harm should happen to his familiar. In the scuffle to seize the monkey's string, Tito got out of the circle, and, not caring to contend for his place again, he allowed himself to be gradually pushed towards the church of the Nunziata, and to enter amongst the worshippers.

The brilliant illumination within seemed to press upon his eyes with

palpable force after the pale scattered lights and broad shadows of the piazza, and for the first minute or two he could see nothing distinctly. That yellow splendour was in itself something supernal and heavenly to some of the peasant-women, for whom half the sky was hidden by mountains, and who went to bed in the twilight; and the uninterrupted chant from the choir was repose to the ear after the hellish hubbub of the crowd outside. Gradually the scene became clearer, though still there was a thin yellow haze from incense mingling with the breath of the multitude. In a chapel on the left hand of the nave, wreathed with silver lamps, was seen unveiled the miraculous fresco of the Annunciation, which, in Tito's oblique view of it from the right-hand side of the nave, seemed dark with the excess of light around it. The whole area of the great church was filled with peasant-women, some kneeling, some standing; the coarse bronzed skins, and the dingy clothing of the rougher dwellers on the mountains, contrasting with the softer-lined faces and white or red head-drapery of the well-to-do dwellers in the valley, who were scattered in irregular groups. And spreading high and far over the walls and ceiling there was another multitude, also pressing close against each other, that they might be nearer the potent Virgin: it was the crowd of votive waxen images, the effigies of great personages, clothed in their habit as they lived: Florentines of high name in their black silk *lucco*, as when they sat in council; popes, emperors, kings, cardinals, and famous condottieri with plumed morion seated on their chargers; all notable strangers who passed through Florence or had aught to do with its affairs—Mahometans, even, in well-tolerated companionship with Christian cavaliers; some of them with faces blackened and robes tattered by the corroding breath of centuries, others fresh and bright in new red mantle or steel corselet, the exact doubles of the living. And wedged in with all these were detached arms, legs, hands, and other members, with only here and there a gap where some image had been removed for public disgrace, or had fallen ominously, as Lorenzo's had done six months before. It was a perfect resurrection-swarm of remote mortals and fragments of mortals, reflecting, in their varying degrees of freshness, the sombre dinginess and sprinkled brightness of the crowd below.

Tito's glance wandered over the wide multitude in search of something. He had already thought of Tessa, and the white hoods suggested the possibility that he might detect her face under one of them. It was at least a thought to be courted, rather than the vision of Romola looking at him with changed eyes. But he searched in vain; and he was leaving the church, weary of a scene which had no variety, when, just against the doorway, he caught sight of Tessa, only two yards off him. She was kneeling with her back against the wall, behind a group of peasant-women, who were standing and looking for a spot nearer to the sacred image. Her head hung a little aside with a look of weariness, and her blue eyes were directed rather absently towards an altar-piece where the Archangel Michael stood in his armour, with young face and floating hair, amongst bearded and tonsured saints. Her right hand, holding a bunch of cocoons,

fell by her side listlessly, and her round cheek was pale, either by the light or by the weariness that was expressed in her attitude: her lips were pressed poutingly together, and every now and then her eyelids half fell: she was a large image of a sweet sleepy child. Tito felt an irresistible desire to go up to her and get her pretty trusting looks and prattle: this creature who was without moral judgments that could condemn him, whose little loving ignorant soul made a world apart, where he might feel in freedom from suspicions and exacting demands, had a new attraction for him now. She seemed a refuge from the threatened isolation that would come with disgrace. He glanced cautiously round, to assure himself that Monna Ghita was not near, and then, slipping quietly to her side, knelt on one knee, and said, in the softest voice, "Tessa!"

She hardly started, any more than she would have started at a soft breeze that fanned her gently when she was needing it. She turned her head and saw Tito's face close to her, very much more beautiful than the Archangel Michael, who was so mighty and so good that he lived with the Madonna and all the saints, and was prayed to along with them. She smiled in happy silence, for that nearness of Tito quite filled her mind.

"My little Tessa! you look very tired. How long have you been kneeling here?"

She seemed to be collecting her thoughts for a minute or two, and at last she said—

"I'm very hungry."

"Come, then; come with me."

He lifted her from her knees, and led her out under the cloisters surrounding the atrium, which were then open, and not yet adorned with the frescoes of Andrea del Sarto.

"How is it you are all by yourself, and so hungry, Tessa?"

"The *madre* is ill; she has very bad pains in her legs, and sent me to bring these cocoons to the Santissima Nunziata, because they're so wonderful; see!"—she held up the bunch of cocoons, which were arranged with fortuitous regularity on a stem,—“and she had kept them to bring them herself; but she couldn't, and so she sent me because she thinks the Holy Madonna may take away her pains; and somebody took my bag with the bread and chesnuts in it, and the people pushed me back, and I was so frightened coming in the crowd, and I couldn't get anywhere near the Holy Madonna, to give the cocoons to the *padre*, but I must—oh, I must.”

"Yes, my little Tessa, you shall take them; but come first and let me give you some *berlingozzi*. There are some to be had not far off."

"Where did you come from?" said Tessa, a little bewildered. "I thought you would never come to me again, because you never came to the Mercato for milk any more. I set myself *Aves* to say, to see if they would bring you back, but I left off, because they didn't."

"You see I come when you want some one to take care of you, Tessa. Perhaps the *Aves* fetched me, only it took them a long while. But what shall you do if you are here all alone? Where shall you go?"

"Oh, I shall stay and sleep in the church—a great many of them do—in the church and all about here—I did once when I came with my mother; and the *patrigno* is coming with the mules in the morning."

They were out in the piazza now, where the crowd was rather less riotous than before, and the lights were fewer, the stream of pilgrims having ceased. Tessa clung fast to Tito's arm in satisfied silence, while he led her towards the stall where he remembered seeing the *etables*. Their way was the easier because there was just now a great rush towards the middle of the piazza, where the masked figures on stilts had found space to execute a dance. It was very pretty to see the guileless thing giving her cocoons into Tito's hand and then eating her *berlingozzi* with the relish of a hungry child. Tito had really come to take care of her, as he did before, and that wonderful happiness of being with him had begun again for her. Her hunger was soon appeased, all the sooner for the new stimulus of happiness that had roused her from her languor, and as they turned away from the stall, she said nothing about going into the church again, but looked round as if the sights in the piazza were not without attraction to her now she was safe under Tito's arm.

"How can they do that?" she exclaimed, looking up at the dancers on stilts. Then, after a minute's silence, "Do you think Saint Christopher helps them?"

"Perhaps. What do you think about it, Tessa?" said Tito, slipping his right arm round her, and looking down at her fondly.

"Because Saint Christopher is so very tall; and he is very good: if anybody looks at him he takes care of them all day. He is on the wall of the church—too tall to stand up there—but I saw him walking through the streets one San Giovanni, carrying the little *Gesù*."

"You pretty pigeon! Do you think anybody could help taking care of you, if you looked at them?"

"Shall you always come and take care of me?" said Tessa, turning her face up to him, as he crushed her cheek with his left hand. "And shall you always be a long while first?"

Tito was conscious that some bystanders were laughing at them, and though the licence of street fun among artists and young men of the wealthier sort, as well as among the populace, made few adventures exceptional, still less disreputable, he chose to move away towards the end of the piazza.

"Perhaps I shall come again to you very soon, Tessa," he answered, rather dreamily, when they had moved away. He was thinking that when all the rest had turned their backs upon him, it would be pleasant to have this little creature adoring him and nestling against him. The absence of presumptuous self-conceit in Tito made him feel all the more defenceless under prospective obloquy: he needed soft looks and caresses too much ever to be impudent.

"In the Mercato?" said Tessa. "Not to-morrow morning, because the *patrigno* will be there, and he is so cross. Oh! but you have money,

and he will not be cross if you buy some salad. And there are some chesnuta. Do you like chesnuta?"

He said nothing, but continued to look down at her with a dreamy gentleness, and Tessa felt herself in a state of delicious wonder; everything seemed as new as if she were being carried on a chariot of clouds.

"*Santissima Vergine!*" she exclaimed again, presently; "there is a holy father like the Bishop I saw at Prato."

Tito looked up too, and saw that he had unconsciously advanced to within a few yards of the conjuror, Maestro Vaiano, who, for the moment, was forsaken by the crowd. His face was turned away from them, and he was occupied with the apparatus on his altar or table, preparing a new diversion by the time the interest in the dancing should be exhausted. The monkey was imprisoned under the red cloth, out of reach of mischief, and the youngster in the white surplice was holding a sort of dish or salver, from which his master was taking some ingredient. The altar-like table, with its gorgeous cloth, the row of tapers, the sham episcopal costume, the surpliced attendant, and even the very movements of the mitred figure, as he alternately bent his head and then raised something before the lights, were a sufficiently near parody of sacred things to rouse poor little Tessa's veneration; and there was some additional awe produced by the mystery of their apparition in this spot, for when she had seen an altar in the street before, it had been on Corpus Christi Day, and there had been a procession to account for it. She crossed herself, and looked up at Tito, but then, as if she had had time for reflection, said, "It is because of the *Natività*."

Meanwhile Vaiano had turned round, raising his hands to his mitre with the intention of changing his dress, when his quick eye recognized Tito and Tessa who were both looking at him, their faces being shone upon by the light of his tapers, while his own was in shadow.

"Ha! my children!" he said, instantly, stretching out his hands in a benedictory attitude, "you are come to be married. I commend your penitence—the blessing of Holy Church can never come too late."

But whilst he was speaking, he had taken in the whole meaning of Tessa's attitude and expression, and he discerned an opportunity for a new kind of joke which required him to be cautious and solemn.

"Should you like to be married to me, Tessa?" said Tito, softly, half enjoying the comedy, as he saw the pretty childish seriousness on her face, half prompted by hazy previsions which belonged to the intoxication of despair.

He felt her vibrating before she looked up at him and said, timidly, "Will you let me?"

He answered only by a smile, and by leading her forward in front of the *cerretano*, who seeing an excellent jest in Tessa's evident delusion, assumed a surpassing sacerdotal solemnity, and went through the mimic ceremony with a liberal expenditure of *lingua furbesca* or thieves' Latin. But some symptoms of a new movement in the crowd urged him to bring

it to a speedy conclusion and dismiss them with hands outstretched in a benedictory attitude over their kneeling figures. Tito, disposed always to cultivate goodwill, though it might be the least select, put a piece of four *grossi* into his hand as he moved away, and was thanked by a look which, the conjuror felt sure, conveyed a perfect understanding of the whole affair.

But Tito himself was very far from that understanding, and did not, in fact, know whether, the next moment, he should tell Tessa of the joke and laugh at her for a little goose, or whether he should let her delusion last, and see what would come of it—see what she would say and do next.

"Then you will not go away from me again," said Tessa, after they had walked a few steps, "and you will take me to where you live." She spoke meditatively, and not in a questioning tone. But, presently, she added, "I must go back once to the *madre*, though, to tell her I brought the cocoons, and that I'm married, and shall not go back again."

Tito felt the necessity of speaking now; and, in the rapid thought prompted by that necessity, he saw that by undeceiving Tessa he should be robbing himself of some at least of that pretty trustfulness which might, by-and-by, be his only haven from contempt. It would spoil Tessa to make her the least particle wiser or more suspicious.

"Yes, my little Tessa," he said, caressingly, "you must go back to the *madre*; but you must not tell her you are married—you must keep that a secret from everybody; else some very great harm would happen to me, and you would never see me again."

She looked up at him with pale fear in her face.

"You must go back and feed your goats and mules, and do just as you have always done before, and say no word to any one about me."

The corners of her mouth fell a little.

"And then, perhaps, I shall come and take care of you again when you want me, as I did before. But you must do just what I tell you, else you will not see me again."

"Yes, I will, I will," she said, in a loud whisper, frightened at that blank prospect.

They were silent a little while; and then Tessa, looking at her hand, said,—

"The *madre* wears a betrothal ring. She went to church and had it put on, and then after that, another day, she was married. And so did the cousin Nannina. But then *she* married Gollo," added the poor little thing, entangled in the difficult comparison between her own case and others within her experience.

"But you must not wear a betrothal ring, my Tessa, because no one must know you are married," said Tito, feeling some insistence necessary. "And the *buona fortuna* I gave you did just as well for betrothal. Some people are betrothed with rings and some are not."

"Yes, it is true, they would see the ring," said Tessa, trying to convince herself that a thing she would like very much was really not good for her.

They were now near the entrance of the church again, and she remembered her cocoons which were still in Tito's hand.

"Ah, you must give me the *foto*," she said; "and we must go in, and I must take it to the *padre*, and I must tell the rest of my beads, because I was too tired before."

"Yes, you must go in Tessa; but I will not go in. I must leave you now," said Tito, too fevered and weary to re-enter that stifling heat, and feeling that this was the least difficult way of parting with her.

"And not come back? Oh, where do you go?" Tessa's mind had never formed an image of his whereabouts or his doings when she did not see him: he had vanished, and her thought, instead of following him, had stayed in the same spot where he was with her.

"I shall come back some time, Tessa," said Tito, taking her under the cloisters to the door of the church. "You must not cry—you must go to sleep, when you have said your beads. And here is money to buy your breakfast. Now kiss me, and look happy; else I shall not come again."

She made a great effort over herself as she put up her lips to kiss him, and submitted to be gently turned round, with her face towards the door of the church. Tito saw her enter; and then, with a shrug at his own resolution, leaned against a pillar, took off his cap, rubbed his hair backward, and wondered where Romola was now, and what she was thinking of him. Poor little Tessa had disappeared behind the curtain among the crowd of *contadine*; but the love which formed one web with all his worldly hopes—with the ambitions and pleasures that must make the solid part of his days—the love that was identified with his larger self—was not to be banished from his consciousness. Even to the man who presents the most elastic resistance to whatever is unpleasant, there will come moments when the pressure from without is too strong for him, and he must feel the smart and the bruise in spite of himself. Such a moment had come to Tito. There was no possible attitude of mind, no scheme of action, by which the uprooting of all his newly-planted hopes could be made otherwise than painful.

Does Alcohol act as Food?

In a recent Article I tried to explain the essential difference which exists between the action of small and of large doses of alcohol respectively upon the nervous system. We saw that, although alcohol undoubtedly deserves the name of a Poison (as respects its action in large doses), yet it is also a valuable medicine—a medicine which is applicable not only in trifling ailments, but in serious diseases. At present I should like to put in as short a way as I can the evidence which we possess, so far, on the more difficult question, Does Alcohol act as a Food?

We have already seen that there is nothing impossible or unlikely in the fact of a substance being meat in one dose and poison in another. We have got our heads clear of that prejudice, which, if we allowed it to influence us impartially, would prevent our eating common salt—a food without which we should soon die. The considerations which I shall now have to adduce will partly consist of chemical and physiological observations, partly practical remarks on the habits and health of drunkards and of moderate drinkers. Perhaps it will be better to take the chemical part first, because it is in this direction that the holders of extreme anti-alcoholic views are just now turning their arguments with the greatest confidence; in fact, they profess to be able to establish the non-nutritive character of alcohol by chemical proofs, from which there is no appeal. If we should find this way of demonstration prove somewhat dubious and feeble in its results, we can afterwards appeal to practical facts and experience to confirm or to condemn the doctrines which our tectotal philosophers preach.

Until very lately, the theory of Liebig, or some modification of it, held the highest ground in European opinion. Alcohol was considered to be one of the combustible foods (like oil, fat, starch, sugar, &c.), the chief object of which is to unite in the system with the oxygen which the lungs take in, and by this chemical union give out heat, which may support the temperature of the body. This combustion, which generates animal heat, *must* always go on in our bodies, or life would stop; if no combustible food is presented to the system it begins to devour itself; using up the fatty tissues first, and then destroying the muscular, and fibrous, and other tissues, down to a point at which life is no longer possible. Liebig said that alcohol was a food which could most efficiently and economically supply the place of sugary and starchy matters, inasmuch as its composition enabled it to combine with a greater quantity of oxygen than the above-named foods, and thus generate a greater quantity of heat. Now if this really were the case it would seem that there ought to be something to show for all this increased combustion. Carbonic acid gas and water, which, according to Liebig, are the ultimate results of the oxida-

tion of alcohol in the body, naturally find their exit from the system by the *lungs*; we should expect, then, to find that animals, after taking alcohol, breathed out more carbonic acid gas and watery vapour than usual. So far, however, from this being the case, it was established by the researches of Prout, of Vierordt, of Lehmann, and of Böcker, that during a few hours immediately subsequent to taking the dose of alcohol, the animal breathes out *less* carbonic acid and water than the normal quantity. Duchek surmounted this difficulty by declaring that during the earlier stages of the sojourn of alcohol in the body, it was converted only to aldehyde, or acetic acid, which are lower degrees of oxidation than that represented by carbonic acid and water, and that as part of the oxygen taken in by the lungs was used up for this purpose, it was impossible so much carbonic acid gas could appear in the breath as usual, and the carbonaceous matter produced by the waste of the tissues was left in the blood.

The theory of Duchek was always received with a considerable hesitation, in spite of its accordance with the exigencies of Liebig's doctrines, which had found so many disciples. Rudolph Masing almost immediately attacked it, publishing a series of observations in which he showed that Duchek had persuaded himself far too easily of the presence of aldehyde and oxalic acid in the blood of alcoholized animals. Moreover, various observers have announced, during the last ten or fifteen years, without any one giving them much credit, that alcohol passes off unchanged in various secretions; but it was reserved for the Frenchmen, Lallemand, Duroy and Perrin, to show that the common notion that, except a minute proportion exhaled in the breath, alcohol is altogether transformed in the body, was erroneous. These chemists searched repeatedly, but vainly, in the tissues, the blood, and the secretions of alcoholized animals for any trace of aldehyde, or any other of the oxides which would be formed by the union of alcohol with oxygen; and their researches certainly throw the greatest doubts on the accuracy of those of Duchek and those of Bouchardat, referred to in my former paper. But MM. Lallemand and Perrin found plenty of *unchanged alcohol*, and this not merely in the breath, but in the secretions of the kidneys and skin, and in the tissues and blood, hours after the dose had been taken. The latter point has been also established by Dr. E. Smith.

Another very important fact which has been elicited by the observations of Böcker and Lehmann is, that the amount of urea is notably diminished under the use of alcohol. Urea is the principal constituent of the kidney secretion, and represents by far the largest part of the waste of the nitrogenous tissues; in fact, it is the great outlet for the nitrogen of the body. Böcker goes so far as to say that both solid and fluid matters of the kidney secretion are diminished under the persistent use of alcohol in moderate doses several times a day; and the general impression among experimenters seems to be, that the secretions generally are diminished notably. If this statement be correct, it would appear that the transforma-

tion of tissues—the waste of the body—is altogether at a lower rate under the use of alcohol, and the diminished carbonic acid of the air breathed out from the lungs may find a simple explanation in the fact that there is less carbon than usual waiting to be cast off from the system. Medical opinion in this country seems to lean at present to this view, rejecting altogether, upon Lallemand's evidence, the idea of any transformation of alcohol in the body, and *therefore* concluding that it can in no way act as a food, but merely as a poisonous or medicinal agent, depressing the nervous system to such a degree that all the vital operations are lowered, and the individual, in fact, leads a lower kind of existence than in health.

It is necessary, however, to observe that the chemical proofs of the non-transformation of alcohol are very incomplete, and that even were they perfect, the inference could by no means necessarily follow that alcohol might not, in some other way than that of transformation, act as a food to the body.

I. The chemical proofs of the passage of the entire dose of alcohol through the body without change are by no means complete. We may freely concede that MM. Lallemand and Perrin, and Dr. E. Smith, have proved that a large portion of the alcohol taken, especially when the dose has been large, does pass out unchanged by the skin, lungs, and kidneys. But nothing like a quantitative demonstration that the *whole* passes through the system can possibly be made: it can only be matter of more or less probable surmise that this is the case. And there are certain features in the experiments of Lallemand which must be carefully borne in mind before committing ourselves to his theory. (a) In the first place, in every instance in which this gentleman analyzed the blood and tissues of an alcoholized animal the alcohol had been administered in a very large dose. (These experiments were made on dogs, and the quantity given ranged from 90 to 300 grammes, or from 3 to 9 ounces. These are enormous doses in proportion to the size of the animals experimented on.) (b) In no case was it proved that the whole of the alcohol had left the body. (c) On the contrary, although it was repeatedly observed that after from eight to fourteen hours alcohol could no longer be detected as passing off in the secretions, yet in one instance, when death occurred sixteen hours after the administration of the alcohol, a considerable quantity of the latter was found in the brain, liver, &c., which apparently was not about to be eliminated. (d) It is open to doubt, therefore, whether this residual portion of alcohol might not be destined, eventually, to transformation in the body.

With regard to the experiments of Dr. Edward Smith, already mentioned, it may be remarked that though they were carried out with great ingenuity and perseverance, they are fatally vitiated by the abnormal conditions under which they were performed. The doses were invariably too large to be taken on an empty stomach by a healthy man, and the consequence was that the nervous system was at once poisoned. What influence this may have on the behaviour of alcohol within the system we

cannot tell, but it is evidently impossible to draw from such experiments any sound conclusions, either as to the action of small doses in health, or of large doses in disease, when, owing to the temporary condition of things, a large dose will not intoxicate.

It appears, then, that there is no chemical proof that alcohol passes through the system (except partially) unchanged: for all we know, what passes over from minute to minute in the secretions is only the surplusage which is not required for use in the body. That the presence of the intermediate oxides of alcohol, which, upon Duchek's theory of its transformation, should be found in the blood, has not been sufficiently clearly demonstrated. But that it is quite possible that the alcohol which is not thrown off as surplusage, is, after some time, transformed directly into carbonic acid and water, and is then dismissed, having served a temporary food purpose.

II. Even if it were demonstrated that in a certain number of hours the whole of the alcohol which we take passes through our body unchanged and disappears from it by means of the secretions, this would by no means prove that alcohol was not a "food." "Food," I take it, means anything which taken into the body will, unaided, keep it from perishing so quickly as it must in the absence of *all* sustenance; and does not by any means necessarily imply something which becomes *transformed*, either with the effect of building up tissue, or of generating heat. Water is not transformed at all in the body, yet it is the most important food of all. And although the use of water in the body is a permanent one, for which there is a constant need,—yet, for all we know to the contrary, the constant presence of a small residuum of alcohol in the tissues, particularly of the nervous system, may be as great a necessity for the fullest health under the circumstances of civilized life. It is to me, however, inconceivable that its sole action upon the nervous system is that of limiting those incessant changes of waste and repair by which the development of vital force (I ask pardon for the necessary looseness of the phrase) is accompanied, if not caused. This seems to be the idea held by Dr. Chambers, one of the ablest writers upon the alcohol question, and I believe by many others: and I shall defer its discussion to a later stage.

But let us leave the region of direct experiments of a chemical or physiological kind: experiments which, after all, are sure to be most imperfect, considering our imperfect knowledge of the conditions under which alone they will give trustworthy results. Let us turn to the unmistakable facts which we can see with our own eyes,—to the actual habits and state of health of drinkers, moderate and excessive.

And first, as to the effect of long-continued habits of alcoholic excess upon the general health of the body,—these may be summed up in brief by one word—*Degeneration*. Degeneration of structure and chemical composition is the inevitable fate of the tissues of a drunkard: for example, the highly organized substance of muscle gives place to fat,—the complicated and closely packed follicles of secreting glands are replaced by fibrous tissue, mixed sometimes with fat,—the papillary cells which dis-

tinguish the nervous centres give place to a granular matter which is chiefly composed of oil. Apart from moral influences, all that we see of physical misery, of weakened intellect, of shortened life, in the habitual drunkard, is due to this degeneration of tissue, which is gradually but infallibly brought about by continual alcoholic excess. Even the very blood, the beginning of all tissues, is affected in a similar way, as indeed we might expect. There is no doubt, that in excessive doses, alcohol, if it be a food at all, is a very bad one: and we must remember that the drunkard does, in fact, test its capacity to act as a food, for by his habits he so impairs his appetite that he can take very little, if any, ordinary food.

So far there is no room for dispute: all physiologists would agree that this is a substantially correct account of the results of chronic drunkenness. But many physiologists strangely overlook a set of facts which I am now about to mention, and to which I particularly solicit attention, viz. the frequent instances which are to be met with, among regular dram-drinkers, *of almost total abstinence, for years together, from any food except alcohol and water.* The fact above mentioned of the degeneration of tissue, caused by long-continued excesses, proves nothing more than that alcohol alone is a bad and insufficient food; but it does not explain the fact that it is capable, almost unaided, of supporting life for years; and yet of this fact I myself, and doubtless many others, have had the clearest evidence. Among about 7,000 hospital out-patients who annually come under my care, there are a very large number of persons who indulge in habitual alcoholic excess; and I have taken particular care, in many instances, to arrive at the real truth as to their habits of life. The revelations which are thus sometimes brought about are sufficiently astonishing. With regard to tavern waiters and potmen, I am in a position to state that a great many of them live almost entirely upon drink, that they rarely get intoxicated in a high degree, but that they eat almost no solid food. Of this number a considerable proportion succumb, in from a few months to two or three years, to diseases of which the starting point is mal-nutrition—degeneration of tissue. But a very considerable minority remains which comes to no such tragic end; the individuals who compose it drag on a sodden and degraded existence, some of them even to an advanced age. I know also, personally, of one case, in which a gentleman, who was afflicted with an intermittent mania for drink, repeatedly abstained from any nutriment except spirit and water for two or three weeks together, without even becoming perceptibly emaciated, much less starved.

These are striking facts. And facts which are not less remarkable may be gathered from the experience of physicians in the modern treatment of acute diseases. It is now a recognized truth that a large number of these diseases have a natural tendency to run a definite course, extending over a certain number of days or weeks, and to end in recovery; but that in a certain per-centage of cases the unaided powers of Nature are unequal to carry out fully the task which she sets herself; and hence, in some instances death results; in others, protracted illness, and a slow convalescence, with

great weakness and emaciation. The work of the physician is almost wholly confined to aiding the processes of nutrition, which, owing to the impairment of digestion which is usually present, are often seriously interfered with. When the doctor finds that the stomach will not digest solid food, he tries beef-tea, or milk, or arrow-root; and when even these simple substances cannot be taken, or can only be taken in insufficient quantity, he administers alcohol at short intervals. I have myself the notes of four cases which came under my care, in which circumstances rendered it absolutely necessary to depend, solely, during several days, upon nothing but spirit, or wine and water, for all the purposes of nutrition. In every one of these cases the disease ran a favourable course, and the patients convalesced rapidly, and with but slight emaciation. The most remarkable of these was the case of a child only fourteen months old, whose stomach was so irritable that it would retain nothing but port wine, or port wine with a little water. During twelve days this infant subsisted entirely upon the wine and water, which it drank greedily from a teaspoon. The case was one of severe inflammation of the lungs; the progress of it was favourable, and the convalescence remarkably quick; there was scarcely any wasting, and throughout the illness, the child, though taking large quantities of wine, never lost its consciousness or intelligence for a moment.

Now such cases as these cannot be explained by any theory with which we are acquainted, which does not admit the possibility of alcohol acting in the same way as a food. The reply which the teetotaler would probably make to them is this: During acute disease, there is no need for food in the system; or, at least, there is much less need than usual,—a fact which is plainly indicated by the failure of the appetite which almost always occurs. Such is not the fact, however. It is true, that owing to the enforced absence of voluntary movements, and the suspension of some of the functions of the brain, certain ordinary causes of waste of tissue are wanting, and therefore life is not so likely to be rapidly cut short, even by the total absence of food as in a state of health, in which the muscles and brain are always acting. But it is simply absurd to suppose that because the appetite is wanting the system does not therefore require food. If any proof were needed of the rapid wasting which goes on during acute disease, notwithstanding the muscular and intellectual inactivity, I would point to the great feebleness and protracted convalescence of these patients who in the foreign hospitals have been treated for acute diseases simply by expectation—*diète sévère*.

The idea that there is no necessity for food during the height of acute diseases is erroneous, then, even in the case of adults, who lie still in bed, in a collapsed, moveless stupor, and exert neither muscles nor brains. But still more erroneous would it be to apply it to the case of a child like the patient above mentioned. During the whole of the twelve days, while it was living solely on wine and water, this child never lay down, and only dozed for short periods in its mother's arms; and whilst awake it was in continual fidgeting movement, and it was obliged to use great muscular

efforts owing to a harassing cough. Moreover, it never lost its intelligence, and being naturally a very lively child, it followed every movement of people in the room, and exhibited the greatest curiosity about everything. It was impossible to suppose that the alcohol only checked the progress of waste in the body, for there was no diminution of the excretions of skin, lungs, or kidneys; rather the contrary. I may add, that since this case occurred to me, two of my medical friends have related others to me, which are nearly as remarkable. Of course, however, such cases are rare, because in the majority of instances we are able to give a certain quantity of ordinary food, such as broth, or milk, simultaneously with the alcohol; it is seldom that we are driven perforce to rely upon alcohol *only*. To prove that it is impossible to suppose that there is small need for nutrition in acute disease, it is only necessary to recal the fact, now familiar to physicians, that the mistaken compassion of a nurse who allows a patient to sleep through several hours without his wine or beef-tea not unfrequently proves immediately fatal.

But to turn from these medical matters, which I have only unwillingly introduced as a necessary illustration of one aspect of the action of alcohol, let us examine the case of moderate drinkers. Let us take the case of a labouring man, for instance, who drinks, in ordinary times, two pints of beer per diem, of a strength of from four or five to seven per cent. alcohol. I think there can be no doubt whatever that Liebig's remark as to the *economy* of using alcohol derives support from the common experience of people situated like this labourer. It is hardly too much to say that the labourer who takes no beer must eat half as much again of bread or potatoes as he would if he took a moderate allowance of beer. This diminution of the daily food allowance must be ascribed to one of two things, either the appetite is morbidly depressed by the action of the alcohol, or beer is itself a nutriment.

Considering the magnificent bodily health of many of the persons to whom our remarks would apply, the notion of a dyspepsia caused by drink must be at once dismissed. Beer, then, is nutritious; but does it depend for this quality on the alcohol or on the other matters which are mixed with it? The teetotalers say that the latter is the case; that the glucose, the dextrine, and various other nourishing matters which are present, account for the supporting qualities of beer. Clearly, however, they only do this in part, and not a large part; for a *litre* of good beer (nearly two pints) contains, according to the analysis of M. Payen, only about the equivalent of an ounce and a half of bread, so far as these extraneous matters are concerned. This will not nearly account for the diminution which takes place in the peasant's daily food without his suffering loss of health. The fact which I am here referring to is a very well-known one, and there is nothing more common than to hear the newly-made teetotal convert boast, as of a great personal virtue, of the increased amount of puddings and bread that he can eat since his deliverance from the "slavery" of alcohol.

If we put together such facts as these, with the circumstance already referred to, that cases are not very uncommon of persons living for years upon almost nothing but alcohol and water, what can we say to our friends the chemists, who endeavour to force us to admit that alcohol is not transformed in the body—that it passes through it quickly in an unchanged state—that it cannot therefore be a food? Perhaps my opponents will question the value of the argument from the habits of dram-drinkers. They will say that, even admitting it to be true that the amount of other nourishment which these people take is quite inconsiderable, and utterly inadequate to explain the long continuance of life, still the existence which is prolonged under such circumstances is one of a lower grade than that of a healthy man: in fact, it is one long living death, retarded by the anæsthetic action of alcohol upon the tissues, which prevents their wasting rapidly, and prevents at the same time any high development or manifestation of mental or physical force. This sounds plausible, but it really does *not* explain the fact. I have known one instance where a person had, for twenty years or more, been in the habit of taking a *bottle of gin per diem*. Gin, of course, contains the minimum of nutriment extraneous to the alcohol, and this regular gin-sot took nothing in the way of ordinary food but a small finger-length of bread or toast in the course of the day. He lived in this way to the age of eighty-four, and then died, apparently not of alcohol, but for sufficiently obvious natural reasons; and most assuredly, however low his *moral* life may have been, his physical existence was not perceptibly below the average of vigour.

Of course I know well enough that these are the *exceptions*, and that the ordinary result of such habits is calamitous in every way, physically as well as morally. But I must be allowed to remind my readers that there are some rules which, if they are true, admit of no exceptions; the existence of a single instance in opposition to them destroys their authority at once. If the dictum that “alcohol is *not* a food” be a rule at all, it must be a rule of this kind, and therefore the production of a single case in which life has been prolonged and vigour tolerably preserved, by the unaided agency of alcohol, ought to be fatal to it. For assuredly there is no exception to that other rule, which declares that if an animal abstains altogether from food, in a *very limited* period of time it will perish, more especially if the slightest *intellectual* or mental exertion be made.

I say this last rule is *infallible*: there is no denying this with our knowledge of physiological *laws*; therefore, the cases of ever so few dram-drinkers, who have been known to subsist for long periods upon practically nothing but alcohol, are *fatal* to the theory that alcohol cannot act as a food; and it would be a more dishonesty to shut our eyes to a fact which we are perfectly competent to understand, because chemical and physiological researches and speculations, which are necessarily conducted in ignorance, and with a prodigious amount of blundering, seem for the moment to point in the *opposite* direction. And, after all, what a “proof” is that offered by MM. Lallemand and Perrin, and by Dr. Edward

Smith ! The former gentlemen, excellent observers as they are, allowed themselves to be betrayed into such an eminently unscientific procedure as the attempt to estimate the amount of a substance present by the tinge of colour given to the reagent, and guessed by the eye ! The latter gentleman, a grave physician and a most able physiological experimenter, permitted himself so seriously to vitiate the worth of his researches as to undertake them in the early morning, upon a fasting stomach, and in doses, which, under these circumstances, must necessarily produce only the confessedly poisonous effects of alcohol. It is not to "proofs" like these that we are to yield, in presence of facts like those above mentioned, about which there is not the room for doubt or fallacy.

And besides, I cannot help pointing out the fact that our chemical anti-alcoholists are by no means easy in their mind, or consistent in the doctrine which they teach. If alcohol, in any and every dose, be nothing but a poison which runs swiftly through the body, which even in the smallest quantities is resented by the system, and is cast out again with such haste as may be, how comes it that we find MM. Lallemand and Perrin returning at last, after all said and done, to the admission that the effect of small doses is quite different from that of large, and is, in fact, harmless, or even beneficial ? If one glass of wine can in any sense act as a poison, it is surely not the part of the sound physiologist to recommend it or to excuse its use under the pretext that it is "*réconfortant* !" The fact is, that here, for once, the instinct of common sense overpowers the influence of even a chemist's obstinate theorizing tendency. In his own temperate country of France, M. Lallemand must have known a great many worthy folk who took daily their bottle of some unspeakably meagre wine, diluted with large quantities of water, and who presented not the least appearance of being poisoned in consequence thereof. And he might have seen, if he had ever travelled through the marshy districts of France, the workmen engaged in excavations compelled to use rum or brandy in large quantities as part of their daily food, or else to suffer from the attacks of the marsh-fever, and curiously enough exhibiting, under these circumstances, a singular resistance to the intoxicating effect of these spirits. It was clear, then, even to the most formidable of the opponents of the claims of alcohol to be considered as a food, that the effect of large and of small doses, and of doses given in health and in sickness, differed widely from each other. With this uncertainty even among the opponents of alcohol, and with the absence of anything like conclusive proofs, even on their narrow basis, are we to surrender the evidence of well-authenticated facts ?

And certainly I cannot see any reason for accepting Dr. Chambers' theory, that alcohol acts altogether as an anæsthetic ; that is to say, that the good effects produced by the smaller doses are due to the fact that they just suffice to still the misery of wearing mental pain or bodily uneasiness. It is contrary to all that we know of true anæsthetic agents to suppose that they could operate in this way, and yet set the tired brain free to work harder and to better purpose than before ; and yet there are

many persons with whom the effect of wine is this. The fact is, I believe, that the similarity of the poisonous action of alcohol and that of chloroform has misled scientific men into forgetfulness of the fact, that in doses which are proportionably as small as what we call "moderate" ones in speaking of alcohol, chloroform itself ceases to have that power of lulling acute pain for which it is so valued, and which we think of as its peculiar attribute. If an adult man takes about five drops of chloroform, he is conscious of a pleasant, genial warmth, which spreads itself from the stomach rapidly over the whole body. But there is not a trace of *anæsthesia*.

Moreover, I am entirely unable to reconcile this theory with the fact, so well understood in these days, and which no one has more forcibly taught than Dr. Chambers himself, that disease implies an abnormally low condition of the vital functions. If the latter opinion be a sound one, how could it advantage a patient, already depressed to death's door, to administer an anæsthetic medicine, which might, indeed, lull pain, but which must simultancously lower the vital power? It cannot be that alcohol, in small doses, is an anæsthetic, because in many instances where it is given with the greatest advantage the slightest anæsthetic effect would be fatal to the patient, by depressing his already enfeebled nervous system. Again, it is a very well-known fact that many of our greatest intellectual workers have habitually, so to speak, steeped their brains in alcohol; nay, so very general has been this tendency with brain-workers of a certain class, that it assumes the aspect of an instinct, however misguided. How could it possibly be that so many men should go on devouring, so to speak, such enormous quantities of the hardest intellectual labour, if all the time they were taking into their brain a substance which would only petrify them and arrest the natural changes which appear always to accompany the exercise of the function of any organ? Moreover, the experiments of Hammond seem to make this explanation impossible. The latter gentleman, having placed himself on a wholly insufficient allowance of food, took daily, with each meal, half-an-ounce of alcohol, and found that under this regimen he rather gained than lost weight, while meantime he preserved the highest mental and bodily vigour. On the other hand, when he added the same quantity of alcohol to a full or superabundant diet, then resulted stupor, headache, feverishness, &c.

It cannot be too clearly understood, by everybody, that *anæsthesia*, properly so called, is a distinct step on the road to death. The sort of effect which is in fact produced by chloroform when the substance is administered for surgical purposes is a *bond fide* poisoning, though a very necessary and beneficial poisoning, and hence the great care that ought always to be taken lest it be pushed too far. But such an effect as this is a totally different one from that by which a small dose of chloroform (in the shape of chloric æther), or of opium, or of alcohol, will subdue the kind of *malaise* which results from weariness and harassment. The latter is, in fact, a case of true stimulation, the brain, which was suffering under

a languid inefficient circulation, and that consequent inability to perform its task which expresses itself in the sense of painful fatigue, has had that circulation quickened, and all goes well, for the time at any rate. The effect of an anæsthetic dose, on the other hand, would have been to lower circulation, not only in the brain, but everywhere else, after a very few moments; that is to say, as soon as it had fairly entered the nervous system.

One more practical observation. Dr. Brinton,* who is by no means unreasonably prejudiced in favour of alcohol, has given it as the result of his very large experience, that persons who abstain altogether from alcohol, break down, almost invariably, after a certain number of years, if they are constantly employed in any severe intellectual or physical labour. Either their minds or their bodies give way suddenly, and the mischief once done is very hard to repair. This is quite in accordance with what I have myself observed, and with what I can gather from other medical men: and it speaks volumes concerning the way in which we ought to regard alcohol. If indeed it be a fact that in a certain high state of civilization men require to take alcohol every day, in some shape or other, under penalty of breaking down prematurely in their work, it is idle to appeal to a set of imperfect chemical or physiological experiments, and to decide, on their evidence, that we ought to call alcohol a medicine or a poison, but not a food. In the name of common sense, why should we retain these ridiculous distinctions for any other purpose than to avoid catastrophes? If it be well understood that a glass of good wine will relieve a man's depression and fatigue sufficiently to enable him to digest his dinner, and that a pint of gin taken at once will probably kill him stone dead, why haggle about words? On the part of the medical profession, I think I may say that we have long since begun to believe that those medicines which really do benefit our patients act in one way or another as foods, and that some of the most decidedly poisonous substances are those which offer, in the form of small doses, the strongest example of a true food action.

On the part of alcohol, then, I venture to claim that though we all acknowledge it to be a poison, if taken during health in any but quite restricted doses; it is also a most valuable medicine-food. I am obliged to declare that the chemical evidence is as yet insufficient to give any complete explanation of its exact manner of action upon the system; but that the practical facts are as striking as they could well be, and that there can be no mistake about them. And I have thought it proper that, while highly-coloured statements of the results of the new French researches are being somewhat disingenuously placed before the lay public, there should not be a total silence on the part of those members of the profession who do not see themselves called upon to yield to the mere force of agitation, and become the obsequious mouthpieces of the teetotal party.

* On Food and Digestion.

The Story of Elizabeth.

PART I.

THIS is the story of a foolish woman, who, through her own folly, learnt wisdom at last; whose troubles—they were not very great, they might have made the happiness of some less eager spirit—were more than she knew how to bear. The lesson of life was a hard lesson to her. She would not learn, she revolted against the wholesome doctrine. And while she was crying out that she would not learn, and turning away and railing and complaining against her fate; days, hours, fate, went on their course. And they passed unmoved; and it was she who gave way, she who was altered, she who was touched and torn by her own complaints and regrets.

Elizabeth had great soft eyes and pretty yellow hair, and a sweet smiling smile, which came out like sunlight over her face, and lit up yours and mine, and any other it might chance to fall upon. She used to smile at herself in the glass, as many a girl has done before her; she used to dance about the room, and think, "Come life, come life, mine is going to be a happy one. Here I am a-waiting, and I was made handsome to be admired, and to be loved, and to be hated by a few, and worshipped by a few, and envied by all. I am handsomer than Lætitia a thousand times. I am glad I have no money as she has, and that I shall be loved for myself, for my *beaux yeux*. One person turns pale when they look at him. Tra la la, tra la la!" and she danced along the room singing. There was no carpet, only a smooth polished floor. Three tall windows looked out into a busy Paris street paved with stones, over which carriages, and cabs, and hand-trucks were jolting. There was a clock, and artificial flowers in china vases on the chimney, a red velvet sofa, a sort of *dagère* with ornaments, and a great double-door wide open, through which you could see a dining-room, ~~also~~ bare, polished, with a round table and an oil-cloth cover, and a white china stove, and some waxwork fruit on the sideboard, and a ~~maid in a~~ white cap at work in the window.

Presently there came a ~~ring~~ at the bell. Elizabeth stopped short in her dance, and the maid ~~came~~ put down her work, and went to open the door; and then a voice, which made Elizabeth smile and look handsomer than ever, asked if Mrs. and Miss Gilmour were at home?

Elizabeth stood listening, with her fair head a little bent, while the maid said, "No, *sore*," and then Miss Gilmour ~~flushed~~ *flushed* up quite angrily in the inner room, and would have run out. She hesitated only for a minute, and then it was too late; the door was shut, and Clementine sat down again to her work.

"Clementine, how dare you say I was not at home?" cried Elizabeth, suddenly standing before her.

"Madame desired me to let no one in in her absence," said Clementine, primly. "I only obeyed my orders. There is the gentleman's card."

"Sir John Dampier" was on the card, and then, in pencil, "I hope you will be at home in Chester Street next week. Can I be your *avant-courier* in any way? I cross to-night."

Elizabeth smiled again, shrugged her shoulders and said to herself, "Next week; I can afford to wait better than he can, perhaps. Poor man! After all, *il y en a bien d'autres*;" and she went to the window, and, by leaning out, she just caught a glimpse of the Madeleine and of Sir John Dampier walking away; and then presently she saw her mother on the opposite side of the street, passing the stall of the old apple-woman, turning in under the archway of the house.

Elizabeth's mother was like her daughter, only she had black eyes and black hair, and where her daughter was wayward and yielding, the elder woman was wayward and determined. They did not care much for one another, these two. They had not lived together all their lives, or learnt to love one another, as a matter of course; they were too much alike, too much of an age: Elizabeth was eighteen, and her mother thirty-six. If Elizabeth looked twenty, the mother looked thirty, and she was as vain, as foolish, as fond of admiration as her daughter. Mrs. Gilmour did not own it to herself, but she had been used to it all her life—to be first, to be much made of; and here was a little girl who had sprung up somehow, and learnt of herself to be charming—more charming than she had ever been in her best days; and now that they had slid away, those best days, the elder woman had a dull, unconscious discontent in her heart. People whom she had known, and who had admired her but a year or two ago, seemed to neglect her now and to pass her by, in order to pay a certain homage to her daughter's youth and brilliance: John Dampier, among others, whom she had known as a boy, when she was a young woman. Good mothers, tender-hearted women, brighten again and grow young over their children's happiness and success. Caroline Gilmour suddenly became old, somehow, when she first witnessed her daughter's triumphs, and she felt that the wrinkles were growing under her wistful eyes, and that the colour was fading from her cheeks, and she gasped a little sigh and thought, "Ah! how I suffer! What is it? what can have come to me?" As time passed on, the widow's brows grew darker, her lips set ominously. One day she suddenly declared that she was weary of London and London ways, and that she should go abroad; and Elizabeth, who liked everything that was change, that was more life and more experience—she had not taken into account that there was any other than the experience of pleasure in store for her—Elizabeth clapped her hands and cried, "Yes, yes, mamma; I am quite tired of London and all this excitement. Let us go to Paris for the winter, and lead a quiet life."

"Paris is just the place to go to for quiet," said Mrs. Gilmour, who was smoothing her shining locks in the glass, and looking intently into her own dark, gloomful eyes.

"The Dampiers are going to Paris," Elizabeth went on; "Lady Dampier and Sir John, and old Miss Dampier and Lætitia. He was saying how he wished you would go. We could have such fun! *Do go, dear, pretty mamma!*"

As Elizabeth spoke, Mrs. Gilmour's dark eyes brightened, and suddenly her hard face melted; and, still looking at herself in the glass, she said, "We will go if you wish it, Elly. I thought you had had enough of balls."

But the end of the Paris winter came, and even then Elly had not had enough: not enough admiration, not enough happiness, not enough new dresses, not enough of herself, not enough time to suffice her eager, lounging desires, not enough delights to fill up the swift flying days. I cannot tell you—she could not have told you herself—what she wanted, what perfection of happiness, what wonderful thing. She danced, she wore beautiful dresses, she flirted, she chattered nonsense and sentiment, she listened to music; her pretty little head was in a whirl. John Dampier followed her from place to place; and so, indeed, did one or two others. Though she was in love with them all, I believe she would have married this Dampier if he had asked, but he never did. He saw that she did not really care for him; opportunity did not befriend him. His mother was against it; and then, her mother was there, looking at him with her dark, reproachful eyes—those eyes which had once fascinated and then repelled him, and that he mistrusted so and almost hated now. And this is the secret of my story; but for this, it would never have been written. He hated, and she did not hate, poor woman! It would have been better, a thousand times, for herself and for her daughter, had she done so. Ah me! what cruel perversion was it, that the best of all good gifts should have turned to trouble, to jealousy and wicked rancour; that this sacred power of faithful devotion, by which she might have saved herself and ennobled a mean and earthly spirit, should have turned to a curse instead of a blessing!

There was a placid, pretty niece of Lady Dampier, called Lætitia, who had been long destined for Sir John. Lætitia and Elizabeth had been at school together for a good many dreary years, and were very old friends. Elizabeth all her life used to triumph over her friend, and to bewilder her with her careless, gleeful ways, and yet win her over to her own side, for she was irresistible, and she knew it. Perhaps it was because she knew it so well that she was so confident and so charming. Lætitia, although she was sincerely fond of her cousin, used to wonder that her aunt could be against such a wife for her son.

"She is a sort of princess," the girl used to say; "and John ought to have a beautiful wife for the credit of the family."

"Your fifty thousand pounds would go a great deal further to promote the credit of the family, my dear," said old Miss Dampier, who was a fat,

plain-spoken, kindly old lady. "I like the girl, though my sister-in-law does not; and I hope that some day she will find a very good husband. I confess that I had rather it were not John."

And so one day John was informed by his mother, who was getting alarmed, that she was going home, and that she could not think of crossing without him. And Dampier, who was careful, as men are mostly, and wanted to think about his decision, and who was anxious to do the very best for himself in every respect—as is the way with just, and good, and respectable gentlemen—was not at all loth to obey her summons.

Here was Lætitia, who was very fond of him—there was no doubt of that—with a house in the country and money at her bankers'; there was a wayward, charming, beautiful girl, who didn't care for him very much, who had little or no money, but whom he certainly cared for. He talked it all over dispassionately with his aunt—so dispassionately that the old woman got angry.

"You are a model young man, John. It quite affects me, and makes me forget my years to see the admirable way in which you young people conduct yourselves. You have got such well-regulated hearts, it's quite a marvel. You are quite right; Tishy has got 50,000*l.*, which will all go into your pocket, and respectable connections, who will come to your wedding, and Elly Gilmour has not a penny except what her mother will leave her—a mother with a bad temper, and who is sure to marry again; and though the girl is the prettiest young creature I ever set eyes on, and though you care for her as you never cared for any other woman before, men don't marry wives for such absurd reasons as that. You are quite right to have nothing to do with her; and I respect you for your noble self-denial." And the old lady began to knit away at a great long red comforter she had always on hand for her other nephew the clergyman.

"But, my dear aunt Jean, what is it you want me to do?" cried John.

"Drop one, knit two together," said the old lady, cliquetting her needles.

She really wanted John to marry his cousin, but she was a spinster still and sentimental; and she could not help being sorry for pretty Elizabeth; and now she was afraid that she had said too much, for her nephew frowned, put his hands in his pockets, and walked out of the room.

He walked downstairs, and out of the door into the Rue Royale, the street where they were lodging; then he strolled across the Place de la Concorde, and in at the gates of the Tuileries, where the soldiers were pacing, and so along the broad path, to where he heard a sound of music, and saw a glitter of people. Tum te tum, bom, bom, bom, went the military music; twittering busy little birds were chirping up in the branches; buds were bursting; colours glimmering; tinted sunshine flooding the garden, and the music, and the people; old gentlemen were reading newspapers on the benches; children were playing at hide-and-seek behind the statues; nurses gossiping, and nodding their white caps, and dandling their white babies; and there on chairs, listening to the music, the

were sitting in grand bonnets and parasols, working, and gossiping too; and ladies and gentlemen went walking up and down before them. All the windows of the Tuilleries were ablaze with the sun; the terraces were beginning to gleam with crocuses and spring flowers.

As John Dampier was walking along, scarcely noting all this, he heard his name softly called, and turning round he saw two ladies sitting under a budding horse-chestnut tree. One of them he thought looked like a fresh spring flower herself smiling pleasantly, all dressed in crisp light grey, with a white bonnet, and a quantity of bright yellow crocus hair. She held out a little grey hand and said,

"Wont you come and talk to us? Mamma and I are tired of listening to music. We want to hear somebody talk."

And then mamma, who was Mrs. Gilmour, held out a straw-coloured hand, and said, "Do you think sensible people have nothing better to do than to listen to you chatter, Elly? Here is your particular friend, M. de Vaux, coming to us. You can talk to him."

Elizabeth looked up quickly at her mother, then glanced at Dampier, then greeted M. de Vaux as pleasantly almost as she had greeted him.

"I am afraid I cannot stay now," said Sir John to Elizabeth. "I have several things to do. Do you know that we are going away immediately?"

Mrs. Gilmour's black eyes seemed to flash into his face as he spoke. He felt them, though he was looking at Elizabeth, and he could not help turning away with an impatient movement of dislike.

"Going away! Oh, how sorry I am," said Elly. "But, mamma, I forgot—you said we were going home, too, in a few days; so I don't mind so much. You will come and say good-by, won't you?" Elizabeth went on, while M. de Vaux, who had been waiting to be spoken to, turned away rather provoked, and made some remark to Mrs. Gilmour. And then Elizabeth seeing her opportunity, and looking up, frank, fair, and smiling, said quickly, "To-morrow at *three*, mind——and give my love to Lætitia," she went on, much more deliberately, "and my best love to Miss Dampier; and oh, dear! why does one ever have to say good-by to one's friends? Are you sure you are all really going?"

"Alas!" said Dampier, looking down at the kind young face with strange emotion and tenderness, and holding out his hand. He had not meant it as good-by yet, but so Elly and her mother understood it.

"Good-by, Sir John; we shall meet again in London," said Mrs. Gilmour.

"Good-by," said Elly, wistfully raising her sweet eyes. And this was the last time he ever saw her thus.

As he walked away, he carried with him a bright picture of the woman he loved, looking at him kindly, happy, surrounded with sunshine and budding green leaves, smiling and holding out her hand; and so he saw her in his dreams sometimes; and so she would appear to him now and then in the course of his life; so he sometimes sees her now, in spring-

time, generally when the trees are coming out, and some little chirp of a sparrow or some little glistening green bud conjures up all these old bygone days again.

Mrs. Gilmour did not sleep very sound all that night. While Elizabeth lay dreaming in her dark room, her mother, with wild-falling black hair, and wrapped in a long red dressing-gown, was wandering restlessly up and down, or flinging herself on the bed or the sofa, and trying at her bedside desperately to sleep, or falling on her knees with clasped outstretched hands. Was she asking for her own happiness at the expense of poor Elly's? I don't like to think so—it seems so cruel, so wicked, so unnatural. But remember, here was a passionate selfish woman, who for long years had had one dream, one idea; who knew that she loved this man twenty times—twenty years—more than did Elizabeth, who was but a little child when this mad fancy began.

"She does not care for him a bit," the poor wretch said to herself over and over again. "He likes her, and he would marry her if—if I chose to give him the chance. She will be as happy with anybody else. I could not bear this—it would kill me. I never suffered such horrible torture in all my life. He hates me. It is hopeless; and I—I do not know whether I hate him or I love him most. How dare she tell him to come to-morrow, when she knew I would be out. She shall not see him. We will neither of us see him again; never—oh! never. But I shall suffer, and she will forget. Oh! if I could forget!" And then she would fall down on her knees again; and because she prayed, she blinded herself to her own wrong-doings, and thought that heaven was on her side.

And so the night went on. John Dampier was haunted with strange dreams, and saw Caroline Gilmour more than once coming and going in a red gown and talking to him, though he could not understand what she was saying; sometimes she was in his house at Guildford; sometimes in Paris; sometimes sitting with Elly up in a chestnut-tree, and chattering like a monkey; sometimes gliding down interminable rooms and opening door after door. He disliked her worse than ever when he woke in the morning. Is this strange? It would have seemed to me stranger had it not been so. We are not blocks of wax and putty with glass eyes, like the people at Madame Tussaud's; we have souls, and we feel and we guess at more than we see round about us, and we influence one another for good or for evil from the moment we come into the world. Let us be humbly thankful if the day comes for us to leave it before we have done any great harm to those who live their lives alongside with ours.

And so the next morning Caroline asked her daughter if she would come with her to M. le Pasteur Tournier's at two. "I am sure you would be the better for listening to a good man's exhortation," said Mrs. Gilmour.

"I don't want to go, mamma. I hate exhortations," said Elizabeth pettishly; "and you know how ill it made me last Tuesday. How can

you like it—such dreary, sleepy talk. It gave me the most dreadful headache."

"Poor child," said Mrs. Gilmour, "perhaps the day may come when you find out that a headache is not the most terrible calamity. But you understand that if you do not choose to come with me, you must stay at home. I will not have you going about by yourself, or with any chance friends—it is not respectable."

Elly shrugged her shoulders, but resigned herself with wonderful good grace. Mrs. Gilmour prepared herself for her expedition: she put on a black silk gown, a plain bonnet, a black cloak. I cannot exactly tell you what change came over her. It was not the lady of the Tuileries the day before; it was not the woman in the red dressing-gown. It was a respectable, quiet personage enough, who went off primly with her prayer-book in her hand, and who desired Clementine on no account to let anybody in until her return.

"Miss Elizabeth is so little to be trusted," so she explained quite unnecessarily to the maid, "that I cannot allow her to receive visits when I am from home."

And Clementine, who was a stiff, ill-humoured woman, pinched her lips and said, "Bien, madame."

And so when Elizabeth's best chance for happiness came to the door, Clementine closed it again with great alacrity, and shut out the good fortune, and sent it away. I am sure that if Dampier had come in that day and seen Elly once more, he could not have helped speaking to her and making her and making himself happy in so doing. I am sure that Elly, with all her vanities and faults, would have made him a good wife, and brightened his dismal old house; but I am not sure that happiness is the best portion after all, and that there is not something better to be found in life than mere worldly prosperity.

Dampier walked away, almost relieved, and yet disappointed too. "Well, they will be back in town in ten days," he thought, "and we will see then. But why the deuce did the girl tell me three o'clock, and then not be at home to see me?" And as ill-luck would have it, at this moment, up came Mrs. Gilmour. "I have just been to see you, to say good-by," said Dampier. "I was very sorry to miss you and your daughter."

"I have been attending a meeting at the house of my friend the Pasteur Teanour," said Mrs. Gilmour; "but Elizabeth was at home—would not she see you?" She blushed up very red as she spoke, and so did John Dampier; her face glowed with shame, and his with vexation.

"No; she would not see me," cried he. "Good-by, Mrs. Gilmour."

"Good-by," she said, and looked up with her black eyes; but he was staring vacantly beyond her, busy with his own reflections, and then she felt it was good-by for ever.

He turned down a wide street, and she crossed mechanically and came along the other side of the road, as I have said; past the stall of the old apple-woman; advancing demurely, turning in under the archway of the house,

She had no time for remorse. "He does not care for me," was all she could think; "he scorns me——he has behaved as no gentleman would behave." (Poor John!—in justice to him I must say that this was quite an assumption on her part.) And at the same time John Dampier, at the other end of the street, was walking away in a huff, and saying to himself that "Elly is a little heartless flirt; she cares for no one but herself. I will have no more to do with her. Lætitia would not have served me so."

Elly met her mother at the door. "Mamma, how *could* you be so horrid and disagreeable?—*why* did you tell Clementine to let no one in?" She shook back her curly locks, and stamped her little foot, as she spoke, in her childish anger.

"You should not give people appointments when I am out of the way," said Mrs. Gilmour, primly. "Why did you not come with me? Dear M. Tournour's exposition was quite beautiful.

"I hate Monsieur Tournour!" cried Elizabeth; "and I should not do such things if you were kind, mamma, and liked me to amuse myself and to be happy; but you sit there, prim and frowning, and thinking everything wrong that is harmless; and you spoil all my pleasure; and it is a shame—and a shame—and you will make me hate you too;" and she ran into her own room, banged the door, and locked it.

I suppose it was by way of compensation to Elly that Mrs. Gilmour sat down and wrote a little note, asking Monsieur de Vaux to tea that evening to meet M. le Pasteur Tournour and his son.

Elizabeth sat sulking in her room all the afternoon, the door shut; the hum of a busy city came in at her open window; then the glass panes blazed with light, and she remembered how the windows of the Tuileries had shone at that time the day before, and she thought how kind and how handsome Dampier looked, as he came walking along, and how he was worth ten Messieurs de Vaux and twenty foolish boys like Anthony Tournour. The dusky shadows came creeping round the room, dimming a pretty picture.

It was a commonplace little *tableau de genre* enough—that of a girl sitting at window, with clasped hands, dreaming dreams more or less silly, with the light falling on her hair, and on the folds of her dress, and on the blazing petals of the flowers on the balcony outside, and then overhead a quivering green summer sky. But it is a little picture that nature is never tired of reproducing; and, besides nature, every year, in the Royal Academy, I see half-a-dozen such representations.

In a quiet, unconscious sort of way, Elly made up her mind, this summer afternoon—made up her mind, knowing not that perhaps it was too late, that the future she was accepting, half-glad, half-reluctant, was, may-be, already hers no more, to take or to leave. Only a little stream, apparently easy to cross, lay, as yet, between her and the figure she seemed to see advancing towards her. She did not know that every day this little stream would widen and widen, until in time it would be a

great ocean lying between them. Ah! take care, my poor Elizabeth, that you don't tumble into the waters, and go sinking down, down, down, while the waves close over your curly yellow locks.

"Will you come to dinner, mademoiselle?" said Clementine, rapping at the door with the finger of fate which had shut out Sir John Dampier only a few hours ago.

"Go away!" cries Elizabeth.

"Elizabeth! dinner is ready," says her mother, from outside, with unusual gentleness.

"I don't want any dinner," says Elly; and then feels very sorry and very hungry the minute she has spoken. The door was locked, but she had forgotten the window, and Mrs. Gilmour, in a minute, came along the balcony, with her silk dress rustling against the iron bars.

"You silly girl! come and eat," said her mother, still strangely kind and forbearing. "The Vicomte de Vaux is coming to tea, and Monsieur Tournneur and Anthony; you must come and have your dinner, and then let Clementine dress you; you will catch cold if you sit here any longer;" and she took the girl's hand gently and led her away.

For the first time in her life, Elizabeth almost felt as if she really loved her mother; and, touched by her kindness, and with a sudden impulse, and melting and blushing, and all ashamed of herself, she said, almost before she knew what she had spoken, "Mamma, I am very silly, and I've behaved very badly, but I did so want to see him again."

Mrs. Gilmour just dropped the girl's hand. "Nonsense, Elizabeth; your head is full of silly school-girl notions. I wish I had had you brought up at home instead of at Miss Straightboard's."

"I wish you had, mamma," said Elly, speaking coldly and quietly; Lætitia and I were both very miserable there." And then she sat down at the round table to break bread with her mother, hurt, wounded, and angry. Her face looked hard and stern, like Mrs. Gilmour's; her bread choked her; she drank a glass of water, and it tasted bitter, somehow. Was Caroline more happy? did she eat with better appetite? She ate more, she looked much as usual, she talked a good deal. Clementine was secretly thinking what a good-for-nothing, ill-tempered girl mademoiselle was; what a good woman, what a good mother was madame. Clementine revenged some of madame's wrongs upon Elizabeth, by pulling her hair after dinner, as she was plaiting and pinning it up. Elly lost her temper, and violently pushed Clementine away, and gave her warning to leave.

Clementine, furious, and knowing that some of the company had already arrived, rushed into the drawing-room with her wrongs. "Mademoiselle m'a poussée, madame; mademoiselle m'a dit des injures; mademoiselle m'a congédiée ——" But, in the middle of her harangue, the door flew open, and Elizabeth, looking like an empress, bright cheeks flushed, eyes sparkling, hair crisply curling, and all dressed in shining pink silk, stood before them.

I don't think they had ever seen anybody like her before, those two MM. Tourneurs, who had just arrived; they both rose, a little man and a tall one, father and son; and besides these gentlemen, there was an old lady in a poke bonnet sitting there too, who opened her shrewd eyes and held out her hand. Clementine was crushed, eclipsed, forgotten. Elizabeth advanced, tall, slim, stately, with wide-spread petticoats; but she began to blush very much when she saw Miss Dampier. For a few minutes there was a little confusion of greeting, and voices, and chairs moved about, and then—

"I came to say good-by to you," said the old lady, "in case we should not meet again. I am going to Scotland in a month or two—perhaps I may be gone by the time you get back to town."

"Oh, no, no! I hope not," said Elizabeth. She was very much excited, the tears almost came into her eyes.

"We shall most likely follow you in a week or ten days," said Mrs. Gilmour, with a sort of laugh; "there is no necessity for any sentimental leave-taking."

"Does that woman mean what she says," thought the old lady, looking at her; and then turning to Elizabeth again, she continued: "There is no knowing what may happen to any one of us, my dear. There is no harm in saying good-by, is there? Have you any message for Lætitia or Catherine?"

"Give Lætitia my very best love," said Elly, grateful for the old lady's kindness; "and—and I was very, very sorry that I could not see Sir John when he came to-day so good-naturedly."

"He must come and see you in London," said Miss Dampier, very kindly still. (She was thinking, "She does care for him, poor child.")

"Oh, yes! in London, repeated Mrs. Gilmour; so that Elly looked quite pleased, and Miss Dampier again said to herself, "She is decidedly not coming to London. What can she mean? Can there be anything with that Frenchman, De Vaux? Impossible!" And then she got up, and said aloud, "Well, good-by. I have all my old gowns to pack up, and my knitting, Elly. Write to me, child, sometimes!"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Elizabeth, flinging her arms round the old lady's neck, and kissing her, and whispering, "Good-by, dear, dear Miss Dampier."

At the door of the apartment, Clementine was waiting, hoping for a possible five-franc piece. "Bon soir, madame," said she.

"Oh, indeed," said Miss Dampier, staring at her, and she passed out with a sort of sniff, and then she walked home quietly through the dark back-streets, only, as she went along, she said to herself every now and then, she hardly knew why, "Poor Elly—poor child!"

Meanwhile, M. Tourneur was taking Elizabeth gently to task. Elizabeth was pouting her red lips and sulking, and looking at him defiantly from under her drooped eyelids; and all the time Anthony Tourneur sat admiring her, with his eyes wide open, and his great mouth open too.

He was a big young man, with immense hands and feet, without any manner to speak of, and with thick hair growing violently upon end. There was a certain distinction about his father which he had not inherited. Young Frenchmen of this class are often singularly rough and unpolished in their early youth; they tone down with time, however, as they see more of men and of women. Anthony had never known much of either till now; for his young companions at the Protestant college were rough cubs like himself; and as for women, his mother was dead (she had been an Englishwoman, and died when he was ten years old), and old Françoise, the *cuisinière*, at home, was almost the only woman he knew. His father was more used to the world and its ways: he fancied he scorned them all, and yet the pomps and vanities and the pride of life had a horrible attraction for this quiet pasteur. He was humble and ambitious: he was tender-hearted, and hard-headed, and narrow-minded. Though stern to himself, he was weak to others, and yet feebly resolute when he met with opposition. He was not a great man; his qualities neutralized one another, but he had a great reputation. The Oratoire was crowded on the days when he was expected to preach, his classes were thronged, his pamphlets went through three or four editions. Popularity delighted him. His manner had a great charm, his voice was sweet, his words well chosen; his head was a fine melancholy head, his dark eyes flashed when he was excited. Women especially admired and respected Stephen Tournour.

Mrs. Gilmour was like another person when she was in his presence. Look at her to-night, with her smooth black hair, and her grey silk gown, and her white hands busied pouring out his tea. See how she is appealing to him, deferentially listening to his talk. I cannot write his talk down here. Certain allusions can have no place in a little story like this one, and yet they were allusions so frequently in his thoughts and in his mouth that it was almost unconsciously that he used them. He and his brethren like him have learnt to look at this life from a loftier point of view than Elly Gilmour and worldlings like her, who feel that to-day they are in the world and of it, not of their own will, indeed—though they are glad that they are here—but waiting a further dispensation. Tournour, and those like him, look at this life only in comparison with the next, as though they had already passed beyond, and had but little concern with the things of to-day. They speak chiefly of sacred subjects; they have put aside our common talk, and thought, and career. They have put them away, and yet they are men and women after all. And Stephen Tournour, among the rest, was a soft-hearted man. To-night, as indeed often before, he was full of sympathy for the poor mother who had spoken of her grief and care for her daughter, of her loneliness. He understood her need; her want of an adviser, of a friend whom she could reverence and defer to. How meekly she listened to his words, with what kindling interest she heard him speak of what was in his heart always, with what gentleness she attended to his wants. How womanly she was, how much

more pleasant than any of the English, Scotch, Irish old maids who were in the habit of coming to consult him in their various needs and troubles. He had never known her so tender, so gentle, as to-night. Even Elly, sulking, and beating the tattoo with her satin shoes, thought that her mother's manner was very strange. How could any one of the people sitting round that little tea-table guess at the passion of hopelessness, of rage, of despair, of envy, that was gnawing at the elder woman's heart? at the mad, desperate determination she was making? And yet every now and then she said odd, imploring things—she seemed to be crying wildly for sympathy—she spoke of other people's troubles with a startling earnestness.

De Vaux, who arrived about nine o'clock, and asked for a *soupeon de thé*, and put in six lumps of sugar, and so managed to swallow the mixture, went away at ten, without one idea of the tragedy with which he had been spending his evening—a tragical farce, a comedy—I know not what to call it.

Elly was full of her own fancies; Monsieur Tournour was making up his mind; Anthony's whole head was rustling with pink silk or dizzy with those downcast, bright, bewildering blue eyes of Elly's, and he sat stupidly counting the little bows on her skirt, or watching the glitter of the rings on her finger, and wishing that she would not look so cross when he spoke to her. She had brightened up considerably while De Vaux was there; but now, in truth, her mind was travelling away, and she was picturing to herself the Dampiers at their tea-table—Tishy, pale and listless, over her feeble cups; Lady Dampier, with her fair hair and her hook nose, lying on the sofa; and John in the arm-chair by the fire, cutting dry jokes at his aunt. Elly's spirits had travelled away like a ghost, and it was only her body that was left sitting in the little gaudy drawing-room; and, though she did not know it, there was another ghost flitting alongside with hers. Strangely enough, the people of whom she was thinking were assembled together very much as she imagined them to be. Did they guess at the two pale phantoms that were hovering about them? Somehow or other, Miss Dampier, over her knitting, was still muttering, "Poor child!" to the click of her needles; and John Dampier was haunted by the woman in red, and by a certain look in Elly's eyes, which he had seen yesterday when he found her under the tree.

Meanwhile, at the other side of Paris, the other little company was assembled round the fire; and Mrs. Gilmour, with her two hands folded tightly together, was looking at M. Tournour with her great soft eyes, and saying, "The woman was never yet born who could stand alone, who did not look for some earthly counsellor and friend to point out the road to better things—to help her along the narrow thorny way. Wounded, and bruised, and weary, it is hard, hard for us to follow our lonely path." She spoke with a pathetic passion, so that Elizabeth could not think what had come to her. Mrs. Gilmour was generally quite capable

of standing, and going, and coming, without any assistance whatever. In her father's time, Elly could remember that there was not the slightest need for his interference in any of their arrangements. But the mother was evidently in earnest to-night, and the daughter quite bewildered. Later in the evening, after Monsieur de Vaux was gone, Mrs. Gilmour got up from her chair and flung open the window of the balcony. All the stars of heaven shone splendidly over the city. A great, silent, wonderful night had gathered round about them unawares; a great calm had come after the noise and business of the careful day. Caroline Gilmour stepped out with a gasping sigh, and stood looking upwards; they could see her grey figure dimly against the darkness. Monsieur Tournour remained sitting by the fire, with his eyes cast down and his hands folded. Presently he too rose and walked slowly across the room, and stepped out upon the balcony; and Elizabeth and Anthony remained behind, staring vacantly at one another. Elizabeth was yawning and wondering when they would go.

"You are sleepy, miss," said young Tournour, in his French-English.

Elly yawned in a very unmistakable language, and showed all her even white teeth:—"I always get sleepy when I have been cross, Mr. Anthony. I have been cross ever since three o'clock to-day, and now it is long past ten, and time for us all to go to bed: don't you think so?"

"I am waiting for my father," said the young man. "He watches late at night, but we are all sent off at ten."

"We!—you and old Françoise?"

"I and the young Christians who live in our house, and study with my father and read under his direction. There are five, all from the south, who are, like me, preparing to be ministers of the gospel."

Another great wide yawn from Elly.

"Do you think your father will stop much longer—if so, I shall go to bed. Oh, dear me!" and with a sigh she let her head fall back upon the soft cushioned chair, and then, somehow, her eyes shut very softly, so as not to wake her, and her hands fell loosely, and a little quiet dream came, something of a garden and peace, and green trees, and Miss Dampier knitting in the sunshine. Click, click, click, she heard the needles, but it was only the clock ticking on the mantel-piece. Anthony was almost afraid to breathe, for fear he should wake her. It seemed to him very strange to be sitting by this smouldering fire, with the stars burning outside, while through the open window the voices of the two people talking on the balcony came to him in a low murmuring sound. And there opposite him Elly asleep, breathing so softly, and looking so wonderfully pretty in her slumbers. Do you not know the peculiar peaceful feeling which comes to any one sitting alone by a sleeping person? I cannot tell which of the two was for a few minutes the most tranquil and happy.

Elly was still dreaming her quiet, peaceful dreams, still sitting with Miss Dampier in her garden, under a chestnut-tree, with Dampier coming towards them, when suddenly some voice whispered "Elizabeth" in her ear, and she awoke with a start of chill surprise. It was not Anthony who had called her, it was only fancy; but as she woke he said,—

"Ah! I was just going to wake you."

What had come to him. He seemed to have awakened too—to have come to himself suddenly. One word which had reached him—he had very big sharp ears—one word distinctly uttered amid the confused murmur on the balcony, brought another word of old Françoise's to his mind. And then in a minute—he could not tell how it was—it was all clear to him. Already he was beginning to learn the ways of the world. Elly saw him blush up, saw his eyes light with intelligence, and his ears grow very red; and then he sat up straight in his chair, and looked at her in a quick, uncertain sort of way.

"You would not allow it," said he, suddenly, staring at her fixedly with his great flashing eyes. "I never thought of such a thing till this minute. Who ever would?"

"Thought of what? What are you talking about?" said Elly, startled.

"Ah! that is it." And then he turned his head impatiently: "How stupid you must have been. What can have put such a thing into his head and hers. Ah, it is so strange, I don't know what to think or to say," and he sank back in his chair. But, somehow or other, the idea which had occurred to him was not nearly so disagreeable as he would have expected it to be. The notion of some other companionship besides that of the five young men from the south, instead of shocking him, filled him with a vague, delightful excitement. "Ah! then she would come and live with us in that pink dress," he thought. And meanwhile Elizabeth turned very pale, and she too began dimly to see what he was thinking of, only she could not be quite sure. "Is it that I am to marry him?" she thought; "they cannot be plotting that."

"What is it, M. Anthony?" said she, very fierce. "Is it—they do not think that I would ever—ever dream or think of marrying you?" She was quite pale now, and her eyes were glowing.

Anthony shook his head again. "I know that," said he; "it is not you or me."

"What do you dare to imply?" she cried, more and more fiercely. "You can't mean—you would never endure, never suffer that—that——" The words failed on her lips.

"I should like to have you for a sister, Miss Elizabeth," said he, looking down; "it is so triste at home."

Elly half started from her chair, put up her white hands, scarce knowing what she did, and then suddenly cried out, "Mother! mother!" in a loud shrill, thrilling voice, which brought Mrs. Gilmour back into the room. And Monsieur Tournour came too. Not one of them spoke

for a minute. Elizabeth's horror-stricken face frightened the pasteur, who felt as if he was in a dream, who had let himself drift along with the feeling of the moment, who did not know even now if he had done right or wrong, if he had been carried away by mere earthly impulse and regard for his own happiness, or if he had been led and directed to a worthy helpmeet, to a Christian companion, to one who had the means and the power to help him in his labours. Ah, surely, surely he had done well, he thought, for himself, and for those who depended on him. It was not without a certain dignity at last, and nobleness of manner, that he took Mrs. Gilmour's hand, and said,—

"You called your mother just now, Elizabeth; here she is. Dear woman, she has consented to be my best earthly friend and companion, to share my hard labours; to share a life poor and arduous, and full of care, and despised perhaps by the world; but rich in eternal hope, blessed by prayer, and consecrated by a Christian's faith." He was a little man, but he seemed to grow tall as he spoke. His eyes kindled, his face lightened with enthusiasm. Elizabeth could not help seeing this, even while she stood shivering with indignation and sick at heart. As for Anthony, he got up, and came to his father and took both his hands, and then suddenly flung his arms round his neck. Elizabeth found words at last :

"You can suffer this?" she said to Anthony. "You have no feelings, then, of decency, of fitness of memory for the dead. You, mamma, can degrade yourself by a second marriage? Oh! for shame, for shame!" and she burst into passionate tears, and flung herself down on a chair. Monsieur Tournour was not used to be thwarted, to be reproved; he got very pale, he pushed Anthony gently aside, and went up to her. "Elizabeth," said he, "is this the conduct of a devoted daughter; are these the words of good-will and of peace, with which your mother should be greeted by her children? I had hoped that you would look upon me as a friend. If you could see my heart, you would know how ready I am; how gladly I would love you as my own child," and he held out his hand. Elly Gilmour dashed it away.

"Go," she said; "you have made me wretched; I hate your life and your ways, and your sermons, and we shall all be miserable, every one of us; I know well enough it is for her money you marry her. Oh, go away out of my sight." Tournour had felt doubts. Elizabeth's taunts and opposition reassured him and strengthened him in his purpose. This is only human nature, as well as pasteur nature in particular. If everything had gone smoothly, very likely he would have found out a snare of the devil in it, and broken it off, not caring what grief and suffering he caused to himself in so doing. Now that the girl's words brought a flush into his pale face and made him to wince with pain, he felt justified, nay, impelled to go on—to be firm. And now he stood up like a gentleman, and spoke :

"And if I want your mother's money, is it hers, is it mine, was it

given to me or to her to spend for our own use? Was it not lent, will not an account be demanded hereafter? Unhappy child! where have you found already such sordid thoughts, such unworthy suspicions? Where is your Christian charity?"

"I never made any pretence of having any," cried Elizabeth, stamping her foot and tossing her fair mane. "You talk and talk about it and about the will of heaven, and suit yourselves, and break my heart, and look up quite scandalized, and forgive me for my wickedness. But I had rather be as wicked as I am than as good as you."

"Allons, taisez-vous, Mademoiselle Elizabeth!" said Anthony, who had taken his part; "or my father will not marry your mother, and then you will be in the wrong, and have made everybody unhappy. It is very, very sad and melancholy in our house; be kind and come and make us happy. If I am not angry, why should you mind; but see here, I will not give my consent unless you do, and I know my father will do nothing against my wishes and yours."

Poor Elizabeth looked up, and then she saw that her mother was crying too; Caroline had had a hard day's work. No wonder she was fairly harassed and worn out. Elizabeth herself began to be as bewildered, as puzzled, as the rest. She put her hand wearily to her head. She did not feel angry any more, but very tired and sad. "How can I say I think it right when I think it wrong. It is not me you want to marry, M. Tourneur; mamma is old enough to decide. What need you care for what a silly girl like me says and thinks. Good-night, mamma; I am tired and must go to bed. Good-night, Monsieur Tourneur. Good-night, M. Anthony. Oh, dear!" sighed Elizabeth, as she went out of the room with her head hanging, and with pale cheeks and dim eyes. You could hardly have believed it was the triumphant young beauty of an hour ago. But it had always been so with this impetuous, sensitive Elizabeth, she suffered, as she enjoyed, more keenly than anybody else I ever knew; she put her whole heart into her life without any reserve, and then, when failure and disappointment came, she had no more heart left to endure with.

I am sure it was with a humble spirit that Tourneur that night, before he left, implored a benediction on himself and on those who were about to belong to him. He went away at eleven o'clock with Anthony, walking home through the dark, long streets to his house, which was near one of the gates of the city. And Caroline sat till the candles went out, till the fire had smouldered away, till the chill night breezes swept round the room, and then went stupefied to bed, saying to herself, "Now he will learn that others do not despise me, and I—I will lead a good life."

Manoli.

A MOLDO-WALLACHIAN LEGEND.



ALL day they built, and wall and tower stood crown'd
 Among the sunbeams. Here some column grew
 To perfect shape, here some thin minaret
 Soared to the clouds; here dome or massy roof
 Swelled to completion, or ethereal arch
 Sprang like a sudden rainbow into air,
 A wonder and a joy, till all the work
 Looked glorious, and the angels called it good.

Strong limb, fine hand, true eye, and subtile brain
 Had toiled, thro' glowing noons and stary nights,
 For nine long years at their imperial task;
 And now the work its crowning finish took,
 The workmen smiled, then whispered to their hearts
 Soft flattering words, and paused amid their toil,
 Like men who feel that they have greatly done.

So pausing, under the large star of day,
 For they all night, and till the dawn had wrought,
 What saw they, or what felt they, that they looked
 Helpless, bewildered, like to men that wake
 Dashed out of sleep by some mysterious woo?
 Was it a dream, or did their labour fade,
 Dreamlike, away? Did stone from stone withdraw,
 And all that mighty fabric which o'erhung
 The day and night, like some frail vision pass?
 They looked, they touched, they moved, they called aloud.
 It was no dream, no dream; the solid walls
 Were vanished, and their nine years' labour lost.

With the new day did they their task renew,
 For noble hearts should fight for evermore,
 And conquer Fate; and lo! the hands that shape
 The temples of the gods, and down all Time
 Transmit the perfect beauty they create,
 Are pliant, strong, fine-fingered, ample-palmed,
 Instinct with hope and courage as with art.



MANOLI.

So thrice three days the master-masons wrought,
 And thrice three nights the uncreating Powers
 That love not Order which makes strong the world,
 Nor Beauty that gives gladness to all life,
 Undid what they had done. The angels looked
 Forth from their silver bowers, at morn and eve,
 And wept, and broke their harpstrings, but no strength
 Was in their hands, for evil is of God *
 Who makes a nobler good grow out of ill,
 From old disorder calls new order up,
 And crowns the sons of Chaos, bearing palms,

So thrice three days they toiled, but when the night,
 Following the tenth fair morn, with opiate wand
 Closed the tired eyes of men, Manoli slept,
 And a dream came, and with the dream a voice :
 " Cease ! cease ! Manoli ! " so the vision said,
 " Cease ; for your solid-seeming walls and towers
 Shall fade, and fade, until the victim come,
 Whom the dark lords demand. Swear, therefore, swear,
 Swear to me and all ; and secret be the oath ;
 Swear that the sweet woman whom ye see,
 The first sweet woman that with morning comes
 To cheer and serve you, be it wife or maid,
 Sister or daughter, ere her tender life
 Have opened all its blossoms to the sun,
 Shall perish housed with Death ere yet she die."

Manoli heard and took the deadly oath,
 Scarce knowing what he did ; so much the hearts
 Of men who live for some o'ermastering thought
 That shapes, or seems to shape the age anew,
 Forget the world that is ; still loving more
 The far-off image of a faultless life,
 Some fair ideal world without a tear,
 Than common men, with common griefs and joys.

Till sunrise slept Manoli ; with the sun
 He rose, and, wind-like, clomb the neighbouring height,
 And with great eyes far travelling o'er the fields,
 Far o'er the fields and o'er the level road,
 Looked left, then right, then left, then right again.
 O fear ! O sorrow ! whom does he behold ?

* " I form the light and create darkness, I make peace and create evil. I the Lord do all these things."—*Isaiah* xlv. 7.

Whom sees he coming? Through the dewy fields,
 Amid the lily flowers, a lily too,
 She comes; he sees her; he beholds her come,
 His darling of one summer, his sweet wife!
 Manoli clasped his hands, he looked to heaven,
 As men do ever when sharp peril calls.
 He prayed. What *can* men do when they are weak,
 And God alone in all the world is strong—
 What can men do but pray? "O God," he cried,
 "Send Thou the foaming rain-flood, let it scoop
 The earth away, and ye, O rivers! flow,
 And hurl the boiling wave o'er thundering rocks,
 To stay my darling, my beloved, my wife!"

And the Lord heard him, and the rain-floods walked
 Broad-trampling over earth, and rivers rose,
 And smoking waves fell thundering o'er the rocks;
 But she went onward—nearer to her fate!
 Manoli knelt, and clasped his hands again:
 "O God!" he cried, "send Thou a conquering wind,
 Whose passionate breath shall root up pine and oak.
 O wind! heap rock on rock, and hill on hill,
 To stay my friend, my darling, my sweet wife!"
 God heard, and pitied, and the obedient wind
 Came down, and with its wild and panting breath
 Uprooted pine and oak, heaped rock on rock,
 Piled hill on hill, to stay Manoli's wife;
 But in long mazes, round and round she went
 Still onward, onward, nearer to her fate.

Meanwhile the master-masons saw her come,—
 The lords of art that, throned above all life,
 Make thought and fancy blossom out of stone,
 And live for them—they only. Far away
 They saw her come, and as a sudden breeze
 Creeps o'er still waters, shivering as it creeps,
 So ran the sharp delight thro' every soul;
 For Hope rose glittering like some pilot star,
 And the large lust of beauty that demands
 All sacrifice of child, or wife, or self,
 Looked now for ripe fulfilment.* So they stood
 With open, breathless lips, and lifted hands,
 And full-orbed eyes, quivering with eager joy,

* "The affections, even in the affectionate, are powerless against the tyranny of ideas."—*Lewes' Life of Goethe*, vol. i. p. 146.

Expectant, silent. But Manoli came,
 And raised his wife and bore her in his arms,
 And said—as any child in sport might say :
 “ Rest, O my noble love, rest, rest, awhile !
 Rest, royal heart, until we raise thee here
 A dainty pleasure-hall, where marble blooms
 Into all fairy shapes of lily and rose,
 Far from rude sights and sounds here rest, love, rest,
 And sleep as men who sleep in Paradise ! ”
 Then as she stood the marble tower grew up,
 With bloom of rose and lily. Swift and calm,
 As men that mean to do a dreadful deed,
 The master-masons built, and with them built
 Manoli ; and the walls rose high and higher,
 From dainty ankle up to dainty knee,
 Till all that childlike pleasure left her face,
 And, “ Ah,” she cried, “ enough, enough, my love !
 Enough ! Manoli, master, stop the work !
 Stop it ; your sport grows deadly. Hear my cry !
 Oh ! hear your little one—your pet—your wife !
 By that first kiss you gave me when we sate
 Among the violets by the mossy tree,
 And by the timid kiss that answered yours,
 Hear, hear, Manoli—husband—master—hear ! ”

Manoli heard. But they went building on,
 And the wall rose from ankle fair to knee
 Yet fairer ; and from knee to fairest waist,
 Up to her roscate breast—Love’s proper home.
 Then fear came o’er her, and she cried again :
 “ Manoli ! O Manoli—husband—friend !
 Enough, enough ! Cease, cease, your building, love !—
 You frighten me, more timid now than wont,
 Oh ! think of the sweet babe that shall be born—
 My child and thine ! Oh ! think of his meek smile,
 And of his twining fingers catching yours,
 His father—O my lord ! Manoli ! cease,
 Cease ere you kill the child ; the walls close round
 My little one, thy child, thy child and mine ! ”

He heard her, but he still went building on,
 And the wall rose from ankle fair to knee
 Yet fairer, from fair knee to fairest waist,
 From fairest waist to breast more fair than all,
 Love’s proper home, till o’er her pleading eyes,
 And lovely, lifted, hands, the marble bower

Rose, covering all her beauty from the day,
 While thus her loving voice came mixed with tears,—
 "Now, now the walls close round. I die, I die.
 My lord, farewell! I kiss thee ere I die;
 Forgive me if with deed, or thought of mine
 Not knowing it, I have offended thee.
 Manoli! master! now the darkness comes;
 I feel for thy dear hand amid the gloom,
 My lord, my love, my master, give it me,
 Oh! give it me, Manoli, ere I die,
 Oh! give it, give it!" Thus she wailed and prayed,
 Till all that love and sorrow from the world
 Had passed for ever, and amid the fear
 And gloom of the great shadow men call Death,
 She slept as those who sleep in Paradise.

But they went building on, and stone on stone
 Was reared, and the great fabric touched the sky,
 As days clasped hand with days. Supreme it stood,
 Majestic, massive, silent, beautiful!
 And men came there, and wondered while they gazed,
 And thronged around the masters, as they told
 Of the true, noble life that passed away,
 To round their labour to full-sphered success:—
 For always the great conquest of the world
 Is won with blood. 'Twas so in elder years,
 The splendid yesterdays our fathers knew:
 'Tis so in these pale faded years of ours;
 And when these busy hands and brains are still,
 And mightier builders work with lordlier aims,
 The same old doom will reign, and men will die,
 To crown their age with beauty, and to bring
 Imperial days while *they* go building on.

W. M. W. CALL.

The State Trials.

CRIMINAL trials are always interesting, but there is no country in the world in which they either excite or deserve so much interest as our own, for there is none in which they have played so conspicuous and important a part in history. It is no doubt a consequence of this that no country possesses such accurate reports of the most important of the trials which have occurred in it. The collection known as the *State Trials*, which fills thirty-two octavo volumes, closely printed in double columns, is one of the most extensive, far the most entertaining, nearly the most instructive, and much the most authentic historical collection that exists in the English language. It combines the liveliness of plays and novels, with the variety of a newspaper, and all the authenticity which can be attached to scrupulously accurate reports of sworn testimony and to the literal reproduction of legal documents. Should any one be unfortunate enough to be shut up alone with a law library, they would form nearly the only solace of his confinement, and many a lawyer owes to it relaxation in the intervals of study, and consolation in the intervals of business.

The collection begins from the reign of Henry I., but it becomes copious and authentic when it reaches the middle of the sixteenth century, the first report which resembles that of modern shorthand writers being that of the case of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton in 1554. Nearly the last lines of the collection set forth with grim calmness how, "On Monday, May 1st, 1820, Arthur Thistlewood, William Davidson, James Ings, John Thomas Brunt, and Richard Tidd were brought out to a platform, erected in front of the debtor's door, Newgate, where they were hanged until they were dead and their heads were severed from their bodies; his Majesty being graciously pleased to remit that part of the sentence which directed that their bodies should be divided into four quarters, and to direct that the bodies and heads should be forthwith privately buried." It is greatly to be wished that the collection could be continued to the present time. No one can doubt the legal and constitutional importance of such a publication. The object of the present article is to illustrate, by reference to the cases already published, the great general interest which would attach to it.

Few of the earlier *State Trials* are of much interest in themselves, though they are in many cases of great historical importance. Here and there, however, a report occurs which calls up with strange distinctness the features of a past age. The trial of Throckmorton is a good instance of this. The charge against him was that he had been concerned in Wyatt's insurrection, and had sent a messenger (Winter) to him in Kent, and conspired to take the Tower of London. The management of the

case was altogether unlike what we are at present accustomed to, and the report shows how much the view of criminal justice then current differed from that which prevails in the present day. There appears to have been no such distribution of parts (as it may be called) as prevails in modern trials. The counsel for the Crown did not open the case, and call their witnesses to support it, nor did the judge sum up. The form which the trial assumed was that of a constant wrangle between the prisoner and the counsel for the Crown, not altogether dissimilar either in spirit or in manner to the discussions which take place in the present day in French courts between the president and the prisoner. In the present day we avoid, almost prudishly, the practice of questioning the prisoner, even when it would be for his advantage that he should be questioned, but this is a habit of very modern date. Throckmorton was directly and emphatically called upon for an explanation of every item of the evidence brought against him. Much is to be said on the propriety of our present practice. The evidence afforded by the *State Trials* is certainly not in favour of it. Notwithstanding the denunciations which have been so often lavished upon the trials under the Tudors, any fair reader of Throckmorton's case must admit that in that instance, at least, the truth was fully brought to light, and that by perfectly fair means. The liveliness of the discussion between the prisoner and his questioners puts in a more forcible light than almost any other document of the time the substantial similarity of the ordinary pursuits of life at different periods. Putting aside a little quaintness in the phraseology, every incident mentioned, and every feeling expressed, might have belonged to our own time quite as well as to the sixteenth century.

Most of the trials reported in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. belong to the general and well-known history of the country, and the same is true of most of those which occur in the time of Charles I., though two or three record scandals which certainly illustrate private life; but the subjects to which they relate are not such as could properly be referred to on the present occasion.

One singular exception occurs in the 4th of Charles I. (A.D. 1629), which deserves notice both on account of its curiosity, and also because it is nearly the first instance in which there is anything like a report of circumstantial evidence. This is the case * of the murder of Jane Norkott, for which her mother, her brother-in-law, and her sister were tried and acquitted at Hertford assizes, and were afterwards tried on an appeal of murder in the King's Bench at Westminster. The evidence against the prisoners was, that they were in the house alone with the murdered woman all night, and that no one else came in; and that the state of the body (the neck was broken and the throat cut), and other circumstances, showed that she could not have killed herself. Hence it was argued they

* 11 S. T. 1324. This case is reported from the MS. notes of Sergeant Maynard, who lived to extreme old age, and died about the beginning of the eighteenth century. He must have been a very young man when the trial occurred.

must have killed her. In the present day such evidence would be held to establish no more than an alternative case, that is, to prove that, as in the famous instance of the Road murder, some one of several persons was guilty. What the result of the trial then was does not appear. The most singular point about it was the evidence given by two clergymen—brothers, and ministers of the parish in which the murder happened and of the one next adjoining it. Sergeant Maynard says that he heard their evidence, took it down at the time, and would be ready to swear to the accuracy of his report. The first clergyman "was a very reverend person, as I guessed, of about seventy years of age; his testimony was delivered gravely and temperately, but to the great admiration" (i. e. wonder) "of the auditory. He said: 'The body, being taken up out of the grave thirty days after the party's death, and lying on the grass, and the four defendants being present, were required each of them to touch the dead body. Okeman's wife' (the sister) 'fell upon her knees and prayed God to show tokens of her innocency. The appellant' (the woman's child) 'did touch the ~~dead~~ body, whereupon the brow of the dead, which before was of a livid and carrion colour, began to have a dew, or gentle sweat, arise on it, which increased by degrees till the sweat ran down in drops on the face. The brow turned to a lively and fresh colour, and the deceased opened one of her eyes and shut it again; and this opening the eye was done three several times. She likewise thrust out the ring or marriage finger three times, and pulled it in again; and the finger dropped blood from it on the grass.'" The witness added, that "he himself dipped his finger in the blood which came from the dead body to examine it, and he swore he believed it was blood." The other clergyman confirmed this account in every particular. One of the odd parts of the story is that, assuming the truth of the evidence, it is impossible to make out whether it proves that a miracle was worked in answer to Mrs. Okeman's prayer; or that the bleeding of the body showed (according to the common superstition) the presence of the murderer, and, if so, which of the three defendants it pointed at. There is something grotesque in the production of an ambiguous miracle for the purpose of clearing up ambiguous evidence.

During, and after the Civil War, the practice of reporting trials at length appears to have become much more common than it had previously been. A pretty full collection still remains of the principal trials of those remarkable times, most of which are amongst the commonplaces of our history. The case of ship-money, the impeachment of Lord Strafford, the trial of Charles I., the trials for the Popish plot, the trials for Monmouth's insurrection on the Western Circuit, and the trial of the seven Bishops, are familiar to those who have even the most popular acquaintance with English history. Their historical importance, and the strong political bias with which every reader regards them, according to his own political opinions, frequently, perhaps generally, conceal the fact that they were, for the most part, real judicial proceedings, and that those who were the principal actors in them viewed them as much in a professional as in

a political spirit, if not more. On reading the full reports contained in the *State Trials*, this side of the matter is brought conspicuously forward, and we thus get a much better notion of the men who were concerned in these memorable acts, than is to be had from mere political histories. Men are never so much themselves as when they are actively engaged in the practice of their professions; for, of all the influences by which character is moulded, the influence of a profession is the widest and the most searching.

The reports of the trials of the regicides throw a new and unexpected light on their personal character. Under the influence of modern picturesque writers, we look, for the most part, on the men who signed the death-warrant of Charles I. as a set of iron enthusiasts, glorying in what they did, and incapable of resorting to any defence which would admit their conduct to be criminal. This impression is confirmed as to some of them by the reports of their trials, but not as to the majority. General Harbison behaved with the most unflinching audacity, avowing and justifying all that he had done. Scroop and Carew also behaved with great courage; but Cook, who had acted as counsel against the king, resorted to every sort of quibble in his defence, and went so far as to say, "I acted as a counsellor in my own particular for my fee; it was *avaritia*, but not *malitia*, not *fulso*, nor *malitiose*, nor *proditorie*." Hugh Peters, who had preached fanatically violent sermons against the king, equivocated, begged for mercy, and quibbled about unimportant details in a very pitiful manner. Axtell also, who commanded the guard during the trial, and, according to the direct testimony of several eye-witnesses, forced his soldiers, by beating them with his cane, to cry out for justice and afterwards for execution, denied that he had done so, and declared that he struck them to keep them quiet, saying, "I will justice, I will execution you." The differences in the behaviour of these men are evidence that it was only in a few instances that the enthusiasm of the times carried those whom it affected out of the ordinary range of character and feeling. Several of the actors in this the most memorable incident in our history seem to have taken a thoroughly commonplace view of it, and Cook in particular argued the whole subject as if he had been arguing on any ordinary point of law. The readiness with which the counsel on the other side, and the judges on the bench, struck into the same view, are highly characteristic.

It is remarkable that hardly any of the prisoners failed to show the most perfect courage at their execution, where all of them avowed and justified their conduct. No doubt the trial was a far harder test of courage than the execution, where nothing that they might say would make any difference. At a trial there is more at stake than at an execution, and there is less opportunity for acting.

Almost every one of the celebrated causes just referred to would afford matter for curious observation. It will be sufficient in this place to notice one or two. Of all the historical personages of the seventeenth century, none has acquired so permanent and horrible a reputation as

Jeffreys, and there is no character on which the *State Trials* throw more light. To most persons he is a mere monster, stained with every possible form of infamy, and actuated in all his conduct by none but the most wretched personal motives. The reports of his proceedings contained in the *State Trials* do not materially alter this view of his character. Probably he was, upon the whole, the worst man whose actions form part of the history of England; but, bad as he was, he was a man, and not a mere monster. With the exception of a certain indecency of language and demeanour, which were collateral to his chief offences, he did little more than any thoroughly unscrupulous lawyer might do in the present day; indeed, any one who has had the honour of knowing the sort of barrister who is regarded by the respectable part of his profession as a black sheep, and is known to the public as a brazen-faced bully, whose trade it is to badger witnesses, to insult judges, and to bluster and rant before juries, will have no sort of difficulty in forming a clear conception of Judge Jeffreys. In the worst scenes he always conducted himself with plausibility, and had more or less of an excuse for what he said and did.

The famous case of Lady Lisle, known to every reader of Lord Macaulay's History, supplies a good illustration of this. She was tried for harbouring rebels after the battle of Sedgemoor, and the main question was, whether she knew the persons whom she entertained to be rebels. The only witness upon this point was one Dunne, who had guided the persons in question to her house. He was of course a most unwilling witness, and the counsel for the Crown asked the judge "to examine him a little the more strictly." The scene which followed is well known. Lord Macaulay's genius has made all his innumerable readers familiar with the furious execrations of Jeffreys, the terror of Dunne, the reluctance of the jury to convict, and the violence by which they were forced to do so.

There is, however, another side of the question, which is not so well known. It was not merely by cursing, swearing, and ranting that Jeffreys obtained his object. According to the practice of the times, it was beyond all doubt his duty to examine Dunne, and no one accustomed to the examination of witnesses can read the report of Dunne's evidence without seeing, that apart from the swearing and raging, the examination of Dunne was most skilful, and extorted the truth from him notwithstanding a long series of prevarications and falsehoods. It is quite true that Jeffreys behaved, at times, like a wild beast, but it is also true that Dunne was a most artful liar, and that he gave the greatest possible provocation. In order to screen the prisoner he wilfully suppressed the very evidence which he was called to give, and Jeffreys screwed the truth out of him, with infinite brutality no doubt, but still with consummate ability.

In our own times, if such work had to be done at all, it would be done, not by the judge, but by the counsel; nor would the jury be asked

to convict upon the unconfirmed evidence of a man who was obviously perjured ; but the whole course of proceeding in the seventeenth century was different, and if Jeffreys had done in a dignified way what he did with frantic declamations and profane oaths,* he would have done his duty and done it well.

There are one or two instances in the *State Trials* in which Jeffreys appears to have behaved harmlessly, and even creditably. When Recorder of London, he tried a man named Giles, for an attempt to murder, reasonably enough.†

The name of Jeffreys suggests, by way of contrast, that of Lord Hale. Considering the immense reputation which he acquired, it is strange that the *State Trials* should contain so few memorials of him as they do. There are only two reports of trials in which he presided. Each of them is remarkable in its way. The first is the case of the Suffolk witches, who were tried at Bury St. Edmunds, in 1665. The case is not well reported ; but the report, such as it is, does little credit to Lord Hale, even when regard is had to the opinions prevalent in his time. Two women were accused of bewitching, at Lowestoft, certain children who used to have fits, in which they declared that they saw the alleged witches, and that they were tormenting them. The reporter says upon this : " Mr. Sergeant Keeling seemed much unsatisfied with it, and thought it not sufficient to convict the prisoners ; for admitting the children were in truth bewitched, yet, said he, it can never be applied to the prisoners upon the imagination only of the parties afflicted ; for if that might be allowed, no person whatsoever can be in safety, for perhaps they might fancy another person who might altogether be innocent in such matters." This view of the case seems to have been far too reasonable for Lord Hale, though he had further grounds for caution. " Lord Cornwallis, Sir Edmund Bacon, Mr. Sergeant Keeling, and some other gentlemen there in court " were desired by the judge to try by experiment whether the children really could tell, when their eyes were blinded, whether the witches touched them. They returned from their experiments, openly protesting that " they did believe the whole transaction of this business was a mere imposture." The judge, however, had the timidity to abstain from summing up. " In giving his direction to the jury, he told them that he would not repeat the evidence unto them, lest by so doing he should wrong the evidence on the one side or on the other." The women were convicted and hanged. Chief Justice North's conduct, on a similar occasion, as related by his brother, favourably contrasts with

* e. g.—" I hope, gentlemen of the jury, you take notice of the strange and horrible carnage of this fellow, and also that you cannot but observe the spirit of that sort of people " (viz. the Presbyterians), " what a villanous and devilish one it is." " Jesus God, was ever such a fellow in the world as thou art ! " " Good God ! was there ever such an impudent rascal ! " Nothing can excuse this ; but Dunne certainly did lie, and concealed the truth most obstinately.—10 *S. T.*, 345-6.

† 7 *S. T.*, 1130.

this. Without offending the prejudices of the jury, or appearing to discredit the notion of witchcraft in general, he dwelt upon the improbabilities of the particular story in such a way as to procure the acquittal of the prisoner; but a shade of pedantry and superstition mixed with Lord Hale's eminent qualities, and inclined him to take a certain degree of pleasure in treating an accusation of witchcraft with the same respect as he would have shown for any other accusation.

The only other case in which Lord Hale's name appears in the *State Trials* is that of a man named Hawkins*—a clergyman who was tried for theft at Aylesbury. The case is interesting, because it is a good specimen of the manner in which, in those days, criminal justice was administered in ordinary cases. Celebrated trials, which are of great historical importance, throw far less light upon the common course of things than those which are of a common everyday character. In Hawkins's case the evidence was exactly such as might be heard in the present day in any assize court, and brings before the mind, with strange distinctness, a variety of petty incidents in everyday life two hundred years ago. The person accused succeeded in establishing his innocence beyond a doubt, and showing that he had been made the victim of a gross conspiracy. The judge does not appear to have done much to help him towards this, though the prosecutor's evidence contained several gross improbabilities, which, in our own days, would have speedily been made to destroy his credit.

The trials subsequent to the Revolution of 1688 are numerous and exceedingly interesting. Many of them are well known on account of the constitutional principles which were debated in them; as, for example, the series of trials for libel which ended in the Act of Parliament by virtue of which the jury, and not the judge, decide whether or not a writing is to be treated as a libel; the cases which decided the illegality of general warrants; the trial of Hardy and others for high treason, and the numerous prosecutions for seditious words and libels on the Government, which were occasioned by the alarm excited by the French revolution. It is a curious proof of the rate at which we live, that such prosecutions as these should have become so completely obsolete. They were carried to strange lengths. Perhaps the most absurd of the whole number was the prosecution of Mr. Reeves,†—the author of a well-known history of English Law—for a high Tory pamphlet, in which he asserted that, "with the exception of the advice and consent of the two Houses of Parliament, and the interposition of juries, the Government, and the administration of it, may be said to rest wholly and solely on the king and those appointed by him." This, and other matter of the same kind, was called a libel on the Constitution, and was prosecuted in pursuance of a resolution of the House of Commons. Mr. Reeves was, however, acquitted, though the jury described his pamphlet in their verdict as "a very improper publication." It

* 6 S. T., 921-952.

† 26 S. T., 529.

required great discretion in those days to discuss public affairs at all; for whilst Mr. Reeves narrowly escaped punishment for saying a little too much in favour of the prerogative of the Crown, an unlucky preacher, named Winterbotham,* was fined 100*l.*, and imprisoned for two years, for saying, "I highly approve of the revolution in France, and I do not doubt but that it has opened the eyes of the people of England;" for speaking of the "oppressive laws and taxes," and denying that the sinking fund reduced the national debt, and some other expressions of the same sort.

Besides political trials, a great number of cases occurred in the course of the last century which excited the greatest possible attention, and which preserve many strikingly vivid pictures of habits which have now become obsolete. The career of Lord Mohun is a striking instance of this. He would appear to have been one of the most reckless and violent of the Mohawks, whose doings are described in the *Spectator*. He was twice tried for murder by the House of Lords: in 1692† for the murder of an actor named Mountford, and in 1699‡ for the murder of a Mr. Corte. In the first case he agreed to assist his friend Captain Hill in carrying off, by force, the celebrated actress, Mrs. Bracegirdle. In this they were prevented, and Hill, who suspected Mountford of being her lover, waited for him with his companion, Lord Mohun, in the open street, with their swords drawn, for nearly two hours. When he arrived, Hill ran him through the body, Mohun standing by. It was not clearly proved that Mohun intended to assist Hill in anything further than in the abduction, and there was contradictory evidence about the details of the fray. He was accordingly acquitted by a considerable majority. The other case, which happened in 1699, arose out of a quarrel at a tavern, ending in a strange midnight duel, in which, besides Lord Mohun, Lord Warwick (Addison's stepson), and four other persons, were engaged. There was no clear evidence in this case as to the way in which the act was done, and for the second time Mohun was acquitted. Some years afterwards, he was killed in a duel by the Duke of Hamilton, who also lost his life on the occasion, being stabbed, it was said treacherously, after the fight was over. There is always something strange in reading the minute details of incidents long since past; and those who are familiar with our own courts will have these old scenes vividly called before them by a thousand little touches. For example, it is very odd to find that one hundred and seventy years ago there was just the same difficulty in making witnesses speak out as there is now. In Lord Mohun's first trial, the Lord High Steward said, "I do not hear one word. That boy can speak out if he pleases. I warrant him he could make noise enough if he was in another place. Speak out, that my Lords may all hear you." There is a sort of melancholy satisfaction in the reflection that for six generations at least judges have been telling witnesses to speak out, in precisely the same words.

The lawless habits of all classes are impartially set forth in the pages

* 22 *S. T.*, 823.

† 12 *S. T.*, 949.

‡ 13 *S. T.*, 1033.

of the *State Trials*. A century ago the smugglers of the south coast were quite as fierce and as little subject to the law as Lord Mohun and his associates had been half a century before. A strange illustration of the desperate acts of vengeance which they executed on revenue officers* who ventured to interfere with them may be seen in the trials of a gang of them under a special commission at Chichester, in 1749, for the murder of Galley and Chater, two Custom-house officers. The unhappy men were taken prisoners in a lonely public-house on the Sussex downs, and were tied on to a horse, which was led by the smugglers for many miles along the coast. They were mercilessly flogged with cart whips the whole way. One of them died on the spot, and the other, after being chained up for some days in a hovel, was put to death by being hanged over a well. Six persons were executed for this crime. Such offences hardly seem to belong to our own country, but instances of still greater barbarism occur in later times. One of the last volumes of the collection contains the reports of the trials of the Caravats and Shanavests, two parties who appear to have carried on a sort of private war by means of reciprocal murders and robberies in the counties of Tipperary, Waterford, and Kilkenny, in 1810.†

The darker incidents of the *State Trials* are sometimes relieved by cases which excited intense interest, though they did not involve crimes of the same atrocity as those mentioned above. One of the most remarkable of these is the extraordinary case of *Annesley v. Anglesea*, which was an action of ejectment brought by a young man of thirty against his uncle, who claimed the title and enjoyed the estates of his deceased brother, Lord Altham. The claimant's case was that he was the true heir, being the legitimate son of the last Lord Altham. He had, according to his account, been brought up away from his home and grossly neglected, on account of quarrels between his father and mother. When his father died his uncle, who professed to consider him as the illegitimate son of his father's mistress, contrived to get him kidnapped and sent to America, where he was sold as a slave. He went through a variety of romantic adventures, and at last, after many years, got back to England, intending to assert his rights. In England he had the misfortune to kill a man, accidentally, near Staines, upon which his uncle, who had heard of his arrival, spent large sums in prosecuting him for murder, and used every means in his power to get him convicted and executed. He was, however, acquitted, went over to Ireland, and after a trial which lasted for several days, and excited the greatest attention, succeeded in establishing his rights. Probably no real incident ever resembled fiction more closely, and the poetical justice of the story was complete, for one of the most cogent parts of the evidence against the wicked uncle was the zeal which he had shown in the prosecution of his nephew. This is one of the standard illustrations of the maxim, "*Omnia presumuntur contra spolia-*

* 18 S. T., 1069.

† 31 S. T., 413, &c.

toem." The construction most unfavourable to himself is to be put on the acts of a wrong-doer.*

A case which may be classed with this on account of the interest which it excited by its mere curiosity, was that of Betsy Canning.† She was a girl of about twenty, who disappeared one day from her home, and was missing for a considerable time. After about a month she returned, asserting that she had been carried off by certain gipsies, and imprisoned in a house at Enfield Wash, whence she had at last contrived to make her escape and return home. One of the persons whom she mentioned was arrested, tried for stealing her clothes—which was then a capital offence—and sentenced to be hung. Great doubts, however, being entertained as to Canning's story, she was indicted for perjury; a number of witnesses were called, who traced the gipsies' movements from Abbotsbury to Dorsetshire at the time when, according to Canning, they were kidnapping her in the neighbourhood of London. She was convicted and sentenced to transportation. The case excited incredible interest, and produced parties of Canningites and anti-Canningites, who denied or asserted her innocence. It is interesting in the present day, as it gives a sort of Dutch picture of many scenes in common life a century ago—the witnesses called to prove the innocence of the gipsies having had occasion to describe all the little incidents by which they recollected the fact that they passed through particular places, such as a dance at a public-house, lending a horse to cross a flooded river, &c.

One of the most interesting pieces of knowledge to be derived from the *State Trials* is a knowledge of the different manners in which trials were conducted at different periods of our history. The mode of trying prisoners with which we are familiar in the present day is the result of a vast quantity of experience, and is in reality a most refined and elaborate process, though it may not at first sight appear to be so. In the earliest cases which are fully reported, the general character of the proceedings appears to have been by no means unlike the present French system. The prisoner was questioned by the court upon every item of the evidence as it was produced, and had to make a distinct defence to every part of it. Throckmorton's case, as already observed, is a perfect illustration of this; so also is the case of a man named Udale, who was tried in the reign of Queen Elizabeth for being the author of the books of *Martin Marprelate*. At a later period, the practice of direct interrogation of the prisoner became less common, though it still continued. There are constant instances of the practice all through the seventeenth century; for example, in the trials of Twin,‡ for printing treasonable books, in 1663; of Colonel Turner, § for burglary; of Count Coningsmark,||

* See *Annesley v. Anglessea*, 17 S. T., 1139; and *R. v. Annesley and Redding*, 17 S. T., 1093.

† 19 S. T., 283.
§ 6 S. T., 560.

‡ 6 S. T., 515.
|| 9 S. T.

for the murder of Mr. Thynne; and of Harrison,* for the murder of Dr. Clench; and throughout all this time the judges took a much more conspicuous and personal part in the proceedings than would be considered proper at present, though it is remarkable that the summing up appears to have been less important and to have been more nearly confined to a mere repetition of the evidence than is now the case. The rules of evidence were exceedingly loose; not only was hearsay evidence admitted to almost any extent, but evidence of the previous bad character of the prisoner was put in to prejudice the jury against him. For example, in the case of Hawkins, the clergyman tried before Lord Hale, evidence was given to show that he had committed other thefts besides the one for which he was on trial.

The informality of the proceedings was, no doubt, due, in a considerable degree, to the rigour with which persons accused were denied the benefit of counsel: unless they could manage to raise a point of law which the court thought it worth while to have argued, they were deprived of all legal assistance. This rule was first relaxed in the case of high treason, in which, by an Act passed in the reign of William III., persons accused were allowed to make their defence by counsel. Afterwards a practice was introduced—it does not appear how or when—of allowing prisoners to have counsel for the purpose of examining their witnesses and cross-examining the witnesses for the Crown. It is one of the most curious circumstances in the history of English legal proceedings, that there is nothing to show how that change came about, or by what authority it was introduced. Up to a certain period, the practice was rigorously prohibited. Even in the extreme case of all, the case where the defence was insanity, the prisoner was obliged to examine his own witnesses in order to prove his own madness. This course was taken in the case of Arnold, who shot at Lord Onslow, and in that of Lord Ferrers. Suddenly, however, without any particular reason, the practice changed. In the second half of the eighteenth century the witnesses for the Crown were always examined by the prisoner's counsel. Early instances of this are the trials of Barnard, in 1758, for sending a threatening letter to the Duke of Marlborough;† and of Mary Blandy, for the murder of her father, at Oxford, in 1752.‡ Both of these cases preceded the trial of Lord Ferrers, which occurred in 1760.

When this practice was established, the counsel for the defence used it as a means of evading the rule which prevented them from addressing the jury. They would throw observations intended for the jury into the form of questions to the witnesses. Thus in Barnard's case the following question was asked:—"Q. It has been said, he went away with a smile. Pray, my lord duke, might not that smile express the consciousness of innocence as well as anything else? A. I leave that to the Great Judge." This practice continued till our own times, and was the cause

* 12 S. T., 833.

† 19 S. T., 815.

‡ 18 S. T., 1117.

of much useless waste of time and of irritating discussions between the bench and the bar. It was not till the year 1826 that counsel were allowed to address the jury for the prisoner in cases of felony. They used, however, sometimes to write defences which were read by their clients, or by the officers of the court for them. Whilst the mouths of the counsel for the prisoner were shut, a great deal of unnecessary speaking was allowed on the other side. It seems at one time to have been usual for each of the counsel for the Crown to make a speech, and an extraordinary number of them were employed. In Miss Blandy's trial there were five counsel for the Crown and three for the prisoner. Two out of the five made speeches, before the witnesses were called, in a style which is quite unknown at present. "Who ever beheld the ghastly corpse of the murdered innocent weltering in its blood, and did not feel his own blood run slow and cold through all his veins?" asked Mr. Bathurst. Sargeant Hayward was even more flowery. "Innocence, celestial virgin, ~~does~~ has her guard about her; she dares look the frowns, the resentments, and the persecutions of the world in the face; ~~is able to stand the~~ test of the strictest inquiry," &c.

The examination of witnesses, which is now conducted with the greatest care, and forms an art in itself, is also modern. It is a very difficult matter to get a man's story out of him, clearly and consecutively, without asking questions which suggest the answers, and without going into matters which the various rules of evidence exclude. In former times no attempt was made to do so. The witness told his own story. The only question put to him was—"Give an account to my lord and the jury of what you know of the matter," and thereupon he was allowed to say what he had to say in his own way, and with all sorts of collateral remarks which in the present day would be excluded. It was in the latter part of the last century that the change was made. The present practice is peculiar to this country, and is the best of all illustrations of the excessive closeness of the logic which is characteristic of almost all our judicial proceedings.

One remarkable difference between ancient and modern trials is the extreme length and elaboration which they have reached in our days. It is a matter of everyday occurrence at present for a trial of any importance to last for more than a day. In some cases they have lasted for much more. Palmer's trial occupied twelve days, and Smethurst's four or five. This is altogether a novelty. In the trial of Hardy, for treason, in 1794, after the court had sat from eight A.M. till past midnight, there was a solemn debate, whether or not they could legally adjourn till the following morning, and it was said that, except in the case of Betsy Canning (which was a trial for misdemeanor), such a thing had never been done. The court, however, took the responsibility; but to show their sense of the solemnity of such a measure, they sat for sixteen hours a day for upwards of a week. How the jury, the judges, or the counsel managed, under such circumstances, to understand or remember what



Please Ma'am as we have the focus to she'll?

passed, is a wonder—perhaps they forgot most of it; and as the better part of the evidence was mere rubbish, it did not much matter if they did. The feats of strength recorded in the *State Trials* are wonderful in their way. At Despard's trial, for high treason, Lord Ellenborough sat for twenty hours: but the most extraordinary performance recorded in the whole collection was that of an unhappy Scotch jury, who appear to have sat for forty-nine hours, and to have been then locked up over the Sunday to consider their verdict. This happened in the case of James Stewart, who was tried at Inverary in 1752, for the murder of Colin Campbell, of Glenure. This case was a very memorable and most scandalous one. The judge who presided was the Duke of Argyll, Lord Justice General, whose office in general was purely titular, and who exercised it in this instance because he was the head of the clan to which the murdered man belonged; and of the fifteen jurymen no less than eleven were Campbells.*

One great cause of the length of modern trials, and of the shortness of modern sittings, which seldom last much above nine hours at a time, is the extreme care with which circumstances are sifted. A modern trial, if the facts are complicated, is like a piece of cabinet-work. All the different little facts are carefully put together in their proper places, and proved by the appropriate evidence; and if scientific questions arise (as often happens), a law-court becomes a sort of lecture-room. This system, no doubt, has its inconveniences, but it affords, on the whole, the most perfect system of administering justice which has yet been devised in any part of the world.

* 19 S. T., 1,

The Small House at Allington.

CHAPTER I.

THE SQUIRE OF ALLINGTON.



OF course there was a Great House at Allington. How otherwise should there have been a Small House? Our story will, as its name imports, have its closest relations with those who lived in the less dignified domicile of the two; but it will have close relations also with the more dignified, and it may be well that I should, in the first instance, say a few words as to the Great House and its owner.

The squires of Allington had been squires of Allington since squires, such as squires are now, were first known in England. From father to son, and from uncle to nephew, and, in

one instance, from second cousin to second cousin, the sceptre had descended in the family of the Dalcs; and the acres had remained intact growing in value, and not decreasing in number, though guarded by no entail and protected by no wonderful amount of prudence or wisdom. The estate of Dale of Allington had been cotrminous with the parish of Allington for some hundreds of years; and though, as I have said, the race of squires had possessed nothing of superhuman discretion, and had perhaps been guided in their walks through life by no very distinct principles, still there had been with them so much of adherence to a sacred law, that no acre of the property had ever been parted from the hands of the existing squire. Some futile attempts had been made to increase the territory, as indeed had been done by Kit Dale, the father of Christopher Dale who will appear as our

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.

squire of Allington when the persons of our drama are introduced. Old Kit Dale, who had married money, had bought outlying farms,—a bit of ground here and a bit there,—talking, as he did so, much of political influence and of the good old Tory cause. But these farms and bits of ground had gone again before our time. To them had been attached no religion. When old Kit had found himself pressed in that matter of the majority of the Nineteenth Dragoons, in which crack regiment his second son made for himself quite a career, he found it easier to sell than to save—seeing that that which he sold was his own and not the patrimony of the Dales. At his death the remainder of these purchases had gone. Family arrangements required completion, and Christopher Dale required ready money. The outlying farms flew away, as such new purchases had flown before; but the old patrimony of the Dales remained untouched, as it had ever remained.

It had been a religion among them; and seeing that the worship had been carried on without fail, that the vestal fire had never gone down upon the hearth, I should not have said that the Dales had walked their ways without high principle. To this religion they had all adhered, and the new heir had ever entered in upon his domain without other encumbrances than those with which he himself was then already burdened. And yet there had been no entail. The idea of an entail was not in accordance with the peculiarities of the Dale mind. It was necessary to the Dale religion that each squire should have the power of wasting the acres of Allington,—and that he should abstain from wasting them. I remember to have dined at a house, the whole glory and fortune of which depended on the safety of a glass goblet. We all know the story. If the luck of Edenhall should be shattered the doom of the family would be sealed. Nevertheless I was bidden to drink out of the fatal glass, as were all guests in that house. It would not have contented the chivalrous mind of the master to protect his doom by lock and key and padded chest. And so it was with the Dales of Allington. To them an entail would have been a lock and key and a padded chest; but the old chivalry of their house denied to them the use of such protection.

I have spoken something slightly of the acquirements and doings of the family; and indeed their acquirements had been few and their doings little. At Allington, Dale of Allington had always been known as a king. At Guestwick, the neighbouring market town, he was a great man—to be seen frequently on Saturdays, standing in the market-place, and laying down the law as to barley and oxen among men who knew usually more about barley and oxen than did he. At Hamersham, the assize town, he was generally in some repute, being a constant grand juror for the county, and a man who paid his way. But even at Hamersham the glory of the Dales had, at most periods, begun to pale, for they had seldom been widely conspicuous in the county, and had earned no great reputation by their knowledge of jurisprudence in the grand jury room. Beyond Hamersham their fame had not spread itself.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.

They had been men generally built in the same mould, inheriting each from his father the same virtues and the same vices,—men who would have lived, each, as his father had lived before him, had not the new ways of the world gradually drawn away with them, by an invisible magnetism, the upcoming Dale of the day,—not indeed in any case so moving him as to bring him up to the spirit of the age in which he lived, but dragging him forward to a line in advance of that on which his father had trodden. They had been obstinate men; believing much in themselves; just according to their ideas of justice; hard to their tenants—but not known to be hard even by the tenants themselves, for the rules followed had ever been the rules on the Allington estate; imperious to their wives and children, but imperious within bounds, so that no Mrs. Dale had fled from her lord's roof, and no loud scandals had existed between father and sons; exacting in their ideas as to money, expecting that they were to receive much and to give little, and yet not thought to be mean, for they paid their way, and gave money in parish charity and in county charity. They had ever been steady supporters of the Church, graciously receiving into their parish such new vicars as, from time to time, were sent to them from King's College, Cambridge, to which establishment the gift of the living belonged;—but, nevertheless, the Dales had ever carried on some unpronounced warfare against the clergyman, so that the intercourse between the lay family and the clerical had seldom been in all respects pleasant.

Such had been the Dales of Allington, time out of mind, and such in all respects would have been the Christopher Dale of our time, had he not suffered two accidents in his youth. He had fallen in love with a lady who obstinately refused his hand, and on her account he had remained single; that was his first accident. The second had fallen upon him with reference to his father's assumed wealth. He had supposed himself to be richer than other Dales of Allington when coming in upon his property, and had consequently entertained an idea of sitting in Parliament for his county. In order that he might attain this honour he had allowed himself to be talked by the men of Hamersham and Guestwick out of his old family politics, and had declared himself a liberal. He had never gone to the poll, and, indeed, had never actually stood for the seat. But he had come forward as a liberal politician, and had failed; and, although it was well known to all around that Christopher Dale was in heart as thoroughly conservative as any of his forefathers, this accident had made him sour and silent on the subject of politics, and had somewhat estranged him from his brother squires.

In other respects our Christopher Dale was, if anything, superior to the average of the family. Those whom he did love he loved dearly. Those whom he hated he did not ill-use beyond the limits of justice. He was close in small matters of money, and yet in certain family arrangements he was, as we shall see, capable of much liberality. He endeavoured to do his duty in accordance with his lights, and had succeeded in

weaning himself from personal indulgences, to which during the early days of his high hopes he had become accustomed. And in that matter of his unrequited love he had been true throughout. In his hard, dry, unpleasant way he had loved the woman; and when at last he learned to know that she would not have his love he had been unable to transfer his heart to another. This had happened just at the period of his father's death, and he had endeavoured to console himself with politics, with what fate we have already seen. A constant, upright, and by no means insincere man was our Christopher Dale,—thin and meagre in his mental attributes, by no means even understanding the fulness of a full man, with power of eye-sight very limited in seeing aught which was above him, but yet worthy of regard in that he had realized a path of duty and did endeavour to walk therein. And, moreover, our Mr. Christopher Dale was a gentleman.

Such in character was the squire of Allington, the only regular inhabitant of the Great House. In person, he was a plain, dry man, with short grizzled hair and thick grizzled eyebrows. Of beard, he had very little, carrying the smallest possible gray whiskers, which hardly fell below the points of his ears. His eyes were sharp and expressive, and his nose was straight and well formed,—as was also his chin. But the nobility of his face was destroyed by a mean mouth with thin lips; and his forehead, which was high and narrow, though it forbade you to take Mr. Dale for a fool, forbade you also to take him for a man of great parts, or of a wide capacity. In height, he was about five feet ten; and at the time of our story was as near to seventy as he was to sixty. But years had treated him very lightly, and he bore few signs of age. Such in person was Christopher Dale, Esq., the squire of Allington, and owner of some three thousand a year, all of which proceeded from the lands of that parish.

And now I will speak of the Great House of Allington. After all, it was not very great; nor was it surrounded by much of that exquisite nobility of park appurtenance which graces the habitations of most of our old landed proprietors. But the house itself was very graceful. It had been built in the days of the early Stuarts, in that style of architecture to which we give the name of the Tudors. On its front it showed three pointed roofs, or gables, as I believe they should be called; and between each gable a thin tall chimney stood, the two chimneys thus raising themselves just above the three peaks I have mentioned. I think that the beauty of the house depended much on those two chimneys; on them, and on the mullioned windows with which the front of the house was closely filled. The door, with its jutting porch, was by no means in the centre of the house. As you entered, there was but one window on your right hand, while on your left there were three. And over these there was a line of five windows, one taking its place above the porch. We all know the beautiful old Tudor window, with its stout stone mullions and its stone transoms, crossing from side to side at a point much

nearer to the top than to the bottom. Of all windows ever invented it is the sweetest. And here, at Allington, I think their beauty was enhanced by the fact that they were not regular in their shape. Some of these windows were long windows, while some of them were high. That to the right of the door, and that at the other extremity of the house, were among the former. But the others had been put in without regard to uniformity, a long window here, and a high window there, with a general effect which could hardly have been improved. Then above, in the three gables, were three other smaller apertures. But these also were mullioned, and the entire frontage of the house was uniform in its style.

Round the house there were trim gardens, not very large, but worthy of much note in that they were so trim,—gardens with broad gravel paths, with one walk running in front of the house so broad as to be fitly called a terrace. But this, though in front of the house, was sufficiently removed from it to allow of a coach road running inside it to the front door. The Dales of Allington had always been gardeners, and their garden was perhaps more noted in the county than any other of their properties. But outside the gardens no pretensions had been made ~~to the grandeur~~ of a domain. ~~The~~ The pastures round the house were but pretty fields, in which timber was abundant. There was no deer-park at Allington; and though the Allington woods were well known, they formed no portion of a whole of which the house was a part. They lay away, out of sight, a full mile from the back of the house; but not on that account of less avail for the fitting preservation of foxes.

And the house stood much too near the road for purposes of grandeur, had such purposes ever swelled the breast of any of the squires of Allington. But I fancy that our ideas of rural grandeur have altered since many of our older country seats were built. To be near the village, so as in some way to afford comfort, protection, and patronage, and perhaps also with some view to the pleasantness of neighbourhood for its own inmates, seemed to be the object of a gentleman when building his house in the old days. A solitude in the centre of a wide park is now the only site that can be recognized as eligible. No cottage must be seen, unless the cottage orné of the gardener. The village, if it cannot be abolished, must be got out of sight. The sound of the church bells is not desirable, and the road on which the profane vulgar travel by their own right must be at a distance. When some old Dale of Allington built his house, he thought differently. There stood the church and there the village, and, pleased with such vicinity, he sat himself down close to his God and to his tenants.

As you pass along the road from Guestwick into the village you see the church near to you on your left hand; but the house is hidden from the road. As you approach the church, reaching the gate of it which is not above two hundred yards from the high road, you see the full front of the Great House. Perhaps the best view of it is from the churchyard. The lane leading up to the church ends in a gate, which is the entrance

into Mr. Dale's place. There is no lodge there, and the gate generally stands open,—indeed, always does so, unless some need of cattle grazing within requires that it should be closed. But there is an inner gate, leading from the home paddock through the gardens to the house, and another inner gate, some thirty yards farther on, which will take you into the farm-yard. Perhaps it is a defect at Allington that the farm-yard is very close to the house. But the stables, and the straw-yards, and the unwashed carts, and the lazy lingering cattle of the homestead, are screened off by a row of chestnuts, which, when in its glory of flower, in the early days of May, no other row in England can surpass in beauty. Had any one told Dale of Allington—this Dale or any former Dale—that his place wanted wood, he would have pointed with mingled pride and disdain to his belt of chestnuts.

Of the church itself I will say the fewest possible number of words. It was a church such as there are, I think, thousands in England—low, incommodious, kept with difficulty in repair, too often pervious to the wet, and yet strangely picturesque, and correct too, according to great rules of architecture. It was built with a nave and aisles, visibly in the form of a cross though with its arms clipped down to the trunk, with a separate chancel, with a large square short tower, and with a bell-shaped spire, covered with lead and irregular in its proportions. Who does not know the low porch, the perpendicular Gothic window, the flat-roofed aisles, and the noble old gray tower of such a church as this? As regards its interior, it was dusty; it was blocked up with high-backed ugly pews; the gallery in which the children sat at the end of the church, and in which two ancient musicians blew their bassoons, was all awry, and looked as though it would fall; the pulpit was an ugly useless edifice, as high nearly as the roof would allow, and the reading-desk under it hardly permitted the parson to keep his head free from the dangling tassels of the cushion above him. A clerk also was there beneath him, holding a third position somewhat elevated; and upon the whole things there were not quite as I would have had them. But, nevertheless, the place looked like a church, and I can hardly say so much for all the modern edifices which have been built in my days towards the glory of God. It looked like a church, and not the less so because in walking up the passage between the pews the visitor trod upon the brass plates which dignified the resting-places of the departed Dales of old.

Below the church, and between that and the village, stood the vicarage, in such position that the small garden of the vicarage stretched from the churchyard down to the backs of the village cottages. This was a pleasant residence, newly built within the last thirty years, and creditable to the ideas of comfort entertained by the rich collegiate body from which the vicars of Allington always came. Doubtless we shall in the course of our sojourn at Allington visit the vicarage now and then, but I do not know that any further detailed account of its comforts will be necessary to us.

Passing by the lane leading to the vicarage, the church and to the house, the high road descends rapidly to a little brook which runs through the village. On the right as you descend you will have seen the "Red Lion," and will have seen no other house conspicuous in any way. At the bottom, close to the brook, is the post-office, kept surely by the cross-eyed old woman in all those parts. Here the road passes through the water, the accommodation of a narrow wooden bridge having been afforded for those on foot. But before passing the stream, you will see a cross street, running to the left, as had run that other lane leading to the house. Here, as this cross street rises the hill, are the best houses in the village. The baker lives here, and that respectable woman, Mrs. Frummage, who sells ribbons, and toys, and soap, and straw bonnets, with many other things too long to mention. Here, too, lives an apothecary, whom the veneration of this and neighbouring parishes has raised to the dignity of a doctor. And here also, in the smallest but prettiest cottage that can be imagined, lives Mrs. Hearn, the widow of a former vicar, on terms, however, with her neighbour the squire which I regret to say are not as friendly as they should be. Beyond this lady's modest residence, Allington Street, for so the road is called, turns suddenly round towards the church, and at the point of the turn is a pretty low iron railing with a gate, and with a covered way, which leads up to the front door of the house which stands there. I will only say here, at this fug end of a chapter, that it is the Small House at Allington. Allington Street, as I have said, turns short round towards the church at this point, and there ends at a white gate, leading into the churchyard by a second entrance.

So much it was needful that I should say of Allington Great House, of the squire, and of the village. Of the Small House, I will speak separately in a further chapter.

CHAPTER II.

THE TWO PEARLS OF ALLINGTON.

"But Mr. Crosbie is only a mere clerk."

This sarcastic condemnation was spoken by Miss Lilian Dale to her sister Isabella, and referred to a gentleman with whom we shall have much concern in these pages. I do not say that Mr. Crosbie will be our hero, seeing that that part in the drama will be cut up, as it were, into fragments. Whatever of the magnificent may be produced will be diluted and apportioned out in very moderate quantities among two or more, probably among three or four, young gentlemen,—to none of whom will be vouchsafed the privilege of much heroic action.

"I don't know what you call a mere clerk, Lily. Mr. Fanfaron is a mere barrister, and Mr. Boyce is a mere clergyman." Mr. Boyce was the vicar of Allington, and Mr. Fanfaron was a lawyer who had made his way

over to Allington during the last assizes. "You might as well say that Lord De Guest is a mere earl."

"So he is,—only a mere earl. Had he ever done anything except have fat oxen, one wouldn't say so. You know what I mean by a mere clerk? It isn't much in a man to be in a public office, and yet Mr. Crosbie gives himself airs."

"You don't suppose that Mr. Crosbie is the same as John Eames," said Bell, who, by her tone of voice, did not seem inclined to undervalue the qualifications of Mr. Crosbie. Now John Eames was a young man from Guestwick, who had been appointed to a clerkship in the Income-tax Office, with eighty pounds a year, two years ago.

"Then Johnny Eames is a mere clerk," said Lily; "and Mr. Crosbie is—— After all, Bell, what is Mr. Crosbie, if he is not a mere clerk? Of course, he is older than John Eames; and, as he has been longer at it, I suppose he has more than eighty pounds a year."

"I am not in Mr. Crosbie's confidence. He is in the General Committee Office, I know; and, I believe, has pretty nearly the management of the whole of it. I have heard Bernard say that he has six or seven young men under him, and that——; but, of course, I don't know what he does at his office."

"I'll tell you what he is, Bell; Mr. Crosbie is a swell." And Lilian Dale was right; Mr. Crosbie was a swell.

And here I may perhaps best explain who Bernard was, and who was Mr. Crosbie. Captain Bernard Dale was an officer in the corps of Engineers, was the first cousin of the two girls who have been speaking, and was nephew and heir presumptive to the squire. His father, Colonel Dale, and his mother, Lady Fanny Dale, were still living at Torquay,—an effete, invalid, listless couple, pretty well dead to all the world beyond the region of the Torquay card-tables. He it was who had made for himself quite a career in the Nineteenth Dragoons. This he did by eloping with the penniless daughter of that impoverished earl, the Lord De Guest. After the conclusion of that event circumstances had not afforded him the opportunity of making himself conspicuous; and he had gone on declining gradually in the world's esteem,—for the world had esteemed him when he first made good his running with the Lady Fanny,—till now, in his slippered years, he and his Lady Fanny were unknown except among those Torquay Bath chairs and card-tables. His elder brother was still a hearty man, walking in thick shoes, and constant in his saddle; but the colonel, with nothing beyond his wife's title to keep his body awake, had fallen asleep somewhat prematurely among his slippers. Of him and of Lady Fanny, Bernard Dale was the only son. Daughters they had had; some were dead, some married, and one living with them among the card-tables. Of his parents Bernard had latterly not seen much; not more, that is, than duty and a due attention to the fifth commandment required of him. He also was making a career for himself, having obtained a commission in the Engineers, and being known

to all his compeers as the nephew of an earl, and as the heir to a property of three thousand a year. And when I say that Bernard Dale was not inclined to throw away any of these advantages, I by no means intend to speak in his dispraise. The advantage of being heir to a good property is so manifest,—the advantages over and beyond those which are merely fiscal,—that no man thinks of throwing them away, or expects another man to do so. Moneys in possession or in expectation do give a set to the head, and a confidence to the voice, and an assurance to the man, which will help him much in his walk in life,—if the owner of them will simply use them, and not abuse them. And for Bernard Dale I will say that he did not often talk of his uncle the earl. He was conscious that his uncle was an earl, and that other men knew the fact. He knew that he would not otherwise have been elected at the Beaufort, or at that most aristocratic of little clubs called Sebright's. When noble blood was called in question he never alluded specially to his own, but he knew how to speak as one of whom all the world was aware on which side he had been placed by the circumstances of his birth. Thus he used his advantage, and did not abuse it. And in his profession he had been equally fortunate. By industry, by a small but wakeful intelligence, and by some aid from patronage, he had got on till he had almost achieved the reputation of talent. His name had become known among scientific experimentalists, not as that of one who had himself invented a cannon or an antidote to a cannon, but as of a man understanding in cannons and well fitted to look at those invented by others; who would honestly test this or that antidote; or, if not honestly, seeing that such thin-minded men can hardly go to the proof of any matter without some pre-judgment in their minds, at any rate with such appearance of honesty that the world might be satisfied. And in this way Captain Dale was employed much at home, about London; and was not called on to build barracks in Nova Scotia, or to make roads in the Punjaub.

He was a small slight man, smaller than his uncle, but in face very like him. He had the same eyes, and nose, and chin, and the same mouth; but his forehead was better,—less high and pointed, and better formed about the brows. And then he wore moustaches, which somewhat hid the thinness of his mouth. On the whole, he was not ill-looking; and, as I have said before, he carried with him an air of self-assurance and a confident balance, which in itself gives a grace to a young man.

He was staying at the present time in his uncle's house, during the delicious warmth of the summer,—for, as yet, the month of July was not all past; and his intimate friend, Adolphus Crosbie, who was or was not a mere clerk as my readers may choose to form their own opinions on that matter, was a guest in the house with him. I am inclined to say that Adolphus Crosbie was not a mere clerk; and I do not think that he would have been so called, even by Lily Dale, had he not given signs to her that he was a "swell." Now a man in becoming a swell,—a swell of such an

order as could possibly be known to Lily Dale,—must have ceased to be a mere clerk in that very process. And, moreover, Captain Dale would not have been Damon to any Pythias, of whom it might fairly be said that he was a mere clerk. Nor could any mere clerk have got himself in either at the Beanfort or at Sebright's. The evidence against that former assertion made by Lily Dale is very strong; but then the evidence as to her latter assertion is as strong. Mr. Crosbie certainly was a swell. It is true that he was a clerk in the General Committee Office. But then, in the first place, the General Committee Office is situated in Whitehall; whereas poor John Eames was forced to travel daily from his lodgings in Burton Crescent, ever so far beyond Russell Square, to his dingy room in Somerset House. And Adolphus Crosbie, when very young, had been a private secretary, and had afterwards mounted up in his office to some quasi authority and senior-clerkship, bringing him in seven hundred a year, and giving him a status among assistant secretaries and the like, which even in an official point of view was something. But the triumphs of Adolphus Crosbie had been other than these. Not because he had been intimate with assistant secretaries, and was allowed in Whitehall a room to himself with an arm-chair, would he have been entitled to stand upon the rug at Sebright's and speak while rich men listened,—rich men, and men also who had handles to their names! Adolphus Crosbie had done more than make minutes with discretion on the papers of the General Committee Office. He had set himself down before the gates of the city of fashion, and had taken them by storm; or, perhaps, to speak with more propriety, he had picked the locks and let himself in. In his walks of life he was somebody in London. A man at the West End who did not know who was Adolphus Crosbie knew nothing. I do not say that he was the intimate friend of many great men; but even great men acknowledged the acquaintance of Adolphus Crosbie, and he was to be seen in the drawing-rooms, or at any rate on the staircases, of Cabinet Ministers.

Lilian Dale, dear Lily Dale—for my reader must know that she is to be very dear, and that my story will be nothing to him if he do not love Lily Dale—Lilian Dale had discovered that Mr. Crosbie was a swell. But I am bound to say that Mr. Crosbie did not habitually proclaim the fact in any offensive manner; nor in becoming a swell had he become altogether a bad fellow. It was not to be expected that a man who was petted at Sebright's should carry himself in the Allington drawing-room as would Johnny Eames, who had never been petted by any one but his mother. And this fraction of a hero of ours had other advantages to back him, over and beyond those which fashion had given him. He was a tall, well-looking man, with pleasant eyes and an expressive mouth,—a man whom you would probably observe in whatever room you might meet him. And he knew how to talk, and had in him something which justified talking. He was no butterfly or dandy, who flew about in the world's sun, warmed into prettiness by a sunbeam. Crosbie had his opinion on things,—on politics, on religion, on the philanthropic tendencies

of the age, and had read something here and there as he formed his opinion. Perhaps he might have done better in the world had he not been placed so early in life in that Whitehall public office. There was that in him which might have earned better bread for him in an open profession.

But in that matter of his bread the fate of Adolphus Crosbie had by this time been decided for him, and he had reconciled himself to fate that was now inexorable. Some very slight patrimony, a hundred a year or so, had fallen to his share. Beyond that he had his salary from his office, and nothing else; and on his income, thus made up, he had lived as a bachelor in London, enjoying all that London could give him as a man in moderately easy circumstances, and looking forward to no costly luxuries,—such as a wife, a house of his own, or a stable full of horses. Those which he did enjoy of the good things of the world would, if known to John Eames, have made him appear fabulously rich in the eyes of that brother clerk. His lodgings in Mount Street were elegant in their belongings. During three months of the season in London he called himself the master of a very neat hack. He was always well dressed, though never over-dressed. At his clubs he could live on equal terms with men having ten times his income. He was not married. He had acknowledged to himself that he could not marry without money; and he would not marry for money. He had put aside from him, as not within his reach, the comforts of marriage. But ——— We will not, however, at the present moment inquire more curiously into the private life and circumstances of our new friend Adolphus Crosbie.

After the sentence pronounced against him by Lillian, the two girls remained silent for awhile. Bell was, perhaps, a little angry with her sister. It was not often that she allowed herself to say much in praise of any gentleman; and, now that she had spoken a word or two in favour of Mr. Crosbie, she felt herself to be rebuked by her sister for this unwonted enthusiasm. Lily was at work on a drawing, and in a minute or two had forgotten all about Mr. Crosbie; but the injury remained on Bell's mind, and prompted her to go back to the subject. "I don't like those slang words, Lily."

"What slang words?"

"You know what you called Bernard's friend."

"Oh; a swell. I fancy I do like slang. I think it's awfully jolly to talk about things being jolly. Only that I was afraid of your nerves I should have called him stunning. It's so slow, you know, to use nothing but words out of a dictionary."

"I don't think it's nice in talking of gentlemen."

"Isn't it? Well, I'd like to be nice—if I knew how."

If she knew how! There is no knowing how, for a girl, in that matter. If nature and her mother have ~~not~~ done it for her there is no hope for her on that head. I think I ~~may~~ say that nature and her mother had been sufficiently efficacious for Lillian Dale in this respect.

"Mr. Crosbie is, at any rate, a gentleman, and knows how to make himself pleasant. That was all that I meant. Mamma said a great deal more about him than I did."

"Mr. Crosbie is an Apollo; and I always look upon Apollo as the greatest—you know what—that ever lived. I mustn't say the word, because Apollo was a gentleman."

At this moment, while the name of the god was still on her lips, the high open window of the drawing-room was darkened, and Bernard entered, followed by Mr. Crosbie.

"Who is talking about Apollo?" said Captain Dale.

The girls were both stricken dumb. How would it be with them if Mr. Crosbie had heard himself spoken of in those last words of poor Lily's? This was the rashness of which Bell was ever accusing her sister, and here was the result! But, in truth, Bernard had heard nothing more than the name, and Mr. Crosbie, who had been behind him, had heard nothing.

"As sweet and musical As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair," said Mr. Crosbie, not meaning much by the quotation, but perceiving that the two girls had been in some way put out and silenced.

"What very bad music it must have made," said Lily; "unless, indeed, his hair was very different from ours."

"It was all sunbeams," suggested Bernard. But by that time Apollo had served his turn, and the ladies welcomed their guests in the proper form.

"Mamma is in the garden," said Bell, with that hypocritical pretence so common with young ladies when young gentlemen call; as though they were aware that mamma was the object specially sought.

"Picking peas, with a sun bonnet on," said Lily.

"Let us by all means go and help her," said Mr. Crosbie; and then they issued out into the garden.

The gardens of the Great House of Allington and those of the Small House open on to each other. A proper boundary of thick laurel hedge, and wide ditch, and of iron spikes guarding the ditch, there is between them; but over the wide ditch there is a foot-bridge, and at the bridge there is a gate which has no key; and for all purposes of enjoyment the gardens of each house are open to the other. And the gardens of the Small House are very pretty. The Small House itself is so near the road that there is nothing between the dining-room windows and the iron rail but a narrow edge rather than border, and a little path made with round fixed cobble stones, not above two feet broad, into which no one but the gardener ever makes his way. The distance from the road to the house is not above five or six feet, and the entrance from the gate is shut in by a covered way. But the garden behind the house, on to which the windows from the drawing-room open, is to all the senses as private as though there were no village of Allington, and no road up to the church within a hundred yards of the lawn. The steeple of the church, indeed,

can be seen from the lawn, peering, as it were, between the yew-trees which stand in the corner of the churchyard adjoining to Mrs. Dale's wall. But none of the Dale family have any objection to the sight of that steeple. The glory of the Small House at Allington certainly consists in its lawn, which is as smooth, as level, and as much like velvet as grass has ever yet been made to look. Lily Dale, taking pride in her own lawn, has declared often that it is no good attempting to play croquet up at the Great House. The grass, she says, grows in tufts, and nothing that Hopkins, the gardener, can or will do has any effect upon the tufts. But there are no tufts at the Small House. As the squire himself has never been very enthusiastic about croquet, the croquet implements have been moved permanently down to the Small House, and croquet there has become quite an institution.

And while I am on the subject of the garden I may also mention Mrs. Dale's conservatory, as to which Bell was strenuously of opinion that the Great House had nothing to offer equal to it—"For flowers, of course, I mean," she would say, correcting herself; for at the Great House there was a grapery very celebrated. On this matter the squire would be less tolerant than as regarded the croquet, and would tell his niece that she knew nothing about flowers. "Perhaps not, uncle Christopher," she would say. "All the same, I like our geraniums best;" for there was a spice of obstinacy about Miss Dale,—as, indeed, there was in all the Dales, male and female, young and old.

It may be as well to explain that the care of this lawn and of this conservatory, and, indeed, of the entire garden belonging to the Small House, was in the hands of Hopkins, the head gardener to the Great House; and it was so simply for this reason, that Mrs. Dale could not afford to keep a gardener herself. A working lad, at ten shillings a week, who cleaned the knives and shoes, and dug the ground, was the only male attendant on the three ladies. But Hopkins, the head gardener of Allington, who had men under him, was as widely awake to the lawn and the conservatory of the humbler establishment as he was to the grapery, peach-walls, and terraces of the grander one. In his eyes it was all one place. The Small House belonged to his master, as indeed did the very furniture within it; and it was lent, not let, to Mrs. Dale. Hopkins, perhaps, did not love Mrs. Dale, seeing that he owed her no duty as one born a Dale. The two young ladies he did love, and also snubbed in a very peremptory way sometimes. To Mrs. Dale he was coldly civil, always referring to the squire if any direction worthy of special notice as concerning the garden was given to him.

All this will serve to explain the terms on which Mrs. Dale was living at the Small House,—a matter needful of explanation sooner or later. Her husband had been the youngest of three brothers, and in many respects the brightest. Early in life he had gone up to London, and there had done well as a land surveyor. He had done so well that Government had employed him, and for some three or four years he had enjoyed a

large income. But death had come suddenly on him, while he was only yet ascending the ladder ; and, when he died, he had hardly begun to realize the golden prospects which he had seen before him. This had happened some fifteen years before our story commenced, so that the two girls hardly retained any memory of their father. For the first five years of her widowhood, Mrs. Dale, who had never been a favourite of the squire's, lived with her two little girls in such modest way as her very limited means allowed. Old Mrs. Dale, the squire's mother, then occupied the Small House. But when old Mrs. Dale died, the squire offered the place rent-free to his sister-in-law, intimating to her that her daughters would obtain considerable social advantages by living at Allington. She had accepted the offer, and the social advantages had certainly followed. Mrs. Dale was poor, her whole income not exceeding three hundred a year, and therefore her own style of living was of necessity very unassuming ; but she saw her girls becoming popular in the county, much liked by the families around them, and enjoying nearly all the advantages which would have accrued to them had they been the daughters of Squire Dale of Allington. Under such circumstances it was little to her whether or no she were loved by her brother-in-law, or respected by Hopkins. Her own girls loved her and respected her, and that was pretty much all that she demanded of the world on her own behalf.

And uncle Christopher had been very good to the girls in his own obstinate and somewhat ungracious manner. There were two ponies in the stables of the Great House, which they were allowed to ride, and which, unless on occasions, nobody else did ride. I think he might have given the ponies to the girls, but he thought differently. And he contributed to their dresses, sending them home now and again things which he thought necessary, not in the pleasantest way in the world. Money he never gave them, nor did he make them any promises. But they were Dales, and he loved them ; and with Christopher Dale to love once was to love always. Bell was his chief favourite, sharing with his nephew Bernard the best warmth of his heart. About these two he had his projects, intending that Bell should be the future mistress of the Great House of Allington ; as to which project, however, Miss Dale was as yet in very absolute ignorance.

We may now, I think, go back to our four friends, as they walked out upon the lawn. They were understood to be on a mission to assist Mrs. Dale in the picking of the peas ; but pleasure intervened in the way of business, and the young people, forgetting the labours of their elder, allowed themselves to be carried away by the fascinations of croquet. The iron hoops and the sticks were fixed. The mallets and the balls were lying about ; and then the party was so nicely made up ! "I haven't had a game of croquet yet," said Mr. Crosbie. It cannot be said that he had lost much time, seeing that he had only arrived before dinner on the preceding day. And then the mallets were in their hands in a moment.

"We'll play sides, of course," said Lily. "Bernard and I'll play together." But this was not allowed. Lily was well known to be the queen of the croquet ground; and as Bernard was supposed to be more efficient than his friend, Lily had to take Mr. Crosbie as her partner. "Apollo can't get through the hoops," Lily said afterwards to her sister; "but then how gracefully he fails to do it!" Lily, however, had been beaten, and may therefore be excused for a little spite against her partner. But it so turned out that before Mr. Crosbie took his final departure from Allington he could get through the hoops; and Lily, though she was still queen of the croquet ground, had to acknowledge a male sovereign in that dominion.

"That's not the way we played at —," said Crosbie, at one point of the game, and then stopped himself.

"Where was that?" said Bernard.

"A place I was at last summer,—in Shropshire."

"Then they don't play the game, Mr. Crosbie, at the place you were at last summer,—in Shropshire," said Lily.

"You mean Lady Hartletop's," said Bernard. Now, the Marchioness of Hartletop was a very great person indeed, and a leader in the fashionable world.

"Oh! Lady Hartletop's!" said Lily. "Then I suppose we must give in;" which little bit of sarcasm was not lost upon Mr. Crosbie, and was put down by him in the tablets of his mind as quite undeserved. He had endeavoured to avoid any mention of Lady Hartletop and her croquet ground, and her ladyship's name had been forced upon him. Nevertheless, he liked Lily Dale through it all. But he thought that he liked Bell the best, though she said little; for Bell was the beauty of the family.

During the game Bernard remembered that they had especially come over to bid the three ladies to dinner at the house on that day. They had all dined there on the day before, and the girls' uncle had now sent directions to them to come again. "I'll go and ask mamma about it," said Bell, who was out first. And then she returned, saying, that she and her sister would obey their uncle's behest; but that her mother would prefer to remain at home. "There are the peas to be eaten, you know," said Lily.

"Send them up to the Great House," said Bernard.

"Hopkins would not allow it," said Lily. "He calls that a mixing of things. Hopkins doesn't like mixings." And then when the game was over, they sauntered about, out of the small garden into the larger one, and through the shrubberies, and out upon the fields, where they found the still lingering remnants of the hay-making. And Lily took a rake, and raked for two minutes; and Mr. Crosbie, making an attempt to pitch the hay into the cart, had to pay half-a-crown for his footing to the hay-makers; and Bell sat quiet under a tree, mindful of her complexion; whereupon Mr. Crosbie, finding the hay-pitching not much to his taste,

threw himself under the same tree also, quite after the manner of Apollo, as Lily said to her mother late in the evening. Then Bernard covered Lily with hay, which was a great feat in the jocosé way for him; and Lily in returning the compliment, almost smothered Mr. Crosbie,—by accident.

"Oh, Lily," said Bell.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, Mr. Crosbie. It was Bernard's fault. Bernard, I never will come into a hay-field with you again." And so they all became very intimate; while Bell sat quietly under the tree, listening to a word or two now and then as Mr. Crosbie chose to speak them. There is a kind of enjoyment to be had in society, in which very few words are necessary. Bell was less vivacious than her sister Lily; and when, an hour after this, she was dressing herself for dinner, she acknowledged that she had passed a pleasant afternoon, though Mr. Crosbie had not said very much.

CHAPTER III.

THE WIDOW DALE OF ALLINGTON.

As Mrs Dale, of the Small House, was not a Dale by birth, there can be no necessity for insisting on the fact that none of the Dale peculiarities should be sought for in her character. These peculiarities were not, perhaps, very conspicuous in her daughters, who had taken more in that respect from their mother than from their father; but a close observer might recognize the girls as Dales. They were constant, perhaps obstinate, occasionally a little uncharitable in their judgment, and prone to think that there was a great deal in being a Dale, though not prone to say much about it. But they had also a better pride than this, which had come to them as their mother's heritage.

Mrs. Dale was certainly a proud woman,—not that there was anything appertaining to herself in which she took a pride. In birth she had been much lower than her husband, seeing that her grandfather had been almost nobody. Her fortune had been considerable for her rank in life, and on its proceeds she now mainly depended; but it had not been sufficient to give any of the pride of wealth. And she had been a beauty; according to my taste, was still very lovely; but certainly at this time of life, she, a widow of fifteen years' standing, with two grown-up daughters, took no pride in her beauty. Nor had she any conscious pride in the fact that she was a lady. That she was a lady, inwards and outwards, from the crown of her head to the sole of her feet, in head, in heart, and in mind, a lady by education and a lady by nature, a lady also by birth in spite of that deficiency respecting her grandfather, I hereby state as a fact—*meo periculo*. And the squire, though he had no special love for her, had recognized this, and in all respects treated her as his equal.

But her position was one which required that she should either be very proud or else very humble. She was poor, and yet her daughters moved in a position which belongs, as a rule, to the daughters of rich men only. This they did as nieces of the childless squire of Allington, and as his nieces she felt that they were entitled to accept his countenance and kindness, without loss of self-respect either to her or to them. She would have ill done her duty as a mother to them had she allowed any pride of her own to come between them and such advantage in the world as their uncle might be able to give them. On their behalf she had accepted the loan of the house in which she lived, and the use of many of the appurtenances belonging to her brother-in-law; but on her own account she had accepted nothing. Her marriage with Philip Dale had been disliked by his brother the squire, and the squire, while Philip was still living, had continued to show that his feelings in this respect were not to be overcome. They never had been overcome; and now, though the brother-in-law and sister-in-law had been close neighbours for years, living as one may say almost in the same family, they had never become friends. There had not been a word of quarrel between them. They met constantly. The squire had unconsciously come to entertain a profound respect for his brother's widow. The widow had acknowledged to herself the truth of the affection shown by the uncle to her daughters. But yet they had never come together as friends. Of her own money matters Mrs. Dale had never spoken a word to the squire. Of his intention respecting the girls the squire had never spoken a word to the mother. And in this way they had lived and were living at Allington.

The life which Mrs. Dale led was not altogether an easy life,—was not devoid of much painful effort on her part. The theory of her life one may say was this—that she should bury herself in order that her daughters might live well above ground. And in order to carry out this theory, it was necessary that she should abstain from all complaint or show of uneasiness before her girls. Their life above ground would not be well if they understood that their mother, in this underground life of hers, was enduring any sacrifice on their behalf. It was needful that they should think that the picking of peas in a sun bonnet, or long readings by her own fire-side, and solitary hours spent in thinking, were specially to her mind. “Mamma doesn't like going out.” “I don't think mamma is happy anywhere out of her own drawing-room.” I do not say that the girls were taught to say such words, but they were taught to have thoughts which led to such words, and in the early days of their going out into the world used so to speak of their mother. But a time came to them before long,—to one first and then to the other, in which they knew that it was not so, and know also all that their mother had suffered for their sakes.

And in truth Mrs. Dale could have been as young in heart as they were. She, too, could have played croquet, and have coquetted with a haymaker's rake, and have delighted in her pony, ay, and have

listened to little nothings from this and that Apollo, had she thought that things had been conformable thereto. Women at forty do not become ancient misanthropes, or stern Rhadamanthine moralists, indifferent to the world's pleasures—no, not even though they be widows. There are those who think that such should be the phase of their minds. I profess that I do not so think. I would have women, and men also, young as long as they can be young. It is not that a woman should call herself in years younger than her father's Family Bible will have her to be. Let her who is forty call herself forty; but if she can be young in spirit at forty, let her show that she is so.

I think that Mrs. Dale was wrong. She would have joined that party on the croquet ground, instead of remaining among the pea-sticks in her sun bonnet, had she done as I would have counselled her. Not a word was spoken among the four that she did not hear. Those pea-sticks were only removed from the lawn by a low wall and a few shrubs. She listened, not as one suspecting, but simply as one loving. The voices of her girls were very dear to her, and the silver ringing tones of Lily's tongue were as sweet to her ears as the music of the gods. She heard all that about Lady Hartletop, and shuddered at Lily's bold sarcasm. And she heard Lily say that mamma would stay at home and eat the peas, and said to herself sadly that that was now her lot in life.

"Dear darling girl,—and so it should be!"

It was thus her thoughts ran. And then, when her car had traced them, as they passed across the little bridge into the other grounds, she returned across the lawn to the house with her burden on her arm, and sat herself down on the step of the drawing-room window, looking out on the sweet summer flowers and the smooth surface of the grass before her.

Had not God done well for her to place her where she was? Had not her lines been set for her in pleasant places? Was she not happy in her girls,—her sweet loving, trusting, trusty children? As it was to be that her lord, that best half of herself, was to be taken from her in early life, and that the springs of all the lighter pleasures were to be thus stopped for her, had it not been well that in her bereavement so much had been done to soften her lot in life and give it grace and beauty? 'Twas so, she argued with herself, and yet she acknowledged to herself that she was not happy. She had resolved, as she herself had said often, to put away childish things, and now she pined for those things which she so put from her. As she sat she could still hear Lily's voice as they went through the shrubbery,—hear it when none but a mother's ears would have distinguished the sound. Now that those young men were at the Great House it was natural that her girls should be there too. The squire would not have had young men to stay with him had there been no ladies to grace his table. But for her,—she knew that no one would want her there. Now and again she must go, as otherwise her very existence, without going, would be a thing disagreeably noticeable. But there was

no other reason why she should join the party ; nor in joining it would she either give or receive pleasure. Let her daughters eat from her brother's table and drink of his cup. They were made welcome to do so from the heart. For her there was no such welcome as that at the Great House,—nor at any other house, or any other table !

“Mamma will stay at home to eat the peas.”

And then she repeated to herself the words which Lily had spoken, sitting there, leaning with her elbow on her knee, and her head upon her hand.

“Please, ma'am, cook says, can we have the peas to shell ?” and then her reverie was broken.

Whereupon Mrs. Dale got up and gave over her basket. “Cook knows that the young ladies are going to dine at the Great House ?”

“Yes, ma'am.”

“She needn't mind getting dinner for me. I will have tea early.” And so, after all, Mrs. Dale did not perform that special duty appointed for her.

But she soon set herself to work upon another duty. When a family of three persons has to live upon an income of three hundred a year, and, nevertheless, makes some pretence of going into society, it has to be very mindful of small details, even though that family may consist only of ladies. Of this Mrs. Dale was well aware, and as it pleased her that her daughters should be nice and fresh, and pretty in their attire, many a long hour was given up to that care. The squire would send them shawls in winter, and had given them riding habits, and had sent them down brown silk dresses from London,—so limited in quantity that the due manufacture of two dresses out of the material had been found to be beyond the art of woman, and the brown silk garments had been a difficulty from that day to this,—the squire having a good memory in such matters, and being anxious to see the fruits of his liberality. All this was doubtless of assistance, but had the squire given the amount which he so expended in money to his nieces, the benefit would have been greater. As it was the girls were always nice and fresh and pretty, they themselves not being idle in that matter ; but their tire-woman in chief was their mother. And now she went up to their room and got out their muslin frocks, and—but, perhaps, I should not tell such tales !—She, however, felt no shame in her work, as she sent for a hot iron, and with her own hands smoothed out the creases, and gave the proper set to the crimp flounces, and fixed a new ribbon where it was wanted, and saw that all was as it should be. Men think but little how much of this kind is endured that their eyes may be pleased, even though it be but for an hour.

“Oh ! mamma, how good you are,” said Bell, as the two girls came in, only just in time to make themselves ready for returning to dinner.

“Mamma is always good,” said Lily. “I wish, mamma, I could do the same for you oftener,” and then she kissed her mother. But the squire was exact about dinner, so they dressed themselves in haste, and went off

again through the garden, their mother accompanying them to the little bridge.

"Your uncle did not seem vexed at my not coming?" said Mrs. Dale.

"We have not seen him, mamma," said Lily. "We have been ever so far down the fields, and forgot altogether what o'clock it was."

"I don't think uncle Christopher was about the place, or we should have met him," said Bell.

"But I am vexed with you, mamma. Are not you, Bell? It is very bad of you to stay here all alone, and not come."

"I suppose mamma likes being at home better than up at the Great House," said Bell, very gently; and as she spoke she was holding her mother's hand.

"Well; good-by, dears. I shall expect you between ten and eleven. But don't hurry yourselves if anything is going on." And so they went, and the widow was again alone. The path from the bridge ran straight up towards the back of the Great House, so that for a moment or two she could see them as they tripped on almost in a run. And then she saw their dresses flutter as they turned sharp round, up the terrace steps. She would not go beyond the nook among the laurels by which she was surrounded, lest any one should see her as she looked after her girls. But when the last flutter of the pink muslin had been whisked away from her sight, she felt it hard that she might not follow them. She stood there, however, without advancing a step. She would not have Hopkins telling how she watched her daughters as they went from her own home to that of her brother-in-law. It was not within the capacity of Hopkins to understand why she watched them.

"Well, girls, you're not much too soon. I think your mother might have come with you," said uncle Christopher. And this was the manner of the man. Had he known his own wishes he must have acknowledged to himself that he was better pleased that Mrs. Dale should stay away. He felt himself more absolutely master and more comfortably at home at his own table without her company than with it. And yet he frequently made a grievance of her not coming, and himself believed in that grievance.

"I think mamma was tired," said Bell.

"Hem. It's not so very far across from one house to the other. If I were to shut myself up whenever I'm tired—— But never mind. Let's go to dinner. Mr. Crosbie, will you take my niece Lillian." And then, offering his own arm to Bell, he walked off to the dining-room.

"If he scolds mamma any more, I'll go away," said Lily to her companion; by which it may be seen that they had all become very intimate during the long day that they had passed together.

Mrs. Dale, after remaining for a moment on the bridge, went into her tea. What succedaneum of mutton chop or broiled ham she had for the roast duck and green peas which were to have been provided for the family dinner we will not particularly inquire. We may, however

imagine that she did not devote herself to her evening repast with any peculiar energy of appetite. She took a book with her as she sat herself down,—some novel, probably, for Mrs. Dale was not above novels,—and read a page or two as she sipped her tea. But the book was soon laid on one side, and the tray on which the warm plate had become cold was neglected, and she threw herself back in her own familiar chair, thinking of herself, and of her girls, and thinking also what might have been her lot in life had he lived who had loved her truly during the few years that they had been together.

It is especially the nature of a Dale to be constant in his likings and his dislikings. Her husband's affection for her had been unswerving,—so much so that he had quarrelled with his brother because his brother would not express himself in brotherly terms about his wife; but, nevertheless, the two brothers had loved each other always. Many years had now gone by since these things had occurred, but still the same feelings remained. When she had first come down to Allington, she had resolved to win the squire's regard, but she had now long known that any such winning was out of the question; indeed, there was no longer a wish for it. Mrs. Dale was not one of those soft-hearted women who sometimes thank God that they can love any one. She could once have felt affection for her brother-in-law,—affection, and close, careful, sisterly friendship; but she could not do so now. He had been cold to her, and had with perseverance rejected her advances. That was now seven years since; and during those years Mrs. Dale had been, at any rate, as cold to him as he had been to her.

But all this was very hard to bear. That her daughters should love their uncle was not only reasonable, but in every way desirable. He was not cold to them. To them he was generous and affectionate. If she were only out of the way, he would have taken them to his house as his own, and they would in all respects have stood before the world as his adopted children. Would it not be better if she were out of the way?

It was only in her most dismal moods that this question would get itself asked within her mind, and then she would recover herself, and answer it stoutly with an indignant protest against her own morbid weakness. It would not be well that she should be away from her girls,—not though their uncle should have been twice a better uncle; not though, by her absence, they might become heiresses of all Allington. Was it not above everything to them that they should have a mother near them? And as she asked of herself that morbid question,—wickedly asked it, as she declared to herself,—did she not know that they loved her better than all the world beside, and would prefer her caresses and her care to the guardianship of any uncle, let his house be ever so great? As yet they loved her better than all the world beside. Of other love, should it come, she would not be jealous. And if it should come, and should be happy, might there not yet be a bright evening of life for her—

self? If they should marry, and if their lords would accept her love, her friendship, and her homage, she might yet escape from the deathlike coldness of that Great House, and be happy in some tiny cottage, from which she might go forth at times among those who would really welcome her. A certain doctor there was, living not very far from Allington, at Guestwick, as to whom she had once thought that he might fill that place of son-in-law,—to be well-beloved. Her quiet, beautiful Bell had seemed to like the man; and he had certainly done more than seem to like her. But now, for some weeks past, this hope, or rather this idea, had faded away. Mrs. Dale had never questioned her daughter on the matter; she was not a woman prone to put such questions. But during the month or two last past, she had seen with regret that Bell looked almost coldly on the man whom her mother favoured.

In thinking of all this the long evening passed away, and at eleven o'clock she heard the coming steps across the garden. The young men had, of course, accompanied the girls home; and as she stepped out from the still open window of her own drawing-room, she saw them all on the centre of the lawn before her.

"There's mamma," said Lily. "Mamma, Mr. Crosbie wants to play croquet by moonlight."

"I don't think there is light enough for that," said Mrs. Dale.

"There is light enough for him," said Lily, "for he plays quite independently of the hoops; don't you, Mr. Crosbie?"

"There's very pretty croquet light, I should say," said Mr. Crosbie, looking up at the bright moon; "and then it is so stupid going to bed."

"Yes, it is stupid going to bed," said Lily; "but people in the country are stupid, you know. Billiards, that you can play all night by gas, is much better, isn't it?"

"Your arrow falls terribly astray there, Miss Dale, for I never touch a cue; you should talk to your cousin about billiards."

"Is Bernard a great billiard player?" asked Bell.

"Well, I do play now and again; about as well as Crosbie does croquet. Come, Crosbie, we'll go home and smoke a cigar."

"Yes," said Lily; "and then, you know, we stupid people can go to bed. Mamma, I wish you had a little smoking-room here for us. I don't like being considered stupid." And then they parted,—the ladies going into the house, and the two men returning across the lawn.

"Lily, my love," said Mrs. Dale, when they were all together in her bed-room, "it seems to me that you are very hard upon Mr. Crosbie."

"She has been going on like that all the evening," said Bell.

"I'm sure we are very good friends," said Lily.

"Oh, very," said Bell.

"Now, Bell, you're jealous; you know you are." And then, seeing that her sister was in some slight degree vexed, she went up to her and kissed her. "She shan't be called jealous; shall she, mamma?"

"I don't think she deserves it," said Mrs. Dale.

"Now, you don't mean to say that you think I meant anything," said Bell. "As if I cared a buttercup about Mr. Crosbie."

"Or I either, Lily."

"Of course you don't. But I do care for him very much, mamma. He is such a duck of an Apollo. I shall always call him Apollo: Phœbus Apollo! And when I draw his picture he shall have a mallet in his hand instead of a bow. Upon my word I am very much obliged to Bernard for bringing him down here; and I do wish he was not going away the day after to-morrow."

"The day after to-morrow!" said Mrs. Dale. "It was hardly worth coming for two days."

"No, it wasn't,—disturbing us all in our quiet little ways just for such a spell as that,—not giving one time even to count his rays."

"But he says he shall perhaps come again," said Bell.

"There is that hope for us," said Lily. "Uncle Christopher asked him to come down when he gets his long leave of absence. This is only a short sort of leave. He is better off than poor Johnny Eames. Johnny Eames only has a month, but Mr. Crosbie has two months just whenever he likes it; and seems to be pretty much his own master all the year round besides."

"And uncle Christopher asked him to come down for the shooting in September," said Bell.

"And though he didn't say he'd come I think he meant it," said Lily. "There is that hope for us, mamma."

"Then you'll have to draw Apollo with a gun instead of a mallet."

"That is the worst of it, mamma. We shan't see much of him or of Bernard either. They wouldn't let us go out into the woods as beaters, would they?"

"You'll make too much noise to be of any use."

"Should I? I thought the beaters had to shout at the birds. I should get very tired of shouting at birds, so I think I'll stay at home and look after my clothes."

"I hope he will come, because uncle Christopher seems to like him so much," said Bell.

"I wonder whether a certain gentleman at Guestwick will like his coming," said Lily. And then, as soon as she had spoken the words, she looked at her sister, and saw that she had grieved her.

"Lily, you let your tongue run too fast," said Mrs. Dale.

"I didn't mean anything, Bell," said Lily. "I beg your pardon."

"It doesn't signify," said Bell. "Only Lily says things without thinking." And then that conversation came to an end, and nothing more was said among them beyond what appertained to their toilet, and a few last words at parting. But the two girls occupied the same room, and when their own door was closed upon them, Bell did allude to what had passed with some spirit.

"Lily, you promised me," she said, "that you would not say anything more to me about Dr. Croft."

"I know I did, and I was very wrong. I beg your pardon, Bell; and I won't do it again,—not if I can help it."

"Not help it, Lily!"

"But I'm sure I don't know why I shouldn't speak of him,—only not in the way of laughing at you. Of all the men I ever saw in my life I like him best. And only that I love you better than I love myself I could find it in my heart to grudge you his ——"

"Lily, what did you promise just now?"

"Well; after to-night. And I don't know why you should turn against him."

"I have never turned against him or for him."

"There's no turning about him. He'd give his left hand if you'd only smile on him. Or his right either,—and that's what I should like to see; so now you've heard it."

"You know you are talking nonsense."

"So I should like to see it. And so would mamma too, I'm sure; though I never heard her say a word about him. In my mind he's the finest fellow I ever saw. What's Mr. Apollo Crosbie to him? And now, as it makes you unhappy, I'll never say another word about him."

As Bell wished her sister good-night with perhaps more than her usual affection, it was evident that Lily's words and eager tone had in some way pleased her, in spite of their opposition to the request which she had made. And Lily was aware that it was so.

A Summer Night on the Thames.

If only the Summer would not make a man so melancholy ! If only it would be a little less bountiful, and fill the mind with no more than it will hold ! The overmuch of pleasure is pain ; and thought is confusion, and inspiration a heart-ache, when they possess us without measure. These midsummer dreams, there is no good in them ; unless, indeed, they are like vernal rains, meant to sink into the soil and feed the everyday springs of contemplation. Meanwhile, however, the flood is too great : it is very difficult sometimes of an August evening to keep one's head above water, and not to look ghostly or daft in the eyes of the maid who brings the candles in.

This should have been a pleasant afternoon. It was hot, and hazy, and still : the great garden here, viewed from my window, looked like the very eye of nature, veiled in a soft and kindly dream. It was so hot, and hazy, and still, that I could but consent when my other me whispered in his quiet way, "Come, let us do as Sydney Smith said he did on another summer day ; let us take off our flesh and sit in our bones." Of course this was a merely figurative expression ; it only meant that we should strike work, cast the slough of worldly cares, denude ourselves of the flesh and the devil, and be nothing but alive as we lay in the sun :—

"Lo ! in the middle of the wood
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow,
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo ! sweetened with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days
The flower ripens in its place ;
Ripens and fades and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast rooted in the fruitful soil.
All things have rest ; why should we toil alone ? "

Let us eat of the lotus, and slumber with wide open eyes till the end of the day.

This is an appeal which the born idler easily defers to ; so we went into the garden—I and my other me. At closer quarters the earth still looked like a dreaming eye ; and going softly, I watched to see if our mortal and material presence would dispel the dream. Not they, no more than the one little bird and its shadow that flew over the lawn. We did not dispel

the dream, the dream absorbed us. "All things were taken from us; we became portions and parcels" of the drowsy day. What was to be seen we saw, indeed, and heard what could be heard: but an ineffable distance and silence lay between, making the barking of a dog poetical and giving pathos to the soughing of a scythe. The sunshine glared like brass upon the ground. The air was a sea of eager light, over which, very high up, a few white clouds floated lazily. The broad fans of the chestnut drooped in the heat, and only once, as I have said, a bird flew by. And there were scarcely more breezes than birds about; only a little puff here and there was left to drowse in a tree-top or shake the last petals from the roses. The leaves of the limes had begun to fall; they sighed together as they were blown along the grass. The heat was made vocal by the humming of invisible multitudes of flies—a noise upon which the sounds of the scythe, so cold and far away, broke gratefully. It was nothing that the gardener appeared, wheeling before him a funereal heap of weeds and fallen leaves; he made a natural part of the scene, and only added another thought to the thoughtful silence. Even when Kitty came to spread her newly-washed bibs and tuckers on a distant permitted corner of grass, she and her laundry work brought no discord in, but the contrary. It was good to see her large strong beautiful figure going backward and forward with the dish held up to her bosom, or stooping gracefully here and there as she spread her cloths in the sun. Her white arms were bare to the shoulder, but her face was shaded by a sun-bonnet so long and large that one could only see her roundest, whitest chin now and then as the lappets moved back in the wind; a monstrous poke—a poke so large and long that when she would look straight forward she had to throw back her head like a deer. I would not for a hatful of guineas tell her what I think—that a duchess might be proud of her grace, that a poet might make a hundred verses about her beautiful large white hand alone. Why should she know it? She is a serving-maid, and loves an unlovely serving man. She is a piece of lowly, sweet, contented life; and so it was that she brought new harmony to mingle with the concord there—the lazy sunshine, the falling leaves, the sough of the scythe, the busy humming air.

Now in all this there was much to fill a man's mind with pleasant and wholesome contemplations; and if that had been all, all had been well. But, as for us, we could not avoid the overmuch—the vague, half-languid half-fretful pain of thoughts that swell in the heart and die away unknown. No doubt they are willing to speak and be known. Sometimes they seem to linger in dumb wistfulness for the voice we cannot give them: we cannot, and, fainting away, they leave only their sadness behind. At last it is as if the mind were full of eyes, and the eyes full of unutterable meaning: and that is very like torture.

To be sure we—I and my other me, who is rampant on such occasions—were not brought to this pass till the dusk had fallen; the most favourable time for those eyes—especially as we had now gone back to the book-

room, and sat looking out of its one big window. What we saw was very much the same in sentiment: instead of dreaming in the sun, the garden slept under the light of all the stars. I think I never beheld so many stars: this was on the first of August, eighteen hundred and sixty-two. And the eyes looking up to the stars, and the stars looking down into the eyes — it was impossible to allow the maid to bring candles in.

After a little while of this, and when I found my heart going and stopping in sympathetic disorder, it became clear that I should have a bad night with my other me unless I took immediate provision against him. This other one—I am unwilling to trouble the world much with him, though the trouble he gives me is untold. It is he who almost persuades me to be a Christian. It is he who says prayers, though he knows how unhappy it makes me all the while. It is he who beguiles me under church walls when the children are singing within—me, miserable! It is he who, sometimes, when I wake in the night, prevails upon me to consider myself a dead man, that he may once more count over our little store of virtues, examine our robe of faith, and see how far we are capable of undertaking the journey to heaven. To no sinner is this a joyful employment. Virtues!—we miserly count the store—it diminishes: the cheats and hypocrites which infest every human heart steal them away. And as to our robe of faith, two things are necessary for the preservation of that garment; to wear it often in the sun, and to keep out metaphysical moth. Now we do contrive to baffle the moth, but that is all. Our faith is laid so long in lavender that it smells of the earth; so that if we were stopped on the journey it would be easy to tell from what planet we came. Finding ourselves in this condition, my other me, ashamed and trembling, makes good resolutions: there is yet time, our virtues shall be increased, and our robe of faith will at least bear patching.

At this point we should probably go to sleep again contented: but now—(this is not a psychological fancy, invented for literary purposes, but actual experience)—the Devil's Advocate starts up, and my other me has to dispute my merits, and especially our new resolutions, with him. This is a sardonic spirit which lodges, so far as I make out, just over my right eye; a demon subtle, keen, strong, with whom contention is vain. He will allow us no single good—not even that we believe: he smites every pretension with swift and murderous replies. In vain we show that we at least have kept the talents confided to us, and plead that we may use them yet: he laughs over them and they are turned to dead leaves—the devil's image is on every piece. Many a night have I been torn by these contentions, and more and more I wonder whence comes the masterful spirit to listen to whom is condemnation—who, if eternal life depended upon our pleading, could easily snore it away, though one good deed might save us, or one pure thought. When a saint is made in the Roman Church, this same process of argument over the departed soul is carried on, they say. There is a council, and the departed soul is placed naked in the midst. Then one churchman, who is heaven's

advocate, and another who is the Devil's advocate, contend for him, disputing his good and his evil. On these occasions the Enemy is ~~always~~ worsted—he retires. My Enemy is always victorious: that is the preference. Here are two voices contending within me. I do, indeed, recognize one of them as belonging to my better self, and hearken with a perfect sympathy of heart and intellect while the poor soul urges so vehemently whatever he can say for us. When *he* is going to speak, I am conscious of what is coming; a flash of intelligence precedes the whispering words. But the other is strange. It may be a voice in the air. It may be, for aught I know, a veritable demon, born ten thousand years ago and come from the uttermost star, who answers, and who cannot be answered again. There is no stir in the heart, no spark struck in the brain before he speaks; and I miss that reverberation in the mind that always follows upon the utterance of our own thoughts. His sarcasms strike like lightning from the deepest dark; and I am blinded, and my other me stands stripped and scathed without knowing from what quarter of the sky the flash comes. We have no such artillery. We have in fact no chance at all with the Enemy; though this comfort remains, that my better self often knows he is right even when most signally beaten—even when brought to such a pass that he can only cry, "It is true! it is true!" in piteous desperation, while his adversary tramples him under foot with triumphant laughter. The end is always the same. We give in, weary of a dispute so awful, so momentous, and so dangerous too. I cease playing dead man, and say to my other me, "Contend no more. This Mocker is the same who disputed with Martin Luther in his solitary stone chamber, and would have overthrown even him, if at the critical moment he had not found presence of mind to hurl an inkstand at the Devil's head. Luther said it was Satan himself, you know, come to wrestle with him, and there are the inkstains on his chamber wall to attest the story. Depend upon it, 'twas no personal devil, but this Voice that makes a frantic coward of you. Be at peace. Let us sleep. And by-and-by, if I can find a convenient publisher, we'll throw an inkstand at the scoffer's head too."

This is why I feared I should have a bad night with my other me. The Devil's Advocate is a most uneasy bed-fellow, a deranger of the nerves, a disturber of sleep, an invincible bully that affrights our dearest hopes and makes our purest thoughts ashamed: altogether, a companion not to be encouraged. I am resolved to be rid of him, if I can, with a perpetual "Get thee behind me:" and yet on this summer night he began again to stir, and my poor foolish soul to flutter round the flame. The longer I paced up and down the dark room, the oftener we looked out upon the trees and the fields, and the stars that shed down on them their emerald light, the greater was the danger. The fascination of time and scene grew momentarily; they had brought to me the overmuch of pleasure which is pain, the measureless dumb thought which is confusion, the inspiration which is nothing but a heart-ache. To have done with them became almost a necessity. I tried the piano—(still in the gloom)—thinking to play them

away, perhaps; but before I had touched a dozen chords my fingers dropped in foolish ineffectual silence over the keys. This was not the way to escape from the great wistful eyes I have spoken of; it was the way to bring them out upon the darkness round about, so as to be seen of one's actual vision. Should we walk in the garden again? I lifted the window—not a leaf moved; and it seemed probable, from the hushed, expectant look of things, that if I went down there, I might evaporate altogether, and that Nature might make a breeze of me. Beyond, lay quiet fields and pools; and a mile or two beyond them, London, the great city itself, beneath a sweltering haze of gas-light. Shining amidst the haze was a coronet, which at that distance seemed scarcely too big for the Queen; but in fact it was the crown of the Thames—London Bridge and its lamps. Under the bridge the river flows in blackest darkness; an hour upon that, I think, would be composing enough. "Nay, I tell you what," said I to my other me, "we'll spend the night on it. Look what a night it is! We won't lay awake here, waiting for the morning; we'll go and meet it down the river."

If the Dear Reader has ever been in such mental difficulties as I have not half described, and if he remembers what a lovely still night it was, he will regard this as rather a good notion. Here was something to do—something that pleased me because it was pleasant, and my other me because it was strange; while as for the Devil's Advocate, it settled him very satisfactorily.

By this time it was ten o'clock; at eleven, a lean but a contented man passed along the walls of the Archbishop's Palace at Lambeth, down to the river stairs there. The tide had little more than an hour to run out, and very wicked, and sly, and cold looked the stream, as it flowed sluggishly past the too-adjacent mud-bank. It was like nothing so much as an overworked black slave, stealing down to murder in its sleep the city that oppressed it. A furnace on the opposite bank had given it a great red eye, which blinked treacherously, and most treacherous was the sound of that constant whispering. There is a muddy siren in that river, I am persuaded. When I was a boy (with a boy's imagination, to be sure), I sometimes had to cross one of the bridges at night; and often, after stopping to listen to the sough of the waters as they played about the piers below, I would hurry into the road, and go over that way; for I heard too much, and was tempted to jump in. That is a long time ago; I am not to be whispered into the water now: and the last siren who gave me any concern is the mother of several high-and-dry children by this time.

Since gentlemen who have immediate dealings with the Enemy pass through the world unchallenged, it is not to be supposed that one whose direct intercourse with him—or I hope so—is confined to an occasional conversation, should be suspected. But when I went into an old weather-worn river-side public-house, and asked for a boatman who would take

me to meet Aurora in the Essex marshes, I certainly was not looked upon as a thing of course. Not that I put my demand into that form, but a much less poetical, a much more intelligible one; and yet many pipes came out of mouths that did not soon enter them again. I was a surprise, manifestly, and only hoped I did not look like an ingenious *felo de se*. At length an old boatman came from a corner, respectfully representing that he was my man, and I concurred with him: a man who for forty-five years had earned his bread on the silent highway—upon whose face history had written; it was pathetic with the memory of “the old Vauxhall times, sir, when the swells used to bring their Ladies on their backs to the stairs there, and pitch ‘em in at five shillings a fare.” Such a man can hold his tongue. He takes my fee; I follow him down the slimy stairs, we enter a battered ~~old boat~~, and push off upon the river. “Good-night, Dick!” bawls a voice from the bank. “Good-night!” shouts my boatman, in reply; and what with the darkness and silence round about, the treacherous-glancing stream, the slow and heavy plashing of the oars, I declare the greeting sounds to me very solemn and meaningful indeed.

In fact, and to be candid, my other me likes the beginning of the journey a great deal better than I do; but then there are important differences between us. It is for him to soar into the Infinite—to wander in the Profound; I can't swim. Still, I acknowledge the fascinations of a soft sensation of danger—the charm of peeping into eternity—of standing within an inch of death. At all times we are as near as that indeed, but the fact doesn't come home to us at all times; it does, however, when you sit on a plank at midnight, with a deep, dark, ever hungry river washing under you. I've tried it, and I don't think a storm at sea—cordage shrieking, ship stunned and staggering—a bit more suggestive than the pull under Waterloo Bridge as the clocks strike twelve. The white-capped waves roaring down, piling and piling till they break with a thud upon the ship, are pleasanter to look on than the waters of the Thames at midnight—black, slow-undulating, slimy, like a shark's back. The calm of the river, the inevitable slow roll of its waters in the hollow dark, without haste, without rest, are more awful than the wildest tumults of the sea. By day a river is a good-enough image of life; by night it looks like very death indeed.

However, one becomes accustomed to that too, at last; and by the time we had escaped the ken of the red eye, and had passed the bars of light which the bridge-lamps throw down upon the Thames at Westminster, I had no more personal considerations. The flesh itself was satisfied. Gently rocked, slowly drawn along, my very carcase soon found an enjoyment in the situation; in the luxury of suspended senses, in the sleepy delight of floating with all its conscious life in jeopardy and yet secure.

O boatman! if you will talk, then will I not listen. What do I care about the time when you drank nothing but gin-and-water? I am

thinking of all sorts of waters in other places. Of the brook that "to the sleeping wood all night singeth a quiet tune." Of a sandy catuary where an hour or two ago solitary long-legged birds were standing, ruminant of a period when there were fewer naturalists and a more undisturbed catching of fish. Of fountains that trickle in little moist ferny dells. Of mountain tarns like bits of the blue above us, full of as many stars and more solemn than it. But, after all, this stream is as worthy of contemplation as any of those others; though just hereabout, perhaps, where muddy wharves huddle, and barges grovel on the banks, and flaring lights of gas-houses and glass-houses show how sordid the waters are, its poetry is turned into sad laborious prose. It is for this the fountains rose—how many?—a hundred miles away—just as our little life began fifty times a hundred days ago, and meant nothing, and was nothing. Especially was nothing to do. Ah, those days for you and for me, O river!—when we weren't big enough to do anything but chatter and run about, and had no moral responsibilities. You cannot remember, of course, when you hadn't a thought—I mean a fish—in you; no more can I; but what a wonder it was when they first appeared, flashing hither and thither so swiftly that we were conscious of little more than the ripple they made, or lying shy under a stone! Those were the fellows, my dear Thames, those shy ones, that got fattest—generally by gobbling the others up. That is the way with thoughts as well as fishes—and heaven knows what beside. By the time we had played through the meadows, and past the school, how many of those original little fishes were left to us? Yours were poisoned, for the most part—so were some of mine; and some died, and some thrive as well as they can, and they are all my store; I cook them for dinner every day.

But altogether—(how fast the meteors are falling to-night!)—we who are men and not rivers have the worst of it. So many miles, so many years from first to last—from when you, O most human of tidal streams! sprawled on your mother's bosom and I on mine—compare them, and it will appear that we have far less youth and a far greater period of labour than you: as for the rest, I only hope my declining days may be as many as yours—and I take them to begin as far from the end of your career as Tilbury. However, that depends upon the point to which the sea comes up—where life begins to be mingled with the salt waters of Eternity. At Richmond, you, O Thames! had little thought of that great bourn, though you hurried down to it so gaily; nor I at nineteen. Enough for you were your grassy slopes, the trees that stood in the way and kissed you, hiding your inevitable path to Putney and pollution; enough for me my dreams, my aspirations, my life, my love. O life! O love! Vile Thames, would that you and I, a muddy philosopher, could go back this night to Richmond and nineteen, carrying back the night too, to its evening. There in the dusk would I find my love; and we would kiss once more under the trees that kiss you; while the world again went round with a whisper—whispering, "O life! O love!"

The oars splash, the tide runs on. The tide has the river, and Time has me. That is not the sound of oars, it is the beating of his wings, and down we go to the sea. Well, then (as I said before), I only hope I also shall find it a far cry from Tilbury. My life is too much like this stream here—turbid with the passions that stir in its earthy bed, foul with lingering about the wharves: I would not be poured into eternity headlong as I am. May I not leave the City of Destruction behind me too, before that happens—broaden out from day to day, and flow at last into the mighty sea, my life already mingled with its waters? You know, my other me! that they *do* come up to us as we grow old; and I'll try to behave myself and help you to meet them kindly.

("Now if, after that, we get foul of a tow-rope, or run into something in the Pool here, and get drowned, that's * * * * !")

Do you hear? that is the Enemy! Mockers, I know you, and hate you!

("Of course you do. It's so dark!")

We'll have no more to say to him, dear reader; and I hope you have no such familiar. Let us think of something else. Let us look at the ships that crowd together here in the Pool. Quite a forest of masts, I declare. And many of those beautiful vessels carry nothing but coals. And the ripples that wash their sides flowed this morning by the grave of the Fair Rosamond. Rosamond, where is all thy beauty now?

"Dites moy où, n'en quel pays
Est Flora, la belle Romaine,
Archipiada, ne Thais,
Qui fut sa cousine germaine ?
Echo parlant, quand bruyt on m'èno
Dessus rivièrre ou sus estan
Qui beauté eut trop plus qu' humaine ?
Mais où sont les neiges d'autan ?

"La royne blanche comme ung lys,
Qui chantait à voix cytène,
Berthe aux grands piés, Bétris, Allys,
Harembourge qui tint la Mainc,
Et Jehanne le bonne Lorraine,
Qu' Anglois brûlèrent à Rouen—
Où sont ils, vierge souveraine ?
Mais où sont les neiges d'autan ?

Oui, oui, Monsieur Villon, where are the snows of other years?

"That's French!" says the boatman, resting on his oars: an indistinct figure. "I do believe, now, I've heard a huncle of mine sing that very song. I had a huncle, sir, seven year in French prison. Took off a man-of-war. And when he come home, his pigtail were that long that the end on it went into his breeches pocket. All his own nateral back-hair, sir!"

We have got rid of the Devil's Advocate *once* more. Mr. Boatman's

story and Monsieur Villon's rhymes have banished him. Perhaps the excitement of collision with a mighty outswEEPing barge-oar, which Mr. Boatman ran against in the warmth of anecdote, also contributed to this result.

We pull into Limehouse Reach, and London is left behind. All this while there has been nothing to see but the sky above, so thickly strewn with stars, the shimmering black water below, and on either side barges stranded, sulky-sleeping ships, and a dark low-squatting bank of quays and wharves indistinguishable. Our boat is the only moving thing on the river; and the silence is unbroken save by the sound of our own oars. A little while since, indeed, the music of some tavern-fiddler, the shrill, melancholy piping of some poor woman singing at a tap-room window for coppers (she had a voice once, and wore ribbons, and sang inside for love), floated out upon the still warm air. These were the only sounds that reached us from all that vast city—these thin, miserable voices, but I hear them still. To be sure, we are miles away from the haunts they made vocal. The fiddler's asleep with his fiddle, the woman has taken her "Heart bowed Down" to her garret and her six small children (may her coppers be many!), but their sad piping and scraping seem to linger in the air yet. There is a pathetic meaning in those ghostly sounds, more than one can readily understand, suggesting as they do all that *might* be heard. Silent as the great city seems—only one fiddler audible—what a tumult is going on there! How many sighs are breaking from how many hearts, each thinking itself the most sorrowful in all the world? How many are crying for joy, for hate, hunger, love, money? Children weeping themselves into the world, and being wept out of it: plotters whispering, poets raving, anger shrieking, guilt confessing in passionate prayers: the suspirations of hope, the laughter of fools, the kisses of sin, the cries of death. It is better not to hear all this—but it is heard. Why, how many acres of street are there in that hypocritical black mass? And how many houses, and how many souls in them? And how many houses, think you, are not haunted, and how many souls that are at peace? By day all's well; we clatter about our business with an indifferent, great noise, and the ghosts keep out of sight. But when the night comes, and we are secret, upstairs walk the ghosts, and our true voices speak. Grief sobs, and greed chuckles, and we talk over our dark little affairs to ourselves—(we *must* speak outright sometimes)—and that is what is going on now in the city which looks so innocently fast asleep.

And it is all heard. We, Mr. Boatman, can only distinguish a fiddler's fiddling and a woman's singing; but there are ears at the hive which hear every sigh, every whisper. Altogether, what a terrible humming it must be! I almost think I can see it rising up to the sky. That dull haze hanging over the town, surely it is the host of phantoms spawned into the air from so many aching heads and teeming hearts—every thought, every wish taking shape, and ascending into the weltering throng of ghosts above. What a spectacle it is! The dead returning,

lovers embracing, parents murdered, wives treacherous, thefts, poisonings, a thousand scenes of shame, a thousand hypocritical villainies!—I will look back no more. There are eyes enough to behold all this—you, O stars, so bright and many! And there are numerous other congeries of mankind for your contemplation; but then you can always turn for refreshment to quiet fields, and woods, and hills. Even while you look upon the wicked haze behind here, you peep also into the ferny dells aforesaid, and bathe your vision in the brook. That I cannot do; and the one sight is too much without the other.

It is long past midnight. We pull over "the top of the tide" at Greenwich, and now the flood is coming in again. The river broadens and deepens—growing more solemn and more lovely as the wharves disappear and the vessels are fewer. But the wharves we do see are gaunter and blacker—skeletons of ships lying between them. Lights, hanging from the masts here and there, shine with a friendly human look upon the darkness. Sails come gliding in, rather spectral-like; and the silence is broken by the seaman's melancholy cry—"Ho-i! Aho-i!"—as his anchor chains go clinking through the hawseholes. The stars shine, the tide flows, the banks fall back and are lost; heavy and slow is the plashing of our oars. The river speaks no longer in prose suited to the apprehension of muddy philosophers; it is like a line of poetry, full of meanings that echo to each other infinitely, but almost too fine for apprehension even. Ask me not to catch them for you, dear reader, for I can't: go to Mr. Tennyson. In fact, I shall think no more for you; the night and the river shall now think for me, and any farther communication shall remain a secret between us. I lie and listen only—to "music that gentlier on the spirit lies than tired eyelids upon tired eyes." And ah!—

"How sweet it is, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes, ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half dream;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy."

* * * * *

There a cold bright breeze went by—the morning is very near. Already the stars have gone—all save one or two big and bold-eyed ones, which look very handsome but not quite modest. Now another wind; the earth wakes and looks eastward with expectant cold grey eyes. Another breath, more gentle and kindly, and there breaks the dawn! Soft olive light trembles over the marshes, ruddy fleecy gather above the hills. The darkness is rolled back upon us—there is an end of our midsummer night's dreaming.

Take, O boatman! thrice thy fee; a far greater number of spirits than you have any conception of have passed with me.

Our Survey of Literature, Science, and Art.

CERTAIN books have an indirect interest, personal or historical, which renders them more attractive than many that are intrinsically better. The *Poems of Arthur Clough*, for example, claim but a very modest place as poems, but they are attractive as the writings of a man of sweet, sincere, sensitive nature, and of high culture. A poet he was not; neither by the grace of God, nor by the acquired cunning of ambitious culture, could he become a singer; and it is mere rhetorical evasion in his friendly biographer, to say that "Clough *lived his poem instead of writing it.*" Yet the feeling which prompted this evasion *suggests* the source of interest we feel in this volume; it is the intense conviction, produced in friends, of some supreme excellence which Clough *might* have achieved, ~~ought~~ to have achieved, but somehow *did not*. In a word, he was one of ~~the~~ prospectuses which never become works: one of that class whose unwritten poems, undemonstrated discoveries, or untested powers, are confidently announced as certain to carry everything before them, when they appear. Only they never do appear. Sometimes attempts are made; they fail, and the failure is "explained," the attempts being repudiated as any real indication of the man's genuine powers. "Under happier circumstances," we are assured . . . as if the very seal and sign of genius were not precisely the regal superiority to circumstances, making them aids and ministers to success, instead of becoming their captive and slave!

We hear on many sides the freest scorn of all the imperfect workers who have at least done something; who have achieved some success, though not by faultless works; and this scorn is often uttered by men who announce an unknown paragon *about* to achieve great things. It is also curious to remark how very rarely the unknown man, who suddenly leaps into fame by a splendid deed, or by a noble work, was much believed in by his friends. The man of genius, even after he has proved his power, usually disappoints spectators. "He looks so very different from what I should have expected." His figure is unimposing; his head is so far from ideal; his trousers are decidedly ill-cut; and although there is perhaps no demonstrable relation between the cut of trousers and the intellectual power, somehow or other men cannot help feeling disappointed. And if this is the case *after* success, how much more so will it be before the genius has proved itself? There appeared an article in the *New York Tribune* the other day, describing General Stonewall Jackson, which is so much to our present point that we quote an extract. How McClellan, who had never been in battle, came to be regarded as the "Young Napoleon," we have not here to inquire; this is the appear-

ance of the general, who has proved himself to have no little of the Napoleonic dash and rapidity :—

"Stonewall Jackson is everywhere described as a 'slow man' intellectually, even dull. Some say he was a tedious professor, and all agree that he has a creeping look. And yet, if you ask them now what they mean by that, they say they do not know; 'all they do know is that he is obstinate as a mule, and plucky as a bulldog,' which means just nothing of a man whose prime quality is celerity, quick conclusions, and startling execution; who, as a soldier, is as rapid as he is wary, abounding in surprises, brave almost to rashness, and inventive almost to romance. As for his outer man, he looks at least seven years older than he is; his height about five feet ten inches; his figure thick-set, square-shouldered, and decidedly clumsy; his gait very awkward, stooping, and with long strides. He often walks with his head somewhat on one side, and his eyes fixed upon the ground, imparting to his whole appearance that abstracted quality which young ladies describe as 'absent-minded.' A lady who has known him long and well has told me that she never saw him on horseback without laughing—short stirrups, knees cramped up, heels stuck out behind, and chin on his breast—a most unmilitary phenomenon. In society he is quiet, but cheerful; not loquacious, but intelligent and shrewd; in religion the bluest kind of a Presbyterian, and extremely strict in his church observances. In Winchester he took a very active part in revivals, and habitually led the 'Union' prayer meetings."

A friendly biographer might say of M'Clellan, that he "lived his victory instead of gaining it;" but in spite of biographers, the world will persist in awarding superiority to the men who achieve success. Had Arthur Clough never written a line, we could have better understood the expectations of his friends. But he has written enough to furnish a tolerably decisive estimate of his quality. As a man, he was doubtless loveable and loved; as a writer, he can claim but a very modest place. He was thoughtful and cultivated, and all thoughtful, cultivated minds will recognize this in his poems. They will also recognize a sincere and sensitive nature, shrinking from the rough and ready acquiescences of conventional beliefs, and withdrawing from the conflicts of life, conscious of being unfitted for them. But as to poetry, there is little or none. The nearest approach to poetry is perhaps in the following :—

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships becalmed at eve, that lay,
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, up sprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
 Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
 Brief absence joined anew, to feel
 Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
 And onward each, rejoicing, stered—
 Ah, neither blame, for neither willed
 Or wist what first with dawn appeared !

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
 Brave barks ! In light, in darkness, too,
 Through winds and tides one compass guides—
 To that, and your own selves, be true.

But oh, blithe breeze ! and oh, great seas,
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
 One purpose hold where'er they fare—
 Oh, bounding breeze ! oh, rushing seas !
 At last, at last, unite them there !

We shall have misled the reader if he have understood us to say that this volume is only interesting as an example of the actual work achieved by a man who greatly impressed his friends. It is interesting, though less so, for its own sake. The verses are not good, but they are far from commonplace. They express real thoughts and real feelings, and in the *Bothie of Tober na Vuolich* there is considerable promise; for, in spite of its being exclusively a bit of Oxford-student life, in spite of its intentional imitations of Homer and Goethe, and its classical allusions, there is enough humour and fancy, and enough originality, to make it popular in a wider circle, and suggest that the writer, in ripening years, might have produced a remarkable work in prose. His later writings, however, are inferior to it.

Another of the prospectuses which never become works was Maurice de Guérin, whose *Journals, Lettres, et Poèmes*, published with an introduction by Sainte Beuve, form one of the most delightful French books we have read for a long while; one which has the rare and, in French literature, inestimable merit of being perfectly pure. He died in youth. The splendid opportunity of early death secures a fame, which it is very doubtful whether he could have achieved had he lived. His poems seem to us without great promise; but his journals and letters reveal a nature so poetic, so sensitive, so pious, and so vacillating and feeble, that while we read them our sympathies are deeply engaged. Very charming is the sketch given of La Chenaie, when Lamennais (then in the first fervour of his reforming zeal, and before his disastrously romantic pilgrimage to Rome), Lacordaire, Gerbet, and others, formed a little college for the rearing of true sons of the Church: charming his pictures of Brittany, and of the poet's

home there, where, in the company of his poetic host and wife, he retired from the tumult of the world: still more charming is the picture of deep friendship, amounting to passion, which existed between three or four of the young men in his circle. We have said that his poems seem to us of little value; but many passages of his journal are eminently poetic, and deserve a place among the finest passages of "word-painting" which recent French literature has produced. The influence of Wordsworth is very traceable. Altogether, it is a book to be looked after.

Count Agénor de Gasparin, an energetic abolitionist, has written a book, *America before Europe* (translated by Mary Booth), to persuade Europe that the present struggle going on in America is singly and wholly a slavery quarrel, and that the North must inevitably be victorious in this struggle. His abilities are not equal to the task; but his heart is in the book, and he obviously desires to be as impartial as his strong convictions will permit him. Unhappily, the book is only an expanded article. It contains no new information; nor is there a skilful and exhaustive marshalling of old facts. It is all declamation and argument. Probably, in North America, it may find a public. We doubt whether Europe will pay much attention to it. The translation is poor; at times unintelligible.

Now, while people are rushing to the Spas of France, Belgium, and Germany, in search of health, after the strenuous London season, Dr. Julius Althaus, a German physician, some time established in London, offers them a valuable companion in the shape of a volume on *The Spas of Europe*. It is not a guide-book. It is not a sketch of the frivolities of Spa life. It is silent about promenades, balls, and gaming-tables. It is an elaborate compilation of all the scientific knowledge hitherto gained respecting the nature and composition of the several waters, and of all that is known (or *supposed*, we might more rigorously say) respecting their physiological action, and their uses in various maladies. The book is well timed and well done.

A philosophical work of some pretension has been published anonymously, under the title of *An Inquiry into the Theories of History*. It is written with remarkable ability, and, considering its polemical spirit, with excellent temper. The style is perhaps too oratorical, and has the *stérile abundance* of the public speaker anxious to enforce his views by giving as many expressions as he can think of, and anxious to "round his sentences;" but it is always animated, and at times felicitous. The author groups all attempts to explain historical phenomena under three heads—the theory of Chance, the theory of Law, and the theory of Will. The first theory affirms that all events happen by chance, "in mere succession as regards time, in mere contiguity as regards place, without order or design, without coherence or connection, without mutual dependence or relation. The second is, that events happen according to law; law fixed and invariable, necessitating the most stable order; law final and absolute, the ultimate and highest conception of the human mind. The third is that events happen according to law, fixed and invariable, necessitating the most

stable order; but that that law, instead of being the ultimate and highest conception of the human mind, is the expression of a Supreme Will."

He examines these theories *seriatim*, criticising the two first and advocating the last. The chief portion of his book is devoted to a guerilla warfare with Auguste Comte and the positive school generally; and the stronghold from which all his sorties are made is the position that the anti-theistic positivism of Comte is not thoroughly positive, that in affirming law and denying a lawgiver, Comte sins against the principles of true positivism. The criticism of Comte's opinions is sometimes just, sometimes ingenious, but not unfrequently, on cardinal points, inconsiderate and superficial. The volume gives ample proof of metaphysical acuteness; and yet at times there are passages which we can only account for as proceeding from inexperience in metaphysical discussions. It would lead us beyond our limits, and beyond the regions of thought traversed in this magazine, to discuss such points. As a sample of what we cannot but consider his hasty criticism, we select one which admits of discussion here. Comte dwells on the state of intellectual and social anarchy which now prevails, owing to the absence of any doctrine, any system of thought, commanding general allegiance. Our author cites this to prove that Comte is inconsistent with his own views respecting the regulation of all events by invariable law. An intellectual anarchy, we are told, "is in a philosophical, positive, and scientific sense, the exact opposite of what must be conceived as the natural and necessary effect of the operation of invariable law. It is the product and proof of chance; but chance is utterly abhorrent to all M. Comte's conceptions." The argument by which this strange proposition is supported is that unless the phenomena pronounced "anarchical" in their tendency are the natural products of the laws of thought under given combinations of circumstances, they must have arisen at hap-hazard. If the former, they are not anarchical, because they exist under law, are the products of law. To expose the fallacy, we need only substitute the idea of an epidemic for that of intellectual anarchy. The author will admit the propriety of a biologist's affirming that all the phenomena which are manifested by the animal organism are subject to law, are the direct products of law; and that nevertheless a certain combination of circumstances may result in a destructive epidemic, every phenomenon of which is strictly referable to invariable organic law, although the effects are, biologically, as anarchical as the effects of scepticism, socialism, or any other mental epidemic.

Not to dwell longer on our points of difference with this author, we may, with this caveat, commend the work to all who are interested in the interesting topic. One good service his book will certainly effect—that, namely, of fastening the attention of its readers on the great fundamental problems of historical science; and especially of rooting out the lingering acquiescence in some of the many forms of the belief in chance. He well says that "even in the minds of those who possess philosophic, scientific, or religious culture, a lurking scepticism of the prevalence of order, a

lurking belief in the prevalence of disorder in certain departments of nature, thought, and action, is sometimes found to exist : and this unconfessed, and almost unconscious, scepticism or misbelief can be thoroughly dislodged, and a perfect accordance re-established between theory and life, between speculation and practice, only by falling back and resting on first principles."

SCIENCE.

The Antiquity of Man.—Among the deeply-interesting, and therefore hotly-contested, questions mooted in scientific circles, is that of the antiquity of our race, and especially in reference to the evidence of a lower type of organization in the earlier specimens of the race. Sir Charles Lyell's work on this subject is awaited with impatience. Meanwhile almost every week furnishes some new fact for speculators. Recently there have been several discoveries of human remains, which, if not decisively assignable to the period considered by geologists as coeval with the deposition of the glacial drift, are at any rate coeval with extinct mammalia. The pre-historic existence of man is decided by the discovery of his remains with *Bos primigenius*, *Bos longifrons*, &c. Such is the case with the human skull found in the Turbary deposits at Muskharn, in the Trent Valley. (See *The Geologist* for June.) Among several peculiarities in this skull there is one which is startling, namely, the oblique direction of the *foramen magnum* (the aperture through which the spinal chord passes), which is such as to powerfully impress the anatomist with the suspicion that the man in question was not perfectly *erect*, but had his head set on his shoulders very much in the manner of the chimpanzee and gorilla; and the evidence of a powerful nuchal ligament tends to the same suspicion. It is needless to say that no valid conclusion can be founded on a single skull, and that skull imperfect. It may be an abnormal conformation; and if such a conformation were observed in a modern skull, it would be observed without surprise, since we know how numerous and extraordinary the variations frequently are. Still it is curious that out of the three earliest skulls, one should so strongly resemble the gorilla in a character always insisted on, and justly, as distinguishing the apes from man.

Two Anatomical Discoveries.—Whether it be that the human species is making a step on Darwinian principles, towards the acquirement of some new organs, for which preparations are commencing (and which may land us in the ten or hundred thousandth future generation in the possession of wings), or whatever other account of the fact is to be rendered, certain it is, that cases have of late occurred of the presence, in the human subject, of supernumerary muscles of the chest. Very remarkable instances of the occurrence of three such supernumerary muscles, now for the first time observed and described, are given in the Transactions of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg, recently published, on the authority of Dr.

Wenzel Gruber. The most important and conspicuous of them rejoices in the euphonious name of "*Tensor semivaginis articulationis humero-scapularis*," and connects the upper portion of the sternum, or breast-bone, with the upper end of the humerus, near the acromion. It is by no means a feeble muscle, and must evidently impart material additional strength to the inward contraction of the shoulders. The other two are insignificant and so little conspicuous that they might easily be overlooked.

We have to note a second discovery, not indeed of a newly acquired organ, but of an unsuspected nervous apparatus of considerable importance. In 1857, Meissner detected a complete nervous apparatus lying under the mucous layer of the intestines. Leopold Auerbach has just now detected another and even more important nervous plexus lying between the muscular walls of the whole intestine from the pylorus downwards—a plexus of nerves and ganglia, which he finds in man, mammalia, and birds. It may seem strange that in an organ so incessantly explored by the scalpel and microscope two nervous apparatus should so long have been overlooked; and as Meissner's discovery was stoutly contested for some time, no doubt this of Auerbach will meet with the same opposition; but we have great confidence in Auerbach's accuracy, and anatomical discoveries are, fortunately, capable of rigorous demonstration. When the memoir appears in which the methods of preparation and manipulation are fully explained, anatomists will be able to decide for themselves. At present it is premature to speculate as to the function of this apparatus.

Atmosphere of the Stars.—In our July number we gave a brief account of the most astounding discovery of recent times, that, namely, of the *spectrum analysis*, which reveals the presence in the sun's atmosphere of several elements of our own globe. An easy step on the ladder of induction would extend this conclusion to the fixed stars; but to make such a step effectual, it is necessary to possess means of forming spectra of their light sufficiently luminous and definite to allow a clear view (sufficiently so for precise measurement) of the principal fixed lines, if any, which they exhibit. This, however, is a matter of no ordinary difficulty. Fraunhofer's attempts, so far as they go, afford little support to the conclusion of identity in the nature and ultimate sources of their light. He found, he says, three distinctly visible broad lines in the spectrum of Sirius, one in the green and two in the blue rays, offering no resemblance to those in the solar spectrum, while in that of Castor a line was seen by him in the green, previously situated as that in the green of Sirius; but the two lines in the blue, though visible, too feeble for measurement. In the spectra of Capella, Pollux, α Orionis, and possibly also of Procyon, he was able to identify the remarkable line D. (the double line of the soda flame), and also *b*, as occupying the same place as in the solar spectrum. In this state the subject has rested, with no persevering or consecutive attempts to follow it up (for some attempts of M. Lamont at Munich appear to have been defeated by the extremes

rarity of the requisite atmospheric conditions in that climate) until very lately. We have now before us, however, a memoir by Signor Donati (a name well-known to astronomers as that of the first discoverer of the great comet of 1858), who has arrived at a series of results highly calculated to renew its interest. It must be premised that the principal difficulty of the observations in question consists in forming a spectrum of the light of a star at once sufficiently *broad* to be able to distinguish *lines* crossing it—sufficiently *bright* to be sure of the colours (for our judgment of colours is most materially influenced by the degree of illumination), and sufficiently *pure* to exhibit the lines without overlapping. The first of these requisites was secured by Signor Donati, by concentrating the light of the star examined by means of the great burning lens in the Florentine Museum, constructed by Bergans, mounted equatorially—the same which served the academicians under Cosmo III., and more recently, in 1814, Sir H. Davy, for the combustion of the diamond. The requisite *breadth* of spectrum was obtained by the use of a cylindrical lens, placed nearly but not exactly in the focus of the large one; while the *purity* of the spectrum resulted from the extreme slenderness of the linear focal image so formed, which was viewed through a prism and telescope in the same manner nearly as is now generally adopted in spectrum experiments—a micrometric apparatus being adopted for the precise measurement of any fixed line, and its reference to a definite line in the solar light.

The stars examined by Sig. Donati* were Sirius, Lyra, Procyon, Regulus, Fomalhaut, Spica, Rigel, Castor, Altair, Capella, Arcturus, Pollux, Aldebaran, α Orionis, and Antares. In not one of their spectra were any lines coincident, or nearly coincident, with either of those denoted by Fraunhofer by the letters A, B, C, or D. Those of Aldebaran, α Orionis, and Antares, however, exhibited very distinct ones, nearly, but by no means exactly, corresponding with Fraunhofer's *b*, and differing very materially in place in the three spectra. On the other hand, all the above-named stars, Antares excepted, exhibited a line nearly corresponding with F (in the blue), and which, in the cases of Sirius, Lyra, Regulus, Fomalhaut, Castor, and Altair, was particularly conspicuous; in those of Procyon, Aldebaran, and α Orionis, less so, and in that of the last-named star somewhat ill-defined; while in those of Spica, Rigel, Capella, and Arcturus, though visible, it had very much less intensity. The line G was also represented, though still less approximatively, and with far more latitude of deviation in all the spectra but those of Spica, Rigel, Aldebaran, α Orionis, and Castor; but in the instance of Pollux only could the coincidence be called a close one.

In the spectrum of Spica a single line only (that near F) was noticed; in those of Regulus, Fomalhaut, Rigel, Castor, Altair, only two (F and G); in Sirius, Lyra, Procyon, besides these two, a third was seen, near the violet end of the spectrum, about half way between G and H, while in those of

* *Annale del Real Musseo Fiorentino*. Tom. 1. Serie seconda.

Arcturus and Aldebaran, a third line made its appearance in the yellow between D and E, at about two-thirds the distance from the former. In the case of only two stars, Capella and α Orionis, were so many as four lines distinctly observed and measured.

The wide difference between these results and those of Fraunhofer will not fail to be noticed. Signor Donati seems disposed to explain them away by the difficulty experienced in distinguishing *colours* in such feeble illuminations—as, after all, with his own powerful means of concentrating light, he appears to have found the colours very feeble. (Judging from our own experience, we should hardly assent to this as a general assertion.) Anyhow, this seems scarcely compatible with Fraunhofer's expressions, and we are still disposed to attribute much weight to them, ~~having had the advantage of inspecting his smaller apparatus and the large prism he was then preparing for the purpose, in his own atelier, at Munich, in the year 1824.~~ At all events we consider it highly ~~desirable~~ that such very material points of discrepancy between such ~~authorities~~ should be cleared up without delay.

Signor Donati, to account for the *near*, but far from *exact*, coincidence of the lines analogous to F, G, H, in the solar and the several sidereal spectra, has recourse to the very extreme, and we had supposed completely exploded, hypothesis of a specific difference of refrangibility between the lights of different stars. In corroboration he adduces discordances between the observed declinations of the stars examined, as settled by the *Cambridge* observations of the present Astronomer Royal for 1830, and those of Mr. Henderson at the Cape of Good Hope in 1833. These are very old dates to refer to in matters of such nicety. But admitting them to be decisive, and that they prove a difference in the co-efficient of atmospheric refraction in the several stars in general accordance with Signor Donati's views, it must be remembered that *achromatic* telescopes (such as astronomers use) collect images and afford places of sidereal objects, not by the specific refrangibilities of certain definite rays, as A, B, C, D, &c. of the spectrum, but by the average illuminative power of *the whole* spectrum, whatever its extent, and whatever its fixed lines and gradations of light; and this average is very evidently *not* identical for stars of all *colours*, so that, quite independent of the relative situation of any of the fixed lines in their spectra, an *average* difference of refrangibility for each star *must* exist.

As before remarked, we consider it most highly desirable not only that these discordances should be cleared up, but that the subject should be gone into with all the appliances that increased optical power, and increased delicacy of mechanism and manipulation, will admit. If we might be allowed a suggestion, we would propose, for the formation of the *image* of a star, a very large, colourless, equatorially mounted achromatic object-glass; for its dilatation into a *linear* spectrum, a prism of bisulphuret of carbon, of considerable area, placed *between* the object-glass and its focus, at such a distance as just to take in the whole pencil; and for the dilata-

tion of the linear spectrum into a coloured band, or riband of light on which the fixed lines are to be seen *as* lines, a vibratory motion to be communicated by any sufficiently delicate mechanism (a tuning-fork of a *very* low pitch, for example, properly connected with the telescope), the vibrations to take place in a plane transverse to the length of the spectrum.

Sun Spots and the Magnetic Needle.—If the relation between metals in the sun's atmosphere and lines across the rainbow band of the spectrum seem singular, what shall we say to the observed relation between the spots on the sun's disk and the magnetical condition of our globe? In the one case we have a clue; in the second we have none. In the one case we infer the existence of metals in the sun's atmosphere from the coincidence of the lines formed in the solar spectrum and the lines formed by incandescent metals in the artificial spectrum. In the second case we have *only* coincidences—the variations observed in the solar spots, and the variations in the magnetic needle; the *nexus* between them escapes conjecture. Nevertheless, within the limits of the actually known, all fresh suggestions constantly arise. It has been recently observed that the amount of *diurnal change* in the forces acting to disturb the horizontal needle from its mean direction at Greenwich, when taken on the average of each entire year at each successive hour of the twenty-four from 1848 to 1857, both inclusive (that is to say, ten entire years, or *almost a complete period of the solar spots*), appears to be steadily and progressively diminishing, so as at the end of the period in question to have become reduced to less than two-thirds of the amount of the same forces at its beginning. This conclusion results from the simple inspection of a series of curves graphically representing the projected directions and intensities of the disturbing forces at each hour, laid by the Astronomer Royal before the Board of Visitors at the last anniversary visitation of the Royal Observatory, in June, and of which we have been favoured with a sight. This is only a part, and a very small part, of the singular and, at present, inexplicable series of changes in progress which the curves in question disclose.

Soap made from Eggs.—The white of egg is abundantly used in many branches of trade and manufacture. In that of printed calicos, for example, the consumption of eggs is so enormous that the Industrial Society of Mulhouse has offered a large prize for any invention which would economically replace albumen. At Mulhouse alone 125,000 kilogrammes (more than 250,000 lbs.) of this albumen, dried, is consumed in one year. And to get one kilogramme of dried albumen, twenty-two dozen eggs are needed. Now, on the supposition that each fowl lays one hundred eggs in the course of the year, three hundred and thirty thousand fowls are required to supply this single branch of industry in Mulhouse alone. What would be the figure if multiplied by all the branches of industry in all the places where the white of egg is employed! To it would then have to be added the enormous consumption of eggs as food. But in the last item we have at any rate the satisfaction of knowing that there is no waste; whereas in the

other cases, the yolk, which weighs 22 grammes in an egg weighing 60, has not found a good commercial employment. In such a state of things it is encouraging to learn that the French chemists have set about manufacturing soap from the yolk, by the action of alkalis on its fatty matters, and that this promises to be an important means of diminishing the relative price of the albumen consumed by the calico manufacturers.

MUSIC, 1862.

THE past season has fortified the assertion that, in one sense at least, we English can no longer be called "an unmusical people." So much music—good, bad, or indifferent—was probably never before *got through* in any one city in the course of three months. Street-bands and organs, music-halls and *cafés chantants*, choral societies, and concerts without end; two Italian Opera-houses open, and a Handel Festival with 4,000 voices, are only some among the many indications of how widely a musical taste has developed itself among us. The influx of foreign musicians is yearly larger; the cultivation of music in our home-circles, as well as by societies in most of our towns, has increased greatly. A purer taste, a more refined ear, are results even more important than a universal capacity of execution. And that these results are not confined to the upper classes, the success of the "Monday Popular," and other cheap concerts of classical music, sufficiently proves. If we have no great composers; if, with increased knowledge and appreciation, we are yet poor in invention; may we not justly lay something to the score of the age we live in, which, in all but science, is essentially one of imitation? Our very pottery and furniture are but reproductions of the forms and designs of one past age or another, according to the caprices of fashion. The higher arts suffer, though less fatally, under the same influence, for here each man, or school, takes his own model. But still the result is, that with many admirable imitators, graceful and skilful executants, there are, at present, but few original thinkers, either in music, painting, or sculpture.

This season has brought with it no new opera, nor any original work of lasting importance; though one of much promise, to be touched on presently. The inauguration music of the Exhibition was what the French term *un succès d'estime*. Certain it is that none of it was found sufficiently attractive to repeat in its integrity, though plenty of opportunities might have been found of so doing. In fact, Signor Verdi might congratulate himself on the discourteous treatment he received, which procured for his Cantata an infinitely more advantageous hearing than it would have had from the jaded ears of season-ticket holders on the First of May. His composition is not a great one, but, like almost all Signor Verdi writes, it has a strong national character, and could be nothing but the work of an Italian. Those who have not been much in Italy can, perhaps, scarcely understand how completely his operas are a musical expression of the state of feeling in that country during the last

fifteen years. The smooth and facile melodies of Rossini, with their abundant ornamentation, would have been impossible from the heart and mouth of a passionate Italian in these days. Like Giusti's verse, Verdi's music has been born during a great national crisis. With all its faults, it has immense *entrain* (best translated into the slang, *go*), and this is the secret of its success with the masses, especially in its native country. The same cannot be said of M. Meyerbeer's music, which has no national colour, and is certainly less popular in Germany than in France or England. His overture, composed for the opening of the International Exhibition, is a clever composition, brilliantly scored, and, though not strikingly original, less disfigured by freaks and interruptions of melody than many of his more important works.

Professor Sterndale Bennett's setting of the Laureate's Ode was the work of an able musician, who had been set a most ungrateful task; for words less suited for music it would be difficult to find. Yet portions of the score rose above tame excellence, though never warranting the extravagant praise it received at the hands of some of the critics. It made no profound impression on the public; but was accepted as a meritorious work, musicianly throughout, with occasionally happy phrases. M. Auber's march, the least pretentious of the three compositions performed on this occasion, was, perhaps, the most satisfactory. Here again we get national character, and though the limits of display are small, all within those limits is sparkling and piquant. As the work of a man in his eighty-second year, these characteristics are especially remarkable.

The promise to which we alluded in a former paragraph is held forth to us by Mr. Sullivan, a young man hitherto quite unknown as a composer, and whose music to the *Tempest*, prefaced by no journalistic flourishes of trumpet, and introduced to the public at the Crystal Palace by the enterprising Mr. Manna, with none of the "pomp, pride, and circumstance" of a first performance, took the audience fairly by storm. Here was something that indicated an original composer: spontaneous melody, without effort or trick to cheat us into the belief of startling originality, but a unity of thought, and a freshness throughout, which are more valuable qualities than any others, in a young composer. On the whole, we are inclined to think that Mr. Sullivan has made the most promising *debut* of any English composer for some years past.

In the concerts of this season, the increasing taste for classical music has been apparent. The most interesting, perhaps, to the lovers of such, was the performance of Sebastian Bach's Passion-Music, by the society which has adopted the name of the composer. This is only the second time it has been given in England; and the performance, considering the extreme difficulty of the music, was most praiseworthy.

The Musical Society, the Musical Union, and the Monday Popular Concerts have all prospered this season as well as they deserve. First-class music interpreted by first-class musicians has been given to the public upon very low terms. Would that our Opera-houses were open,

or similar ones ! and did not exclude, by their absurd prices, all but the wealthy, from participation in a pleasure so cheaply procured abroad. Let us be thankful, however, that we can enjoy, for a shilling or two, such concerts as these. At the two latter, Joachim, Piatti, and Hallé have played weekly, and the combination of these great artists leaves every other trio within our recollection far behind it. The playing of Herr Joachim is absolute perfection. The "world," after listening to many admirable violinists in turn, seems to have arrived, with scarcely a dissentient voice, at the conclusion that none of them combine so many great qualities as this young German. Signor Piatti has been too long among us, and his merits are too universally acknowledged to require more than a passing tribute to his talent ; but of M. Hallé, and his claims upon us, we would say a word. No one has served the cause of music in England better than he : no one has directed the public taste, both in London and Manchester, with more care and judgment to the choice of what is noblest and most enduring in his art. The refinement of feeling and the delicacy of execution which characterize his playing, have sometimes laid him open to the charge of tameness ; but what a relief is it, after listening to one of what may be termed the *Sturm und Drang* school, to hear such simple and unaffected pianoforte playing as his, without effort or exaggeration !

At one of the Musical Society concerts, M. Stephen Heller played, for the first time in London, since his fame as a composer for the pianoforte has risen to its present eminence. The public were disappointed. The performance was ineffective to the last degree. Charming as M. Heller's playing is in a small room, its chief characteristics are lost in a large area ; the extreme delicacy of touch, the fanciful and wayward expression, suffer much when the sound is not condensed, and an impression of feebleness is left. Admiring M. Heller's compositions as much as we do, we regretted that his appearance among us as a pianist was not more successful : but to say the truth M. Hallé's rendering of his friend's music has always been more appreciated than was that same music on this occasion in the hands of the composer himself.

The announcement of a series of concerts by M. Thalberg, after his long absence from England, was sure to prove attractive. Among all young musicians existed a curiosity to hear the founder of a school, whose influence was at one time paramount, and whose renown as a pianist is still great. Half a guinea and a guinea to hear one man play on the piano for two hours, are prices which would never be dreamt of in any other city in the world : but the demand on this occasion was perfectly justified by the crowded state of the room. We have been overrun by disciples of M. Thalberg's school for years, but a reaction has now for some time past steadily set in. Opera-tunes broken on the wheel, and still crying out to be heard in the midst of their torture, are no longer in vogue. It says more than anything for M. Thalberg's transcendent power, and mastery over the instrument, that we were enabled to sit and listen to some of

these at his hands, as we could have done from no other man living. As an executant we doubt whether he has ever been approached. The perfect ease, the marvellous, metallic distinctness, above all the majestic grandeur without effort of such movements as his *Mosé*, justify his being regarded as the monarch of the pianoforte. Of course, like all wise potentates, there is no passion, no *entrainement*. When we enter his dominion we bow down and do homage, but our souls are never touched.

The two Opera-houses this year have done well, though no singers of great mark have been produced to fill the gaps which time has made in their ranks. The sisters Marchisio have singularly little *charm*: that inestimable gift, which compensates sometimes for the want of every other. They can only be spoken of as duet-singers, in which capacity they have attained a rare perfection of precision. As solo-singers, especially in a room, they are harsh and coarse: though their singing evinces a better school of training than many more pleasing artists. Mdlle. Trebelli is a decided acquisition to the Haymarket *troupe*; and in addition to her flexible young voice, has the advantage of a handsome person. Of Mdlle. Titiens it seems almost superfluous to speak. She has been three years among us, and finds great favour with the public; while the daily critics, almost without exception, pronounce her to be a finished *prima donna*. To dissent from this verdict is an ungrateful task; yet in the interests of Art, we must frankly acknowledge that to us she seems neither a great singer nor an actress of more than moderate pretensions. She is gifted with a glorious voice, and a limited intelligence, which enables her to employ that gift to good effect, at times; but her singing shows none of the training requisite to form a first-rate singer: nor have we ever detected a spark of genius in her performance. In men's voices, Her Majesty's has been badly off this year; and Signor Giuglini, their *pièce de résistance* among tenors, was "indisposed" during a great part of it.

The fortunes of Covent Garden have been even more prosperous than those of the rival house. Yet we must attribute the success in both cases (as shown in the increased number of performances in the week) rather to the crowded state of London than to the novelty, or increased attractiveness, of the fare. No new opera, nor any revival of importance at either house: at Covent Garden, no new singers to replace our departed Grisi. The limited range of characters for which the clever Mdlle. Patti is suited (it is to be regretted that she should ever sing Verdi's music, which is much too great a strain upon her voice), Madame Miolan Carvalho's incapacity to fill so large a house, and Madame Czillag's unattractiveness, leave an important place yet to be filled among the *prime donne*. In spite of these drawbacks, it is satisfactory to think that, at both Opera-houses, as elsewhere, the season of 1862 shows the encouragement of music among us to be greatly on the increase.

Thomas Betterton,

LATE OF THE LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS THEATRE.

On a December night, in 1661, there is a crowded house at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The play is "Hamlet," with young Mr. Betterton, who has been two years on the stage, in the part of the Dane. The Ophelia is the real object of the young fellow's love, charming Mistress Saunderson. Old ladies and gentlemen, repairing in capacious coaches to this representation, remind one another of the lumbering and crushing of carriages about the old playhouse in the Blackfriars, causing noisy tumults which drew indignant appeals from the Puritan housekeepers, whose privacy was sadly disturbed. But what was the tumult there to the scene on the south side of the "Fields," when "Hamlet," with Betterton, as now, was offered to the public! The Jews contend for place with the eagerness of ancient Britons in a battle of chariots. And see, the mob about the pit-doors have just caught a bailiff attempting to arrest an honest playgoer. They fasten the official up in a tub, and roll the trembling wretch all "round the square." They finish by hurling him against a carriage which sweeps from a neighbouring street at full gallop. Down come the horses over the barrelled bailiff, with sounds of hideous ruin; and the young lady lying back in the coach is screaming like mad. This lady is the dishonest daughter of brave, honest, and luckless Viscount Grandison. As yet, she is only Mrs. Palmer; next year she will be Countess of Castlemaine.

At length the audience are all safely housed and eager. Indifferent enough, however, they are during the opening scenes. The fine gentlemen laugh loudly and comb their periwigs in the "best rooms." The fops stand erect in the boxes to show how folly looks in clean linen, and the orange nymphs, with their costly entertainment of fruit from Seville, giggle and chatter, as they stand on the benches below, with old and young admirers, proud of being recognized in the boxes.

The whole court of Denmark is before them, but not till the words "Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother" fall from the lips of Betterton, is the general ear charmed, or the general tongue arrested. Then, indeed, the vainest fops and pertest orange-girls look round and listen too. The voice is so low, and sad, and sweet; the modulation so tender, the dignity so natural, the grace so consummate, that all yield themselves silently to the delicious enchantment. "It's beyond imagination," whispers Mr. Pepys to his neighbour, who only answers with a long and low drawn "*Hush!*"

I can never look on Kneller's masterly portrait of this great player

without envying those who had the good fortune to see the original, especially in "Hamlet." How grand the head, how lofty the brow, what cloquence and fire in the eyes, how firm the mouth, how manly the sum of all! How is the whole audience subdued almost to tears, at the mingled love and awe which he displays in presence of the spirit of his father! Some idea of Betterton's acting in this scene may be derived from Cibber's description of it, and from that I come to the conclusion that Betterton fulfilled all that Overbury laid down with regard to what best graced an actor. "Whatsoever is commendable to the grave orator, is most exquisitely perfect in him; for by a full and significant action of body he charms our attention. Sit in a full theatre, and you will think you see so many lines drawn from the circumference of so many ears, while the actor is the centre." This was especially the case with Betterton; and now, as Hamlet's first soliloquy closes, and the charmed but silent audience "feel music's pulse in all their arteries," Mr. Pepys almost too loudly exclaims in his ecstasy, "It's the best acted part ever done by man." And the audience think so too; there is a hurricane of applause, after which the fine gentlemen renew their prattle with the fine ladies, and the orange-girls beset the Sir Foplings, and this universal trifling is felt as a relief after the general emotion.

Meanwhile, a critic, perhaps, objects that young Mr. Betterton is not "original," and intimates that the "Hamlet" is played by tradition come down through Davenant, who had seen the character acted by its first representative, Taylor, and had "taught the boy" to enact the Prince after the fashion set by the man who was said to have been instructed by Shakspeare himself. Mr. Pepys attaches little consequence to this circumstance, or to the other, that Betterton's "Henry the Eighth" was an imitation of old Lowin's. "I only know," says the Admiralty clerk, "that Mr. Betterton is the best actor in the world." As Sir Thomas Overbury remarked of a great player, his voice is never lower than the prompter's nor higher than the foil and target. But let us be silent, here comes the gentle Ophelia.

The audience generally took an interest in this lady and the royal Dane, for there was not one in the house who was ignorant of the love-passages there had been between them, or of the coming marriage by which they were to receive additional warrant. Mistress Saunderson was a lady worthy of all the homage here implied. There was mind in her acting; and she not only possessed personal beauty, but also the richer beauty of a virtuous life. They were a well-matched couple on and off the stage; and their mutual affection was based on a mutual respect and esteem. People thought of them together, as inseparable, and young ladies wondered how Mr. Betterton could take Mercutio, when Mistress Saunderson played Juliet; and leave Romeo to adore her in the not ineffective person of Mr. Harris. The whole house, as long as the incomparable pair were on the stage, were in a dream of delight. Their grace, perfection, good looks, the love they had so cunningly simulated, and that

which they were known to mutually entertain, formed the theme of all tongues. In its discussion, the retiring audience forgot the disinterring of the regicides, and the number of men killed the other day on Tower Hill, servants of the French and Spanish ambassadors, in a bloody struggle for precedence, which was ultimately won by the Don !

Fifty years after these early triumphs, an aged couple resided in one of the best houses in Russell Street, Covent Garden,—the walls of which were covered with pictures, prints, and drawings, selected with taste and judgment. They were still a handsome pair. The venerable lady, indeed, looks pale and somewhat saddened. The gleam of April sunshine which penetrates the apartment cannot win her from the fire. She is Mrs. Betterton, and ever and anon she looks with a sort of proud sorrow on her aged husband. His fortune, nobly earned, has been diminished by "speculation," but the means whereby he achieved it are his still, and Thomas Betterton, in the latter years of Queen Anne, is the chief glory of the stage, even as he was in the first year of King Charles. The lofty column, however, is a little shaken. It is not a ruin, but is beautiful in its decay. Yet that it should decay at all is a source of so much tender anxiety to the actor's wife, that her senses suffer disturbance, and there may be seen in her features something of the distraught Ophelia of half a century ago.

It is the 13th of April, 1710—his benefit night; and the tears are in the lady's eyes, and a painful sort of smile on her trembling lips, for Betterton kisses her as he goes forth that afternoon to take leave, as it proved, of the stage for ever. He is in such pain from gout that he can scarcely walk to his carriage, and how is he to enact the noble and fiery Melantius in that ill-named drama of horror, "The Maid's Tragedy?" Hoping for the best, the old player is conveyed to the theatre, built by Sir John Vanbrugh, in the Haymarket, the site of which is now occupied by the "Opera-house." Through the stage-door he is carried in loving arms to his dressing-room. At the end of an hour, Wilks is there, and Pinkethman, and Mrs. Barry, all dressed for their parts, and agreeably disappointed to find the Melantius of the night robed, armoured, and besworded, with one foot in a buskin and the other in a slipper. To enable him even to wear the latter, he had first thrust his inflamed foot into water; but stout as he seemed, trying his strength to and fro in the room, the hand of Death was at that moment descending on the grandest of English actors.

The house rose to receive him who had delighted themselves, their sires, and their grandsires. The audience were packed "like Norfolk biffins." The edifice itself was only five years old, and when it was a-building, people laughed at the folly which reared a new theatre in the country, instead of in London;—for in 1705 all beyond the rural Haymarket was open field, straight away westward and northward. That such a house could ever be filled was set down as an impossibility; but the achievement was accomplished on this eventful benefit night; when the popular favourite was

about to utter his last words, and to belong thenceforward only to the history of the stage he had adorned.

There was a shout which shook him, as Lysippus uttered the words "Noble Melantius," which heralded his coming. Every word which could be applied to himself was marked by a storm of applause, and when Melantius said of Amintor—

" His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all performed,"

a murmuring comment ran round the house, that this had been effected by Betterton himself. Again, when he bids Amintor "hear thy fiend, who has more years than thou," there were probably few who did not wish that Betterton were as young as Wilks: but when he subsequently thundered forth the famous passage, "My heart will never fail me," there was a very tempest of excitement, which was carried to its utmost height, in thundering peal on peal of unbridled approbation, as the great Rhodian gazed full on the house, exclaiming—

" My heart
And limbs are still the same ; my will as great
To do you service ! "

No one doubted more than a fractional part of this assertion, and Betterton, acting to the end under a continued fire of "*bravos* !" may have thrown more than the original meaning into the phrase—

" That little word was worth all the sounds
That ever I shall hear again ! "

Few were the words he was destined ever to hear again ; and the subsequent prophecy of his own certain and proximate death, on which the curtain slowly descended, was fulfilled eight and forty hours after they were uttered.

Such was the close of a career which had commenced fifty-one years before ! Few other actors of eminence have kept the stage, with the public favour, for so extended a period, with the exception of Cave Underhill, Quin, Macklin, King, and in later times, Bartley and Cooper, all of whom at least accomplished their half century. The record of that career affords many a lesson and valuable suggestion to young actors, but I have to say a word previously of the Bettertons, before the brothers of that name, Thomas and the less known William, assumed the sock and buskin.

Tothill Street, Westminster, is not at present a fine or a fragrant locality. It has a crapulous look and a villanous smell, and petty traders now huddle together where nobles once were largely housed. Thomas Betterton was born here, about the year 1634-5. The street was then in its early decline, or one of King Charles's cooks could hardly have had home in it. Nevertheless, there still clung to it a considerable share of dignity. Even at that time there was a Tothill Fields House of Correction,

whither vagabonds were sent, who used to earn scraps by scraping trenchers in the tents pitched in Petty France. All else in the immediate neighbourhood retained an air of pristine and very ancient nobility. I therefore take the father of Betterton, cook to King Charles, to have been a very good gentleman, in his way. He was certainly the sire of one, and the circumstance of the apprenticeship of young Thomas to a bookseller was no evidence to the contrary. In those days, it was the custom for greater men than the *chefs* in the King's kitchen, namely, the bishops in the King's church, to apprentice their younger sons, at least, to trade, or to bequeath sums for that especial purpose. The last instance I can remember of this traditionary custom presents itself in the person, not indeed of a son of a bishop, but of the grandson of an archbishop, namely, of John Sharp, Archbishop of York from 1691 to 1714. He had influence enough with Queen Anne to prevent Swift from obtaining a bishopric. His son was Archdeacon of Northumberland, and of this archdeacon's sons one was Prebendary of Durham, while the other, the celebrated Granville Sharp, the "friend of the Negro," was apprenticed to a linen-draper, on Tower Hill. The early connection of Betterton, therefore, with Rhodes, the Charing Cross bookseller, is not to be accepted as a proof that his sire was not in a "respectable" position in society. That sire had had for his neighbour, only half-a-dozen years before Thomas was born, the well-known Sir Henry Spelman, who had since removed to more cheerful quarters in Barbican. A very few years previously, Sir George Carew resided here, in Caron House, and his manuscripts are not very far from the spot even now. They refer to his experiences as Lord Deputy in Ireland, and are deposited in the library at Lambeth Palace. These great men were neighbours of the elder Betterton, and they had succeeded to men not less remarkable. One of the latter was Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, the friend of Spenser, and the "Talus" of that poet's "Iron Flail." The Greys, indeed, had long kept house in Tothill Street, as had also the Lords Dacre of the South. When Betterton was born here, the locality was still full of the story of Thomas Lord Dacre, who went thence to be hanged at Tyburn, in 1541. He had headed a sort of Chevy-chase expedition into the private park of Sir Nicholas Pelham, in Sussex. In the fray which ensued, a keeper was killed, of which deed my lord took all the responsibility, and, very much to his surprise, was hanged in consequence. The mansion built by his son, the last lord, had not lost its first freshness when the Bettertons resided here, and its name, *Stourton House*, yet survives in the corrupted form of *Strutton Ground*.

Thus, the Bettertons undoubtedly resided in a "fashionable" locality, and we may fairly conclude that their title to "respectability" has been so far established. That the street long continued to enjoy a certain dignity is apparent from the fact that, in 1664, when Betterton was rousing the town by his acting, as *Bosola*, in Webster's "*Duchess of Malfy*," Sir Henry Herbert established his office of Master of the Revels, in Tothill Street. It was not till the next century that the decline of this

street set in. Southern, the dramatist, resided and died there, but it was in rooms over an oilman's shop; and Edmund Burke lived modestly at the east end, before those mysterious thousands were amassed by which he was enabled to establish himself as a country gentleman.

Galt, and the other biographers of Betterton, complain of the paucity of materials for the life of so great an actor. Therein is his life told; or rather Pepys tells it more correctly in an entry in his diary for October, 1662, in which he says—"Betterton is a very sober, serious man, and studious, and humble, following of his studies; and is rich already with what he gets and saves." There is the great and modest artist's whole life—earnestness, labour, lack of presumption, and the recompence. At the two ends of his career, two competent judges pronounced him to be the best actor they had ever seen. The two men were Pepys, who was born in the reign of Charles the First, and Pope, who died in the reign of George the Second. This testimony refers to above a century, during which time the stage knew no such player as he. Pope, indeed, notices that old critics used to place Hart on an equality with him; this is, probably, an error for Harris, who had a party at court among the gay people there who were oppressed by the majesty of Betterton. Pepys alludes to this partisanship in 1663. "This fellow" (Harris), he remarks, "grew very proud of late, the king and everybody else crying him up so high, and that above Betterton, he being a *more acry man*, as he is, indeed."

From the days of Betterton's bright youth to that of his old age, the sober seriousness of the "artist," for which Pepys vouches, never left him. With the dress he assumed, for the night, the nature of the man—he it "Hamlet" or "Thersites," "Valentine" or "Sir John Brute," of whom he was to be the representative. In the "green-room," as on the stage, he was, for the time being, subdued or raised to the quality of him whose likeness he had put on. In presence of the audience, he was never tempted by applause to forget his part, or himself. Once only Pepys registers, with surprise, an incident which took place at the representation of "Mustapha," in 1667. It was "bravely acted," he says, "only both Betterton and Harris could not contain from laughing, in the midst of a most serious part, from the ridiculous mistake of one of the men upon the stage; which I did not like."

Then for his humility, I find the testimony of Pepys sufficiently corroborated. It may have been politic in him, as a young man, to repair to Mr. Cowley's lodgings in town, and ask from that author his particular views with regard to the Colonel Jolly in the "Cutter of Coleman Street," which had been entrusted to the young actor; but the politic humility of 1661 was, in fact, the practised modesty of his life. In the very meridian of his fame, he, and Mrs. Barry also, were as ready to take instruction respecting the characters of Jaffier and Belvidera, from poor battered Otway, as they subsequently were from that very fine gentleman, Mr. Congreve, when they were cast for the hero and heroine of his

comedies. Even to bombastic Rowe, who hardly knew his own reasons for language put on the lips of his characters, they listened with deference; and, at another period, "Sir John and Lady Brute" were not undertaken by them till they had conferred with the author, solid Vanbrugh.

The mention of these last characters reminds me of a domestic circumstance of interest respecting Betterton. In the comedy, in which they acted the principal characters, "The Provoked Wife," the part of Lady Fancyful was played by Mrs. Bowman. This young lady was the adopted child of the Bettertons, and the daughter of a friend (Sir Frederick Watson, Bart.) whose indiscretion or ill-luck had scattered that fortune the laying of the foundation of which is recorded by Pepys. To the sire, Betterton had intrusted the bulk of his little wealth as a commercial venture to the East Indies. A ruinous failure ensued, and I know of nothing which puts the private life of the actor in so pleasing a light, as the fact of his adopting the child of the wholly ruined man who had nearly ruined him. He gave her all he had to bestow, careful instruction in his art; and the lady became an actress of merit. This merit, added to considerable personal charms, won for her the homage of Bowman, a player who became, in course of time, the father of the stage, though he never grew, confessedly, old. In after years, he would converse freely enough of his wife and her second father, Betterton, but if you asked the carefully-dressed Mr. Bowman anything with respect to his age, no other reply was to be had from him than—"Sir, it is very well!"

From what has been previously stated, it will be readily believed that the earnestness of Betterton continued to the last. Severely disciplined, as he had been by Davenant, he subjected himself to the same discipline to the very close; and he was not pleased to see it disregarded or relaxed by younger actors whom late and gay "last nights" brought ill and incompetent to rehearsal. Those actors might have reaped valuable instruction out of the harvest of old Thomas's experience and wisdom, had they been so minded.

Young actors of the present time—time when pieces run for months and years; when authors prescribe the extent of the run of their own dramas, and when nothing is "damned" by a patient public—our young actors have little idea of the labours undergone by the great predecessors who gave glory to the stage and dignity to the profession. Not only was Betterton's range of characters unlimited, but the number he "created" was never equalled by any subsequent actor of eminence—namely, about one hundred and thirty! In some single years he studied and represented no less than eight original parts—an amount of labour which would shake the nerves of the stoutest among us, now.

His brief relaxation was spent on his little Berkshire farm, whence he once took a rustic to Bartholomew Fair for a holiday. The master of the puppet-show declined to take money for admission, "Mr. Betterton," he said, "is a brother actor!" Roger, the rustic, was slow to believe that the puppets were not alive; and so similar in vitality appeared to

him, on the same night, at Drury Lane, the *Jupiter and Alcmena* in "Amphitryon," played by Betterton and Mrs. Barry, that on being asked what he thought of them, Roger, taking them for puppets, answered, "They did wonderfully well for rags and stirks!"

Provincial engagements were then unknown. Travelling companies, like that of Watkins, visited Bath, a regular company from town, going thither only on royal command; but magistrates ejected strollers from Newbury; and Reading would not tolerate them, even out of respect for Mr. Betterton. At Windsor, however, there was a troop fairly patronized, where, in 1706, a Mistress Carroll, daughter of an old Parliamentarian, was awakening shrill echoes by enacting *Alexander the Great*. The lady was a friend of Betterton's, who had in the previous year created the part of Lovewell in her comedy of the "Gamester." The powers of Mrs. Carroll had such an effect on Mr. Centlivre, one of the cooks to Queen Anne, that he straightway married her; and when, a few months later, Betterton played *Sir Thomas Beaumont*, in the lady's comedy, "Love at a Venture," his friend, a royal cook's wife, furnished but an indifferent part for a royal cook's son.

In other friendships cultivated by the great actor, and in the influences which he exerted over the most intellectual men who were his friends, we may discover proofs of Betterton's moral worth and mental power. Glorious Thomas not only associated with "Glorious John," but became his critic,—one to whom Dryden listened with respect, and to whose suggestions he lent a ready acquiescence. In the poet's "Spanish Friar" there was a passage which spoke of kings' bad titles growing good by time; a supposed fact which was illustrated by the lines—

So, when clay's burned for a hundred years,
It starts forth clime!

The player fearlessly pronounced this passage "*mean*," and it was forthwith cancelled by the poet.

Intimate as this incident shows Betterton to have been with Dryden, there are others which indicate a closer intimacy of the player with Tillotson. The divine was a man who placed charity above rubrics, and discarded bigotry as he did perukes. He could extend a friendly hand to the benevolent Arian, Firmin; and welcome, even after he entered the archiepiscopal palace at Lambeth, such a visitor as the great actor, Betterton. Did objection come from the rigid and ultra-orthodox?—the prelate might have reminded them that it was not so long since a bishop was hanged, and that the player was a far more agreeable and, in every respect, a worthier man than the unlucky diocesan of Waterford. However this may be questioned or conceded, it is indisputable that when Tillotson and Betterton met, the greatest preacher and the greatest player of the day were together. I think, too, that the divine was, in the above respect, somewhat indebted to the actor. We all remember the story how Tillotson was puzzled to account for the circumstance that his friend the

actor exercised a vaster power over human sympathies and antipathies than he had, hitherto, done as a preacher. The reason was plain enough to Thomas Betterton. "You, in the pulpit," said he, "only tell a story: I, on the stage, show facts." Observe, too, what a prettier way this was of putting it than that adopted by Garrick when one of his clerical friends was similarly perplexed. "I account for it in this way," said the latter Roscius: "You deal with facts as if they were fictions; I deal with fictions as if I had faith in them as facts." Again, what Betterton thus remarked to Tillotson was a modest comment, which Colley Cibber has rendered perfect in its application, in the words which tell us that "the most a Vandyke can arrive at is to make his Portraits of Great Persons seem to think. A Shakspeare goes farther yet, and tells you ~~what~~ his Pictures thought. A Betterton steps beyond 'em both, and calls them from the grave, to breathe and be themselves again in Feature, Speech, and Motion." That Tillotson profited by the comment of Betterton—more gratefully than Bossuet did by the actors, whom he consigned, as such, to the nethermost Gehenna—is the more easily to be believed, from the fact that he introduced into the pulpit the custom of preaching from notes. Thenceforth, he left off "telling his story," as from a book, and, having action at command, could the nearer approach to the "acting of facts."

"*Virgilium tantum vidi!*" Pope said this of Dryden, whom he once saw, when a boy. He was wont to say of Betterton, that he had known him from his own boyhood upwards, till the actor died, in 1710, when the poet was twenty-two years of age. The latter listened eagerly to the old traditions which the player narrated of the earlier times. Betterton was warrant to him, on the authority of Davenant, from whom the actor had it, that there was no foundation for the old legend which told of an ungenerous rivalry between Shakspeare and Old Ben. The player who had been as fearless with Dryden as Socrates was with his friend Euripides—"judiciously lopping" redundant nonsense or false and mean maxims, as Dryden himself confesses—was counsellor, rather than critic or censor, with young Pope. The latter, at the age of twelve years, had written the greater portion of an imitative epic poem, entitled "Alcander, Prince of Rhodes." I commend to artists in search of a subject the incident of Pope, at fifteen or sixteen, showing this early effort of his Muse to Betterton. It was a poem which abounded in dashing exaggerations, and fair imitations of the styles of the then greater English poets. There was a dramatic vein about it, however, or the player would not have advised the bard to convert his poem into a play. The lad excused himself. He feared encountering either the law of the drama or the taste of the town; and Betterton left him to his own unfettered way. The actor lived to see that the boy was the better judge of his own powers, for young Pope produced his *Essay on Criticism* the year before Betterton died. A few years later the poet rendered any possible fulfilment of the player's counsel impossible, by dropping the manuscript of *Alcander* into the flames. Atterbury had less esteem for this work

than Betterton. "I am not sorry your Alexander is burnt," he says, "but had I known your intentions I would have interceded for the first page, and put it, with your leave, among my curiosities."

Pope remembered the player with affection. For some time after Betterton's decease the print-shops abounded with mezzotinto engravings of his portrait by Kneller. Of this portrait the poet himself executed a copy, which still exists. His friendly intercourse with the half-road Irish artist, Jervas, is well known. When alone, Pope was the poet; with Jervas, and under his instructions, he became an artist,—in his way; but yet an artist,—if a copier of portraits deserve so lofty a name. In 1718, he writes to Gay:—"You may guess in how uneasy a state I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr. Swifts, each of which was once my vanity, two Lady Bridgwaters, a Duchess of Montague, half a dozen Earls, and one Knight of the Garter." He perfected, however, and kept his portrait of Betterton, from Kneller, which passed into the collection of his friend Murray, and which is now in that of Murray's descendant, the Earl of Mansfield.

Kneller's portrait of Betterton is enshrined among goodly company at princely Knowle—the patrimony of the Sackvilles. It is there, with that of his fellow-actor, Mohun; his friend, Dryden; and his great successor, Garrick;—the latter being the work of Reynolds. The grand old Kentish Hall is a fitting place for such a brotherhood. The first of the Earls of Dorset of the Sackville line was the most daring of poets as well as the most prudent of financiers. It was his descendant, the sixth Earl, who found Prior a waiting-lad in a coffee-house, and gave him to literature; and it was for him, "Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muses' pride," that Kneller executed this portrait of Betterton.

This master of his art had the greatest esteem for a *silent* and *attentive* audience. It was easy, he used to say, for any player to rouse the house, but to subdue it, render it rapt, and hushed to, at the most, a murmur, was work for an artist; and in such effects no one approached him. And yet the rage of Othello was more "in his line" than the tenderness of Castalio; but he touched the audience in his rage. Harris competed with him for a brief period, but if he ever excelled him it was only in very light comedy. The dignity and earnestness of Betterton were so notorious and so attractive that people flocked only to hear him speak a prologue, while brother actors looked on, admired, and despaired.

Age, trials, infirmity never damped his ardour. Even angry and unsuccessful authors, who railed against the players who had brought their dramas to grief, made exception of Betterton. He was always ready, always perfect, always anxious to effect the utmost within his power. Among the foremost of his merits may be noticed his freedom from all jealousy, and his willingness to assist others up the height which he had himself surmounted. That he played Bassanio to Doggett's Shylock is perhaps not saying much by way of illustration; but that he acted Horatio

to Powel's Lothario; that he gave up Jupiter (*Amphitryon*) and *Valentine*, two of his original parts, to Wilks, and even yielded *Othello*, one of the most elaborate and exquisite of his "presentments" to *Thurmond*, are fair instances in point. When *Bowman* introduced young *Barton Booth* to "old Thomas," the latter welcomed him heartily, and after seeing his *Maximus*, in "*Valentinian*," recognized in him his successor. At that moment the town, speculating on the demise of their favourite, had less discernment. They did not know whether *Verbruggen*, with his voice like a cracked drum, or idle *Powel*, with his lazy stage-swing, might aspire to the sovereignty; but they were slow to believe in *Booth*, who was not the only young actor who was shaded in the setting glories of the sun of the English theatre.

When *Colley Cibber* first appeared before a London audience he was a "volunteer" who went in for practice; and he had the misfortune, on one occasion, to put the great master out, by some error on his own part. *Betterton* subsequently inquired the young man's name, and the amount of his salary; and hearing that the former was *Cibber*, and that, as yet, he received nothing, "Put him down ten shillings a-week," said *Betterton*, "and forfeit him five." *Colley* was delighted. It was placing his foot on the first round of the ladder; and his respect for "Mr. *Betterton*" was unbounded. Indeed there were few who did not pay him some homage. The King himself delighted to honour him. *Charles*, *James*, *Queen Mary*, and *Queen Anne*, sent him assurances of their admiration; but *King William* admitted him to a private audience, and when the patentees of *Drury Lane* were, through lack of general patronage, suggesting the expediency of a reduction of salaries, great *Nassau* placed in the hands of *Betterton* the licence which freed him from the thralldom of the *Drury* tyrants, and authorised him to open the second theatre erected in *Lincoln's Inn Fields*. Next to his most sacred Majesty, perhaps the most formidable personage in the kingdom, in the eyes of the actors, was the Lord *Chamberlain*, who was master of the very lives of the performers, having the absolute control of the stage, whereby they lived. This potentate, however, seemed ever to favour *Betterton*. When unstable yet useful *Powel* suddenly abandoned *Drury Lane*, to join the company in *Lincoln's Inn Fields*, the *Chamberlain* did not deign to notice the offence; but when, all as suddenly, the capricious and unreliable *Powel* abandoned the house in the *Fields*, and betook himself again to that in the *Lane*—the angry Lord *Chamberlain* sent a "messenger" after him to his lodgings, and clapped the offending *Thespian*, for a couple of days, in the *Gate House*.

While *Powel* was with *Betterton*, the latter produced the "*Fair Penitent*," by *Rowe*, *Mrs. Barry* being the *Calista*. When the dead body of *Lothario* was lying decently covered on the stage, *Powel's* dresser, *Warren*, lay there for his master, who, requiring the services of the man in his dressing room, and not remembering where he was, called aloud for him so repeatedly, and at length so angrily, that *Warren* leaped up in a fright and ran from the stage. His cloak, however, had got hooked to

the bier, and this he dragged after him, sweeping down, as he dashed off in his confusion, table, lamps, books, bones, and upsetting the astounded Calista herself. Inextinguishable laughter convulsed the audience, but Betterton's reverence for the dignity of tragedy was shocked, and he stopped the piece in its full career of success, until the town had ceased to think of Warren's escapade.

I know of but one man who has spoken of Betterton at all disparagingly—old Anthony Aston. But even that selfish cynic is constrained so to modify his censure, as to convert it into praise. When Betterton was approaching threescore years and ten, Anthony could have wished that he "would have resigned the part of Hamlet to some young actor who might have *personated*, though," mark the distinction, "*not have acted it better*." Aston's grounds for his wish are so many justifications of Betterton; "for," says Anthony, "when he threw himself at Ophelia's feet, he appeared a little too grave for a young student just from the University of Wittenberg." "His repartees," Anthony thinks, "were more those of a philosopher than the sporting flashes of young Hamlet;" as if Hamlet were not the gravest of students, and the most philosophical of young Danes! Aston caricatures the aged actor only again to commend him. He depreciates the figure which time had touched, magnifies the defects, registers the lack of power, and the slow sameness of action; hints at a little remains of paralysis, and at gout in the now thick legs, profanely utters the words "fat" and "clumsy," and suggests that the face is "slightly pock-marked." But we are therewith told that his air was serious, venerable, and majestic; and that though his voice was "low and grumbling, he could turn it by an artful climax which enforced an universal attention even from the fops and orange-girls." Cibber declares that there was such enchantment in his voice alone, the multitude no more cared for sense in the words he spoke, "than our musical connoisseurs think it essential in the celebrated airs of an Italian Opera." Again, he says, "Could *how* Betterton spoke be as easily known as *what* he spoke, then might you see the Muse of Shakspeare in her triumph." "I never," says honest Colley, "heard a line in tragedy come from *Betterton*, wherein my judgment, my ear, and my imagination were not fully satisfied, which, since his time, I cannot equally say of any one actor whatsoever." This was written in 1740, the year before little David took up the rich inheritance of "old Thomas"—whose "Hamlet," however, the later actor could hardly have equalled. The next great pleasure to seeing Betterton's "Hamlet" is to read Cibber's masterly analysis of it. A couple of lines reveal to us the leading principle of his "Brutus:" "When the Betterton-Brutus," says Colley, "was provoked in his dispute with Cassius, his spirit flew only to his eye; his steady look alone supplied that terror which he disdained an intemperance in his voice should rise to." In his least effective characters, he, with an exception already noted, excelled all other actors; but in characters such as "Hamlet" and "Othello" he excelled himself. Cibber never beheld his equal for at

least two-and-thirty years after Betterton's death, when, in 1741, court and city, with doctors of divinity and enthusiastic bishops, were hurrying to Goodman's Fields, to witness the "Richard" of the gentleman from Ipswich, named Garrick.

During the long career of Betterton he played at Drury Lane, Dorset Gardens, Lincoln's Inn Fields (in both theatres), and at the Opera-house in the Haymarket. The highest salary awarded to this great master of his art was five pounds per week, which included one pound by way of pension to his wife, after her retirement in 1694. In consideration of his merits, he was allowed to take a benefit in the season of 1708-9, when the actor had an ovation. In money for admission he received, indeed, only seventy-six pounds; but in complimentary guineas, he took home with him to Russell Street 450*l.* more. The terms in which the *Tatler* spoke of him living,—the tender and affectionate, manly and heart-stirring passages in which the same writer bewailed him when dead,—are eloquent and enduring testimonies of the greatness of an actor who was the glory of our stage, and of the worth of a man whose loss cost his sorrowing widow her reason. "*Decus et Dolor.*" "The grace and the grief of the theatre." It is well applied to him who laboured incessantly, lived irreproachably, and died in harness, universally esteemed and regretted. He was the jewel of the English stage; and I never think of him, and of some to whom his example was given in vain, without saying, with Overbury, "I value a worthy actor by the corruption of some few of the quality, as I would do gold in the ore : I should not mind the dross, but the purity of the metal."

The feeling of the English public towards Betterton is in strong contrast with that of the French towards their great actor, Baron. Both men grew old in the public service, but both were not treated with equal respect in the autumn of that service. Betterton, at seventy, was upheld by general esteem and crowned by general applause. When Baron, at seventy, was playing "Nero," the Paris pit audience, longing for novelty, hissed him as he came down the stage. The fine old player calmly crossed his arms, and looking his rude assailants in the face, exclaimed, "Ungrateful pit! 'twas I who taught you!" That was the form of Baron's *exit*; and Clairon was as cruelly driven from the scene when her dimming eyes failed to stir the audience with the old, strange, and delicious terror. In other guise did the English public part with their old friend and servant, the noble actor, fittingly described in the licence granted to him by King William, as "Thomas Betterton, Gentleman."

Roundabout Papers.—No. XXIV.

ON A PEAL OF BELLS.



S some bells in a church hard by are making a great holiday clanging in the summer afternoon, I am reminded somehow of a July day, a garden, and a great clanging of bells years and years ago, on the very day when George IV. was crowned. I remember a little boy lying in that garden, reading his first novel. It was called the *Scottish Chiefs*. The little boy (who is now ancient and

not little) read this book in the summer-house of his great grandmamma. She was eighty years of age then. A most lovely and picturesque old lady, with a long tortoiseshell cane, with a little puff, or *tour*, of snow white (or was it powdered?) hair under her cap, with the prettiest little black velvet slippers and high heels you ever saw. She had a grandson, a lieutenant in the navy; son of her son, a captain in the navy; grandson of her husband, a captain in the navy. She lived for scores and scores of years in a dear little old Hampshire town inhabited by the wives, widows, daughters of navy captains, admirals, lieutenants. Dear me! Don't I remember Mrs. Duval, widow of Admiral Duval; and the Miss Dennets at the Great House at the other end of the town, Admiral Dennet's daughters; and the Miss Barrys, the late Captain Barry's daughters; and the good old Miss Maskews, Admiral Maskews' daughter; and that dear little Miss Norval, and the kind Miss Bookers, one of whom married Captain, now Admiral, Sir Henry Excellent, K.C.B.? Far, far away into the past I look and seek the little town with its friendly glimmer. That town was so like a novel of Miss Austin's that I wonder was she born and bred there? No, we should have known, and the good old ladies would have pronounced her to be a little idle thing, occupied with her silly

books and neglecting her housekeeping. There were other towns in England, no doubt, where dwelt the widows and wives of other navy captains, where they tattled, loved each other, and quarrelled; talked about Betty, the maid, and her fine ribbons, indeed! Took their dish of tea at six, played at quadrille every night till ten, when there was a little bit of supper, after which Betty came with the lanthorn; and next day came, and next, and next, and so forth, until a day arrived when the lanthorn was out, when Betty came no more; all that little company sank to rest under the daisies, whither some folks will presently follow them. How did they live to be so old, those good people? *Moi qui vous parle*, I perfectly recollect old Mr. Gilbert, who had been to sea with Captain Cook; and Captain Cook, as you justly observe, dear miss, quoting out of your *Mangnall's Questions*, was murdered by the natives of Owhyhee, anno 1779. Ah! don't you remember his picture, standing on the sea-shore, in tights and gaiters, with a musket in his hand, pointing to his people not to fire from the boats, whilst a great tattooed savage is going to stab him in the back? Don't you remember these hours dancing before him and the other officers at the great Otakile ball? Don't you know that Cook was at the siege of Quebec, with the glorious Wolfe, who fought under the Duke of Cumberland, whose royal father was a distinguished officer at Ramillies, before he commanded in chief at Dettingen? Huzzay! Give it them, my lads! My horse is down? Then I know I shall not run away. Do the French run? then I die content. Stop. Wo! *Quo me rapis?* My Pegasus is galloping off, goodness knows where, like his Majesty's charger at Dettingen.

How do these rich historical and personal reminiscences come out of the subject at present in hand? What is that subject, by the way? My dear friend, if you look at the last essaykin (though you may leave it alone, and I shall not be in the least surprised or offended), if you look at the last paper where the writer imagines Athos and Porthos, Dalgetty and Ivanhoe, Amelia and Sir Charles Grandison, Don Quixote and Sir Roger, walking in at the garden-window, you will at once perceive that NOVELS and their heroes and heroines are our present subject of discourse, into which we will presently plunge. Are you one of us, dear sir, and do you love novel-reading? To be reminded of your first novel will surely be a pleasure to you. Hush! I never read quite to the end of my first, the *Scottish Chiefs*. I couldn't. I peeped in an alarmed furtive manner at some of the closing pages. Miss Porter, like a kind dear tender-hearted creature, would not have Wallace's head chopped off at the end of Vol. V. She made him die in prison,* and if I remember right (protesting I have not read the book for forty-two or three years), Robert Bruce made a speech to his soldiers, in

* I find, on reference to the novel, that Sir William died on the scaffold, not in prison. His last words were, "My prayer is heard. Life's cord is cut by heaven. Helen! Helen! May heaven preserve my country, and——" He stopped. He fell. And with that mighty shock the scaffold shook to its foundation."

which he said, "And Bannockburn shall equal Cambuskenneth." * But I repeat, I could not read the end of the fifth volume of that dear delightful book for crying. Good heavens! It was as sad, as sad as going back to school.

The glorious Scott cycle of romances came to me some four or five years afterwards; and I think boys of our year were specially fortunate in coming upon those delightful books at that special time when we could best enjoy them. Oh, that sunshiny bench on half-holidays, with *Claverhouse* or *Ivanhoe* for a companion! I have remarked of very late days some little men in a great state of delectation over the romances of Captain Mayne Reid, and Gustave Aimard's *Prairie* and *Indian Stories*, and during occasional holiday visits, lurking off to bed with the volume under their arms. But are those Indians and warriors so terrible as *our* Indians and warriors were? (I say, are they? Young gentlemen, mind, I do not say they are not.) But as an oldster I can be heartily thankful for the novels of the 1-10 Geo. IV., let us say, and so downward to a period not unremote. Let us see; there is, first, our dear Scott. Whom do I love in the works of that dear old master? Amo—

The Baron of Bradwardine, and Fergus. (Captain Waverley is certainly very mild.)

Amo *Ivanhoe*; LOCKSLEY; the Templar.

Amo Quentin Durward, and specially Quentin's uncle, who brought the Boar to bay. I forget the gentleman's name.

I have never cared for the Master of Ravenswood, or fetched his hat out of the water since he dropped it there when I last met him (circa 1825).

Amo SALADIN and the Scotch knight in the *Talisman*. The Sultan best.

Amo CLAVERHOUSE.

Amo MAJOR DALGETTY. Delightful major! To think of him is to desire to jump up, run to the book, and get the volume down from the shelf. About all those heroes of Scott, what a manly bloom there is, and honourable modesty! They are not at all heroic. They seem to blush somehow in their position of hero, and as it were to say, "Since it must be done, here goes!" They are handsome, modest, upright, simple,

* The remark of Bruce (which I protest I had not read for forty-two years), I find to be as follows:—"When this was uttered by the English heralds, Bruce turned to Ruthven, with an heroic smile. 'Let him come, my brave barons! and he shall find that Bannockburn shall page with Cambuskenneth!'" In the same amiable author's famous novel of *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, there is more crying than in any novel I ever remember to have read. See, for example, the last page. * * "Incapable of speaking, Thaddeus led his wife back to her carriage. * * His tears gushed out in spite of himself, and mingling with hers, poured those thanks, those assurances, of animated approbation through her heart, which made it even ache with excess of happiness." * * And a sentence or two further, "Kosciusko did bless him, and embalmed the benediction with a shower of tears."

courageous, not too clever. If I were a mother (which is absurd), I should like to be mother-in-law to several young men of the Walter-Scott-hero sort.

Much as I like those most unassuming, manly, unpretending gentlemen, I have to own that I think the heroes of another writer, viz.

LEATHER-STOCKING,

UNCAS,

HARDHEART,

TOM COFFIN,

are quite the equals of Scott's men; perhaps Leather-stocking is better than any one in "Scott's lot." *La Longue Carabine* is one of the great prize-men of fiction. He ranks with your Uncle Toby, Sir Roger de Coverley, Falstaff—heroic figures, all—American or British, and the artist has deserved well of his country who devised them.

At school, in my time, there was a public day, when the boys' relatives, an examining bigwig or two from the universities, old school-fellows, and so forth, came to the place. The boys were all paraded; prizes were administered; each lad being in a new suit of clothes—and magnificent dandies, I promise you, some of us were. Oh, the chubby cheeks, clean collars, glossy new raiment, beaming faces, glorious in youth—*fit tueri cælum*—bright with truth, and mirth, and honour! To see a hundred boys marshalled in a chapel or old hall; to hear their sweet fresh voices when they chant, and look in their brave calm faces; I say, does not the sight and sound of them smite you, somehow, with a pang of exquisite kindness? . . . Well. As about boys, so about Novelists. I fancy the boys of Parnassus School all paraded. I am a lower boy myself in that academy. I like our fellows to look well, upright, gentlemanlike. There is Master Fielding—he with the black eye. What a magnificent build of a boy! There is Master Scott, one of the heads of the school. Did you ever see the fellow more hearty and manly? Yonder lean, shambling, cadaverous lad, who is always borrowing money, telling lies, leering after the housemaids, is Master Laurence Sterne—a bishop's grandson, and himself intended for the Church; for shame, you little reprobate! But what a genius the fellow has! Let him have a sound flogging, and as soon as the young scamp is out of the whipping-room, give him a gold medal. Such would be my practice if I were Doctor Birch, and master of the school.

Let us drop this school metaphor, this birch and all pertaining thereto. Our subject, I beg leave to remind the reader's humble servant, is novel heroes and heroines. How do you like your heroes, ladies? Gentlemen, what novel heroines do you prefer? When I set this essay going, I sent the above question to two of the most inveterate novel-readers of my acquaintance. The gentleman refers me to Miss Austen; the lady says *Athos*, Guy Livingston, and (pardon my rosy blushes) Colonel Esmond, and owns that in youth she was very much in love with Valancourt.

Valancourt, and who was he? cry the young people. Valancourt, my dears, was the hero of one of the most famous romances which ever was published in this country. The beauty and elegance of Valancourt made your young grandmamas' gentle hearts to beat with respectful sympathy. He and his glory have passed away. Ah, woe is me that the glory of novels should ever decay; that dust should gather round them on the shelves; that the annual cheques from Messieurs the publishers should dwindle, dwindle! Inquire at Mudie's, or the London Library, who asks for the *Mysteries of Udolpho* now? Have not even the *Mysteries of Paris* ceased to frighten? Alas, our novels are but for a season; and I know characters whom a painful modesty forbids me to mention, who shall go to limbo along with *Valancourt* and *Doricourt*, and *Thaddeus of Warsaw*.

A dear old sentimental friend, with whom I discoursed on the subject of novels yesterday, said that her favourite hero was Lord Orville, in *Evelina*, that novel which Doctor Johnson loved so. I took down the book from a dusty old crypt at a club, where Mrs. Barbauld's novelists repose: and this is the kind of thing, ladies and gentlemen, in which your ancestors found pleasure:—

"And here, whilst I was looking for the books, I was followed by Lord Orville. He shut the door after he came in, and, approaching me with a look of anxiety, said, 'Is this true, Miss Anville—are you going?'"

"I believe so, my lord," said I, still looking for the books.

"So suddenly, so unexpectedly: must I lose you?"

"No great loss, my lord," said I, endeavouring to speak cheerfully.

"Is it possible," said he, gravely, "Miss Anville can doubt my sincerity?"

"I can't imagine," cried I, "what Mrs. Selwyn has done with those books."

"Would to heaven," continued he, "I might flatter myself you would allow me to prove it!"

"I must run upstairs," cried I, greatly confused, "and ask what she has done with them."

"You are going then," cried he, taking my hand, "and you give me not the smallest hope of any return! Will you not, my too lovely friend, will you not teach me, with fortitude like your own, to support your absence?"

"My lord," cried I, endeavouring to disengage my hand, "pray let me go!"

"I will," cried he, to my inexpressible confusion, dropping on one knee, "if you wish me to leave you."

"Oh, my lord," exclaimed I, "rise, I beseech you; rise. Surely your lordship is not so cruel as to mock me."

"Mock you!" repeated he earnestly, "no, I revere you. I esteem and admire you above all human beings! You are the friend to whom

my soul is attached, as to its better half. You are the most amiable, the most perfect of women; and you are dearer to me than language has the power of telling.'

"I attempt not to describe my sensations at that moment; I scarce breathed; I doubted if I existed; the blood forsook my cheeks, and my feet refused to sustain me. Lord Orville hastily rising supported me to a chair upon which I sank almost lifeless.

"I cannot write the scene that followed, though every word is engraven on my heart; but his protestations, his expressions, were too flattering for repetition; nor would he, in spite of my repeated efforts to leave him, suffer me to escape; in short, my dear sir, I was not proof against his solicitations, and he drew from me the most sacred secret of my heart!"*

Other people may not much like this extract, madam, from your favourite novel, but when you come to read it, you will like it. I suspect that when you read that book which you so love, you read it *à deux*. Did you not yourself pass a winter at Bath, when you were the belle of the assembly? Was there not a Lord Orville in your case too? As you think of him eleven lustres pass away. You look at him with the bright eyes of those days, and your hero stands before you, the brave, the accomplished, the simple, the true gentleman; and he makes the most elegant of bows to one of the most beautiful young women the world ever saw; and he leads you out to the cotillon, to the dear, unforgotten music. Hark to the horns of Elfand, blowing, blowing! *Bonne vieille*, you remember their melody, and your heart-strings thrill with it still.

* Contrast this old perfumed, powdered D'Arblay conversation with the present modern talk. If the two young people wished to hide their emotions now-a-days, and express themselves in modest language, the story would run:—

"Whilst I was looking for the books, Lord Orville came in. He looked uncommonly down in the mouth, as he said: 'Is this true, Miss Anville; are you going to cut?'

"To absquatulate, Lord Orville,' said I, still pretending that I was looking for the books.

"You're very quick about it,' said he.

"Guess it's no great loss,' I remarked, as cheerfully as I could.

"You don't think I'm chaffing?' said Orville, with much emotion.

"What has Mrs. Selwyn done with the books?' I went on.

"What, going?' said he, 'and going for good? I wish I was such a good-plucked one as you, Miss Anville,'" &c.

The conversation, you perceive, might be easily written down to this key; and if the hero and heroine were modern, they would not be suffered to go through their dialogue on stilts, but would converse in the natural graceful way at present customary. By the way, what a strange custom that is in modern lady novelists to make the men bully the women! In the time of Miss Porter and Madame D'Arblay, we have respect, profound bows and curtsies, graceful courtesy from men to women. In the time of Miss Brontë, absolute rudeness. Is it true, mesdames, that you like rudeness, and are pleased at being ill-used by men? I could point to more than one lady novelist who so represents you.

Of your heroic heroes, I think our friend *Monsieur Athos*, Count de la Fère, is my favourite. I have read about him from sunrise to sunset with the utmost contentment of mind. He has passed through how many volumes? Forty? Fifty? I wish for my part there were a hundred more, and would never tire of him rescuing prisoners, punishing ruffians, and running scoundrels through the midriff with his most graceful rapier. Ah, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, you are a magnificent trio. I think I like d'Artagnan in his own memoirs best. I bought him years and years ago, price fivepence, in a little parchment-covered Cologne printed volume, at a stall in Gray's-inn-lane. Dumas glorifies him and makes a marshal of him; if I remember rightly, the original d'Artagnan was a needy adventurer, who died in exile very early in Louis XIV.'s reign. Did you ever read the *Chevalier d'Harmenthal*? Did you ever read the *Tulipe Noire*, as modest as a story by Miss Edgeworth? I think of the prodigal banquets to which this Lucullus of a man has invited me, with thanks and wonder. To what a series of splendid entertainments he has treated me! Where does he find the money for those prodigious feasts? They say that all the works bearing Dumas's name are not written by him. Well? Does not the chief cook have *aides* under him? Did not Rubens's pupils paint on his canvases? Had not Lawrence assistants for his backgrounds? For myself, being also *du métier*, I confess I would often like to have a competent, respectable, and rapid clerk for the business part of my novels; and on his arrival, at eleven o'clock, would say, "Mr. Jones, if you please, the archbishop must die this morning in about five pages. Turn to article 'Dropsy' (or what you will) in Encyclopedia. Take care there are no medical blunders in his death. Group his daughters, physicians, and chaplains round him. In Wales' *London*, letter B, third shelf, you will find an account of Lambeth, and some prints of the place. Colour in with local colouring. The daughter will come down, and speak to her lover in his wherry at Lambeth Stairs," &c. &c. Jones (an intelligent young man) examines the medical, historical, topographical books necessary; his chief points out to him in Jeremy Taylor (fol., London, MDCLV.) a few remarks, such as might befit a dear old archbishop departing this life. When I come back to dress for dinner, the archbishop is dead on my table in five pages; medicine, topography, theology, all right, and Jones has gone home to his family some hours. Sir Christopher is the architect of St. Paul's. He has not laid the stones or carried up the mortar. There is a great deal of carpenter's and joiner's work in novels which surely a smart professional hand might supply. A smart professional hand? I give you my word, there seem to me parts of novels—let us say the love-making, the "business," the villain in the cupboard, and so forth, which I should like to order John Footman to take in hand, as I desire him to bring the coals and polish the boots. Ask me indeed to pop a robber under a bed, to hide a will which shall be forthcoming in due season, or at my time of life to write a namby-pamby love conversa-

tion before. Truly and Lord Arthur! I feel ashamed of myself, and especially when my business obliges me to do the low passages, I blush so, though quite alone in my study, that you would fancy I was going off in an apoplexy. Are authors affected by their own works? I don't know about other gentlemen, but if I make a joke myself I cry; if I write a pathetic scene I am laughing wildly all the time—at least Tomkins thinks so. You know I am such a cynic!

The editor of the *Vorshill Magazine* (no soft and yielding character like his predecessor, but a man of stern resolution) will only allow these harmless papers to run to a certain length. But for this veto I should gladly have prattled over half a sheet more, and have discoursed on many heroes and heroines of novels whom fond memory brings back to me. Of these books I have been a diligent student from those early days, which are recorded at the commencement of this little essay. Oh, delightful novels, well remembered! Oh, novels, sweet and delicious as the raspberry open-tarts of budding boyhood! Do I forget one night sitting up late (when we under-boys were sent to bed) lying on my cupboard to read one little half page more of my dear Walter Scott—and down came the monitor's dictionary upon my head! Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York, I have loved thee faithfully for sixty years! Thou wert twenty years old (say) and I but twelve, when I knew thee. At sixty odd, love, most of the ladies of thy Orient have lost the bloom of youth, and bulged beyond the line of beauty; but thou art ever young and fair, and I will do battle with any felon, who assails thy fair name.



THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1862.

Romola.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DYING MESSAGE.



WHEN Romola arrived at the entrance of San Marco she found one of the Frati waiting there in expectation of her arrival. Monna Brigida retired into the adjoining church, and Romola was conducted to the door of the chapter-house in the outer cloister, whither the invalid had been conveyed; no woman being allowed admission beyond this precinct.

When the door opened, the subdued external light blending with that of two tapers placed behind a truckle-bed, showed the emaciated face of Fra Luca, with the tonsured crown of golden hair above it, and with deep sunken hazel eyes, fixed on a small crucifix which he held before him.

He was propped up into nearly a sitting posture; and Romola was just conscious, as she threw aside her veil, that there was another monk standing by the bed, with the black cowl drawn over his head, and that he moved towards the door as she entered; just conscious that in the background there was a crucified form rising high and pale on the frescoed wall, and pale faces of sorrow looking out from it below.

The next moment her eyes met Fra Luca's as they looked up at her from the crucifix, and she was absorbed in that pang of recognition which identified this monkish emaciated form with the image of her fair young brother.

"Dino!" she said, in a voice like a low cry of pain. But she did not bend towards him; she held herself erect, and paused at two yards' distance from him. There was an unconquerable repulsion for her in that monkish aspect; it seemed to her the brand of the dastardly undutifulness which had left her father desolate—of the grovelling superstition which could give such undutifulness the name of piety. Her father, whose proud sincerity and simplicity of life had made him one of the few frank pagans of his time, had brought her up with a silent ignoring of any claims the Church could have to regulate the belief and action of beings with a cultivated reason; the Church, in her mind, belonged to that actual life of the mixed multitude from which they had always lived apart, and she had no ideas that could render her brother's course an object of any other feeling than incurious, indignant contempt. Yet the lovingness of Romola's soul had clung to that image in the past, and while she stood rigidly aloof, there was a yearning search in her eyes for something too faintly discernible.

But there was no corresponding emotion in the face of the monk. He looked at the little sister returned to him in her full womanly beauty, with the far-off gaze of a revisiting spirit.

"My sister!" he said, with feeble and interrupted but yet distinct utterance, "it is well thou hast not longer delayed to come, for I have a message to deliver to thee, and my time is short."

Romola took a step nearer: the message, she thought, would be one of affectionate penitence to her father, and her heart began to open. Nothing could wipe out the long years of desertion; but the culprit, looking back on those years with the sense of irremediable wrong committed, would call forth pity. Now, at the last, there would be understanding and forgiveness. Dino would pour out some natural filial feeling; he would ask questions about his father's blindness—how rapid^y it had come on? how the long dark days had been filled? what the life was now in the home where he himself had been nourished?—and the last message from the dying lips would be one of tenderness and regret.

"Romola," Fra Luca began again, "I have had a vision concerning thee. Thrice I have had it in the last two months: each time it has been clearer. Therefore I came from Fiesole, deeming it a message from heaven that I was bound to deliver. And I gather a promise of mercy to thee in this, that my breath is preserved in order to——"

The difficult breathing which continually interrupted him would not let him finish the sentence.

Romola had felt her heart chilling again. It was a vision, then, this message—one of those visions she had so often heard her father allude to with bitterness. Her indignation rushed to her lips.

"Dino, I thought you had some words to send to my father. You forsook him when his sight was failing; you made his life very desolate. Have you never cared about that? never repented? What is this religion of yours, that places visions before natural duties?"

The deep-sunken hazel eyes turned slowly towards her, and rested upon her in silence for some moments, as if he were meditating whether he should answer her.

"No," he said at last; speaking, as before, in a low passionless tone, as if his voice were that of some spirit not human, speaking through dying human organs. "No; I have never repented fleeing from the stifling poison-breath of sin that was hot and thick around me, and threatened to steal over my senses like besotting wine. My father could not hear the voice that called me night and day; he knew nothing of the demon-tempters that tried to drag me back from following it. My father has lived amidst human sin and misery without believing in them: he has been like one busy picking shining stones in a mine, while there was a world dying of plague above him. I spoke, but he listened with scorn. I told him the studies he wished me to live for were either childish trifling—dead toys—or else they must be made warm and living by pulses that beat to worldly ambitions and fleshly lusts: for worldly ambitions and fleshly lusts made all the substance of the poetry and history he wanted me to bend my eyes on continually."

"Has not my father led a pure and noble life, then?" Romola burst forth, unable to hear in silence this implied accusation against her father. "He has sought no worldly honours; he has been truthful; he has denied himself all luxuries; he has lived like one of the ancient sages. He never wished you to live for worldly ambitions and fleshly lusts; he wished you to live as he himself has done, according to the purest maxims of philosophy, in which he brought you up."

Romola spoke partly by rote, as all ardent and sympathetic young creatures do; but she spoke with intense belief. The pink flush was in her face, and she quivered from head to foot. Her brother was again slow to answer; looking at her passionate face with strange passionless eyes.

"What were the maxims of philosophy to me? They told me to be strong, when I felt myself weak; when I was ready, like the blessed Saint Benedict, to roll myself among thorns, and court smarting wounds as a deliverance from temptation. For the Divine love had sought me, and penetrated me, and created a great need in me; like a seed that wants room to grow. I had been brought up in carelessness of the true faith; I had not studied the doctrines of our religion; but it seemed to take possession of me like a rising flood. I felt that there was a life of perfect love and purity for the soul; in which there would be no uneasy hunger after pleasure, no tormenting questions, no fear of suffering. Before I knew the history of the saints, I had a foreshadowing of their ecstasy. For the same truth had penetrated even into pagan philosophy; that it is a bliss within the reach of man to die to mortal needs, and live in the life of God

as the Unseen Perfectness. But to attain that I must forsake the world: I must have no affection, no hope, that wedded me to that which passeth away; I must live with my fellow-beings only as human souls related to the eternal unseen life. That need was urging me continually: it came over me in visions when my mind fell away weary from the vain words which record the passions of dead men; it came over me after I had been tempted into sin, and turned away with loathing from the scent of the emptied cup. And in visions I saw the meaning of the Crucifix."

He paused, breathing hard for a minute or two: but Romola was not prompted to speak again. It was useless for her mind to attempt any contact with the mind of this unearthly brother: as useless as for her hand to try and grasp a shadow. He went on as soon as his heaving chest was quieter.

"I felt whom I must follow: but I saw that even among the servants of the Cross who professed to have renounced the world, my soul would be stifled with the fumes of hypocrisy, and lust, and pride. God had not chosen me, as he chose Saint Dominic and Saint Francis, to wrestle with evil in the church and in the world. He called upon me to flee: I took the sacred vows and I fled—fled to lands where danger and scorn and want bore me continually, like angels, to repose on the bosom of God. I have lived the life of a hermit, I have ministered to pilgrims; but my task has been short: the veil has worn very thin that divides me from my everlasting rest. I came back to Florence that——"

"Dino, you *did* want to know if my father was alive," interrupted Romola, the picture of that suffering life touching her again with the desire for union and forgiveness.

"——that before I die I might urge others of our brethren to study the Eastern tongues, as I had not done, and go out to greater ends than I did, and I find them already bent on the work. And since I came, Romola, I have felt that I was sent partly to thee—not to renew the bonds of earthly affection, but to deliver the heavenly warning conveyed in a vision. For I have had that vision thrice. And through all the years since first the Divine voice called me, while I was yet in the world, I have been taught and guided by visions. For in the painful linking together of our waking thoughts we can never be sure that we have not mingled our own error with the light we have prayed for; but in visions and dreams we are passive, and our souls are as an instrument in the Divine hand. Therefore listen, and speak not again—for the time is short."

Romola's mind recoiled strongly from listening to this vision. Her indignation had subsided, but it was only because she had felt the distance between her brother and herself widening. But while Fra Luca was speaking, the figure of another monk had entered, and again stood on the other side of the bed, with the cowl drawn over his head.

"Kneel, my daughter, for the Angel of Death is present, and waits while the message of heaven is delivered: bend thy pride before it is bent for thee by a yoke of iron," said a strong rich voice, startlingly in contrast

with Fra Luca's. The tone was not that of imperious command, but of quiet self-possession and assurance of the right, blended with benignity. Romola, vibrating to the sound, looked round at the figure on the opposite side of the bed. His face was hardly discernible under the shadow of the cowl, and her eyes fell at once on his hands, which were folded across his breast and lay in relief on the edge of his black mantle. They had a marked physiognomy which enforced the influence of the voice: they were very beautiful and almost of transparent delicacy. Romola's disposition to rebel against command, doubly active in the presence of monks, whom she had been taught to despise, would have fixed itself on any repulsive detail as a point of support. But the face was hidden, and the hands seemed to have an appeal in them against all hardness. The next moment the right hand took the crucifix to relieve the fatigued grasp of Fra Luca, and the left touched his lips with a wet sponge which lay near. In the act of bending, the cowl was pushed back, and the features of the monk had the full light of the tapers on them. They were very marked features, such as lend themselves to popular description. There was the high arched nose, the prominent under lip, the coronet of thick dark hair above the brow, all seeming to tell of energy and passion; there were the blue-grey eyes, shining mildly under auburn eyelashes, seeming, like the hands, to tell of acute sensitiveness. Romola felt certain they were the features of Fra Girolamo Savonarola, the prior of San Marco, whom she had chiefly thought of as more offensive than other monks, because he was more noisy. Her rebellion was rising against the first impression, which had almost forced her to bend her knees.

"Kneel, my daughter," the penetrating voice said again, "the pride of the body is a barrier against the gifts that purify the soul."

He was looking at her with mild fixedness while he spoke, and again she felt that subtle mysterious influence of a personality by which it has been given to some rare men to move their fellows.

Slowly Romola fell on her knees, and in the very act a tremor came over her; in the renunciation of her proud erectness, her mental attitude seemed changed, and she found herself in a new state of passiveness. Her brother began to speak again.

"Romola, in the deep night, as I lay awake, I saw my father's room—the library—with all the books and the marbles and the leggio, where I used to stand and read; and I saw you—you were revealed to me as I see you now, pale, with long hair, sitting before my father's chair. And at the leggio stood a man whose face I could not see—I looked, and looked, and it was a blank to me, even as a painting effaced; and I saw him move and take thee, Romola, by the hand; and then I saw thee take my father by the hand, and you went all three down the stone steps into the streets, the man whose face was a blank to me leading the way. And you stood at the altar in Santa Croce, and the priest who married you had the face of death; and the graves opened, and the dead in their shrouds rose and followed you like a bridal train. And you passed on

through the streets and the gates into the valley, and it seemed to me that he who led you hurried you more than you could bear, and the dead were weary of following you, and turned back to their graves. And at last you came to a stony place where there was no water, and no trees or herbage; but instead of water, I saw written parchment unrolling itself everywhere, and instead of trees and herbage I saw men of bronze and marble springing up and crowding round you; and my father was faint for want of water and fell to the ground; and the man whose face was a blank loosed thy hand and departed; and as he went I could see his face; and it was the face of the Great Tempter. And thou, Romola, didst wring thy hands and seek for water, and there was none. And the bronze and marble figures seemed to mock thee and hold out cups of water, and when thou didst grasp them and put them to my father's lips, they turned to parchment. And the bronze and marble figures seemed to turn into demons and snatch my father's body from thee, and the parchments shrivelled up, and blood ran everywhere instead of them, and fire upon the blood, till they all vanished, and the plain was bare and stony again, and thou wast alone in the midst of it. And then it seemed that the night fell and I saw no more. . . . Thrice I have had that vision, Romola. I believe it is a revelation meant for thee—to warn thee against marriage as a temptation of the enemy—it calls upon thee to dedicate thyself——”

His pauses had gradually become longer and more frequent, and he was now compelled to cease by a severe fit of gasping, in which his eyes were turned on the crucifix as on a light that was vanishing. Presently he found strength to speak again, but in a feebler, scarcely audible tone.

“To renounce the vain philosophy and corrupt thoughts of the heathens: for in the hour of sorrow and death their pride will turn to mockery, and the unclean gods will——”

The words died away.

In spite of the thought that was at work in Romola, telling her that this vision was no more than a dream, fed by youthful memories and ideal convictions, a strange awe had come over her. Her mind was not apt to be assailed by sickly fancies; she had the vivid intellect and the healthy human passion, which are too keenly alive to the constant relations of things to have any morbid craving after the exceptional. Still the images of the vision she despised jarred and distressed her like painful and cruel cries. And it was the first time she had witnessed the struggle with approaching death: her young life had been sombre, but she had known nothing of the utmost human needs; no acute suffering—no heart-cutting sorrow; and this brother, come back to her in his hour of supreme agony, was like a sudden awful apparition from an invisible world. The pale faces of sorrow in the fresco on the opposite wall seemed to have come nearer, and to make one company with the pale face on the bed.

"Frate," said the dying voice.

Fra Girolamo leaned down. But no other word came for some moments.

"Romola," it said next.

She leaned forward too: but again there was silence. The words were struggling in vain.

"Fra Girolamo, give her ——"

"The crucifix," said the voice of Fra Girolamo.

No other sound came from the dying lips.

"Dino!" said Romola, with a low but piercing cry, as the certainty came upon her that the silence of misunderstanding could never be broken.

"Take the crucifix, my daughter," said Fra Girolamo, after a few minutes. "His eyes behold it no more."

Romola stretched out her hand to the crucifix, and this act appeared to relieve the tension of her mind. A great sob burst from her. She bowed her head by the side of her dead brother, and wept aloud. It seemed to her as if this first vision of death must alter the daylight for her for ever more.

Fra Girolamo moved towards the door, and called in a *fra converso* who was waiting outside. Then he went up to Romola and said in a tone of gentle command, "Rise, my daughter, and be comforted. Our brother is with the blessed. He has left you the crucifix, in remembrance of the heavenly warning—that it may be a beacon to you in the darkness."

She rose from her knees, trembling, folded her veil over her head, and hid the crucifix under her mantle. Fra Girolamo then led the way out into the cloistered court, lit now only by the stars and by a lantern which was held by some one near the entrance. Several other figures in the dress of the dignified laity were grouped about the same spot. They were some of the numerous frequenters of San Marco, who had come to visit the Prior, and having heard that he was in attendance on the dying brother in the chapter-house, had awaited him here.

Romola was dimly conscious of footsteps and rustling forms moving aside: she heard the voice of Fra Girolamo, saying, in a low tone, "Our brother is departed;" she felt a hand laid on her arm. The next moment the door was opened, and she was out in the wide piazza of San Marco, with no one but Monna Brigida, and the servant carrying the lantern.

The fresh sense of space revived her, and helped her to recover her self-mastery. The scene which had just closed upon her was terribly distinct and vivid, but it began to narrow under the returning impressions of the life that lay outside it. She hastened her steps, with nervous anxiety to be again with her father—and with Tito—for were they not together in her absence? The images of that vision, while they clung about her like a hideous dream not yet to be shaken off, made her yearn all the more for the beloved faces and voices that would assure her of her waking life.

Tito, we know, was not with Bardo; his destiny was being shaped by a guilty consciousness, urging on him the despairing belief that by this time Romola possessed the knowledge which would lead to their final separation.

And the lips that could have conveyed that knowledge were for ever closed. The prevision that Fra Luca's words had imparted to Romola had been such as comes from the shadowy region where human souls seek wisdom apart from the human sympathies which are the very life and substance of our wisdom; the revelation that might have come from the simple questions of filial and brotherly affection had been carried into irrevocable silence.

CHAPTER XVI.

A FLORENTINE JOKE.

EARLY the next morning Tito was returning from Bratti's shop in the narrow thoroughfare of the Ferravecchj. The Genoese stranger had carried away the onyx ring, and Tito was carrying away fifty florins. It did just cross his mind that if, after all, Fortune, by one of her able devices, saved him from the necessity of quitting Florence, it would be better for him not to have parted with his ring, since he had been understood to wear it for the sake of peculiar memories and predilections; still, it was a slight matter, not worth dwelling on with any emphasis, and in those moments he had lost his confidence in fortune. The feverish excitement of the first alarm which had impelled his mind to travel into the future had given place to a dull, regretful lassitude. He cared so much for the pleasures that could only come to him through the good opinion of his fellow-men, that he wished now he had never risked ignominy by shrinking from what his fellow-men called obligations. But our deeds are like children that are born to us; they live and act apart from our own will. Nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never: they have an indestructible life both in and out of our consciousness; and that dreadful vitality of deeds was pressing hard on Tito for the first time.

He was going back to his lodgings in the Piazza di San Giovanni, but he avoided passing through the Mercato Vecchio, which was his nearest way, lest he should see Tessa. He was not in the humour to seek anything; he could only await the first sign of his altering lot.

The piazza with its sights of beauty was lit up by that warm morning sunlight under which the autumn dew still lingers and which invites to an idlesse undulled by fatigue. It was a festival morning too, when the soft warmth seems to steal over one with a special invitation to lounge and gaze. The signs of the fair were present here too; in the spaces round

the octagonal baptistery, stalls were being spread with fruit and flowers, and here and there laden mules were standing quietly absorbed in their nose-bags, while their drivers were perhaps gone through the hospitable sacred doors to kneel before the Blessed Virgin on this morning of her Nativity. On the broad marble steps of the Duomo there were scattered groups of beggars and gossiping talkers; here an old crone with white hair and hard sunburnt face encouraging a round-capped baby to try its tiny bare feet on the warmed marble, while a dog sitting near snuffed at the performance suspiciously; there a couple of shaggy-headed boys leaning to watch a small pale cripple who was cutting a face on a cherry-stone; and above them on the wide platform men were making changing knots in laughing desultory chat, or else were standing in close couples gesticulating eagerly.

But the largest and most important company of loungers was that towards which Tito had to direct his steps. It was the busiest time of the day with Nello, and in this warm season and at an hour when clients were numerous, most men preferred being shaved under the pretty red and white awning in front of the shop rather than within narrow walls. It is not a sublime attitude for a man to sit with lathered chin thrown backward, and have his nose made a handle of; but to be shaved was a fashion of Florentine respectability, and it is astonishing how gravely men look at each other when they are all in the fashion. It was the hour of the day too when yesterday's crop of gossip was freshest, and the barber's tongue was always in its glory when his razor was busy; the deft activity of those two instruments seemed to be set going by a common spring. Tito foresaw that it would be impossible for him to escape being drawn into the circle; he must smile and retort, and look perfectly at his ease. Well! it was but the ordeal of swallowing bread and cheese pills after all. The man who let the mere anticipation of discovery choke him was simply a man of weak nerves. But just at that time Tito felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and no amount of previous resolution could prevent the very unpleasant sensation with which that sudden touch jarred him. His face, as he turned it round, betrayed the inward shock; but the owner of the hand that seemed to have such evil magic in it broke into a light laugh. He was a young man about Tito's own age, with keen features, small close-clipped head, and close-shaven lip and chin, giving the idea of a mind as little encumbered as possible with material that was not nervous. The keen eyes were bright with hope and friendliness, as so many other young eyes have been that have afterwards closed on the world in bitterness and disappointment; for at that time there were none but pleasant predictions about Niccolò Macchiavelli, as a young man of promise, who was expected to mend the broken fortunes of his ancient family.

"Why, Melena, what evil dream did you have last night, that you took my light grasp for that of a *sbirro* or something worse?"

"Ah, Messer Niccolò!" said Tito, recovering himself immediately; "it must have been an extra amount of dulness in my veins this morning

that shuddered at the approach of your wit. But the fact is, I have had a bad night."

"That is unlucky, because you will be expected to shine without any obstructing fog to-day in the Rucellai Gardens. I take it for granted you are to be there."

"Messer Bernardo did me the honour to invite me," said Tito; "but I shall be engaged elsewhere."

"Ah! I remember, you are in love," said Macchiavelli, with a shrug, "else you would never have such inconvenient engagements. Why, we are to eat a peacock and ortolans under the loggia among Bernardo Rucellai's rare trees; there are to be the choicest spirits in Florence and the choicest wines. Only as Piero de' Medici is to be there, the choice spirits may happen to be swamped in the capping of impromptu verses. I hate that game; it is a device for the triumph of small wits, who are always inspired the most by the smallest occasions."

"What is that you are saying about Piero de' Medici and small wits, Messer Niccolò?" said Nello, whose light figure was at that moment predominating over the Herculean frame of Niccolò Caparra. That famous worker in iron, whom we saw last with bared muscular arms and leathern apron in the Mercato Vecchio, was this morning dressed in holiday suit, and as he sat submissively while Nello skipped round him, lathered him, seized him by the nose, and scraped him with magical quickness, he looked much as a lion might if it had donned linen and tunic, and was preparing to go into society.

"A private secretary will never rise in the world if he couples great and small in that way," continued Nello. "When great men are not allowed to marry their sons and daughters as they like, small men must not expect to marry their words as they like. Have you heard the news Bernardo Cennini, here, has been telling us?—that Pagolantonio Soderini has given Ser Piero da Bibbiena a box on the ear for setting on Piero de' Medici to interfere with the marriage between young Tommaso Soderini and Fiammetta Strozzi, and is to be sent ambassador to Venice as a punishment?"

"I don't know which I envy him most," said Macchiavelli, "the offence or the punishment. The offence will make him the most popular man in all Florence, and the punishment will take him among the only people in Italy who have known how to manage their own affairs."

"Yes, if Soderini stays long enough at Venice," said Cennini, "he may chance to learn the Venetian fashion, and bring it home with him. The Soderini have been fast friends of the Medici, but what has happened is likely to open Pagolantonio's eyes to the good of our old Florentine trick of choosing a new harness when the old one galls us; if we have not quite lost the trick in these last fifty years."

"Not we," said Niccolò Caparra, who was rejoicing in the free use of his lips again. "Eat eggs in Lent and the snow will melt. That's what I say to our people when they get noisy over their cups at San Gallo, and

talk of raising a *romor* (insurrection): I say, never do you plan a *romor*; you may as well try to fill Arno with buckets. When there's water enough Arno will be full, and that will not be till the torrent is ready."

"Caparra, that oracular speech of yours is due to my excellent shaving," said Nello. "You could never have made it with that dark rust on your chin. *Ecco*, Messer Bernardo, I am ready for you now. By the way, my *bel erudito*," continued Nello, as he saw Tito moving towards the door, "here has been old Maso seeking for you, but your nest was empty. He will come again presently. The old man looked mournful, and seemed in haste. I hope there is nothing wrong in the *Via de' Bardi*."

"Doubtless, Messer Tito knows that Bardo's son is dead," said Cronaca, who had just come up.

Tito's heart gave a leap—had the death happened before Romola saw him?

"No, I had not heard it," he said, with no more discomposure than the occasion seemed to warrant, turning and leaning against the doorpost, as if he had given up his intention of going away. "I knew that his sister had gone to see him. Did he die before she arrived?"

"No," said Cronaca; "I was in San Marco at the time, and saw her come out from the chapter-house with Fra Girolamo, who told us that the dying man's breath had been preserved as by a miracle, that he might make a disclosure to his sister."

Tito felt that his fate was decided. Again his mind rushed over all the circumstances of his departure from Florence, and he conceived a plan of getting back his money from Cennini before the disclosure had become public. If he once had his money he need not stay long in endurance of scorching looks and biting words. He would wait now, and go away with Cennini and get the money from him at once. With that project in his mind he stood motionless—his hands in his belt, his eyes fixed absently on the ground. Nello, glancing at him, felt sure that he was absorbed in anxiety about Romola, and thought him such a pretty image of self-forgotten sadness, that he just perceptibly pointed his razor at him, and gave a challenging look at Piero di Cosimo, whom he had never forgiven for his refusal to see any prognostics of character in his favourite's handsome face. Piero, who was leaning against the other doorpost, close to Tito, shrugged his shoulders: the frequent recurrence of such challenges from Nello had changed the painter's first declaration of neutrality into a positive inclination to believe ill of the much-praised Greek.

"So you have got your Fra Girolamo back again, Cronaca?" said Nello. "I suppose we shall have him preaching again this next Advent," said Nello.

"And not before there is need," said Cronaca, gravely. "We have had the best testimony to his words since the last Quaresima; for even to the wicked wickedness has become a plague; and the ripeness of vice is turning to rottenness in the nostrils even of the vicious. There has not been a change since the Quaresima, either in Rome or at Florence, but has

put a new seal on the Frate's words—that the harvest of sin is ripe, and that God will reap it with a sword."

"I hope he has had a new vision, however," said Francesco Cei, sincerely. "The old ones are somewhat stale. Can't your Frate get a poet to help out his imagination for him?"

"He has no lack of poets about him," said Cronaca, with quiet contempt, "but they are great poets and not little ones; so they are contented to be taught by him, and no more think the truth stale which God has given him to utter, than they think the light of the moon is stale. But, perhaps, certain high prelates and princes who don't like the Frate's denunciations, might be pleased to hear that, though Giovanni Pico and Poliziano, and Marsilio Ficino, and most other men of mark in Florence reverence Fra Girolamo, Messer Francesco Cei despises him."

"Poliziano?" said Cei, with a scornful laugh. "Yes, doubtless he believes in your new Jonah; witness the fine oration he wrote for the envoys of Sienna, to tell Alexander the Sixth that the world and the church were never so well off as since he became Pope."

"Nay, Francesco," said Macchiavelli, smiling, "a various scholar must have various opinions. And as for the Frate, whatever we may think of his saintliness, you judge his preaching too narrowly. The secret of oratory lies, not in saying new things, but in saying things with a certain power that moves the hearers—without which, as old Filelfo has said, your speaker deserves to be called, '*non oratorem, sed aratorem.*' And, according to that test, Fra Girolamo is a great orator."

"That is true, Niccolò," said Cennini, speaking from the shaving chair, "but part of the secret lies in the prophetic visions. Our people—no offence to you, Cronaca—will run after anything in the shape of a prophet, especially if he prophesies terrors and tribulations."

"Rather say, Cennini," answered Cronaca, "that the chief secret lies in the Frate's pure life and strong faith, which stamp him as a messenger of God."

"I admit it—I admit it," said Cennini, opening his palms, as he rose from the chair. "His life is spotless: no man has impeached it."

"He is satisfied with the pleasant lust of arrogance," Cei burst out, bitterly. "I can see it in that proud lip and satisfied eye of his. He hears the air filled with his own name—Fra Girolamo Savonarola, of Ferrara; the prophet, the saint, the mighty preacher, who frightens the very babies of Florence into laying down their wicked baubles."

"Come, come, Francesco, you are out of humour with waiting," said the conciliatory Nello. "Let me stop your mouth with a little lather. I must not have my friend Cronaca made angry: I have a regard for his chin; and his chin is in no respect altered since he became a *piagnone*. And for my own part, I confess, when the Frate was preaching in the Duomo last Advent, I got into such a trick of slipping in to listen to him, that I might have turned *piagnone* too, if I had not been hindered by the liberal nature of my art—and also by the length of the sermons, which

are sometimes a good while before they get to the moving point. But as Messer Niccolò here says, the Frate lays hold of the people by some power over and above his prophetic visions. Monks and nuns who prophesy are not of that rareness. For what says Luigi Pulci? 'Dombruno's sharp-cutting scimitar had the fame of being enchanted; but,' says Messer Luigi, 'I am rather of opinion that it cut sharp because it was of strongly-tempered steel.' Yes, yes; paternosters may shave clean, but they must be said over a good razor."

"See, Nello!" said Macchiavelli, "what doctor is this advancing on his Bucephalus? I thought your piazza was free from those furred and scarlet-robed lacqueys of death. This man looks as if he had had some such night adventure as Boccaccio's Maestro Simone, and had his bonnet and mantle pickled a little in the gutter; though he himself is as sleek as a miller's rat."

"A-ah!" said Nello, with a low, long-drawn intonation, as he looked up towards the advancing figure--a round-headed, round-bodied personage, seated on a raw young horse, which held its nose out with an air of threatening obstinacy, and by a constant effort to back and go off in an oblique line showed five views about authority very much in advance of the age.

"And I have a few more adventures in pickle for him," continued Nello, in an under tone, "which I hope will drive his inquiring nostrils to another quarter of the city. He's a doctor from Padua; they say he has been at Prato for three months, and now he's come to Florence to see what he can net. But his great trick is making rounds among the contadini. And do you note those great saddle-bags he carries? They are to hold the fat capons, and eggs, and meal he levies on silly clowns with whom coin is scarce. He vends his own secret medicines, so he keeps away from the doors of the *speziali* (druggists); and for this last week he has taken to sitting in my piazza for two or three hours every day, and making it a resort for asthmas and squalling *bambini*. It stirs my gall to see the toad-faced quack fingering the greasy quattrini, or bagging a pigeon in exchange for his pills and powders. But I'll put a few thorns in his saddle, else I'm no Florentine. Laudamus! he is coming to be shaved; that's what I've waited for. Messer Bernardo, go not away--wait; you shall see a rare bit of fooling, which I devised two days ago. Here, Sandro!"

Nello whispered in the ear of Sandro, who rolled his solemn eyes, nodded, and following up these signs of understanding with a slow smile, took to his heels with surprising rapidity.

"How is it with you, Maestro Tacco?" said Nello, as the doctor, with difficulty, brought his horse's head round towards the barber's shop. "That is a fine young horse of yours, but something raw in the mouth, eh?"

"He is an accursed beast, the *verrucane* seize him!" said Maestro Tacco, with a burst of irritation, descending from his saddle and fastening

the old bridle, mended with string, to an iron staple in the wall. "Nevertheless," he added, recollecting himself, "a sound beast and a valuable, for one who wanted to purchase, and get a profit by training him. I had him cheap."

"Rather too hard riding for a man who carries your weight of learning: eh, Maestro?" said Nello. "You seem hot."

"Truly, I am likely to be hot," said the doctor, taking off his bonnet, and giving to full view a bald low head and flat broad face, with high ears, wide lipless mouth, round eyes, and deep arched lines above the projecting eyebrows, which altogether made Nello's epithet "toad-faced" dubiously complimentary to the blameless batrachian. "Riding from Peretola, when the sun is high, is not the same thing as kicking your heels on a bench in the shade, like your Florence doctors. Moreover, I have had not a little pulling to get through the carts and mules into the Mercato, to find out the husband of a certain Monna Ghita, who had had a fatal seizure before I was called in; and if it had not been that I had to demand my fees——"

"Monna Ghita!" said Nello, as the perspiring doctor interrupted himself to rub his head and face. "Peace be with her angry soul! The Mercato will want a whip the more if her tongue is laid to rest."

Tito, who had roused himself from his abstraction, and was listening to the dialogue, felt a new rush of the vague half-formed ideas about Tessa, which had passed through his mind the evening before: if Monna Ghita were really taken out of the way, it would be easier for him to see Tessa again—whenever he wanted to see her.

"*Gnaffè*, maestro," Nello went on, in a sympathizing tone, "you are the slave of rude mortals, who, but for you, would die like brutes, without help of pill or powder. It is pitiful to see your learned lymph oozing from your pores as if it were mere vulgar moisture. You think my shaving will cool and disencumber you? One moment and I have done with Messer Francesco here. It seems to me a thousand years till I wait upon a man who carries all the science of Arabia in his head and saddle-bags. Ecco!"

Nello held up the shaving cloth with an air of invitation, and Maestro Tacco advanced and seated himself under a pre-occupation with his heat and his self-importance, which made him quite deaf to the irony conveyed in Nello's officiously friendly tones.

"It is but fitting that a great medicus like you," said Nello, adjusting the cloth, "should be shaved by the same razor that has shaved the illustrious Antonio Benevieni, the greatest master of the chirurgic art."

"The chirurgic art!" interrupted the doctor, with an air of contemptuous disgust. "Is it your Florentine fashion to put the masters of the science of medicine on a level with men who do carpentry on broken limbs, and sew up wounds like tailors, and carve away excrescences as a butcher trims meat. *Via!* A manual art, such as any artificer might learn, and which has been practised by simple barbers like yourself—on a level with the noble science of Hippocrates, Galen, and Avicenna, which

penetrates into the occult influences of the stars, and plants and gems!—a science locked up from the vulgar!”

“No, in truth, *maestro*,” said Nello, using his lather very deliberately, as if he wanted to prolong the operation to the utmost, “I never thought of placing them on a level: I know your science comes next to the miracles of Holy Church for mystery. But there, you see, is the pity of it”—here Nello fell into a tone of regretful sympathy—“your high science is sealed from the profane and the vulgar, and so you become an object of envy and slander. I grieve to say it, but there are low fellows in this city—mere *sgherri*, who go about in nightcaps and long beards, and make it their business to sprinkle gall in every man’s broth who is prospering. Let me tell you—for you are a stranger—this is a city where every man had need carry a large nail ready to fasten on the wheel of Fortune when his side happens to be uppermost. Already there are stories—mere fables doubtless—beginning to be buzzed about concerning you, that make me wish I could hear of your being well on your way to Arezzo. I would not have a man of your metal stoned, for though San Stefano was stoned, he was not great in medicine like San Cosmo and San Damiano. . . .”

“What stories? what fables?” stammered Maestro Tacco. “What do you mean?”

“*Lasso*! I fear me you are come into the trap for your cheese, Maestro. The fact is, there is a company of evil youths who go prowling about the houses of our citizens carrying sharp tools in their pockets;—no sort of door, or window, or shutter, but they will pierce it. They are possessed with a diabolical patience to watch the doings of people who fancy themselves private. It must be they who have done it—it must be they who have spread the stories about you and your medicines. Have you by chance detected any small aperture in your door, or window shutter? No? *Ebbene*, I advise you to look—for it is now commonly talked of that you have been seen in your dwelling at the Canto di Paglia, making your secret specifics by night: pounding dried toads in a mortar, compounding a salve out of mashed worms, and making your pills from the dried livers of rats which you mix with saliva emitted during the utterance of a blasphemous incantation—which indeed these witnesses profess to repeat.”

“It is a pack of lies!” exclaimed the doctor, struggling to get utterance, and then desisting in alarm at the approaching razor.

“It is not to me, or any of this respectable company that you need to say that, *dottore*. We are not the heads to plant such carrots as those in. But what of that? What are a handful of reasonable men against a crowd with stones in their hands? There are those among us who think Cecco d’Ascoli was an innocent sage—and we all know how he was burnt alive for being wiser than his fellows. It is not by living at Padua that you can learn to know Florentines. My belief is, they would stone the Holy Father himself, if they could find a good excuse for it; and they are persuaded that you are a *nigromante*, who is trying to

raise the pestilence by selling secret medicines—and I am told your specifics have in truth an evil smell.”

“It is false!” burst out the doctor, as Nello moved away his razor. “It is false! I will show the pills and the powders to these honourable signori—and the salve—it has an excellent odour—an odour of—of salve.” He started up with the lather on his chin, and the cloth round his neck, to search in his saddle-bag for the belied medicines, and Nello in an instant adroitly shifted the shaving chair till it was in the close vicinity of the horse’s head, while Sandro, who had now returned, at a sign from his master placed himself near the bridle.

“Behold, *messeri!*” said the doctor, bringing a small box of medicines and opening it before them. “Let any signor apply this box to his nostrils and he will find an honest odour of medicaments—not indeed of pounded gems, or rare vegetables from the east, or stones found in the bodies of birds; for I practise on the diseases of the vulgar, for whom heaven has provided cheaper and less powerful remedies according to their degree: and there are even remedies known to our science which are entirely free of cost—as the new *tussis* may be counteracted in the poor, who can pay for no specifics, by a resolute holding of the breath. And here is a paste which is even of savoury odour, and is infallible against melancholia, being concocted under the conjunction of Jupiter and Venus—and I have seen it allay spasms.”

“Stay, maestro,” said Nello, while the doctor had his lathered face turned towards the group near the door, eagerly holding out his box, and lifting out one specific after another; “here comes a crying *contadina* with her baby. Doubtless she is in search of you; it is perhaps an opportunity for you to show this honourable company a proof of your skill. Here, *buona donna!* here is the famous doctor. Why, what is the matter with the sweet *bambino?*”

This question was addressed to a sturdy-looking, broad-shouldered *contadina*, with her head-drapery folded about her face so that little was to be seen but a bronzed nose and a pair of dark eyes and eyebrows. She carried her child packed up in the stiff mummy-shaped case in which Italian babies have been from time immemorial introduced into society, turning its face a little towards her bosom, and making those sorrowful grimaces which women are in the habit of using as a sort of pulleys to draw down reluctant tears.

“Oh, for the love of the holy Madonna!” said the woman in a wailing voice; “will you look at my poor *bambinetto?* I know I can’t pay you for it, but I took it into the Nunziata last night, and it’s turned a worse colour than before; it’s the convulsions. But when I was holding it before the Santissima Nunziata, I remembered they said there was a new doctor come who cured everything; and so I thought it might be the will of the Madonna that I should bring it to you.”

“Sit down, maestro, sit down,” said Nello. “Here is an opportunity for you; here are honourable witnesses who will declare before the Magni-

ficient Council of Eight that they have seen you practising honestly and relieving a poor woman's child. And then if your life is in danger, the Magnificent Eight will put you in prison a little while just to ensure your safety, and after that their *shirri* will conduct you out of Florence by night, as they did the zealous Frate Minore, who preached against the Jews. What! our people are given to stone-throwing; but we have magistrates."

The doctor, unable to refuse, seated himself in the shaving chair, trembling, half with fear and half with rage, and by this time quite unconscious of the lather which Nello had laid on with such profuseness. He deposited his medicine-case on his knees, took out his precious spectacles (wondrous Florentine device!) from his wallet, lodged them carefully above his flat nose and high ears, and lifting up his brows, turned towards the applicant.

"O Santiddio! look at him," said the woman with a more piteous wail than ever, as she held out the small mummy, which had its head completely concealed by dingy drapery wound round the head of the portable cradle, but seemed to be struggling and crying in a demoniacal fashion under this imprisonment. "The fit is on him! *Ohimè!* I know what a colour he is; it's the evil eye—oh!"

The doctor, anxiously holding his knees together to support his box, bent his spectacles towards the baby, and said cautiously, "It may be a new disease; unwind these rags, Monna!"

The contadina, with sudden energy, snatched off the encircling linen, when out struggled—scratching, grinning, and screaming—what the doctor in his fright fully believed to be a demon, but what Tito recognized as Vaiano's monkey, made more formidable by an artificial blackness, such as might have come from a hasty rubbing up the chimney.

Up started the unfortunate doctor, letting his medicine box fall, and away jumped the no less terrified and indignant monkey, finding the first resting-place for his claws on the horse's mane, which he used as a sort of rope-ladder till he had fairly found his equilibrium, when he continued to clutch it as a bridle. The horse wanted no spur under such a rider, and, the already loosened bridle offering no resistance, darted off across the piazza, with the monkey clutching, grinning and blinking, on his neck.

"*Il cavallo! Il Diavolo!*" was now shouted on all sides by the idle rascals who had gathered from all quarters of the piazza, and was echoed in tones of alarm by the stall-keepers, whose vested interests seemed in some danger; while the doctor out of his wits with confused terror at the Devil, the possible stoning, and the escape of his horse, took to his heels with spectacles on nose, lathered face, and the shaving-cloth about his neck, crying—"Stop him! stop him! for a powder—a florin—stop him for a florin!" while the lads, outstripping him, clapped their hands and shouted encouragement to the runaway.

The *cerretano*, who had not bargained for the flight of his monkey along with the horse, had caught up his petticoats with much celerity, and showed a pair of particoloured hose above his contadina's shoes, far

in advance of the doctor. And away went the grotesque race up the Corso degli Adimari—the horse with the singular jockey, the contadina with the remarkable hose, and the doctor in lather and spectacles, with furred mantle outflying.

It was a scene such as Florentines loved, from the potent and reverend *signor* going to council in his lucco, down to the grinning youngster, who felt himself master of all situations when his bag was filled with smooth stones from the convenient dry bed of the torrent. The grey-headed Bernardo Cennini laughed no less heartily than the younger men, and Nello was triumphantly secure of the general admiration.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, snapping his fingers when the first burst of laughter was subsiding. "I have cleared my piazza of that unsavoury flytrap, *mi pare*. Maestro Tacco will no more come here again to sit for patients than he will take to licking marble for his dinner."

"You are going towards the Piazza della Signoria, Messer Bernardo," said Macchiavelli. "I will go with you, and we shall perhaps see who has deserved the *pallio* among these racers. Come, Melema, will you go too?"

It had been precisely Tito's intention to accompany Cennini, but before he had gone many steps, he was called back by Nello, who saw Maso approaching.

Maso's message was from Romola. She wished Tito to go to the Via de' Bardi as soon as possible. She would see him under the loggia, at the top of the house, as she wished to speak to him alone.

CHAPTER XVII.

UNDER THE LOGGIA.

THE *loggia* at the top of Bardo's house rose above the buildings on each side of it, and formed a gallery round quadrangular walls. On the side towards the street the roof was supported by columns; but on the remaining sides, by a wall pierced with arched openings, so that at the back, looking over a crowd of irregular, poorly-built dwellings towards the hill of Bogoli, Romola could at all times have a walk sheltered from observation. Near one of those arched openings, close to the door by which he had entered the *loggia*, Tito awaited her, with a sickening sense of the sunlight that slanted before him and mingled itself with the ruin of his hopes. He had never for a moment relied on Romola's passion for him as likely to be too strong for the repulsion created by the discovery of his secret; he had not the presumptuous vanity which might have hindered him from feeling that her love had the same root with her belief in him. But as he imagined her coming towards him in her radiant majesty, made so loveably mortal by her soft hazel eyes, he fell into wishing that she had been something lower, if it were only that she might let him clasp her



and kiss her before they parted. He had had no real caress from her—nothing but now and then a long glance, a kiss, a pressure of the hand; and he had so often longed that they should be alone together. They were going to be alone now; but he saw her standing inexorably aloof from him. His heart gave a great throb as he saw the door move: Romola was there. It was all like a flash of lightning: he felt, rather than saw, the glory about her head, the tearful appealing eyes; he felt, rather than heard, the cry of love with which she said, "Tito!"

And in the same moment she was in his arms, and sobbing with her face against his.

How poor Romola had yearned through the watches of the night to see that bright face! The new image of death, the strange bewildering doubt infused into her by the story of a life removed from her understanding and sympathy; the haunting vision, which she seemed not only to hear uttered by the low gasping voice, but to live through, as if it had been her own dream, had made her more conscious than ever that it was Tito who had first brought the warm stream of hope and gladness into her life, and who had first turned away the keen edge of pain in the remembrance of her brother. She would tell Tito everything; there was no one else to whom she could tell it. She had been restraining herself in the presence of her father all the morning; but now, that long pent-up sob might come forth. Proud and self-controlled to all the world beside, Romola was as simple and unreserved as a child in her love for Tito. She had been quite contented with the days when they had only looked at each other; but now, when she felt the need of clinging to him, there was no thought that hindered her.

"My Romola! my goddess!" Tito murmured with passionate fondness, as he clasped her gently, and kissed the thick golden ripples on her neck. He was in paradise: disgrace, shame, parting—there was no fear of them any longer. This happiness was too strong to be marred by the sense that Romola was deceived in him; nay, he could only rejoice in her delusion; for, after all, concealment had been wisdom. The only thing he could regret was his needless dread; if, indeed, the dread had not been worth suffering for the sake of this sudden rapture.

The sob had satisfied itself, and Romola raised her head. Neither of them spoke; they stood looking at each other's faces with that sweet wonder which belongs to young love—she with her long white hands on the dark-brown curls, and he with his dark fingers bathed in the streaming gold. Each was so beautiful to the other; each was experiencing that undisturbed mutual consciousness for the first time. The cold pressure of a new sadness on Romola's heart made her linger the more in that silent soothing sense of nearness and love; and Tito could not even seek to press his lips to hers, because that would be change.

"Tito," she said, at last, "it has been altogether painful. But I must tell you everything. Your strength will help me to resist the impressions that will not be shaken off by reason."

"I know, Romola—I know he is dead," said Tito; and the long lustrous eyes told nothing of the many wishes that would have brought about that death long ago if there had been such potency in *mère* wishes. Romola only read her own pure thoughts in their dark depths, as we read letters in happy dreams.

"So changed, Tito! It pierced me to think that it was Dino. And so strangely hard: not a word to my father—nothing but a vision that he wanted to tell me. And yet it was so piteous—the struggling breath, and the eyes that seemed to look towards the crucifix, and yet not to see it. I shall never forget it; it seems as if it would come between me and everything I shall look at."

Romola's heart swelled again, so that she was forced to break off. But the need she felt to disburden her mind to Tito urged her to repress the rising anguish. When she began to speak again, her thoughts had travelled a little.

"It was strange, Tito. The vision was about our marriage, and yet he knew nothing of you."

"What was it, my Romola? Sit down and tell me," said Tito, leading her to the bench that stood near. A fear had come across him lest the vision should somehow or other relate to Baldassarre; and this sudden change of feeling prompted him to seek a change of position.

Romola told him all that had passed from her entrance into San Marco, hardly leaving out one of her brother's words which had burnt themselves into her memory as they were spoken. But when she was at the end of the vision, she paused; the rest came too vividly before her to be uttered, and she sat looking at the distance, almost unconscious for the moment that Tito was near her. *His* mind was at ease now; that vague vision had passed over him like white mist, and left no mark. But he was silent, expecting her to speak again.

"I took it," she went on, as if Tito had been reading her thoughts; "I took the crucifix; it is down below in my bedroom."

"And now, *angiol mio*," said Tito, entreatingly; "you will banish these ghastly thoughts. The vision was an ordinary monkish vision, bred of fasting and fanatical ideas. It surely has no weight with you."

"No, Tito; no. But poor Dino, *he* believed it was a divine message. It is strange," she went on meditatively, "this life of men possessed with fervid beliefs that seem like madness to their fellow beings. Dino was not a vulgar fanatic; and that Fra Girolamo, his very voice seems to have penetrated me with a sense that there is some truth in what moves them—some truth of which I know nothing."

"It was only because your feelings were highly wrought, my Romola. Your brother's state of mind was no more than a form of that theosophy which has been the common disease of excitable dreamy minds in all ages; the same ideas that your father's old antagonist, Marsilio Ficino, pores over in the New Platonists; only your brother's passionate nature drove him to act out what other men write and talk about. And for Fra

Girolamo, he is simply a narrow-minded monk, with a gift for preaching and infusing terror into the multitude. Any words or any voice would have shaken you at that moment. When your mind has had a little repose, you will judge of such things as you have always done before."

"Not about poor Dino," said Romola. "I was angry with him; my heart seemed to close against him while he was speaking; but since then I have thought less of what was in my own mind and more of what was in his. Oh, Tito! it was very piteous to see his young life coming to an end in that way. That yearning look at the crucifix when he was gasping for breath—I can never forget it. Last night I looked at the crucifix a long while, and tried to see that it would help him, until at last it seemed to me by the lamplight as if the suffering face shed pity."

"*Romola mia*, promise me to resist such thoughts; they are fit for sickly nuns, not for my golden-tressed Aurora, who looks made to scatter all such twilight fantasies. Try not to think of them now; we shall not long be alone together."

The last words were uttered in a tone of tender beseeching, and he turned her face towards him with a gentle touch of his right hand.

Romola had had her eyes fixed absently on the arched opening, but she had not seen the distant hill; she had all the while been in the chapter-house, looking at the pale images of sorrow and death.

Tito's touch and beseeching voice recalled her, and now in the warm sunlight she saw that rich dark beauty which seemed to gather round it all images of joy—purple vines festooned between the elms, the strong corn perfecting itself under the vibrating heat, bright winged creatures hurrying and resting among the flowers, round limbs beating the earth in gladness, with cymbals held aloft; light melodies chanted to the thrilling rhythm of strings—all objects and all sounds that tell of Nature revelling in her force. Strange, bewildering transition from those pale images of sorrow and death to this bright youthfulness, as of a sun-god who knew nothing of night! What thought could reconcile that worn anguish in her brother's face—that straining after something invisible—with this satisfied strength and beauty, and make it intelligible that they belonged to the same world? Or was there never any reconciling of them—but only a blind worship of clashing deities, first in mad joy and then in wailing? Romola for the first time felt this questioning need like a sudden uneasy dizziness and want of something to grasp; it was an experience hardly longer than a sigh, for the eager theorizing of ages is compressed, as in a seed, in the momentary want of a single mind. But there was no answer to meet the need, and it vanished before the returning rush of young sympathy with the glad loving beauty that beamed upon her in new radiance, like the dawn after we have looked away from it to the grey west.

"Your mind lingers apart from our love, my Romola," Tito said, with a soft reproachful murmur. "It seems a forgotten thing to you."

She looked at the beseeching eyes in silence, till the sadness all melted out of her own.

"My joy!" she said, in her full clear voice.

"Do you really care for me enough, then, to banish those chill fancies, or shall you always be suspecting me as the Great Tempter?" said Tito, with his bright smile.

"How should I not care for you more than for everything else? Everything I had felt before in all my life—about my father, and about my loneliness—was a preparation to love you. You would laugh at me, Tito, if you knew what sort of man I used to think I should marry—some scholar with deep lines in his face, like Alamanno Rinuccini, and with rather grey hair, who would agree with my father in taking the side of the Aristotelians, and be willing to live with him. I used to think about the love I read of in the poets, but I never dreamed that anything like that could happen to me here in Florence in our old library. And then *you* came, Tito, and were so much to my father, and I began to believe that life could be happy for me too."

"My goddess! is there any woman like you?" said Tito, with a mixture of fondness and wondering admiration at the blended majesty and simplicity in her.

"But, dearest," he went on, rather timidly, "if you minded more about our marriage, you would persuade your father and Messer Bernardo not to think of any more delays. But you seem not to mind about it."

"Yes, Tito, I will, I do mind. But I am sure my godfather will urge more delay now, because of Dino's death. He has never agreed with my father about disowning Dino, and you know he has always said that we ought to wait until you have been at least a year in Florence. Do not think hardly of my godfather. I know he is prejudiced and narrow, but yet he is very noble. He has often said that it is folly in my father to want to keep his library apart, that it may bear his name; yet he would try to get my father's wish carried out. That seems to me very great and noble—that power of respecting a feeling which he does not share or understand."

"I have no rancour against Messer Bernardo for thinking you too precious for me, my Romola," said Tito; and that was true. "But your father, then, knows of his son's death?"

"Yes, I told him—I could not help it—I told him where I had been, and that I had seen Dino die; but nothing else; and he has commanded me not to speak of it again. But he has been very silent this morning, and has had those restless movements which always go to my heart; they look as if he were trying to get outside the prison of his blindness. Let us go to him now. I had persuaded him to try to sleep, because he slept little in the night. Your voice will soothe him, Tito; it always does."

"And not one kiss? I have not had one," said Tito, in his gentle

reproachful tone, which gave him an air of dependence very charming in a creature with those rare gifts that seem to excuse presumption.

The sweet pink flush spread itself with the quickness of light over Romola's face and neck as she bent towards him. It seemed impossible that their kisses could ever become common things.

"Let us walk once round the *loggia*," said Romola, "before we go down."

"There is something grim and grave to me always about Florence," said Tito, as they paused in the front of the house, where they could see over the opposite roofs to the other side of the river, "and even in its merriment there is something shrill and hard—biting rather than gay. I wish we lived in Southern Italy, where thought is broken not by weariness, but by delicious languors such as never seem to come over the '*ingenia acerrima Florentina*.' I should like to see you under that southern sun, lying among the flowers, subdued into mere enjoyment, while I bent over you and touched the lute and sang to you some little unconscious strain that seemed all one with the light and the warmth. You have never known that happiness of the nymphs, my Romola."

"No, Tito; but I have dreamed of it often since you came. I am very thirsty for a deep draught of joy—for a life all bright like you. But we will not think of it now, Tito; it seems to me as if there would always be pale sad faces among the flowers, and eyes that look in vain. Let us go."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PORTRAIT.

WHEN Tito left the Via de' Bardi that day in exultant satisfaction at finding himself thoroughly free from the threatened peril, his thoughts, no longer claimed by the immediate presence of Romola and her father, recurred to those futile hours of dread in which he was conscious of having not only felt but acted as he would not have done if he had had a truer foresight. He would not have parted with his ring; for Romola, and others to whom it was a familiar object, would be a little struck with the apparent sordidness of parting with a gem he had professedly cherished, unless he feigned as a reason the desire to make some special gift with the purchase-money; and Tito had at that moment a nauseating weariness of simulation. He was well out of the possible consequences that might have fallen on him from that initial deception, and it was no longer a load on his mind; kind fortune had brought him immunity, and he thought it was only fair that she should. Who was hurt by it? Any results to Baldassarre were too problematical to be taken into account. But he wanted now to be free from any hidden shackles that would gail

him, though ever so little, under his ties to Romola. He was not aware that that very delight in immunity which prompted resolutions not to entangle himself again, was deadening the sensibilities which alone could save him from entanglement.

But, after all, the sale of the ring was a slight matter. Was it also a slight matter that little Tessa was under a delusion which would doubtless fill her small head with expectations doomed to disappointment? Should he try to see the little thing alone again and undeceive her at once, or should he leave the disclosure to time and chance? Happy dreams are pleasant, and they easily come to an end with daylight and the stir of life. The sweet, pouting, innocent, round thing! It was impossible not to think of her. Tito thought he should like some time to take her a present that would please her, and just learn if her step-father treated her more cruelly now her mother was dead. Or, should he at once undeceive Tessa, and then tell Romola about her, so that they might find some happier lot for the poor thing? No: that unfortunate little incident of the *cerretano* and the marriage, and his allowing Tessa to part from him in delusion, must never be known to Romola, and since no enlightenment could expel it from Tessa's mind, there would always be a risk of betrayal; besides, even little Tessa might have some gall in her when she found herself disappointed in her love—yes, she *must* be a little in love with him, and that might make it well that he should not see her again. Yet it was a trifling adventure such as a country girl would perhaps ponder on till some ruddy *contadino* made acceptable love to her, when she would break her resolution of secrecy and get at the truth that she was free. *Dunque*—good-by, Tessa! kindest wishes! Tito had made up his mind that the silly little affair of the *cerretano* should have no further consequences for himself; and people are apt to think that resolutions made on their own behalf will be firm. As for the fifty-five florins, the purchase-money of the ring, Tito had made up his mind what to do with some of them; he would carry out a pretty ingenious thought which would make him more at ease in accounting for the absence of his ring to Romola, and would also serve him as a means of guarding her mind from the recurrence of those monkish fancies which were especially repugnant to him; and with this thought in his mind, he went to the Via Gualfonda to find Piero di Cosimo, the artist who at that time was pre-eminent in the fantastic mythological design which Tito's purpose required.

Entering the court on which Piero's dwelling opened, Tito found the heavy iron knocker on the door thickly bound round with wool and ingeniously fastened with cords. Remembering the painter's practice of stuffing his ears against obtrusive noises, Tito was not much surprised at this mode of defence against visitors' thunder, and betook himself first to tapping modestly with his knuckles, and then to a more importunate attempt to shake the door. In vain! Tito was moving away, blaming himself for wasting his time on this visit, instead of waiting till he saw

the painter again at Nello's, when a little girl entered the court with a basket of eggs on her arm, went up to the door, and standing on tiptoe, pushed up a small iron plate that ran in grooves, and putting her mouth to the aperture thus disclosed, called out in a piping voice, "Messer Piero!"

In a few moments Tito heard the sound of bolts, the door opened, and Piero presented himself in a red night-cap and a loose brown *serge* tunic, with sleeves rolled up to the shoulder. He darted a look of surprise at Tito, but without further notice of him stretched out his hand to take the basket from the child, re-entered the house, and presently returning with the empty basket, said, "How much to pay?"

"Two *grossoni*, Messer Piero; they are all ready boiled, my mother says."

Piero took the coin out of the leathern *scarsella* at his belt, and the little maiden trotted away, not without a few upward glances of awed admiration at the surprising young signor.

Piero's glance was much less complimentary as he said,

"What do you want at my door, Messer Greco? I saw you this morning at Nello's; if you had asked me then, I could have told you that I see no man in this house without knowing his business and agreeing with him beforehand."

"Pardon, Messer Piero," said Tito, with his imperturbable good humour; "I acted without sufficient reflection. I remembered nothing but your admirable skill in inventing pretty caprices, when a sudden desire for something of that sort prompted me to come to you."

The painter's manners were too notoriously odd to all the world for this reception to be held a special affront; but even if Tito had suspected any offensive intention, the impulse to resentment would have been less strong in him than the desire to conquer goodwill.

Piero made a grimace which was habitual with him when he was spoken to with flattering suavity. He grinned, stretched out the corners of his mouth, and pressed down his brows, so as to defy any divination of his feelings under that kind of stroking.

"And what may that need be?" he said, after a moment's pause. In his heart he was tempted by the hinted opportunity of applying his invention.

"I want a very delicate miniature device taken from certain fables of the poets, which you will know how to combine for me. It must be painted on a wooden case—I will show you the size—in the form of a triptych. The inside may be simple gilding: it is on the outside I want the device. It is a favourite subject with you Florentines—the triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne; but I want it treated in a new way—a story in Ovid will give you the necessary hints. The young Bacchus must be seated in a ship, his head bound with clusters of grapes, and a spear entwined with vine-leaves in his hand: dark-berried ivy must wind about the masts and sails, the oars must be thyrsi, and flowers must

wreathe themselves about the poop ; leopards and tigers must be crouching before him, and dolphins must be sporting round. But I want to have the fair-haired Ariadne with him, made immortal with her golden crown—that is not in Ovid's story, but no matter, you will conceive it all—and above there must be young loves, such as you know how to paint, shooting with roses at the points of their arrows—— ”

“ Say no more ! ” said Piero. “ I have Ovid in the vulgar tongue. Find me the passage. I love not to be choked with other men's thoughts. You may come in.”

Piero led the way through the first room, where a basket of eggs was deposited on the open hearth, near a heap of broken egg-shells and a bank of ashes. In strange keeping with that sordid litter, there was a low bedstead of carved ebony, covered carelessly with a piece of rich oriental carpet, that looked as if it had served to cover the steps to a Madonna's throne ; and a carved *cassone*, or large chest, with painted devices on its sides and lid. There was hardly any other furniture in the large room, except casts, wooden steps, easels and rough boxes, all festooned with cobwebs.

The next room was still larger, but it was also much more crowded. Apparently Piero was keeping the *festa*, for the double door underneath the window which admitted the painter's light from above, was thrown open, and showed a garden or rather thicket in which fig-trees and vines grew in tangled, trailing wildness among nettles and hemlocks, and a tall cypress lifted its dark head from a stifling mass of yellowing mulberry-leaves. It seemed as if that dank luxuriance had begun to penetrate even within the walls of the wide and lofty room ; for in one corner, amidst a confused heap of carved marble fragments and rusty armour, tufts of long grass and dark feathery fennel had made their way, and a large stone vase, tilted on one side, seemed to be pouring out the ivy that streamed around. All about the walls hung pen and oil sketches of fantastic sea-monsters ; dances of satyrs and *Menads* ; Saint Margaret's resurrection out of the devouring dragon ; Madonnas with the supernal light upon them ; studies of plants and grotesque heads ; and on irregular rough shelves a few books were scattered among great drooping bunches of corn, bullocks' horns, pieces of dried honeycomb, stones with patches of rare-coloured lichen, skulls and bones, peacocks' feathers, and large birds' wings. Rising from amongst the dirty litter of the floor were lay figures—one in the frock of a Vallombrosan monk, strangely surmounted by a helmet with barred visor, another smothered with brocade and skins hastily tossed over it. Amongst this heterogeneous still life, several speckled and white pigeons were perched or strutting, too tame to fly at the entrance of men ; three corpulent toads were crawling in an intimate friendly way near the door-stone ; and a white rabbit, apparently the model for that which was frightening Cupid in the picture of Mars and Venus, placed on the central easel, was twitching its nose with much content on a box full of bran.

“ And now, Messer Greco,” said Piero, signing to Tito to sit down on

a low stool near the door, and then standing over him with folded arms, "don't be trying to see everything at once, like Messer Domeneddio, but let me know how large you would have this same triptych."

Tito indicated the required dimensions, and Piero marked them on a piece of paper.

"And now for the book," said Piero, reaching down a manuscript volume.

"There's nothing about the Ariadne there," said Tito, giving him the passage; "but you will remember I want the crowned Ariadne by the side of the young Bacchus: she must have golden hair."

"Ha!" said Piero, abruptly, pursing up his lips again. "And you want them to be likenesses, eh?" he added, looking down into Tito's face.

Tito laughed and blushed. "I know you are great at portraits, Messer Piero; but I could not ask Ariadne to sit for you, because the painting is a secret."

"There it is! I want her to sit to me. Giovanni Vespucci wants me to paint him a picture of (Edipus and Antigone at Colonos, as he has expounded it to me: I have a fancy for the subject, and I want Bardo and his daughter to sit for it. Now, you ask them; and then I'll put the likeness into Ariadne."

"Agreed, if I can prevail with them. And your price for the Bacchus and Ariadne?"

"*Baie!* If you get them to let me paint them, that will pay me. I'd rather not have your money: you may pay for the case."

"And when shall I sit for you?" said Tito, "for if we have one likeness, we must have two."

"I don't want *your* likeness—I've got it already," said Piero, "only I've made you look frightened. I must take the fright out of it for Bacchus."

As he was speaking, Piero laid down the book and went to look among some paintings, propped with their faces against the wall. He returned with an oil-sketch in his hand.

"I call this as good a bit of portrait as I ever did," he said, looking at it, as he advanced. "Yours is a face that expresses fear well, because it's naturally a bright one. I noticed it the first time I saw you. The rest of the picture is hardly sketched; but I've painted *you* in thoroughly."

Piero turned the sketch, and held it towards Tito's eyes. He saw himself with his right hand uplifted, holding a wine-cup, in the attitude of triumphant joy, but with his face turned away from the cup with an expression of such intense fear in the dilated eyes and pallid lips, that he felt a cold stream through his veins, as if he were being thrown into sympathy with his imaged self.

"You are beginning to look like it already," said Piero, with a short laugh, moving the picture away again. "He's seeing a ghost—that fine young man. I shall finish it some day, when I've settled what sort of

ghost is the most terrible—whether it should look solid, like a dead man come to life, or half transparent, like a mist.”

Tito, rather ashamed of himself for this strange and sudden sensitiveness, so opposed to his usual easy self-command, said carelessly—

“That is a subject after your own heart, Messer Piero—a revel interrupted by a ghost. You seem to love the blending of the terrible with the gay. I suppose that is the reason your shelves are so well furnished with death’s-heads, while you are painting those roguish Loves who are running away with the armour of Mars. I begin to think you are a Cynic philosopher in the pleasant disguise of a cunning painter.”

“Not I, Messer Greco; a philosopher is the last sort of animal I would choose to resemble. I find it enough to live, without spinning lies to account for life. Fowls cackle, asses bray, women chatter, and philosophers spin false reasons—that’s the effect the sight of the world brings out of them. Well, I am an animal that paints instead of cackling, or braying, or spinning lies. And now, I think, our business is done; you’ll keep to your side of the bargain about the *Œdipus* and *Antigone*?”

“I will do my best,” said Tito—on this strong hint, immediately moving towards the door.

“And you’ll let me know at Nello’s. No need to come here again.”

“I understand,” said Tito, laughingly, lifting his hand in sign of friendly parting.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE OLD MAN’S HOPE.

MESSER BERNARDO DEL NERO was as inexorable as Romola had expected in his advice that the marriage should be deferred till Easter, and in this matter Bardo was entirely under the ascendancy of his sagacious and practical friend. Nevertheless, Bernardo himself, though he was as far as ever from any susceptibility to the personal fascination in Tito which was felt by others, could not altogether resist that argument of success which is always powerful with men of the world. Tito was making his way rapidly in high quarters. He was especially growing in favour with the young Cardinal Giovanni de’ Medici, who had even spoken of Tito’s forming part of his learned retinue on an approaching journey to Rome; and the bright young Greek, who had a tongue that was always ready without ever being quarrelsome, was more and more wished for at gay suppers in the Via Larga, and at Florentine games in which he had no pretension to excel, and could admire the incomparable skill of Piero de’ Medici in the most graceful manner in the world. By an unfailing law of sequence, Tito’s reputation as an agreeable companion in “magnificent” society made his learning and talent appear more lustrous; and he was really accomplished enough to prevent an exaggerated estimate from being

hazardous to him. Messer Bernardo had old prejudices and attachments which now began to argue down the newer and feeblér prejudice against the young Greek stranger who was rather too supple. To the old Florentine it was impossible to despise the recommendation of standing well with the best Florentine families, and since Tito began to be thoroughly received into that circle whose views were the unquestioned standard of social value, it seemed irrational not to admit that there was no longer any check to satisfaction in the prospect of such a son-in-law for Bardo, and such a husband for Romola. It was undeniable that Tito's coming had been the dawn of a new life for both father and daughter, and the first promise had even been surpassed. The blind old scholar—whose proud truthfulness would never enter into that commerce of feigned and preposterous admiration which, varied by a corresponding measurelessness in vituperation, made the woof of all learned intercourse—had fallen into neglect even among his fellow-citizens, and when he was alluded to at all, it had long been usual to say that though his blindness and loss of his son were pitiable misfortunes, he was tiresome in contending for the value of his own labours; and that his discontent was a little inconsistent in a man who had been openly regardless of religious rites, and in days past had refused offers made to him from various quarters, if he would only take orders, without which it was not easy for patrons to provide for every scholar. But since Tito's coming, there was no longer the same monotony in the thought that Bardo's name suggested; the old man, it was understood, had left off his complaints, and the fair daughter was no longer to be shut up in dowryless pride, waiting for a *parentado*. The winning manners and growing favour of the handsome Greek who was expected to enter into the double relation of son and husband helped to make the new interest a thoroughly friendly one, and it was no longer a rare occurrence when a visitor enlivened the quiet library. Elderly men came from that indefinite prompting to renew former intercourse which arises when an old acquaintance begins to be newly talked about; and young men whom Tito had asked leave to bring once, found it easy to go again when they overtook him on his way to the *Via de' Bardi*, and, resting their hands on his shoulder, fell into easy chat with him. For it was pleasant to look at Romola's beauty: to see her, like old *Firenzuola's* type of womanly majesty, "sitting with a certain grandeur, speaking with gravity, smiling with modesty, and casting around, as it were, an odour of queenliness;"* and she seemed to unfold like a strong white lily under this genial breath of admiration and homage; it was all one to her with her new bright life in Tito's love.

Tito had even been the means of strengthening the hope in Bardo's mind that he might before his death receive the longed-for security con-

* "Quando una donna è grande, ben formata, porta ben sua persona, siede con una certa grandezza, parla con gravità, ride con modestia, e finalmente getta quasi un odore di Regina; allora noi diciamo quella donna pare una maestà, ella ha una maestà."

FIRENZUOLA: *Della Bellezza delle Donne*.

cerning his library : that it should not be merged in another collection ; that it should not be transferred to a body of monks, and be called by the name of a monastery ; but that it should remain for ever the Bardi Library, for the use of Florentines. For the old habit of trusting in the Medici could not die out while their influence was still the strongest lever in the State ; and Tito, once possessing the ear of the Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici, might do more even than Messer Bernardo towards winning the desired interest, for he could demonstrate to a learned audience the peculiar value of Bardo's collection. Tito himself talked sanguinely of such a result, willing to cheer the old man, and conscious that Romola repaid those gentle words to her father with a sort of adoration that no direct tribute to herself could have won from her.

This question of the library was the subject of more than one discussion with Bernardo del Nero when Christmas was turned and the prospect of the marriage was becoming near—but always out of Bardo's hearing. For Bardo nursed a vague belief, which they dared not disturb, that his property, apart from the library, was adequate to meet all demands. He would not even, except under a momentary pressure of angry despondency, admit to himself that the will by which he had disinherited Dino would leave Romola the heir of nothing but debts ; or that he needed anything from patronage beyond the security that a separate locality should be assigned to his library, in return for a deed of gift by which he made it over to the Florentine Republic.

"My opinion is," said Bernardo to Romola, in a consultation they had under the loggia, "that since you are to be married, and Messer Tito will have a competent income, we should begin to wind up the affairs, and ascertain exactly the sum that would be necessary to save the library from being touched, instead of letting the debts accumulate any longer. Your father needs nothing but his shred of mutton and his macaroni every day, and I think Messer Tito may engage to supply that for the years that remain ; he can let it be in place of the *morgen-cap*."

"Tito has always known that my life is bound up with my father's," said Romola, flushing ; "and he is better to my father than I am : he delights in making him happy."

"Ah, he's not made of the same clay as other men, is he ?" said Bernardo, smiling. "Thy father has thought of shutting woman's folly out of thee by cramming thee with Greek and Latin ; but thou hast been as ready to believe in the first pair of bright eyes and the first soft words that have come within reach of thee, as if thou couldst say nothing by heart but Paternosters, like other Christian men's daughters."

"Now, godfather," said Romola, shaking her head playfully, "as if it were only bright eyes and soft words that made me love Tito ! You know better. You know I love my father and you because you are both good ; and I love Tito, too, because he is so good. I see it, I feel it, in everything he says and does. And he is handsome, too : why should I not love him the better for that ? It seems to me beauty is part of the

finished language by which goodness speaks. You know *you* must have been a very handsome youth, godfather"—she looked up with one of her happy, loving smiles at the stately old man—"you were about as tall as Tito, and you had very fine eyes; only you looked a little sterner and prouder, and——"

"And Romola likes to have all the pride to herself?" said Bernardo, not inaccessible to this pretty coaxing. "However, it is well that in one way Tito's demands are more modest than those of any Florentine husband of fitting rank that we should have been likely to find for you; he wants no dowry."

So it was settled in that way between Messer Bernardo del Nero, Romola, and Tito. Bardo assented with a wave of the hand when Bernardo told him that he thought it would be well now to begin to sell property and clear-off debts—being accustomed to think of debts and property as a sort of thick wood that his imagination never even penetrated, still less got beyond. And Tito set about winning Messer Bernardo's respect by inquiring, with his ready faculty, into Florentine money-matters, the secrets of the *Monti* or public funds, the values of real property, and the profits of banking.

"You will soon forget that Tito is not a Florentine, godfather," said Romola. "See how he is learning everything about Florence."

"It seems to me he is one of the *demoni*, who are of no particular country, child," said Bernardo, smiling. "His mind is a little too nimble to be weighted with all the stuff we men carry about in our hearts."

Romola smiled too, in happy confidence.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DAY OF THE BETROTHAL.

It was the last week of the Carnival, and the streets of Florence were at their fullest and noisiest: there were the masqued processions, chanting songs, indispensable now they had once been introduced by Lorenzo; there was the favourite *rigoletto*, or round dance, footed in *piazza* under the blue frosty sky; there were practical jokes of all sorts, from throwing comfits to throwing stones—especially stones. For the boys and striplings, always a strong element in Florentine crowds, became at the height of Carnival-time as loud and unmanageable as tree-crickets, and it was their immemorial privilege to bar the way with poles to all passengers, until a tribute had been paid towards furnishing these lovers of strong sensations with suppers and bonfires; to conclude with the standing entertainment of stone-throwing, which was not entirely monotonous, since the consequent maiming was various, and it was not always a single person who was killed. So that the pleasures of the Carnival were of a chequered kind,

and if a painter were called upon to represent them truly, he would have to make a picture in which there would be so much grossness and barbarity that it must be turned with its face to the wall, except when it was taken down for the grave historical purpose of justifying a reforming zeal which, in ignorance of the facts, might be unfairly condemned for its narrowness. Still there was much of that more innocent picturesque merriment which is never wanting among a people with quick animal spirits and sensitive organs: there was not the heavy sottishness which belongs to the thicker northern blood, nor the stealthy fierceness which in the more southern regions of the peninsula makes the brawl lead to the dagger-thrust.

It was the high morning, but the merry spirits of the Carnival were still inclined to lounge and recapitulate the last night's jests, when Tito Melema was walking at a brisk pace on the way to the Via de' Bardi. Young Bernardo Dovizi, who now looks at us out of Raphael's portrait as the keen-eyed Cardinal da Bibbiena, was with him; and, as they went, they held animated talk about some subject that had evidently no relation to the sights and sounds through which they were pushing their way along the Por' Santa Maria. Nevertheless, as they discussed, smiled, and gesticulated, they both, from time to time, cast quick glances around them, and at the turning towards the Lung' Arno, leading to the Ponte Rubaconte, Tito had become aware, in one of these rapid surveys, that there was some one not far off him by whom he very much desired not to be recognized at that moment. His time and thoughts were thoroughly preoccupied, for he was looking forward to a unique occasion in his life—he was preparing for his betrothal, which was to take place on the evening of this very day. The ceremony had been resolved upon rather suddenly; for although preparations towards the marriage had been going forward for some time—chiefly in the application of Tito's florins to the fitting-up of rooms in Bardo's dwelling, which, the library excepted, had always been scantily furnished—it had been intended to defer both the betrothal and the marriage until Easter, when Tito's year of probation, insisted on by Bernardo del Nero, would have been complete. But when an express proposition had come, that Tito should follow the Cardinal Giovanni to Rome to help Bernardo Dovizi with his superior knowledge of Greek in arranging a library, and there was no possibility of declining what lay so plainly on the road to advancement, he had become urgent in his entreaties that the betrothal might take place before his departure: there would be the less delay before the marriage, on his return, and it would be less painful to part if he and Romola were outwardly as well as inwardly pledged to each other—if he had a claim which defied Messer Bernardo or any one else to nullify it. For the betrothal, at which rings were exchanged and mutual contracts were signed, made more than half the legality of marriage, which was completed on a separate occasion by the nuptial benediction. Romola's feeling had met Tito's in this wish, and the consent of the elders had been won.

And now Tito was hastening, amidst arrangements for his departure

the next day, to snatch a morning visit to Romola, to say and hear any last words that were needful to be said before their meeting for the betrothal in the evening. It was not a time when any recognition could be pleasant that was at all likely to detain him; still less a recognition by Tessa. And it was unmistakably Tessa whom he had caught sight of moving along, with a timid and forlorn look, towards that very turn of the Lung' Arno which he was just rounding. As he continued his talk with the young Dovizi, he had an uncomfortable under-current of consciousness which told him that Tessa had seen him and would certainly follow him: there was no escaping her along this direct road by the Arno, and over the Ponte Rubaconte. But she would not dare to speak to him or approach him while he was not alone, and he would continue to keep Dovizi with him till they reached Bardo's door. He quickened his pace, and took up new threads of talk; but all the while the sense that Tessa was behind him, though he had no physical evidence of the fact, grew stronger and stronger; it was very irritating—perhaps all the more so because a certain tenderness and pity for the poor little thing made the determination to escape without any visible notice of her, a not altogether agreeable resource. Yet Tito persevered and carried his companion to the door, cleverly managing his *addio* without turning his face in a direction where it was possible for him to see an importunate pair of blue eyes; and as he went up the stone steps, he tried to get rid of unpleasant thoughts by saying to himself that after all Tessa might not have seen him, or, if she had, might not have followed him.

But—perhaps because that possibility could not be relied on strongly—when the visit was over, he came out of the doorway with a quick step and an air of unconsciousness as to anything that might be on his right hand or his left. Our eyes are so constructed, however, that they take in a wide angle without asking any leave of our will; and Tito knew that there was a little figure in a white hood standing near the doorway—knew it quite well, before he felt a hand laid on his arm. It was a real grasp, and not a light, timid touch; for poor Tessa, seeing his rapid step, had started forward with a desperate effort. But when he stopped and turned towards her, her face wore a frightened look, as if she dreaded the effect of her boldness.

"Tessa!" said Tito, with more sharpness in his voice than she had ever heard in it before. "Why are you here? You must not follow me—you must not stand about door-places waiting for me."

Her blue eyes widened with tears, and she said nothing. Tito was afraid of something worse than ridicule, if he were seen in the Via de' Bardi with a girlish contadina looking pathetically at him. It was a street of high silent-looking dwellings, not of traffic; but Bernardo del Nero, or some one almost as dangerous, might come up at any moment. Even if it had not been the day of his betrothal, the incident would have been awkward and annoying. Yet it would be brutal—it was impossible—to drive Tessa away with harsh words. That accursed folly of his with the

cerretano—that it should have lain buried in a quiet way for months, and now start up before him, as this unseasonable crop of vexation! He could not speak harshly, but he spoke hurriedly.

"Tessa, I cannot—must not talk to you here. I will go on to the bridge and wait for you there. Follow me slowly."

He turned and walked fast to the Ponte Rubaconte, and there leaned against the wall of one of the quaint little houses that rise at even distances on the bridge, looking towards the way by which Tessa would come. It would have softened a much harder heart than Tito's to see the little thing advancing with her round face much paled and saddened, since he had parted from it at the door of the "*Nunziata*." Happily it was the least frequented of the bridges, and there were scarcely any passengers on it at this moment. He lost no time in speaking as soon as she came near him.

"Now, Tessa, I have very little time. You must not cry. Why did you follow me this morning? You must not do so again."

"I thought," said Tessa, speaking in a whisper, and struggling against a sob that *would* rise immediately at this new voice of Tito's—"I thought you wouldn't be so long before you came to take care of me again. And the *patrigno* beats me, and I can't bear it any longer. And always when I come for a holiday I walk about to find you, and I can't. Oh, please don't send me away from you again! It has been so long, and I cry so now, because you never come to me. I can't help it, for the days are so long, and I don't mind about the goats or kids, or anything—and I can't——"

The sobs came fast now, and the great tears. Tito felt that he could not do otherwise than comfort her. Send her away—yes; that he *must* do, at once. But it was all the more impossible to tell her anything that would leave her in a state of hopeless grief. He saw new trouble in the background, but the difficulty of the moment was too pressing for him to weigh distant consequences.

"Tessa, my little one," he said, in his old caressing tones, "you must not cry. Bear with the cross *patrigno* a little longer. I will come back to you. But I'm going now to Rome—a long, long way off. I shall come back in a few weeks, and then I promise you to come and see you. Promise me to be good and wait for me."

It was the well-remembered voice again, and the mere sound was half enough to soothe Tessa. She looked up at him with wide trusting eyes, that still glittered with tears, sobbing all the while, in spite of her utmost efforts to obey him. Again, he said, in a gentle voice:

"Promise me, my Tessa."

"Yes," she whispered. "But you won't be long?"

"No, not long. But I must go now. And remember what I told you, Tessa. Nobody must know that you ever see me, else you will lose me for ever. And now, when I have left you, go straight home, and never follow me again. Wait till I come to you. Good-by, my little Tessa: I *will* come."

There was no help for it; he must turn and leave her without looking behind him to see how she bore it, for he had no time to spare. When he did look round he was in the *Via de' Benci*, where there was no seeing what was happening on the bridge; but Tessa was too trusting and obedient not to do just what he had told her.

Yes, the difficulty was at an end for that day; yet this return of Tessa to him, at a moment when it was impossible for him to put an end to all difficulty with her by undeceiving her, was an unpleasant incident to carry in his memory. But Tito's mind was just now thoroughly penetrated with a hopeful first love, associated with all happy prospects flattering to his ambition; and that future necessity of grieving Tessa could be scarcely more to him than the far-off cry of some little suffering animal buried in the thicket, to a merry cavalcade in the sunny plain. When, for the second time that day, Tito was hastening across the *Ponte Rubaconte*, the thought of Tessa caused no perceptible diminution of his happiness. He was well muffled in his mantle, less, perhaps, to protect him from the cold than from the additional notice that would have been drawn upon him by his dainty apparel. He leaped up the stone steps by two at a time, and said hurriedly to Maso, who met him,

"Where is the *danigella*?"

"In the library; she is quite ready, and Monna Brigida and Messer Bernardo are already there with Ser Braccio, but none of the rest of the company."

"Ask her to give me a few minutes alone; I will await her in the *salotto*."

Tito entered a room which had been fitted up in the utmost contrast with the half-pallid, half-sombre tints of the library. The walls were brightly frescoed with "caprices" of nymphs and loves sporting under the blue among flowers and birds. The only furniture besides the red leather seats and the central table were two tall white vases, and a young faun playing the flute, modelled by a promising youth named Michelangelo Buonarrotti. It was a room that gave a sense of being in the sunny open air.

Tito kept his mantle round him, and looked towards the door. It was not long before Romola entered, all white and gold, more than ever like a tall lily. Her white silk garment was bound by a golden girdle, which fell with large tassels; and above that was the rippling gold of her hair, surmounted by the white mist of her long veil, which was fastened on her brow by a band of pearls, the gift of Bernardo del Nero, and was now parted off her face so that it all floated backward.

"*Regina mia!*" said Tito, as he took her hand and kissed it, still keeping his mantle round him. He could not help going backward to look at her again, while she stood in calm delight, with that exquisite self-consciousness which rises under the gaze of admiring love.

"Romola, will you show me the next room now?" said Tito, checking himself with the remembrance that the time might be short. "You said I should see it when you had arranged everything."

Without speaking, she led the way into a long narrow room, painted brightly like the other, but only with birds and flowers. The furniture in it was all old; there were old faded objects for feminine use or ornament, arranged in an open cabinet between the two narrow windows; above the cabinet was the portrait of Romola's mother; and below this, on the top of the cabinet, stood the crucifix which Romola had brought from San Marco.

"I have brought something under my mantle," said Tito, smiling; and throwing off the large loose garment, he showed the little tabernacle which had been painted by Piero di Cosimo. The painter had carried out Tito's intention charmingly, and so far had atoned for his long delay. "Do you know what this is for, my Romola?" added Tito, taking her by the hand, and leading her towards the cabinet. "It is a little shrine, which is to hide away from you for ever that remembrancer of sadness. You have done with sadness now; and we will bury all images of it—bury them in a tomb of joy. See!"

A slight quiver passed across Romola's face as Tito took hold of the crucifix. But she had no wish to prevent his purpose; on the contrary, she herself wished to subdue certain importunate memories and questionings which still flitted like unexplained shadows across her happier thought.

He opened the triptych and placed the crucifix within the central space; then closing it again, taking out the key, and setting the little tabernacle in the spot where the crucifix had stood, said,

"Now, Romola, look and see if you are satisfied with the portraits old Piero has made of us. Is it not a dainty device? and the credit of choosing it is mine."

"Ah, it is you—it is perfect!" said Romola, looking with moist joyful eyes at the miniature Bacchus, with his purple clusters. "And I am Ariadne, and you are crowning me! Yes, it is true, Tito; you have crowned my poor life."

They held each other's hands while she spoke, and both looked at their imaged selves. But the reality was far more beautiful; she all lily-white and golden, and he with his dark glowing beauty above the purple red-bordered tunic.

"And it was our good strange Piero who painted it?" said Romola. "Did you put it into his head to paint me as Antigone, that he might have my likeness for this?"

"No, it was he who made my getting leave for him to paint you and your father, a condition of his doing this for me."

"Ah, I see now what it was you gave up your precious ring for. I perceived you had some cunning plan to give me pleasure."

Tito did not blench. Romola's little illusions about himself had long ceased to cause him anything but satisfaction. He only smiled and said,

"I might have spared my ring; Piero will accept no money from me; he thinks himself paid by painting you. And now, while I am away, you

will look every day at those pretty symbols of our life together—the ship on the calm sea, and the ivy that never withers, and those Loves that have left off wounding us and shower soft petals that are like our kisses; and the leopards and tigers, they are the troubles of your life that are all quelled now; and the strange sea-monsters, with their merry eyes—let us see—they are the dull passages in the heavy books, which have begun to be amusing since we have sat by each other.”

“*Tito mio!*” said Romola, in a half laughing voice of love; “but you will give me the key?” she added, holding out her hand for it.

“Not at all!” said Tito, with playful decision, opening his *scarsella* and dropping in the little key. “I shall drown it in the Arno.”

“But if I ever wanted to look at the crucifix again?”

“Ah! for that very reason it is hidden—hidden by these images of youth and joy.”

He pressed a light kiss on her brow, and she said no more, ready to submit, like all strong souls, when she felt no valid reason for resistance.

And then they joined the waiting company, which made a dignified little procession as it passed along the Ponte Rubaconte towards Santa Croce. Slowly it passed, for Bardo, unaccustomed for years to leave his own house, walked with a more timid step than usual; and that slow pace suited well with the gouty dignity of Messer Bartolommeo Scala, who graced the occasion by his presence, along with his daughter Alessandra. It was customary to have very long troops of kindred and friends at the *sposalizio*, or betrothal, and it had even been found necessary in time past to limit the number by law to no more than *four hundred*—two hundred on each side; for since the guests were all feasted after this initial ceremony, as well as after the *nozze*, or marriage, the very first stage of matrimony had become a ruinous expense, as that scholarly Benedict, Leonardo Bruno, complained in his own case. But Bardo, who in his poverty had kept himself proudly free from any appearance of claiming the advantages attached to a powerful family name, would have no invitations given on the strength of mere friendship; and the modest procession of twenty that followed the *sposi* were, with three or four exceptions, friends of Bardo's and Tito's, selected on personal grounds.

Bernardo del Nero walked as a vanguard before Bardo, who was led on the right by Tito, while Romola held her father's other hand. Bardo had himself been married at Santa Croce, and had insisted on Romola's being betrothed and married there, rather than in the little church of Santa Lucia close by their house, because he had a complete mental vision of the grand church where he hoped that a burial might be granted him among the Florentines who had deserved well. Happily, the way was short and direct, and lay aloof from the loudest riot of the Carnival, if only they could return before any dances or shows began in the great piazza of Santa Croce. The west was red as they passed the bridge, and shed a mellow light on the pretty procession, which had a touch of solemnity in the presence of the blind father. But when the ceremony was over, and

Tito and Romola came out on to the broad steps of the church, with the golden links of destiny on their fingers, the evening had deepened into struggling starlight, and the servants had their torches lit.

As they came out a strange dreary chant, as of a *Miserere*, met their ears, and they saw that at the extreme end of the piazza there seemed to be a stream of people impelled by something approaching from the Borgo de' Greci.

"It is one of their masqued processions, I suppose," said Tito, who was now alone with Romola, while Bernardo took charge of Bardo.

And as he spoke there came slowly into view, at a height far above the heads of the on-lookers, a huge and ghastly image of Winged Time with his scythe and hour-glass, surrounded by his winged children, the Hours. He was mounted on a high car, completely covered with black, and the bullocks that drew the car were also covered with black, their horns alone standing out white above the gloom; so that in the sombre shadow of the houses it seemed to those at a distance as if Time and his children were apparitions floating through the air. And behind them came what looked like a troop of the sheeted dead gliding above blackness. And as they glided slowly, they chanted in a wailing strain.

A cold horror seized on Romola, for at the first moment it seemed as if her brother's vision, which could never be effaced from her mind, was being half fulfilled. She clung to Tito, who, divining what was in her thoughts, said—

"What dismal fooling sometimes pleases your Florentines! Doubtless this is an invention of Piero di Cosimo, who loves such grim merriment."

"Tito, I wish it had not happened. It will deepen the images of that vision which I would fain be rid of."

"Nay, Romola, you will look only at the images of our happiness now. I have locked all sadness away from you."

"But it is still there—it is only hidden," said Romola, in a low tone, hardly conscious that she spoke.

"See, they are all gone now!" said Tito. "You will forget this ghastly mummer when we are in the light, and can see each other's eyes. My Ariadne must never look backward now—only forward to Easter, when she will triumph with her Care-dispeller."

How we Broke the Blockade.

It was at Karnak, among the ruins of the temple of Thebes, that the far-off echo of the secession of South Carolina reached us. A special courier had been sent up the Nile to inform us of the death of a very dear friend at Alexandria, and the messenger brought with him also the journals which announced the first death-throes of the American Union. Under the double shadows of these tidings we turned our faces westward from the still Orient, to take our share in the struggles and sufferings of our people, for we were of and from South Carolina. It seemed strange to us, however, that sitting, as it were, among the tombstones of one of the oldest recorded empires, upon the fallen shaft of a column of the Temple of Isis, we should first hear the death-knell of the youngest of living nations.

The companion of my life was the companion of that voyage, and when, in the month of December, 1861, I prepared to run the then stringent blockade of the Southern ports, bearing despatches, she claimed the right of accompanying me.

We left Southampton in the West India mail steamer *Atrato*, on the 2nd of January, 1861, under an assumed name, to frustrate the espionage of the Vigilance Committee of the North, established at London. It is an act of justice to Mr. Adams, the Minister, to state that he is understood to have indignantly repudiated any knowledge of the proceedings of this institution. Its existence, however, soon became so patent, that Southern men taking the West India route to the Confederate States found it necessary to adopt extraordinary precautions on leaving England to avoid being gazetted in the *New York Herald* or *Tribune*, while taking the circuitous route home which the force of circumstances imposed upon them.

The pen of Anthony Trollope has rendered the *Atrato* and its motley passengers familiar as "household words." It is unnecessary to dwell upon that portion of our experiences, except to say that "the Bims," whom we encountered on board in considerable numbers, were very agreeable specimens of the colonial population; while the dinner-table reproduced the Tower of Babel in the variety of tongues, and Noah's Ark in the diversity of species and colour, which it exhibited.

On arriving at St. Thomas, we learned that the Southern Commissioners, with their secretaries, had only left that island for England three days before, and, by a curious coincidence, in the very vessel which was originally to have taken them, when intercepted by Captain Wilkes in the *San Jacinto*. Fortunately for us, the blockade of the British and Spanish

West Indies was not at that time so very stringent as it now is, and the British flag was respected in our case.

From St. Thomas the *Seine* took us with neatness and despatch to Havana, and in that city of picturesque but unclean environments we were compelled impatiently to attend the uncertain movements of the *indirect line* of steamers for the Southern ports, around and outside of which cruised the miscellaneous cruisers of the "Universal Yankee Nation," as voracious and eager after their prey as the sharks of those latitudes. I term their cruisers miscellaneous, because every old tub of a steamer or schooner that was not too leaky to be kept afloat and carry a couple of guns has been converted into a "blockader," to cke out the very small number of effective vessels in the service.

We reached the city of Havana at a most agreeable season—the end of January; for then perpetual spring seems to smile over that favoured land, and London fogs fade from the memory of the voyager, whose senses are steeped in the soft voluptuous languor of the south. Tennyson should have placed his "lotus-eaters" in this favoured spot, where life seems a masquerade as the *volantes* roll by you on the Paseo, and private life opens its hospitable doors and windows upon the street, through which passing friends converse with the fair or brown occupants of rocking-chairs in the interior, robed in gauzy clouds of gossamer-like muslin.

But Calypso's island could not woo the exile dreaming of home to linger within its enchanted bounds; so we, longing for our Southern home and friends, cast wistful eyes over the horizon for the sail which was to be the herald of our return. At length a long, low, black, rakish-looking steamer, rejoicing in the sovereign name of *Victoria*, sailed into the harbour of Havana, with the Confederate flag flying. She proved to be a well-known craft in western waters, and admirably fitted for the work in which she was employed, combining the requisites of strength, speed, and small draught of water. She had no masts and consequently no sails; lay very low to the water, her black hull and smoke-stack being the only objects presenting a target for the blockading squadron, should they get within range. As to passenger accommodations she had literally none; the only attempt at such a thing comprising two cabins on deck, one for supercargo, the other for captain, with a covered gallery about twelve feet long, serving as dining-place by day and sleeping-place by night. The hold was an open one, with a single trap-door, and no further protection. She was an old wooden boat, and seemed very inflammable when we looked into the engine-room, while the crew were as reckless-looking a lot of dare-devils as could be picked up in New Orleans for a service so full of perils. One of my proposed *compagnons de voyage*, who also had his wife with him, after one preliminary survey flatly refused to make the venture, declaring it was tempting Providence to go in that boat. Another of his party, however—a lady from New Orleans, Mrs. D——, whose husband had left her safe in Paris—insisted on accompanying us, and shared our trials with a coolness and courage worthy of

a woman. After my blockading experiences with her and my own wife, I conceive higher praise cannot be accorded, for when men faltered, these women faced the dangers and rose with the necessity for exertion, animating and sustaining us all by their cheerfulness and fortitude. The fortune of our seceding friend was hard. Some months later he embarked on board of a boat with superior accommodations, and of superior size and appearance. The boat was wrecked, and his wife and child saved almost by a miracle; and it was several days before he could rejoin them or know their fate. In this case also the woman acted in the most noble manner; and proud as the Southern men always have been of the virtues and merits of their women, the trials of this revolution have developed in them qualities of heroism such as no one had dreamed to exist under such soft feminine exteriors; for the class of "strong-minded" and strong-bodied women must be sought for in more northern latitudes.

During the stay of the *Victoria* in Havana she passed into the hands of English owners, who determined to run her back at all hazards. She had brought over a cargo of cotton and sugar, on which a very handsome profit was realized, and the proceeds invested in 40,000 lbs. of gunpowder, and a number of rifles and other munitions of war were to be returned in the same vessel. The hold was therefore crammed with these combustibles immediately below the cabin. Bags of coffee were placed above the barrels of gunpowder as a protection—the only precaution taken—and everybody on board pertinaciously smoked cigars and pipes over all parts of the steamer, without special attention to the contingent remainders commonly called "stumps;" so that the chances of capture or blowing up by Federal steamers, or by our own act, were about equal.

The *Victoria*, before the war, had performed the useful but undistinguished duty of a tug-boat on the Mississippi river, but was a good sea-going boat. When we conversed with the captain, he showed a decided disinclination to taking passengers. He pointed out very frankly all the discomforts and dangers of the trip, and so wrought upon the owners as to exact very heavy compensation in gold for allowing us the privilege of participating in them.

There was no Government boat at that time procurable, and this being a private enterprise, my official positions, past and present, availed me nothing, except in being regarded as extra hazardous, like the gunpowder. Having finally overcome all the difficulties, we went on board the *Victoria* on the evening of the 7th of February, and sailed out of the harbour of Havana at 4 o'clock P.M. Our destination was suspected if not known, and many curious eyes watched our departure from the shipping and from the houses on the shore. Among other anxious observers some of our party recognized the United States' Consul-General and his Vice inspecting with spy-glass, and doubtless with fraternal fondness, the departure of their Southern brethren. If the last looks cast upon us were not solely of affection, the last words assuredly were of happy augury. As we passed a French man-of-war, the commandant, who knew a lady of our party,

came to the stern of his vessel, raised his cap, and called out, "Bon voyage," so that the last words wafted to us by the winds of Havana were those of kindness. The harbour of Havana is probably, next to that of Naples, the most lovely in the world; and serious as our reflections were at the moment of departure, we cast a long lingering look behind, as the Moro Castle rapidly receded from us, and darkness shut us out from it and from the sight of our enemies. We anticipated a chase from the start, for we had reason to believe that the Federal cruisers at Key West and in the Gulf had been notified of our cruise to break the blockade at or near New Orleans. So soon, therefore, as dusk came on, the precautions necessary to baffle those eager inquirers were taken.

Anthracite coal, which makes no smoke and no sparks, was substituted for the soft, which produces both. No lights were allowed on board, on any pretence. We sat in darkness—for moonless nights are always chosen for running the blockade. Our anxieties and the novelty of our position prevented drowsiness, for every sound that came upon the night breezes might mean a pursuer. In addition to our own party, which also comprised a gallant young surgeon, a native of Mobile, who afterwards shared the glory of Beauregard's victory at Corinth, and who, later, fell into the hands of the enemy through over zeal—four or five other Southerners took passage with us, two of whom had been captured, with their schooners, attempting to break the blockade, and sent back to Havana from Key West. The fancy of the reader can picture the noiseless progress of our boat—a black mass moving over the waters, without light or sound of life on board, and the eager look-out kept by the regular and volunteer watch, lest we might be over-hauled or run down by some steamer in the darkness. The first night passed over without incident, though there was not much enjoyment of sleep on board for the reasons assigned. It requires practice to sleep tranquilly over a powder magazine; and Dr. Johnson's graphic description of a ship as "a floating prison, with a chance of being drowned," was illustrated in our case with additional touches undreamed of by the good doctor.

We had heard before our departure that the *Calhoun* (steamer), which preceded us but two weeks, had been chased and captured off the coast of Louisiana, her passengers escaping into the swamps, and undergoing losses and hardships which may easily be imagined. Against all that the wrath of man could devise we were forewarned. We also knew of the other risks incident to the undertaking, but we had scarcely calculated on the presence of another power more dangerous still—

"For now the storm-fiend came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong."

On the ensuing morning the lowering aspect of the heavens indicated a coming storm, and by midday the full fury of a "Norther" had to be encountered by our unfortunate bark, which was sorely tried by it. For the whole of that day, the following night, and until the succeeding midday,

the storm continued. The ceaseless howling of the wind, and the beating of the rain, made dismal music for us, and crowded us all into the narrow covered space on deck, where we huddled together and cheered each other as best we might. The machinery of the boat, under this strain, suffered severely, and on the second morning I learned from the engineers, who preserved a grim composure, that the steam-pipe was cracked so badly that a continuance of the storm would disable it, and the boat, entirely. The sea was running so high that there was no chance for the life-boats, so that the prospect was not re-assuring.

Determining to ask no further questions, and to conceal the danger from the rest of our company, we resigned ourselves as cheerfully as we could to the course of events, putting our trust in Providence, since human effort was of no avail. And Providence did seem to smile upon us—for the storm subsided; and an after-examination proved that the damage was more serious than we had supposed; the engineer, who took out the steam-pipe after our arrival in Louisiana, declaring it was marvellous that it should have held together to bring us into port.

From this time we came in sight of the Federal cruisers constantly, always giving them a wide berth, seeing them always before they sighted us, in consequence of the peculiarity of our build and the swiftness of our movements. The principle adopted on these excursions is, "Where you see a flag or a ship, avoid it," and, in carrying out this policy, long detours are unavoidable.

The excitement on board in relation to the storm and the cruisers had begun to settle down into a calm, when another incident roused the excitement to fever pitch. While the passengers and almost all the crew were soundly slumbering, worn out by fatigue, the cry of fire rose in a frantic shout from the deck, and was caught up and re-echoed by others in every accent of affright, for all thought of the freight we carried in the hold. In their blind panic some of the men rushed madly to throw themselves overboard, to avoid the anticipated explosion, but were restrained by the few who preserved their self-command, though there was no man aboard who did not feel a chill of dread. The women, terrified on first awakening, were soon quieted, and prayed, as women will do when men are forgetful of that Higher Power who holds our destinies in the hollow of His hand. Investigation proved the alarm to have been a false one; but the shock it gave was felt long after the presence of actual danger was removed. The next day dragged its slow length along, and towards midday we suddenly espied upon our right the smoke of several steamers, and their masts. We had unconsciously sailed almost into the jaws of the blockading squadron off the "passes," as they are termed, opening into the mouths of the Mississippi. We immediately put on more steam and sailed in an opposite direction, but too late to escape detection and pursuit; still, when night came on we fondly hoped that we had eluded our pursuers. Another cause of anxiety now oppressed us, when so near our destined haven. About sunset, the captain and pilot frankly confessed that our repeated

deviations from our course had put them out of their reckoning, and that the part of the coast on which they then found themselves was unfamiliar to them. Fortunately, one of our passengers was a Louisianian, accustomed to hunt and fish in that neighbourhood; and on consulting him, our actual position was made clear to the captain on the chart. A few more hours' sail brought us into Barrataria Bay, once famous as the rendezvous of the buccaneer, Captain Kidd, whose buried treasures still make the staple of many local legends. Then we began to be confident of safety, for Fort Livingston, our destination, was not far distant, and the Federal cruisers seldom were seen in its vicinity. Our over-confidence in the end very nearly proved fatal—for, unknown to us, the enemy was still in pursuit, having divined our object.

Just at midnight we saw a light in the direction of the fort which guards the entrance to the passes leading into the Mississippi river, above New Orleans, the fort itself being about two days' journey from the city; immense bayous, as they are termed—wide wastes of water and of marsh, covered with rushes, intervening, the haunts of innumerable wild fowl and alligators, with a few scattered habitations of men, themselves almost amphibious. The question with us now was whether these lights we saw were in the fort or in some vessel blocking access to it. The darkness of the night, and the distance which we deemed it prudent to keep, rendered this critical matter uncertain.

There was nothing for it but to send out an exploring party in one of our boats, which, in the event of danger, was to give us a signal that we might fly; the occupants of the boat taking the risk of capture or of flight to the swamps which surrounded the fort. Two hours of intense anxiety to those left on board elapsed before the boat returned, bringing the glad tidings that it was the fort which, seeing our approach, and mistaking us for an enemy by our having shown some light from the pilot's house, had made the light as a signal, and was preparing to fire upon us when we approached nearer, that signal not having been answered by us. They sent us a pilot, who immediately gave orders to run her in under the guns of the fort; but after repeated trials, lasting until almost daybreak, it was found that the water was too shoal to admit of our approaching nearer than three miles from the fort, whose guns were not of sufficient range to cover us at that distance. Under advice of the pilot we, therefore, anchored there to await the rise of the tide, which he assured us would carry us in on the next morning about ten o'clock.

Comforted by this assurance, and confident of safety, almost all went to sleep, myself and a few others keeping watch. All was tranquil for the remainder of the night, and a glorious morning dawned upon us. The tide slowly rose, and at 8 A.M. we were preparing to enjoy our last breakfast on board, when some of us on the look-out with spy-glasses discerned in the distance a moving column of black smoke rapidly approaching. Very soon we could distinguish the masts and spars of what seemed a large vessel nearing us with frightful velocity, and our

premature exultation was changed into bitter mortification: to be trapped at the very last moment, after all our escapes, was almost unbearable. Our council of war was necessarily short: we determined to run in as close under the guns of the fort as practicable, and to beach the steamer if necessary, for we determined that our enemy should never capture her with her important cargo, even if we had to blow her up ourselves.

After repeated efforts to find a channel deep enough, the boat was finally run up to within two miles of the fort, and there she stuck fast. The enemy's boat (which proved to be the steamer *De Voto*, carrying several rifled cannon and other guns) drawing more water, could only get within three-quarters of a mile of our boat. As soon as we saw her stop, our boat ran up the Union Jack, but the Federal cruiser answered this by a shotted gun, which dashed up the water near our stern, and followed it up rapidly with other compliments of a similar character.

The *De Voto* was a very trim-looking steamer, like most of the American war-vessels, and as she gracefully swung round to bring her guns to bear upon us, and the white puff of harmless smoke, followed by the hissing rifle shot or shell, would curl away from her side in light wreaths, the sight was a very pretty one—

“For one who hath no son or brother here,”

as Byron observed, *à propos* to a grander spectacle.

As we on board laboured under that disqualification for enjoying the spectacle, we thought the shore, albeit a swamp, a more eligible position, and hastily packing up a few articles for the use of the ladies and ourselves, we launched the boats and made for the beach. Doubtless supposing the boats were carrying off the despatches which they coveted (which was correct), the enemy seemed to make targets of them, for at that time the Northern warfare was waged against men, and women were treated as they should be by all civilized belligerents. The reign of Butler in New Orleans had not then brutalized the Yankee soldiers, nor had the unutterable horrors perpetrated in Alabama rendered female helplessness and innocence no safeguard. Be this as it may, we, with our female companions, safely reached the shore, and were welcomed there by the officers who commanded a detachment of 100 men sent out from the fort with two cannon, which covered the steamer, and prevented the Yankees from boarding her in their launches.

Glad as we were to plant our feet in safety on Southern soil, our joy had some alloy, for we found ourselves on a strip of sandy beach two miles from the fort (an earthwork mounting sixteen guns, and manned by the Louisiana volunteers), while behind us stretched a marshy piece of ground covered with fallen trunks of trees, those still standing draped in the long waving gray moss which gives so melancholy an aspect to the Southern scenery in such localities. It was my wife's first visit to America, and as she sat on the trunk of one of these fallen trees in the swamp, holding her small dressing-bag in her hand, hungry, muddy, tired, but undismayed, she observed that she now thoroughly

understood the feelings of the foreign emigrants whose letters she had so often read to her servants at home. The rest of our company took the mishap with equal philosophy, and as we trudged along towards the fort over the fallen trees, and through the mud and tangled vines, we could hear the sharp whiz of the rifle balls as they sung their sharp song through the air, and the heavy thud as they struck the boat or exploded in falling.

Arrived at the fort, every kindness was lavished upon us. The officers gave up their quarters to our ladies, and shared their plain fare with us ; for in this remote spot they did not enjoy any luxuries or many comforts. So soon as we had placed the ladies in safety we returned to the sea beach, where our brave compatriots kept the enemy at bay, under a hailstorm of shot levelled at them from the *De Voto*. Standing among them I could mark first the flash, then the report and curling smoke, followed by the dash of the water as the shot first struck, then ricocheted over our heads, often so inconveniently close that we dodged involuntarily. Personal experience convinces me that any human being will and must incline his head under such circumstances. Still the enemy shot very badly, for they did not succeed either in dismounting the guns or wounding any of the groups clustered around them.

All day long this one-sided warfare continued, the *De Voto* carefully keeping out of range of the guns of the fort, which, after one trial to ascertain that fact, wasted no powder, having very little of that valuable article to spare.

During the day the *De Voto* fired 283 times at the steamer and the troops, and, strange to say, short as was the range, but three fair hits were made, doing the *Victoria* no serious damage. One shell passed through the open hold into a coffee bag immediately above the powder, penetrated to within two or three inches, and did not explode. It was taken by us out of the bag afterwards, the coffee having probably extinguished the fuse. Had that shell exploded, the *Victoria* would have been sent up into the air with her perilous freight, to come down in blackened splinters. But Providence, which had protected us throughout the voyage, did not desert us here. At five P.M. the *De Voto* ceased firing, and sailed sullenly away in the direction where we knew the blockading fleet was lying.

Now was our opportunity, for we readily divined her purpose of bringing other vessels of lighter draught to capture the *Victoria*. There was a number of small luggers plying in the bay and through the bayous. These we immediately put into active operation to lighten our ship, and about two hours before daylight we succeeded in getting her in safety under the guns of the fort. When this was accomplished we regaled ourselves with a good supper, and made merry the hearts of our friends, the officers of the fort, who had contributed so greatly to our rescue.

Scarcely had the day dawned when the sentry on the fort proclaimed sails in sight, and the *De Voto* reappeared, accompanied by two others,

in one of which we recognized the *Calhoun*, captured but a few weeks before. Drawing even less water than the *Victoria*, escape from her would have been impossible in our previous exposed situation. As it was, we enjoyed acutely the disappointment of our baffled enemies at the escape of their prey. During the day the number of the blockaders was increased to five. They hovered round like birds of prey, anxious to injure, but fearful to attack—just out of range of the guns of the fort; and for two days continued to do so, leading us to suppose they meditated an attack. Had they been aware of the actual condition of affairs, they could not only have cut out the *Victoria*, but also have taken the fort; since shot and shell sufficient for two days' siege those gallant fellows did not have; and, in such cases, valour, without ammunition, avails nothing.

Happily, that danger passed away, and we resumed our march "On to Richmond" by the circuitous route through the bayous, in a little stern-wheel steamer drawing sixteen inches of water, through passages so narrow that in many places we brushed past the trees on either side, and moved over and through the tangled rushes. I had heard before of advertisements of Mississippi steamers to run "wherever it was a little damp," and we appeared to be verifying the promise on this occasion. Two days and nights of this weary way we travelled: on the third morning we reached the Mississippi. We found the father of waters wrapped in an impenetrable yellow fog, as dense as that London product in November, and had to grope our way towards the city; occasional steamers, with their huge house-like upper decks, looming suddenly upon us through the fog, and screaming loudly to warn us of their proximity.

The river is very dangerous for navigation in these fogs, as may be imagined; but just before we reached the city, the sun broke forth, the veil of mist unrolled and drifted away, like the rising of a curtain, and the spires and domes of New Orleans, and its wharves, with the remnants of its great fleet of steamers, broke upon our delighted view.

For we felt we were at home at last—on our own soil, among our own brave brethren battling against tyranny of the most odious kind. For the two days and nights on the bayous we had had no accommodations either for sleeping or eating—foraging on the contents of a hamper, and sleeping on the cabin floor; the luxury, therefore, of a bath, a bed, and the table at St. Charles' Hotel, can be imagined by those who have only "roughed it" in Switzerland or the Highlands.

Of what we saw and heard for the four following months, neither our space, nor the patience of the reader, who has accompanied us through so fatiguing a journey, will permit me here to speak.

Effect of Railways on Health.

It has been said that anything may be proved by Statistics. Readers of medical works are aware of the abundance of "cases" which can always be cited to prove the most contradictory propositions; there is not a drug, nor a curative method, which cannot boast of its ample supply. Are statistics and cases useless, then? Have we any better ground of reliance than experience? Obviously not. The mistake is, that neither those who compile, nor those who read this kind of evidence trouble themselves with disentangling it, or seek to ascertain whether some *other* causes, besides the one invoked, may not have been operative. Enough for them that, out of many hundred individuals living in a certain spot, or employed in a certain profession, a given number of diseases, or cures, can be enumerated. The proof of a direct connection between the effect noted and the cause supposed, is never demonstrated. This is the fallacy pointed out by Bacon, of induction by simple enumeration.

We see this fallacy in the discussions recently excited respecting the influence of railway-travel. There are alarmists proving railways to be the source of new diseases, and of increased severity in the old. There are optimists who prove that railway-travel is a source of health. Statistics and cases are freely invoked on both sides: science is invoked to prove, on mechanical, chemical, and physiological principles, that this travel is terribly injurious,—and perfectly innocuous. On the one hand, we find M. Devilliers, the chief physician employed by the administration of the Lyons Railway, publishing "*Statistical and Scientific Researches*," in which he shows that one-fifteenth of the engine-drivers and stokers suffer from diseases of the brain and nervous system; and about one-fourth from lumbago, spinal complaints, and affections of the joints. This was in 1857. On the other hand, we find M. Gallard, in the May of this year, presenting a *mémoire* to the Academy of Sciences, in which he proves, statistically, of course, that the engine-drivers, stokers, and guards are subject to *no* special diseases, but present about the same average of maladies as is presented in other occupations. As to the "new diseases" said to be developed, he laughs them to scorn. Moreover, he bids us remark, that whereas the mortality of the inhabitants of Paris, between the ages of twenty and fifty-five, is no less than from sixteen to twenty in every thousand, the mortality of railway officials has never attained seven in the thousand.

When doctors differ thus, what is the patient to do? The question of railway-travel deeply interests the public; for, although the most gorgeous demonstration of its evils would not cause a sensible diminution in the traffic, would not cause a single vacancy among railway officials to

remain one day without numerous aspirants, yet if the evils could be made clear, and traced to their sources, much might be done towards their mitigation. In this sense we consider the proprietors of the *Lancet* were well inspired, when they conceived the idea of appointing a commission to inquire into the "Influence of Railways upon Public Health." With the assistance of an eminent engineer and several medical men, a *Report* has been drawn up, which, although fulfilling none of the conditions demanded in a scientific inquiry, and presenting only a few detached observations and "impressions," illustrated by "cases," is nevertheless of value to railway travellers for certain hints which it contains. It has been republished by Mr. Hardwicke of Piccadilly at a shilling, and we trust will be largely bought.

The public is not unreasonably deaf to the alarmist cry respecting the evils of railways. The advantages are too obvious and too immense, and the evils too conjectural and remote, for any general denunciation to produce effect. As the *Report* says:—

A century and a half previous to the earliest times of railway travelling, similar warnings had been uttered about a new-fangled mode of conveyance just then introduced; and stage-coaches were described as "one of the greatest evils that had happened to the kingdom." The injury to health from their use was only one of many disastrous results. Those who travelled by these coaches, it was urged, became weary and listless, and contracted an idle habit of body. "What advantage is it to men's health," asks one author,* "to be called out of their beds into their coaches an hour before day in the morning, to be hurried in them from place to place till one hour, two or three within night, after sitting all day, in the summer-time stifled with heat and choked with dust, or in the winter starving and freezing with cold? What addition is it to men's health or business to ride all day with strangers, oftentimes sick, ancient, diseased persons, or young children crying; many times poisoned with their nasty scents? Is it for a man's health to be laid fast in foul ways, and forced to wade up to the knees in mire—to travel in rotten coaches, necessitated to bait or lodge at the worst inn on the road?"—and so on until the writer had made a case sufficient to demand the immediate suppression of stage coaches.

Nor can the terrors of railway accidents have much effect, especially now that experience has shown that the accidents are insignificant compared with those which occurred in the "good old days of coaching."

Of persons killed by railway accidents in the United Kingdom, the proportion to the whole number of travellers was, in 1854, 1 in 7,195,342. In 1860, it was 1 in 5,677,000. In France, it was 1 in 7,000,000. In Belgium, 1 in 8,860,000. In Prussia, 1 in 17,500,000 of all travellers. The proportion of persons killed whilst travelling by diligences in France was 1 in 335,000—about equal to the proportions of both *killed and injured* on English and French railways.

Nay, more, supposing it proved that accidents were frequent, and that the injury to health was inevitable, who doubts but that the immense benefits derived from railways would overmaster all opposition, and cause us to accept the evil with the good?

But there is a class of travellers, both numerous and influential, to whom this question of the effect on health is of extreme importance. T^h

* *The Grand Concerne of England Explained.* Harl. MSS. 1673.
VOL. VI.—NO. 84.

class, and this alone, has a power of choice. It can incur or avoid the risks at will, when once its conviction has been duly settled. We allude to the season-ticket holders, who are such mainly because they live out of town for the sake of health. There is a very general, we might almost say, universal belief in the sanitary advantages of "sleeping out of town." A few hours of country air are thought to be the best set-off against the strain and turmoil of the day's work in town. Is there any foundation for this belief? We are in all seriousness compelled to answer, None. It is a prejudice which will not withstand scrutiny. Hating town, as the writer of these lines hates it, and loving the quiet and the sky of the country as he loves them, he is among the last to undervalue the increase of pleasurable sensations derived from quitting the capital to spend a few hours by the sea-side, or in the stillness of a country villa; and he knows what mothers will say respecting "the advantages to the children." The reader is requested to consider all said that can be said on this point. So strong is the attraction of the country that thousands are allured by it.* But we have now to discuss the *sanitary*, not the *æsthetic* advantages. If you say, "I choose to live out of town because I prefer it—or because my wife wishes it," we are silenced. But if you say it is because your health requires it, we earnestly beg you to reconsider the grounds on which rests your belief in the sanitary influences of a country residence. It will, perhaps, astonish you to find how little evidence exists. If you compare the actual health of men who live habitually in this purer air, the virtues of which seem to you so great that to breathe it only for a fraction of the day you suppose to be restorative of a jaded frame, you will find that when those who live in the country are equally hard-worked with those who live in town, they are as feeble and wasted. The shopman, clerk, or hard-worked professional man in the country, has only this advantage over his fellow-worker in town, that when the labours of the day are over he passes a quieter evening, he does not undergo the strain and excitement of theatres, concerts, and parties. And this advantage is secured by the season-ticket holder. But the great source of health in the country is *not* the purer air; it is the lesser strain on mind and body—the repose from work and excitement.

Although we believe this to be the fact, comparing residence in town and country simply as such, we are quite willing, for the sake of argument, to admit the superiority of a country residence, and to acquiesce in the popular notion of some healthful influence derived from sleeping out of town. It is obvious that such a notion rests on the assumption of there being no evil influences whatever accompanying the daily passage to and fro. If, therefore, it may be presumed that the daily journeys bring with them any evil influences, the season-ticket holder will have to consider this question: Is the advantage derived from sleeping out of town equivalent, or superior, to the disadvantages of the transit? We may say at once that

* In 1860 there were 30,500 ticket-holders in England and Wales.

if the traveller be young and healthy, he has little or nothing to fear from the journey, supposing him to take rational precautions. But it is not the young and healthy we are specially addressing; it is the men whose health is the chief motive for living out of town, and who are, therefore, called upon to consider this one question of health. On this point let us hear the testimony of Dr. Forbes Winslow :—

I have, like many others, during the summer season, removed my family for a period to a watering-place some fifty miles from London, and travelled to and fro night and morning by express-train. I have been convinced that the advantage of sleeping by the sea-side, and of an occasional day of rest there, was fully counterbalanced by the fatigue and wear and tear of mind and body incidental to daily journeys over this considerable distance. I went to bed at night conscious that I must rise at a given and somewhat early hour, or miss my train. I am sure that this does not render sleep more sound and refreshing; and every one sleeps best on the Saturday night, when this disturbing element does not exist—since the next is the day of rest. In the same way breakfast is eaten with this necessity of being in time still on one's mind. Then, like every one else, I had to get the cab or carriage and go down to the station; to scramble for the morning paper and get a seat. Then comes the long journey, with all its fatiguing accompaniments. Finally, one has to get to one's residence; this process, or something like it, *mutatis mutandis*, being repeated twice a day. I refer to these separate details because it is in analyzing the general series of phenomena that I am able to explain the fatiguing effects, mental and physical, of constant railway travelling.

It may be objected, and there is force in the objection, that the journey to Brighton is longer than is usually taken by season-ticket holders; nevertheless, although the shorter the journey the fewer the inconveniences, physical and mental, many of the evils are inseparable from a country residence. In a short journey there is less anxiety about catching the train, since trains are more numerous; and there is less physical fatigue endured in the transit. But unless the distance be very short (in which case the "purity of the air" becomes notably diminished), there are manifold sources of evil influence. We will assume that you are living at Richmond, which is barely to be reckoned as country. You happen to be late for breakfast, swallow it hastily, lest the train be missed, and either take an imperfect meal, or take it with a rapidity which taxes digestion. Munching a bit of toast as you hurry along, you are thrown into a flurry by hearing the whistle of the approaching engine; you set off running at full speed, and dash into the station blown and heated. Dr. C. B. Williams alludes to this anxiety about catching the train as peculiarly dangerous to persons with any disease of the heart. "I have known sudden deaths and several aggravations of valvular lesions to be caused in this way." But you are happily at ease on that score; there is nothing wrong about your heart. Still you have reached the carriage greatly heated, and are whirled to London at a rapid pace, the cold air blowing upon your heated body from the open window, or windows. The risk of a sore throat, bronchitis, low fever, or at least a cold, is considerable. Perhaps after all you have missed the train. You have then to "cool down," much exasperated, on a windy platform, or in a waiting-room dreadful with draughts. Three quarters of an hour, or more, are spent in

vexatious weariness, and by the time you get into the carriage you are thoroughly chilled. The cold air, which was dangerous when you were heated, is not less dangerous now you are chilled; but your fellow-passengers cannot think of having the window closed. You get to town, go about your business, and in the evening have to repeat the experience of the morning. How many days in the course of the season are these risks incurred? and what amount of benefit derivable from sleeping in the country can fairly counterbalance them?

It may be said that railways are not to be blamed for our imprudences. The irrational unpunctuality which makes men too late for the train, would make them too late for coach or omnibus. And that is true. But those who live out of town are forced to travel by rail; and there are certain evil influences which specially belong to railway travel. These are considered in the *Lancet Report*; and sometimes exaggerated. For example, there is great exaggeration in its assertion that the impurity of the air in railway carriages "must necessarily exercise considerable influence on the health." This is said in obedience to a popular error. There is not the slightest evidence that the air in closed railway carriages exercises any influence at all, beyond the *temporary* effect of diminishing in some degree the activity of respiration—an effect to which the organism readily adapts itself, and from which the first few steps in the open air recovers it. An appeal is made to science, and the investigations of Dr. Angus Smith are cited; but although the figures quoted from him may seem very alarming, the conclusion drawn is utterly fallacious. Here are the figures:—

The air of several places being examined by the method described in my papers, I have found that a given amount of the permanganate solution is decomposed by different volumes of air, according to its state of purity. The numbers here given represent the volume of air capable of decomposing an amount of the solution of the permanganate, the same in every case. They represent, therefore, the proportionate purity of the air; the highest numbers represent the purest air:—

Cubic inches of air requisite for the decomposition of a given amount of solution, showing comparative amounts of oxidizable matter.

MANCHESTER.

| | Cubic In. |
|--|--------------------|
| Air at All Saints', inside my laboratory | 72,000 |
| Front of the house | 74,000 to 76,000 |
| Bedroom looking to the back | 64,000 |
| Same room in the morning after being slept in | 56,000 |
| Bank of the Medlock, behind dirty houses | 44,000 |
| High grounds, thirty miles north of Manchester | 176,000 to 209,000 |
| Closely-packed railway carriage | 8,000 |
| When the strong smell of a sewer entered my laboratory | 8,000 |

Thus a railway carriage closely packed stands very low in the scale. I may mention that the carriage examined was a third-class one. In very hot weather, the woollen coverings of a first-class carriage are hurtful, but I do not think them so in cool or in ordinary weather, if kept clean; on the contrary, I think them beneficial. A good deal of the impurity is retained by the wool, and is not given off, but is oxidized in its place. A high temperature sends off some without oxidation, and produces what is

called a choking sensation. When the sides are impervious to moisture, as in the second and third classes, there are great risings and fallings in the impurity of the air. The impurity is then neither retained by the surface until oxidation takes place, nor slowly and gradually given out, but evaporates with great rapidity.

The assumption here is that the impurity, if not oxidized, must be dangerous. It is nothing of the kind; it is simply *disagreeable*. If the air contains its due proportion of oxygen, no matter what else it contains (unless it be oxide of carbon, or other poisonous gases), breathing is regularly performed. The "impurities" assail the senses, but they do not and cannot enter the blood. The expulsion of carbonic acid from the blood, and the taking in of an equivalent amount of oxygen from the air, go on so long as the air is breathable, so long as the due proportion of oxygen is contained in it. That impurities do not, by the fact of their *occasional* presence, sensibly affect health, is seen in the thousands who daily breathe very impure air; and Dr. Angus Smith himself remarks that "life may exist in pest-houses for years." Now, no one pretends that the worst air in a closed railway carriage is unbreathable; the rapid circulation of the air always suffices to keep up a due amount of oxygen; and, however oppressive the sensation of "stiffness" may be, when windows of a crowded carriage are closed, the utmost physiological effect is a lowering of the respiration, and a consequent lowering of the vital functions, which immediately recover their activity on fresh air being admitted.

The reader must not misunderstand this criticism. We are not advocating the cause of impure air, but simply pointing out the immunity of those who may have to endure the *slight and occasional impurity* to be endured in railway carriages; and the object of our criticism is, by withdrawing the reader's attention from this fancied source of danger, to fix it on a real and serious danger, into which the fear of "impurity" may, and does, lead. That danger is cold draughts. Bad ventilation, with its consequent smells, may be very disagreeable; but it only creates discomfort, not disease. Dr. Angus Smith has touched on this; and Dr. C. J. B. Williams is still more emphatic:—

The disorders which I have found to be most commonly excited by the influence of cold in railway travelling, are the various catarrhal affections of the respiratory organs, sore-throats, ear-ache, tooth-ache, pleurisy, pneumonia, and various forms of rheumatism, particularly lumbago and sciatica. It is very remarkable how many cases of serious pulmonary disease in my experience have dated their origin to cold caught in railway travelling.

Now, to prevent these evils, it seems a very simple expedient to close the windows as much as is consistent with due ventilation, and to use sufficiently warm clothing to exclude the cold; but the closure of the windows in a railway carriage is not so easy in practice as in theory. The plurality of English folk love fresh air, and have a horror of closed windows; they prefer being chilled to their notion of being suffocated. And as it is the warm-blooded and robust who most commonly entertain these views, they often assume the management of the windows in accordance with them, to the great detriment of the delicate and susceptible. Foreigners on the continent, even with their slower trains, commonly go to the opposite extreme. Even in summer they often persist in keeping the windows close shut, to the discomfort of their British fellow-travellers; but I am confident that the graver error is on the side of our countrymen.

Generally they are not aware of the risk to which they expose themselves and other passengers by keeping open windows in cold or even cool weather. In fast trains, with the outer temperature below 40 deg. Fahr., there is circulation of air through the ventilators and unavoidable chinks of the carriages sufficient to keep the air pure, even with six or eight passengers, without any window open. When the outer temperature is above 40 deg., and the carriage full, an inch or two of one or both windows open may be permitted with safety. It is surprising how small an aperture suffices for free circulation of air when the train is in rapid motion. Exact experiments on this point are desirable; but as bearing on it, I would refer to the celerity with which, even in closed carriages, we smell the smoke of the brake applied to the wheels at each stoppage.

Finally, I would say on this topic, in cold weather and in fast trains there is vastly more risk of chill from open windows than of suffocation or any other evil from closed ones. The ordinary ventilators will commonly prove sufficient when the train is in motion; as often as it stops, the windows may be opened with safety and comfort.

Our remarks apply to season-ticket holders with extra force, since the space of time which they can be called upon to breathe the impure air of a closed carriage is too brief for any influence beyond discomfort, whereas it is quite long enough to catch cold.

Another point to be considered is the effect of the vibrations and oscillations of the railway carriage; and here again the *Report* endeavours to give a scientific aspect to its statements, which, being very imperfect, will be apt to render them dubious to those who reflect on what is given. Surely it is sufficient to refer to the experience of all travellers, who will at once admit the fact that railway journeys are accompanied with fatigue and excitement. Instead of this direct appeal, an indirect appeal is made to Science, in the hope of demonstrating how railways must produce such effects; and after an elaborate analysis of the nature and cause of the vibration, the journey is said "to produce a certain degree of muscular exertion; to increase the volume of the air inspired; to quicken the circulation," and some other more questionable and more alarming effects. But the reader cannot help asking why the effects just named should be deemed injurious? Are they not precisely the effects *sought* by exercise—especially horse exercise? When we read that the vibrations of the carriage call a considerable number of muscles into action, and maintain them in a condition of alternating contractile effort, we are led to ask what evil there can be in that? The sense of bodily fatigue felt after a long journey is, doubtless, assignable to this strain on the muscles; but had the traveller been walking during those hours, would his fatigue have been less? No delicate person remembering the weariness, head-ache, dizziness, ringing in the ears, and irritability which frequently follow on a railway journey, will require the deductions of science to convince them that such journeys must affect injuriously all but the young and robust. It is probable, however, that healthy people receive a positive benefit from the stimulus given to the circulation, respiration, and muscular activity, by a railway journey; and it is by these we may interpret what Dr. Waller Lewis, the medical officer to the General Post Office, records as the result of his observations:—

Not only does railway travelling seem to have no injurious effects on some persons, but I have much evidence tending apparently to show that it is sometimes absolutely beneficial.

It has been part of my duty to examine very recently some sixty or seventy of the travelling sorters, for the express purpose of reporting as to their physical fitness for railway duties after they had undergone a probation varying from six to eighteen months. Several, however, of the officers so examined had been acting as mail-guards for a much longer period. In reply to my question of how they found the travelling agree with them, some stated that they had never been so well in their lives. A considerable number replied that they had not had an hour's illness since they commenced railway duty.

Another effect of railway travelling on certain constitutions is curious, because it is just the reverse of what might have been expected. Young men, previously extremely thin, are found rapidly to gain flesh, and to become as fat as they were before lean. These instances are by no means so rare as to be deemed mere exceptions. The converse also holds true. One of our best officers states that he has no doubt that during the period of twenty years that he was engaged in railway duties, he travelled, on an average, a hundred miles a day, Sundays included. All this time he not only enjoyed most excellent health, but he was stouter and stronger than he had been since leaving that duty.

These were of course very different men from season-ticket holders who live out of town for the sake of health. On the latter, the muscular and nervous strain, daily repeated twice, will generally exert a baneful influence; and if there be already organic disease, that influence may be very serious. Read the following cases, reported by Dr. Radcliffe:—

A hale and stout gentleman, aged sixty-three, came to me complaining of inability to sleep, numbness in the limbs, great depression, and all the symptoms of approaching paralytic seizure. He was very actively engaged in large monetary transactions, which were naturally a source of anxiety. He had a house in town; but, having been advised by the late Dr. Todd to live at Brighton, he had taken a house there, and travelled to and fro daily by the express train. The symptoms of which he complained began to appear about four months after taking up his residence at Brighton, and he had undergone a variety of treatment without benefit, and was just hesitating about trying homœopathy when I saw him. I advised him to give up the journeys for a month, and to make the experiment of living quietly in town. In a fortnight his rest was perfectly restored, and the other symptoms rapidly disappeared, so that at the end of the month he was as well as ever again. After three months he was persuaded to join his family at Brighton again, and resumed his daily journeys. In a few days his rest became broken, and in two months all the old symptoms returned. By giving up the journeys and residing in town he was again perfectly restored; but it being the end of the season, when the house at Brighton could not be readily disposed of, and yielding to the wishes of his family, he again resumed his journeys. In a month's time he was rendered so seriously unwell that he hesitated no longer in taking up his permanent residence in town; and since this time (now more than two years ago) he has enjoyed perfect health.

A barrister in large practice, about fifty years of age, had a house about twenty miles from town, and travelled daily to and fro by rail. He complained that he found he was incapacitated for work on arriving in the morning, and that he was unable to bring his mind to bear properly on a subject until he had lunch, when the effect of the journey seemed to wear off; and that after the return journey he was unable to sleep, or did so but slightly. He had tried various plans—walking in the country, riding, &c.,—all of which only made him worse, and increased the feeling of *malaise*. Bearing in mind the former case, I strongly urged him to sleep in town for a time, and

with the best results, for he found that his night's rest was restored, and that his intellect was as bright in the morning as it had formerly been. After some weeks, considering himself quite well, the country journeys were resumed, and with them the old troubles. In a month, indeed, all the old symptoms returned, and he was forced to relinquish his country residence. Since this time (more than twelve months ago) he has had no cause of complaint.

A gentleman, aged thirty-four, holding an important Government appointment, took a house about fourteen miles away from the scene of his daily duties. After a few months, he suffered from palpitations, pain about the regions of the heart, and a general feeling of anxiety. For this he consulted an eminent physician, who diagnosed serious organic mischief. This naturally distressed the patient considerably, and he was on the point of throwing up his appointment, when, coming to me, I suggested that he should try the effects of giving up his short daily journeys before taking so important a step. This was done; he was rapidly restored to health, and he has since had no indication of cardiac mischief.

The fatigue of a railway journey, great as it is, is trifling compared with the fatigue of a journey by coach, if the distance be considerable. The *Report* dwells with iterated emphasis on the "concussions" occasioned by the vibrations of the locomotive. But as far as our experience goes, an hour's jolting over the streets in an omnibus, is far more trying than an hour's railway journey. People look back fondly at the "good old coach days;" but if they will try the effect of a long journey in a diligence, in those parts of the Continent where diligences still ply, and compare it with a journey by rail occupying an equal number of hours, they will be disabused, and will admit that, apart from the gain in time, the gain in comfort on the rail is very considerable. We do not deny the fact of the "concussions," but we are reminded that when the late Lord Campbell first travelled by coach to London from Scotland, he was advised to stay a day at York, as the rapidity of the motion "had caused several through-going passengers to die of apoplexy!" The point is this: if you live out of town you must ride, either by rail, or by coach, or by omnibus; a long ride is fatiguing, and in some cases even dangerous. Is the advantage of your country residence great enough to counterbalance this?

The special evils of the rail are—the cold draughts, the dust and smoke, the dizzy rapidity of passing objects, the grinding, rattling, screaming, and whistling; and these are the price paid for the gain in time. If you live at Brighton, you cannot pass daily to and fro except at such a price. If you are delicate and nervous, the price is no trifle. A plug of cotton in each ear will mitigate the noise; a resolution not to look at near objects will mitigate the effect of the rapid succession of images over the retina; and proper padding in the carriages will mitigate the effect of the vibrations. Dr. Williams remarks:—

The shaking motion of a railway carriage is commonly most felt in the back, loins, waist, and head; but any limb or part tender from disease is likely to suffer from it. The noise obviously most affects the head, and it adds much to the suffering and fatigue of those who are sensitive in the organ of hearing or in the membranes of the brain. But if the journey is prolonged, that which first excites pain and irritation may in the end cause faintness and exhaustion in weakly persons; and this may be followed by feverish reaction, lasting for some days. I know of some invalids, who thus suffer so

much from railway travelling that they therefore prefer to submit to the delay and inconvenience of posting.

Now, as before hinted, on these points railway carriages admit of much improvement; but until this is effected I would suggest extemporaneous means of mitigating the motion and noise by means of air-cushions. A small horse-hair cushion around the neck of the traveller, and another of larger size around the loins, wonderfully intercept the noise and jarring motion of the carriages. All the motion and the worst of the noise are communicated through the solid walls of the carriages, and the head and back, leaning on them, feel the din and movement in proportion as they are imperfectly cushioned. Now the air-cushion muffles the vibrations more completely than any stuffing; and provided it be not too tightly distended, it isolates from much of the surrounding jar the part resting on it. An invalid thus *air-collared* and *air-girt*, with the legs on an easy foot-rest, and a pillow or cushion or two, if needed, to prop up against the rolling or lateral motion, may generally travel in a first-class carriage with more ease than in the special invalid beds.

Before closing these observations we must touch on the common practice of relieving the tedium of a journey by reading. Dr. Waller Lewis, regarding his experience in the case of Post-office clerks and letter-sorters, says that he does not find much mischief occasioned to the sight from the practice of reading and sorting letters in a moving carriage; but an eminent oculist, Mr. White Cooper, takes a very different view. His experience convinces him that reading in railways is productive of injurious effects on the eyes. Not only are the cheap papers and books, which form the bulk of railway literature, badly printed, but even when paper and type are of the best, there is always an incessant strain on the muscles of the eye in the effort to follow the shaking page; and this effort produces head-ache or dizziness in many persons. The reader is seen to pause from time to time to rest his eyes; a peculiar sensation compels him to close them frequently, and to press his hand upon them. Some persons complain of darting pains, others of a "ragging" sensation. But there are persons who read all day with impunity, as there are persons who travel daily with impunity. And the object of our own remarks is to direct the attention of all persons who in any way suffer from railway travel, to the causes of their suffering. No general argument will dissuade men whose daily experience is against the argument; but many a traveller who has hitherto experienced evil effects which he has not traced to their causes may ask himself, Is the advantage of a country residence worth the price I have to pay for it?

The Story of Elizabeth.

PART II.

A low, one-storied house standing opposite a hospital, built on a hilly street, with a great white *porte-cochère* closed and barred, and then a garden wall: nine or ten windows only a foot from the ground, all blinded and shuttered in a row; a brass plate on the door, with *Stephen Tournneur* engraved thereon, and grass and chickweed growing between the stones and against the white walls of the house. Passing under the archway, you come into a grass-grown courtyard; through an iron grating you see a little desolate garden with wall-flowers and stocks, and tall yellow weeds all flowering together, and fruit-trees running wild against the wall. On one side there are some empty stables, with chickens pecketting in the sun. The house is built in two long low wings; it has a dreary moated-grange sort of look; and see, standing at one of the upper windows, is not that Elizabeth looking out? An old woman in a blue gown and a white coif is pumping water at the pump, some miserable canaries are piping shrilly out of green cages, the old woman clacks away with her sabots echoing over the stones, the canaries cease their piping, and then nobody else comes. There are two or three tall poplar-trees growing along the wall, which shiver plaintively; a few clouds drift by, and a very distant faint sound of military music comes borne on the wind.

"Ah, how dull it is to be here! Ah, how I hate it, how I hate them all!" Elizabeth is saying to herself: "there is some music, all the Champs Elysées are crowded with people, the soldiers are marching along with glistening bayonets and flags flying. Not one of them thinks that in a dismal house not very far away there is anybody so unhappy as I am. This day year—it breaks my heart to think of it—I was nineteen; to-day I am twenty, and I feel a hundred. Oh, what a sin and shame it is to condemn me to this hateful life. Oh, what wicked people these good people are. Oh, how dull, oh, how stupid, oh, how prosy, oh, how I wish I was dead, and they were dead, and it was all over!"

How many weary yawns, I wonder, had poor Elizabeth yawned since that first night when M. Tournneur came to tea? With what distaste she set herself to live her new life I cannot attempt to tell you. It bored her, and wearied and displeased her, and she made no secret of her displeasure, you may be certain. But what annoyed her most of all, what seemed to her so inconceivable that she could never understand or credit it, was the extraordinary change which had come over her mother. Mme. Tournneur was like Mrs. Gilmour in many things, but so different in others that Elly could hardly believe her to be the same woman. The secret of

it all was a love of power and admiration, purchased no matter at what sacrifice, which had always been the hidden motive of Caroline's life. Now she found that by dressing in black, by looking prim, by attending endless charitable meetings, prayer-meetings, religious meetings, by influencing M. Tournneur, who was himself a man in authority, she could eat of the food her soul longed for. "There was a man once who did not care for me, he despised me," she used to think sometimes; "he liked that silly child of mine better; he shall hear of me one day."

Lady Dampier was a very strong partisan of the French Protestant Church. Mine. Tournneur used to hope that she would come to Paris again and carry home with her the fame of her virtues, and her influence, and her conversion; and in the meanwhile the weary round of poor Elly's daily existence went on. To-day, for two lonesome hours, she stood leaning at that window, with the refrain of the distant music echoing in her ears long after it had died away. It was like the remembrance of the past pleasures of her short life. Such a longing for sympathy, for congenial spirits, for the pleasures she loved so dearly, came over her, that the great hot tears welled into her eyes, and the bitterest tears are those which do not fall. The gate bell rang at last, and Clementine walked across the yard to unbolt, to unbar, and to let in Monsieur Tournneur, with books under his arm and a big stick. Then the bell rang again, and Madame Tournneur followed, dressed in prim scant clothes, accompanied by another person even primmer and scantier than herself; this was a widowed step-sister of M. Tournneur's, who, unluckily, had no home of her own, so the good man received her and her children into his. Lastly, Elizabeth, from her window, saw Anthony arrive with four of the young Protestants, all swinging their legs and arms. (The fifth was detained at home with a bad swelled face.) All the others were now coming back to dinner, after attending a class at the Pasteur Boulot's. They clattered past the door of Elly's room—a bare little chamber, with one white curtain she had nailed up herself, and a straight bed and a chair. A clock struck five. A melancholy bell presently sounded through the house, and a strong smell of cabbage came in at the open window. Elly looked in the glass; her rough hair was all standing on end curling, her hands were streaked with chalk and brick from the window, her washed-out blue cotton gown was creased and tumbled. What did it matter? she shook her head, as she had a way of doing, and went downstairs as she was. On the way she met two untidy-looking little girls, and then clatter, clatter, along the uncarpeted passage, came the great big nailed boots of the pupils; and then at the dining-room door there was Clementine in a yellow gown—much smarter and trimmer than Elizabeth's blue cotton—carrying a great long loaf of sour bread.

Madame Tournneur was already at her post, standing at the head of the table, ladling out the cabbage soup with the pieces of bread floating in every plate. M. Tournneur was eating his dinner quickly; he had to examine a class for confirmation at six, and there was a prayer-meeting at

seven. The other prim lady sat opposite to him with her portion before her. There was a small table-cloth, streaked with blue, and not over clean; hunches of bread by every plate, and iron knives and forks. Each person said grace to himself as he came and took his place. Only Elizabeth flung herself down in a chair, looked at the soup, made a face, and sent it away untasted.

"Elizabeth, ma fille, vous ne mangez pas," said M. Tourneur, kindly.

"I can't swallow it!" said Elizabeth.

"When there are so many poor people starving in the streets, you do not, I suppose, expect us to sympathize with such pampered fancies?" said the prim lady.

Although the sisters-in-law were apparently very good friends, there was a sort of race of virtue always being run between them, and just now Elly's shortcomings were a thorn in her mother's side, so skilfully were they wielded by Mrs. Jacob. Lou-lou and Tou-tou, otherwise Louise and Thérèse, *her* daughters, were such good, stupid, obedient, uninteresting little girls, that there was really not a word to say against them in retort; and all that Elly's mother could do, was to be even more severe, more uncompromising than Madame Jacob herself. And now she said,—

"Nonsense, Elizabeth; you must really eat your dinner. Clementine, bring back Miss Elizabeth's plate."

M. Tourneur looked up—he thought the soup very good himself, but he could not bear to see anybody distressed. "Go and fetch the bouillie quickly, Clementine. Why should Elizabeth take what she does not like? Rose," said he to his sister, "do you remember how our poor mother used to make us breakfast off—*porridge* I think she called it—and what a bad taste it had, and how we used to cry?"

"We never ungratefully objected to good soup," said Rose. "I make a point of never giving in to Lou-Lou and Tou-Tou when they have their fancies. I care more for the welfare of their souls than for pampering their bodies."

"And I only care for my body," Elly cried. "Mamma, I like porridge, will you have some for me?"

"Ah! hush, hush! Elizabeth. You do not think what you say, my poor child," said Tourneur. "What is mere eating and drinking, what is food, what is raiment, but dust and rottenness? You only care for your body!—for that mass of corruption. Ah, do not say such things, even in jest. Remember, that for every idle word——"

"And is there to be no account for spiteful words?" interrupted Elizabeth, looking at Mrs. Jacob.

Monsieur Tourneur put down the glass of wine he was raising to his lips, and with sad, reproachful glances, looked at the unruly step-daughter. Madame Jacob, shaking with indignation, cast her eyes up and opened her mouth, and Elizabeth began to pout her red lips. One minute and the storm would have burst, when Anthony upset a jug of water at his elbow, and the stream trickled down and down the table-cloth. These

troubled waters restored peace for the moment. Poor Tournour was able to finish his meal, in a puddle truly, but also in silence. Mrs. Jacob, who had received a large portion of the water in her lap, retired to change her dress, the young Christians sniggered over their plates, and Anthony went on eating his dinner.

I don't offer any excuse for Elizabeth. She was worried, and vexed, and tried beyond her powers of endurance, and she grew more wayward, more provoking every day. It is very easy to be good-natured, good-tempered, thankful and happy, when you are in the country you love, among your own people, living your own life. But if you are suddenly transplanted, made to live some one else's life, expected to see with another man's eyes, to forget your own identity almost, all that happens is, that you do not do as you were expected. Sometimes it is a sheer impossibility. What is that rare proverb about the shoe? Cinderella slipped it on in an instant; but you know her poor sisters cut off their toes and heels, and could not screw their feet in, though they tried ever so. Well, they did their best; but Elly did not try at all, and that is why she was to blame. She was a spoiled child, both by good and ill fortune. Sometimes, when she sat sulking, her mother used to look wondering at her with her black eyes, without saying a word. Did it ever occur to her that this was *her* work, that Elizabeth might have been happy now, honoured, prosperous, well loved, but for a little lie which had been told—but for a little barrier which had been thrown, one summer's day, between her and John Dampier? Caroline had long ceased to feel remorse—she used to say to herself that it would be much better for Elizabeth to marry Anthony, she would make anybody else miserable with her wayward temper. Anthony was so obtuse, that Elizabeth's fancies would not try him in the least. Mrs. Gilmore chose to term obtuseness a certain chivalrous devotion which the young man felt for her daughter. She thought him dull and slow, and so he was; but at the same time there were gleams of shrewdness which came quite unexpectedly, you knew not whence; there was a certain reticence and good sense of which people had no idea. Anthony knew much more about her and about his father than they knew about him. Every day he was learning to read the world. Elly had taught him a great deal, and he in return was her friend always.

Elly went out into the courtyard after dinner, and Anthony followed her—one little cousin had hold of each of his hands. If the little girls had not been little French Protestant girls, Elizabeth would have been very fond of them, for she loved children; but when they ran up to her, she motioned them away impatiently, and Anthony told them to go and run round the garden. Elizabeth was sitting on a tub which had been overturned, and resting her pretty dishevelled head wearily against the wall. Anthony looked at her for a minute.

"Why do you never wear nice dresses now," said he at last, "but this ugly old one always?"

"Is it not all vanity and corruption?" said Elizabeth, with a sneer;

"how can you ask such a question? Everything that is pretty is vanity. Your aunt and my mother only like ugly things. They would like to put out my eyes because they don't squint; to cut off my hair because it is pretty."

"Your hair! It is not at all pretty like that," said Anthony; "it is all rough, like mine."

Elizabeth laughed and blushed very sweetly. "What is the use, who cares?"

"There are a good many people coming to-night," said Anthony. "It is our turn to receive the prayer-meeting. Why should you not smoothe your curls and change your dress?"

"And do you remember what happened once, when I did dress, and make myself look nice?" said Elizabeth, flashing up, and then beginning to laugh.

Anthony looked grave and puzzled; for Elizabeth had caused quite a *scandale* in the community on that occasion. No wonder the old ladies in their old dowdy bonnets, the young ones in their ill-made woollen dresses, the preacher preaching against the vanities of the world, had all been shocked and outraged, when after the sermon had begun, the door opened, and Elizabeth appeared in the celebrated pink silk dress, with flowers in her hair, white lace falling from her shoulders, a bouquet, a gold fan, and glittering bracelets. Mme. Jacob's head nearly shook off with horror. The word was with the Pasteur Boulot, who did not conceal his opinion, and whose strictures introduced into the sermon were enough to make a less hardened sinner quake in her shoes. Many of the great leaders of the Protestant world in Paris had been present on that occasion. Some would not speak to her, some did speak very plainly. Elizabeth took it all as a sort of triumph, bent her head, smiled, fanned herself, and when ordered out of the room at last by her mother, left it with a splendid curtsey to the Rev. M. Boulot, and thanked him for his beautiful and improving discourse. And then, when she was upstairs in her own room again, where she had been decking herself for the last hour—the yellow candle was still spluttering on the table—her clothes all lying about the room—she locked the door, tore off her ornaments, her shining dress, and flung herself down on the floor, crying and sobbing as if her heart would break. "Oh, I want to go! I want to go! Oh, take me away!" she prayed and sobbed. "Oh, what harm is there in a pink gown more than a black one! Oh, why does not John Dampier come and fetch me? Oh, what dolts, what idiots, those people are! What a heart-broken girl I am! Poor Elly, poor Elly, poor, poor girl!" said she, pitying herself, and stroking her tear-stained cheeks. And so she went on, until she had nearly worn herself out, poor child. She really was almost heart-broken. This uncongenial atmosphere seemed to freeze and chill her best impulses. I cannot help being sorry for her, and sympathizing with her against that rigid community down below, and yet, after all, there was scarcely one of the people whom she so scorned who was not a better Christian than poor Elizabeth, more self-denying, more scrupulous, more patient in effort,

more diligent—not one of them that did not lead a more useful life than hers. It was in vain that her mother had offered her classes in the schools, humble neighbours to visit, sick people to tend. “Leave me alone,” the girl would say. “You know how I hate all that cant!” Mme. Tourneur herself spent her whole days doing good, patronizing the poor, lecturing the wicked, dosing the sick, superintending countless charitable communities. Her name was on all the committees, her decisions were deferred to, her wishes consulted. She did not once regret the step she had taken; she was a clever, ambitious, active-minded woman; she found herself busy, virtuous, and respected; what more could she desire? Her daughter’s unhappiness did not give her any very great concern. “It would go off in time,” she said. But days went by, and Elly was only more hopeless, more heart-broken; black lines came under the blue eyes; from being a stout hearty girl, she grew thin and languid. Seeing her day by day, they none of them noticed that she was looking ill, except Anthony, who often imagined a change would do her good; only how was this to be managed? He could only think of one way. He was thinking of it, as he followed her out into the courtyard to-day. The sun was low in the west, the long shadows of the trees flickered across the stones. Say what he would, the blue gown, the wall, the yellow hair, made up a pretty little piece of colouring. With all her faults, Anthony loved Elly better than any other human being, and would have given his life to make her happy.

“I cannot bear to see you so unhappy,” said he, in French, speaking very simply, in his usual voice. “Elizabeth, why don’t you do as your mother has done, and marry a French pasteur, who has loved you ever since the day he first saw you? You should do as you liked, and leave this house, where you are so miserable, and get away from Aunt Rose, who is so ill-natured. I would not propose such a scheme if I saw a chance for something better; but anything would be an improvement on the life you are leading here. It is wicked and profitless, and you are killing yourself and wasting your best days. You are not taking up your cross with joy and with courage, dear Elizabeth. Perhaps by starting afresh——” His voice failed him, but his eyes spoke and finished the sentence.

This was Anthony’s scheme. Elly opened her round eyes, and looked at him all amazed and wondering. A year ago it would have been very different, and so she thought as she scanned him. A year ago she would have scorned the poor fellow, laughed at him, tossed her head, and turned away. But was this the Elly of a year ago? This unhappy, broken-spirited girl, with dimmed beauty, dulled spirits, in all her ways so softened, saddened, silenced. It was almost another person than the Elizabeth Gilmour of former times, who spoke, and said, still looking at him steadfastly, “Thank you, Anthony. I will think about it, and tell you to-morrow what—what I think.”

Anthony blushed, and faltered a few unintelligible words, and turned

away abruptly, as he saw Madame Jacob coming towards them. As for Elly she stood quite still, and perfectly cool, and rather bewildered, only somewhat surprised at herself. "Can this be me," she was thinking "Can that kind fellow be the boy I used to laugh at so often? Shall I take him at his word? Why not——?"

But Madame Jacob's long nose came and put an end to her wonderings. This lady did not at all approve of gossiping; she stepped up with an inquiring sniff, turned round to look after Anthony, and then said rather viciously, "Our Christian brothers and sisters will assemble shortly for their pious Wednesday meetings. It is not by exchanging idle words with my nephew that you will best prepare your mind for the exercises of this evening. Retire into your own room, and see if it is possible to compose yourself to a fitter frame of mind. Tou-Tou, Lou-Lou, my children, what are you about?"

"I am gathering pretty flowers, mamma," shouted Lou-Lou.

"I am picking up stones for my little basket," said Tou-Tou, coming to the railing.

"I will allow four minutes," said their mother, looking at her watch. "Then you will come to me, both of you, in my room, and apply yourselves to something more profitable than filling your little baskets. Elizabeth, do you mean to obey me?"

Very much to Madame Jacob's surprise, Elizabeth walked quietly before her into the house without saying one word. The truth was, she was pre-occupied with other things, and forgot to be rebellious. She was not even rebellious in her heart when she was upstairs sitting by the bedside, and puzzling her brains over Anthony's scheme. It seemed a relief certainly to turn from the horrible monotony of her daily life, and to think of his kindness. He was very rough, very uncouth, very young, but he was shrewd, and kind, and faithful, more tolerant than his father, perhaps because he felt less keenly;—not sensitive like him, but more patient, dull over things which are learnt by books, but quick at learning other not less useful things which belong to the experience of daily life. When Elly came down into the réfectoire where they were all assembled, her mother was surprised to see that she had dressed herself, not in the objectionable pink silk, but in a soft grey stuff gown, all her yellow hair was smooth and shining, and a little locket hung round her neck tied with a blue ribbon. The little bit of colour seemed reflected somehow in her eyes. They looked blue to-night, as they used to look once when she was happy. Madame Tournour was quite delighted, and came up and kissed her, and said,—“Elly, this is how I like to see you.”

Madame Jacob tossed her head, and gave a rough pull at the ends of the ribbon. "This was quite unnecessary," said she.

"Ah!" cried Elly, "you have hurt me."

"Is not that the locket Miss Dampier gave you?" said Madame Tournour. "You had best put such things away in your drawer another time. But it is time for you to take your place."

A number of straw chairs were ranged along the room, with a row of seats behind, for the pasteurs who were to address the meeting.

The people began to arrive very punctually: One or two grand-looking French ladies in cashmeres, a good many limp ones, a stray man or two, two English clergymen in white neckcloths, and five or six Englishwomen in old bonnets. A little whispering and chattering went on among the young French girls, who arrived guarded by their mothers. The way in which French mothers look after their daughters, tie their bonnet-strings, pin their collars, carry their books and shawls, &c., and sit beside them, and always answer for them if they are spoken to, is very curious. Now and then, however, they relax a little, and allow a little whispering with young companions. There was a low murmur and a slight bustle as four pasteurs of unequal heights walked in and placed themselves in the reserved seats. M. Stephen Tourneur followed and took his place. With what kind of steadfast glances he greeted his audience! Even Elizabeth could not resist the charm of his manner, and she admired and respected him, much as she disliked the exercise of the evening.

His face lit up with Christian fervour, his eyes shone and gleamed with kindness, his voice, when he began to speak, thrilled with earnestness and sincerity. There was at times a wonderful power about the frail little man, the power which is won in many a desperate secret struggle, the power which comes from a whole life of deep feeling and honest endeavour. No wonder that Stephen Tourneur, who had so often wrestled with the angel and overcome his own passionate spirit, should have influence over others less strong, less impetuous than his own. Elly could not but admire him and love him, many of his followers worshipped him with the most affecting devotion; Anthony, his son, loved him too, and would have died for him in a quiet way, but he did not blindly believe in his father.

But listen! What a host of eloquent words, of tender thoughts come alive from his lips to-night. What reverent faith, what charity, what fervour! The people's eyes were fixed upon his kind, eloquent face, and their hearts all beat in sympathy with his own.

One or two of the Englishwomen began to cry. One French lady was swaying herself backwards and forwards in rapt attention; the two clergymen sat wondering in their white neckcloths. What would they give to preach such sermons? and the voice went on uttering, entreating, encouraging, rising and sinking, ringing with passionate cadence. It ceased at last, and the only sound in the room were a few sighs, and the suppressed sobs of one or two women. Elizabeth sighed among others, and sat very still with her hands clasped in her lap. For the first time in her life she was wondering whether she had not perhaps been in the wrong hitherto, and Tourneur, and Madame Jacob, and all the rest in the right—and whether happiness was not the last thing to search for, and those things of which he had spoken, the first and best and only necessities. Alas! what strange chance was it that at that moment she raised

her head and looked up with her great blue eyes, and saw a strange familiar face under one of the dowdy English bonnets—a face, thin, pinched, with a hooked nose, and sandy hair—that sent a little thrill to her heart, and made her cry out to herself eagerly, as a rush of old memories and hopes came over her, that happiness was sent into the world for a gracious purpose, and that love meant goodness and happiness too sometimes. And, yes—no—yes—that was Lady Dampier! and was John in Paris? perhaps, and Miss Dampier; and were the dear, dear old days come back?

After a few minutes the congregation began to sing a hymn, the English ladies joining in audibly with their queer accents. The melody swayed on, horribly out of tune and out of time, in a wild sort of minor key. Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou sang, one on each side of their mother, exceedingly loud and shrill, and one of the clergymen attempted a second, after which the discordance reached its climax. Elly had laughed on one or two occasions, and indeed I do not wonder. To-day she scarcely heard the sound of the voices. Her heart was beating with hope, delight, wonder; her head was in a whirl, her whole frame trembling with excitement, that grew every instant. Would M. Boulot's sermon never come to an end? Monsieur Bontemps' exposition, Monsieur de Marville's reports, go on for ever and ever?

But at last it was over: a little rustling, a little pause, and all the voices beginning to murmur, and the chais scraping, people rising, a little group forming round each favourite pasteur, hands outstretched, thanks uttered, people coming and going. With one bound Elly found herself standing by Lady Dampier, holding both her hands, almost crying with delight. The apathetic English lady was quite puzzled by the girl's exaggerated expressions. She cared very little for Elly Gilmour herself; she liked her very well, but she could not understand her extraordinary warmth of greeting. However, she was carried away by her feelings to the extent of saying, "You must come and see us to-morrow. We are only passing through Paris on our way to Schlangenbad for Lætitia; she has been sadly out of health and spirits lately, poor dear. We are at the Hôtel du Louvre. You must come and lunch with us. Ah! here is your mother. How d'ye do, dear Madam Tournour? What a privilege it has been! What a treat Mossu Tournour has given us to-night. I have been quite delighted, I assure you," said her ladyship, bent on being gracious.

Mme. Tournour made the most courteous of salutations. "I am glad you came, since it was so," said she.

"I want you to let Elly come and see me," continued Lady Dampier; "to come to lunch; I should be so glad if you would accompany her. I would offer to take her to the play, but I suppose you do not approve of such things any more."

"My life is so taken up with other more serious duties," said Mme. Tournour, with a faint superior smile, "that I have little time for mere worldly amusements. I cannot say that I desire them for my daughter."

"Oh, of course," said Lady Dampier. "I, myself—but it is only *en passant*, as we are all going on to Schlangenbad in two days. It is really quite delightful to find you settled here so nicely. What a privilege it must be to be so constantly in Mossu Tournour's society."

Madame Tournour gave a bland assenting smile, and turned to speak to several people who were standing near. "Monsieur de Marveille, are you going? Thanks, I will be at the committee on Thursday without fail. Monsieur Boulot, you must remain a few minutes; I want to consult you about that case in which la Comtesse de Glaris takes so deep an interest. Lady Macduff has also written to me to ask my husband's interest for her. Ah, Lady Sophia! how glad I am you have returned; is Lady Matilda better?"

"Well, I'll wish you good-by, Madam Tournour," said Lady Dampier, rather impressed, and not much caring to stand by quite unnoticed while all these greetings were going on. "You will let Elly come to-morrow?"

"Certainly," said Mme. Tournour. "You will understand how it is that I do not call. My days are much occupied. I have little time for mere visits of pleasure and ceremony. Monsieur Bontemps, one word——"

"Elly, which is the way out?" said Lady Dampier, abruptly, less and less pleased, but more and more impressed.

"I will show you," said Elly, who had been standing by all this time, and she led the way bare-headed into the court, over which the stars were shining tranquilly. The trees looked dark and rustled mysteriously along the wall, but all heaven was alight. Elly looked up for an instant, and then turned to her companion and asked her, with a voice that faltered a little, if they were all together in Paris?

"No; Miss Dampier is in Scotland still," said my lady.

It was not Miss Dampier's name of which Elizabeth Gilmour was longing to hear, she did not dare ask any more; but it seemed as if a great weight had suddenly fallen upon her heart, as she thought that perhaps, after all, he was not come; she should not hear of him, see him, who knows, perhaps never again?

Elly tried to unbar the great front door to let out her friend; but she could not do it, and called to old Françoise, who was passing across to the kitchen, to come and help her. And suddenly the bolt, which had stuck in some manner, gave way, the gate opened wide, and as it opened Elly saw that there was somebody standing just outside under the lamp-post. The foolish child did not guess who it was, but said "Good-night," with a sigh, and held out her soft hand to Lady Dampier. And then, all of a sudden the great load went away, and in its place came a sort of undreamt of peace, happiness, and gratitude. All the stars seemed suddenly to blaze more brightly; all the summer's night to shine more wonderfully; all trouble, all anxiousness to melt away, and John Dampier turned round and said,—

"Is that you, Elizabeth?"

"And you?" cried Elly, springing forward, with both her hands outstretched. "Ah! I did not think who was outside the door."

"How did you come here, John," said my lady, very much flustered.

"I came to fetch you," said her son. "I wanted a walk, and Letty told me where you were gone." Lady Dampier did not pay much attention to his explanations; she was watching Elly with a dissatisfied face; and glancing round too, the young man saw that Elly was standing quite still under the archway, with her hands folded, and with a look of dazzled delight in her blue eyes that there was no mistaking.

"You don't forget your old friends, Elly?" said he.

"I! never, never," cried Elizabeth.

"And I, too, do not forget," said he, very kindly, and held out his hand once more, and took hers, and did not let it go. "I will come and see you, and bring Lætitia," he added, as his mother looked up rather severely. "Good-night, dear Elly? I am glad you are unchanged."

People, however slow they may be naturally, are generally quick in discovering admiration, or affection, or respectful devotion to themselves. Lady Dampier only suspected, her son was quite sure of poor Elly's feelings, as he said good-night under the archway. Indeed he knew a great deal more about them than did Elizabeth herself. All she knew was that the great load was gone; and she danced across the stones of the yard, clapping her hands in her old happy way. The windows of the salle were lighted up. She could see the people within coming and going, but she did not notice Anthony, who was standing in one of them. He, for his part, was watching the little dim figure dancing and flitting about in the star-light. Had he, then, anything to do with her happiness? Was he indeed so blessed? His heart was overflowing with humble gratitude, with kindness, with wonder. He was happy at the moment, and was right to be grateful. She was happy too—as thoroughly happy now, and carried away by her pleasure, as she had been crushed and broken by her troubles. "Ah! to think that the day has come at last, after watching all this long, long, cruel time! I always knew it would come. Everybody gets what they wish for sooner or later. I don't think anybody was ever so miserable as I have been all this year, but at last—at last——" No one saw the bright, happy look that came into her face, for she was standing in the dark outside the door of the house. She wanted to dream, she did not want to talk to anybody; she wanted to tell herself over and over again how happy she was; how she had seen him again; how he had looked; how kindly he had spoken to her. Ah! yes, he had cared for her all the time; and now he had come to fetch her away. She did not think much of poor Anthony; if she did, it was to say to herself that somehow it would all come right, and everybody would be as well contented as she was. The door of the house opened while she still stood looking up at the stars. This time it was not John Dampier, but the Pasteur Tourneur, who came from behind it. He put out his hand and took hold of hers.

"You there, Elizabeth ! Come in, my child, you will be cold." And he drew her into the hall, where the Pasteurs Boulot and De Marveille were pulling on their cloaks and hats, and bidding everybody good-night.

The whole night Elizabeth lay starting and waking—so happy that she could not bear to go to sleep, to cease to exist for one instant. Often it had been the other way, and she had been thankful to lay her weary head on her pillow, and close her aching eyes, and forget her troubles. But all this night she lay wondering what the coming day was to bring forth. She had better have gone to sleep. The coming day brought forth nothing at all, except, indeed, a little note from Lætitia, written on a half-sheet of paper, which was put into her hand about eleven o'clock, just as she was sitting down to the *déjeuner à la fourchette*.

Hôtel du Rhin, Place Vendôme, Wednesday Evening.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,—I am so disappointed to think that I shall not perhaps see you after all. Some friends of ours have just arrived, who are going on to Schlangenbad to-morrow, and aunt Catherine thinks it will be better to set off a little sooner than we had intended, so as to travel with them. I wish you might be able to come and breakfast with us about nine to-morrow ; but I am afraid this is asking almost too much, though I should greatly enjoy seeing you again. Good-by. If we do not meet now, I trust that on our return in a couple months we may be more fortunate, and see much of each other. We start at ten, and shall reach Strasbourg about five.

Ever, dear Elizabeth, affectionately yours,

LÆTITIA MALCOLM.

"What has happened ? " said Madame Tourneur, quite frightened, for she saw the girl's face change and her eyes suddenly filling with tears.

"Nothing has happened," said Elizabeth. "I was only disappointed to think I should not see them again." And she put out her hand and gave her mother the note.

"But why care so much for people who do not care for you ? " said her mother. "Lady Dampier is one of the coldest women I ever knew, and as for Lætitia, if she loved you in the least, would she write you such a note as this ? "

"Mamma ! it is a very kind note," said Elizabeth. "I know she loves me."

"Do you think she cried over it, as you did ? " said her mother. "So disappointed"—"more fortunate on our return through Paris" ? "

"Do not let us judge our neighbours so hastily, my wife," said M. Tourneur. "Let Elizabeth love her friend. What can she do better ? "

Caroline looked up with an odd expression, shrugged her shoulders, and did not answer.

Until breakfast was over, Elly kept up pretty well ; but when M. Tourneur rose and went away into his writing-room, when Anthony and the young men filed off by an opposite door, and Mme. Tourneur disappeared to look to her household duties—then, when the room was quiet again, and only Madame Jacob remained sewing in a window, and Lou-Lou and Tou-Tou whispering over their lessons, suddenly the canary

burst out into a shrill piping jubilant song, and the sunshine poured in, and Elly's heart began to sink. And then suddenly the horrible reality seemed realized to her. . . .

They were gone—those who had come, as she thought, to rescue her. Could it be true—could it be really true? She had stood lonely on the arid shore waving her signals of distress, and they who should have seen them, never heeded, but went sailing away to happier lands, disappearing in the horizon, and leaving her to her fate. That fate which—it was more than she could bear. It seemed more terrible than ever to her to-day. . . . Ah! silly girl, was her life as hard as the lives of thousands struggling along with her in the world, tossed and broken against the rocks, while she, at least, was safely landed on the beach? She had no heart to think of others. She sat sickening with disappointment, and once more her eyes filled up with stinging tears.

"Lou-Lou, Tou-Tou, come up to your lessons," said Mrs. Jacob. "I do not wish you to see such a wicked example of discontent." The little girls went off on tip-toe; and when these people were gone, Elizabeth was left quite alone.

"I dare say I am very wicked," she was saying to herself. "I was made wicked. But this is more than I can bear—to live all day with the people I hate, and then when I do love with my whole heart, to be treated with such cruel indifference—such coldness. He *ought* to know, he must know that he has broken my heart. Why does he look so kindly, and then forget so heartlessly? . . ."

She hid her face in her hands, and bent her head over the wooden table. She did not care who knew her to be unhappy,—what pain her unhappiness might give. The person who was likely to be most wounded by her poignant grief came into the room at the end of half-an-hour, and found her sitting still in the same attitude, with her head hanging, and her tears dribbling on the deal table. This was enough answer for poor Anthony.

"Elizabeth," he faltered, "I see you cannot make up your mind."

"Ah! no, no, Anthony, not yet," said Elizabeth; "but you are the only person in the world who cares for me; and indeed, indeed, I am grateful."

And then the poor little head sank down again overwhelmed with its load of grief.

"Tell me, Elizabeth, is there anything in the world I can do to make you more happy?" said Anthony. "My prayers, my best wishes are yours. Is there nothing else?"

"Only not to notice me," said Elly; "only to leave me alone."

And so Anthony, seeing that he could do nothing, went away very sad at heart. He had been so happy and confident the night before, and now he began to fear that what he longed for was never to be his. Poor boy, he buried his trouble in his own heart, and did not say one word of it to father, or mother, or young companions.

Five or six weeks went by, and Elly heard no more of the Dampiers. Every day she looked more ill, more haggard; her temper did not mend, her spirits did not improve. In June the five young men went home to their families. M. and Madame Tournour went down to Fontainebleau for a week. Anthony set off for the South of France to visit an uncle. He was to be ordained in the autumn, and was anxious to pay this visit before his time should be quite taken up by his duties. Clementine asked for a holiday, and went off to her friends at Passy; and Elly remained at home. It was her own fault: Monsieur Tournour had begged her to come with them; her mother had scolded and remonstrated, all in vain. The wayward girl declared that she wanted no change, no company, that she was best where she was. Only for a week? she would stay, and there was an end of it. I think the secret was, that she could not bear to quit Paris, and waited and waited, hoping against hope.

"I am afraid you will quarrel with Mme. Jacob," said her mother, as she was setting off.

"I shall not speak to her," said Elly; and for two days she was as good as her word. But on the third day, this salutary silence was broken. Madame Jacob, coming in with her bonnet on, informed Elizabeth that she was going out for the afternoon.

"I confess it is not without great apprehensions, lest you should get into mischief," says the lady.

"And pray," says Elly, "am I more likely to get into mischief than you are? I am going out."

"You will do nothing of the sort," says Madame Jacob.

"I will do exactly as I choose," says Elizabeth.

In a few minutes, a battle royal was raging; Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou look on, all eyes and ears; old Françoise comes up from the kitchen, and puts her head in at the door.

Madame Jacob was desiring her, on no account, to let Elizabeth out that afternoon, when Lou-Lou said, "There, that was the street-door shutting;" and Tou-Tou said, "She is gone." And so it was.

The wilful Elizabeth had brushed past old Françoise, rushed up to her own room, pulled out a shawl, tied on her bonnet, defiantly run downstairs and across the yard, and, in a minute, was walking rapidly away without once looking behind her. Down the hill, past the hospital—they were carrying a wounded man ~~in~~ at the door as she passed, and she just caught a glimpse of his pale face, and turned shrinking away. Then she got into the Faubourg St. Honoré, with its shops, and its cab-stands, and busy people coming and going; and then she turned up the Rue d'Angoulême. In the Champs Elysées the afternoon sun was streaming; there was a crowd, and, as it happened, soldiers marching along to the sound of martial music. She saw an empty bench, and sat down for a minute to regain breath and equanimity. The music put her in mind of the day when she had listened at her window—of the day when her heart was so heavy and then so light—of the day when Anthony had told her his

scheme, when John Dampier had waited at the door: the day, the only one—she was not likely to forget it—when she had been so happy, just for a little. And now ——? The bitter remembrance came rushing over her; she jumped up, and walked faster and faster, trying to escape from it.

She got into the Tuileries, and on into the Rue de Rivoli, but she thought that people looked at her strangely, and she turned homewards at last. It was lonely, wandering about this busy city by herself. As she passed by the columns of St. Philip's Church, somebody came out, and the curtain swung back, and Elly, looking up, saw a dim, quiet interior, full of silent rays of light falling from the yellow windows and chequering the marble. She stopped, and went in, with a sudden impulse. One old woman was kneeling on the threshold, and Elly felt as if she, too, wanted to fall upon her knees. What tranquil gloom, and silence, and repose! Her own church was only open at certain hours. Did it always happen that precisely at eleven o'clock on Sunday mornings she was in the exact frame of mind in which she most longed for spiritual communion and consolation? To be tightly wedged in between two other devotees, plied with *chaffrettes* by the pew-opener, forced to follow the extempore supplications of the preacher—did all this suffice to her wants? Here was silence, coolness, a faint, half-forgotten smell of incense, long, empty rows of chairs, one or two people kneeling at the little altar, five or six little pious candles burning in compliment to the various saints and deities to whom they were dedicated. The rays of the little candles glimmered in the darkness, and the footfalls fell quietly along the aisle. I, for my part, do not blame this poor foolish heart, if it offered up a humble supplication here in the shrine of the stranger. Poor Elly was not very eloquent; she only prayed to be made a good girl and to be happy. But, after all, eloquence and long words do not mean any more.

She walked home, looking up at the sunset lines which were streaking the sky freshly and delicately; she thought she saw Madame Jacob's red nose up in a little pink cloud, and began to speculate how she would be received. And she had nearly reached her own door, and was toiling wearily up the last hilly piece of road, when she heard some quick steps behind; somebody passed, turned round, said, "Why, Elly! I was going to see you." In an instant, Elly's blue eyes were all alight, and her ready hand outstretched to John Dampier—for it was he.

He had time to think, as he greeted her, how worn she looked, how shabbily she was dressed. And yet what a charming, talking, brightening face it was. When Elly smiled, her bonnet and dress became quite new and becoming, somehow. In two minutes he thought her handsomer than ever. They walked on, side by side, up the hilly street. She, trying to hide her agitation, asked him about Lætitia, about his mother, and dear Miss Dampier.

"I think she does care for me still," said Elly; "but you have all left off."

"My dear child," said he, "how can you think anything so foolish?"

"I have nothing else to do," said Elly, plaintively; "all day long I think about those happy times which are gone. I thought you had forgotten me when you did not come."

Dampier laughed a little uneasily. "I have had to take them to their watering-place," said he; "I could not help it. But tell me about yourself. Are you not comfortable?" he asked.

"I am rather unhappy," said Elizabeth. "I am not good, like they are, and oh! I got so tired;" and then she went on and told him what miserable days she spent, and how she hated them, and she longed for a little pleasure, and ease, and happiness.

He was very much touched, and very, very sorry. "You don't look well," he said. "You should have some amusement—some change. I would take you anywhere you liked. Why not come now for a drive. See, here is a little open carriage passing. Surely, with an old friend like me, there can be no harm." And he signed to the driver to stop.

Elizabeth was quite frightened at the idea, and said, "Oh, no, no! indeed." Whereas, Dampier only said, "Oh, yes! indeed you must. Why, I knew you when you were a baby—and your father and your grandmother—and I am a respectable middle-aged man, and it will do you good, and it will soon be a great deal too dark for any of your pasteurs to recognize you and report. We have been out riding together before now,—why not come for a little drive in the Bois? Why not?"

So said Elly to herself, doubtfully; and she got in, still hesitating, and in a minute they were rolling away swiftly out at the gates of Paris, out towards the sunset—so it seemed to Elizabeth—and she forgot all her fears. The heavens glowed overhead; her heart beat with intensest enjoyment. Presently, the twilight came falling with a green glow, with stars, with evening perfumes, with lights twinkling from the carriages reflected on the lakes as they rolled past.

And so at last she was happy, sometimes silent from delight, sometimes talking in her simple, foolish way, and telling him all about herself, her regrets, her troubles—about Anthony. She could not help it—indeed she could not. Dampier, for his part, cried out at the notion of her marrying Anthony, made fun of him, laughed at him, pitied him. The poor fellow, now that she compared him to John Dampier, did indeed seem dull, and strangely uncouth, and commonplace.

"Marry that cub," said Sir John; you mustn't do it, my dear. You would be like the princess in the fairy tale, who went off with the bear. It's downright wicked to think of such a thing. Elizabeth, *promise* me you won't. Does he ever climb up and down a pole? is he fond of buns? is he tame? If your father were alive, would he suffer such a thing. Promise me, Elly, that you will never become Mrs. Bruin."

"Yes; I promise," said Elly, with a sigh. "But he is so kind. Nobody is as——" And then she stopped, and thought, "Yes; here was some one who was a great deal kinder." Talking to Dampier was so easy, so pleasant, that she scarcely recognized her own words and

sentences : it was like music in tune after music out of tune : it was like running on smooth rails after rolling along a stony road : it was like breathing fresh air after a heated stifling atmosphere. Somehow, he met her half-way ; she need not explain, recapitulate, stumble for words, as she was forced to do with those practical, impracticable people at home. He understood what she wanted to say before she had half finished her sentence ; he laughed at her fine little jokes ; he encouraged, he cheered, he delighted her. If she had cared for him before, it was now a mad adoration which she felt for this man. He suited her ; she felt now that he was part of her life—the better, nobler, wiser part ; and if he was the other half of her life, surely, somehow, she must be as necessary to him as he was to her. Why had he come to see her else ? Why had he cared for her, and brought her here ? Why was his voice so gentle, his manner so kind and sympathetic ? He had cared for her once, she knew he had ; and he cared for her still, she knew he did. If the whole world were to deceive her and fail her, she would still trust him. And her instinct was not wrong : he was sincerely and heartily her friend. The carriage put them down a few doors from M. Tourneur's house, and then Elly went boldly up to the door and rang at the bell.

"I shall come at four o'clock to-morrow, and take you for a drive," said John ; "you look like another woman already."

"It is no use asking Madame Jacob," said Elly ; "she would lock me up into my room. I will come somehow. How shall I thank you ?"

"By looking well and happy again. I shall be so glad to have cured you."

"And it is so pleasant to meet with such a kind doctor," said Elly, looking up and smiling.

"Good-by, Elly," repeated Sir John, quite affected by her gentle looks.

Old Françoise opened the door. Elly turned a little pale——

"Ah, ha ! vous voilà," says the old woman ; "méchante fille, you are going to get a pretty scolding. Where have you been ?"

"Ah, Françoise !" said Elly, "I have been so happy. I met Sir John Dampier : he is an old, old friend. He took me for a drive in the Bois. Is Madame Jacob very, very angry ?"

"Well, you are in luck," says the old woman, who could never resist Elizabeth's pretty pleading ways ; "she came home an hour ago and fetched the children, and went out to dine in town, and I told her you were in your room."

"Ah, you dear, kind old woman !" said Elly, flinging her arms round her neck, and giving her a kiss.

"There, there !" said the unblushing Françoise ; "I will put your *couvert* in the *salle*."

"Ah ! I am very glad. I am so hungry, Françoise," said Elly, pulling off her bonnet, and shaking her loose hair as she followed the old woman across the courtyard.

So Elizabeth sat down to dine off dry bread and cold mutton. But though she said she was hungry, she was too happy to eat much. The tallow candle flickered on the table. She thought of the candles in St. Philip's Church; then she went over every word, every minute which she had spent since she was kneeling there. Old Françoise came in with a little cake she had made her, and found Elizabeth sitting, smiling, with her elbows on the table. "Allons, allons!" thought the old cook. "Here, eat, mamzelle," said she; "faut plus sortir sans permission—hein?"

"Thank you, Françoise. How nice! how kind of you!" said Elizabeth, in her bad French—she never would learn to talk properly; and then she ate her cake by the light of the candle, and this little dim tallow wick seemed to cast light and brilliance over the whole world, over her whole life, which seemed to her as if it would go on for ever and ever. Now and then a torturing doubt, a misgiving, came over her, but these she put quickly aside.

Madame Jacob was pouring out the coffee when Elly came down to breakfast, next morning, conscious and ashamed, and almost disposed to confess. "I am surprised," said Madame Jacob, "that you have the impudence to sit down at table with me;" and she said it in such an acid tone that all Elly's sweetness, and ashamedness, and penitence turned to bitterness.

"I find it very disagreeable," says Elly; "but I try and resign myself."

"I shall write to my brother about you," continued Madame Jacob.

"Indeed!" says Elizabeth. "Here is a letter which he has written to me. What fun if it should be about you!" It was like Tournetur's handwriting, but it did not come from him. Elly opened it carelessly enough, but Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou exchanged looks of intelligence. Their mother had examined the little missive, and made her comments upon it:—

Atignon, Rue de la Clochette, chez le Pasteur Ch. Tournetur.

MY DEAR ELLY,—I think of you so much and so constantly that I cannot help wishing to make you think of me, if only for one minute, while you read these few words. I have been telling my uncle about you; it is he who asks me why I do not write. But there are some things which are not to be spoken or to be written—it is only by one's life that one can try to tell them; and you, alas! do not care to hear the story of my life. I wonder will the day ever come when you will listen to it?

I have been most kindly received by all my old friends down in these parts. Yesterday I attended the service in the Temple, and heard a most soul-stirring and eloquent oration from the mouth of M. le Pasteur David. I receive cheering accounts on every side. A new temple has been opened at Beziers, thanks to the munificence of one of our *coréligionnaires*. The temple was solemnly opened on the Monday of the Pentecost. The discourse of dedication was pronounced by M. le Pasteur Borrel, Nîmes. Seven pasteurs *en robe* attended the ceremony. Also the interdiction which had weighed for some years upon the temple at Fouqueure (Charente) has been taken off. The faithful were able to reopen their temple on the first Sunday in June. Need I say what vivid actions of grace were uttered on this happy occasion. A Protestant school has also been established at Montauban, which seems to be well attended. I am now going to visit two of my uncle's *confères*, MM. Bertoul and Joseph Aubré. Of

M. Bertoul I have heard much good. Why do I tell you all this? Do you care for what I care? Could you ever bring yourself to lead the life which I propose to lead? Time only will show, dear Elizabeth. It will also show to you the faithfulness and depth of my affection.

A. T.

Elly put the letter down with a sigh, and went on drinking her coffee and eating her bread. Madame Jacob hemmed and tried to ask her a question or two on the subject, but Elly would not answer. Elly sometimes wondered at Anthony's fancy for her, knowing how little suited she was to the way of life she was leading; she was surprised that his rigid notions should allow him to entertain such an idea for an instant. But the truth was that Anthony was head over ears in love with her, and thought her perfection at the bottom of his heart.

Poor Anthony! This is what he got in return for his letter:—

MY DEAR ANTHONY,—It cannot be—never—never. But I do care for you, and I mean to always. For you are my brother in a sort of way. I am your affectionate, grateful ELLY.

P.S.—Your father and my mother are away at Fontainebleau. Madame Jacob is here, and more disagreeable than anything you can imagine.

And so it was settled; and Elly never once asked herself if she had been foolish or wise; but, after thinking compassionately about Anthony for a minute or two, she began to think about Dampier, and said to herself that she had followed his advice, and he must know best; and Dampier himself, comfortably breakfasting in the coffee-room of the hotel, was thinking of her, and, as he thought, put away all unpleasant doubts or suggestions. "Poor little thing! dear little thing!" he was saying to himself. "I will not leave her to the tender mercies of those fanatics. She will die—I see it in her eyes—if she stays there! My mother or aunt Jean must come to her help; we must not desert her. Poor, poor little Elly, with her wistful face! Why did not she make me marry her a year ago? I was very near it."

He was faithful next day to his appointment, and Elly arrived breathless. "Madame Jacob had locked her up in her room," she said, but she got out of window and clambered down by the vine, and here she was. "But it is the last time," she added. "Ah! let us make haste; is not that Françoise?" He helped her in, and in a minute they were driving away along the Faubourg. Elly let down the veil. John saw that her hand was trembling, and asked if she was afraid?

"I am afraid, because I know I am doing wrong," said Elly; "only I think I should have died for want of fresh air in that hateful prison, if I had not come."

"You used to like your little apartment near the Madeleine better," said Dampier; "that was not a prison."

"I grow sick with regret when I think of those days," Elly said. "Do you know that day you spoke to us in the Tuileries was the last happy day of my life, except——"

"Except?" said Dampier.

"Except yesterday," said Elly. "It is so delightful to do something wrong again."

"Why should you think that this is doing wrong?" said Dampier. You know me, and can trust me—can't you, Elly."

"Have I shown much mistrust?" said Elly, laughing; and then she added more seriously, "I have been writing to Anthony this morning—I have done as you told me. So you see whether I trust you or not."

"You have refused him?" said Dampier.

"Yes; are you satisfied?" said Elly, looking with her bright blue-eyed glance.

"He was unworthy of you," cried Dampier, secretly rather dismayed to find his advice so quickly acted upon. What had he done? would not that marriage, after all, have been the very best thing for Elly perhaps. He was glad and sorry, but I think he would rather have been more sorry and less glad, and have heard that Elly had found a solution to all her troubles. He thought it necessary to be sentimental; it was the least he could do, after what she had done for him.

"Why couldn't you let me in when I came to see you one day long ago, just before I left Paris?" he asked, suddenly. "Do you know what I wanted to say to you?"

Elly blushed up under her veil. "Mamma had desired Clementine to let no one in. Did you not know I would have seen you if I could?"

"I knew nothing of the sort," said Dampier, rather sadly. "I wish—I wish—I had known it." He forgot that, after all, that was not the real reason of his going away without speaking. He chose to imagine that this was the reason—that he would have married Elly but for this. He forgot his own careful scruples and hesitations; his doubts and indecision; and now to-day he forgot everything, except that he was very sorry for Elly, and glad to give her a little pleasure. He did not trouble himself as to what people would say of her—of a girl who was going about with a man who was neither her brother nor her husband. Nobody would know her. The only people to fear were the people at home, who should never hear anything about it. He would give her and give himself a little happiness, if he could; and he said to himself that he was doing a good action in so doing; he would write to his aunt about her, he would be her friend and her doctor, and if he could bring a little colour in those wasted cheeks and happiness into those sad eyes, it would be wicked and cruel not to do so.

And so, like a quack doctor, as he was, he administered his drug, which soothed and dulled her pain for the moment, only to increase and hasten the progress of the cruel malady which was destroying her. They drove along past the Madeleine, along the broad glittering Boulevards, with their crowds, their wares, people thronging the pavements, horses and carriages travelling alongside with them; the world, the flesh, and the devil, jostling and pressing past.

"There is a theatre," cried Elly, as they came to a sudden stop. "I wonder, shall I ever go again? What fun it used to be."

"Will you come to-night?" asked Dampier, smiling. "I will take care of you."

Elly, who had found her good spirits again, laughed and clasped her hands. "How I should like it. Oh! how I wish it was possible, but it would be quite, quite impossible."

"Have you come to think such vanities wrong?" said Dampier.

"Not wrong. Where is the harm? Only unattainable. Imagine Madame Jacob; think of the dragons, who would tear me to pieces, if they found me out—of Anthony—of my stepfather."

"You need not show them the play-bill," said Dampier, laughing. "You will be quite sure of not meeting any of the pasteurs there. Could not you open one of those barred windows, and jump out. I would come with a ladder of ropes, if you will let me."

"I should not want a ladder of ropes," said Elly; "the windows are quite close to the ground. What fun it would be! but it is quite, quite impossible, of course."

Dampier said no more. He told the driver to turn back, and to stop at the Louvre; and he made her get out, and took her upstairs into the great golden hall with the tall windows, through which you can see the Seine as it rushes under the bridges, and the light as it falls on the ancient stately quays and houses, on the cathedral, on the towers of Paris. It was like enchantment to Elly; all about the atmosphere was golden, was bewitched. She was eagerly drinking her cup of happiness to the dregs, she was in a sort of glamour. She hardly could believe that this was herself.

They went and sat down on the great round sofa in the first room, opposite the "Marriage of Cana," with "St. Michael killing the Dragon" on one side, and the green pale wicked woman staring at them from behind: the pale woman with the unfathomable face. Elly kept turning round every now and then, fascinated by her cold eyes. Dampier was a connoisseur, and fond of pictures, and he told Elizabeth all about those which he liked best; told her about the painters—about their histories. She was very ignorant, and scarcely knew the commonest stories. How she listened, how she treasured up his words, how she remembered, in after days, every tone as he spoke, every look in his kind eyes! He talked when he should have been silent, looked kind when he should have turned his eyes away. What cruel kindness! what fatal friendship! He imagined she liked him; he knew it, indeed: but he fancied that she liked him and loved him in the same quiet way in which he loved her—hopelessly, regretfully, resignedly. As he walked by her side along these wonderful galleries, now and then it occurred to him that, perhaps, after all, it was scarcely wise; but he put the thought quickly away, as I have said already, and blinded himself, and said, surely it was right. They were standing before a kneeling abbess in white flannel, painted by good old

Philip of Champagne, and laughing at her droll looks and her long nose, when Sir John, happening to turn round, saw his old acquaintance De Vaux coming directly towards them, with his eye-glasses stuck over his nose, and his nose in the air. He came up quite close, stared at the abbess, and walked on without apparently seeing or recognizing them. Elly had not turned her head, but Dampier drew a long breath when he was gone. Elly wondered to see him looking so grave when she turned round with a smile and made some little joke about the abbess. "I think we ought to go, Elly," said he. "Come; this place will soon be shut."

They drove home through the busy street, once more, through the golden sunset. They stopped at the corner by the hospital, and Elly said "Good-by," and jumped out. As Elly was reluctantly turning to go away, Dampier felt that he *must* see her once more; that he *couldn't* part from her now. "Elly," he said, "I shall be here at six o'clock on Friday. This is Tuesday, isn't it? and we must go to the play just once together. Won't you come? Do, please, come!"

"Shall I come? I will think about it all to-morrow," said Elly, "and make up my mind." And then Dampier watched the slim little figure disappear under the door-way.

Fortune was befriending Elly to-day. Old Françoise had left the great door open, and now she slipped in and ran up to her own room, where she found the key in the lock. She came down quite demurely to dinner when Lou-Lou came to summon her to the frugal repast.

All dinner time she thought about her scheme, and hesitated, and determined, and hesitated, and wished wistfully, and then suddenly said to herself that she would enjoy herself her own way, come what might. "We will eat, drink, and be merry," said Elly to herself, with a little wry face at the cabbage, "for to-morrow we die."

And so the silly girl almost enjoyed the notion of running wild in this reckless way. Her whole life, which had been so dull and wearisome before, glittered with strange happiness and bewildering hope. She moved about the house like a person in a dream. She was very silent, but that of late had been her habit. Madame Jacob looked surprised sometimes at her gentleness, but thought it was all right, and did not trouble herself about much else besides Tou-Tou's and Lou-Lou's hymns and lessons. She had no suspicion. She thought that Elizabeth's first escapade had been a mere girlish freak; of the second she knew nothing; of the third not one dim imagination entered her head. She noticed that Elly did not eat, but she looked well and came dancing into the room, and she (Mme. Jacob) supposed it was all right. Was it all right? The whole summer nights Elly used to lie awake with wide-open eyes, or spring from her bed, and stand for long hours leaning from her window, staring at the stars and telling them all her story. The life she was leading was one of morbid excitement and feverish dreams.

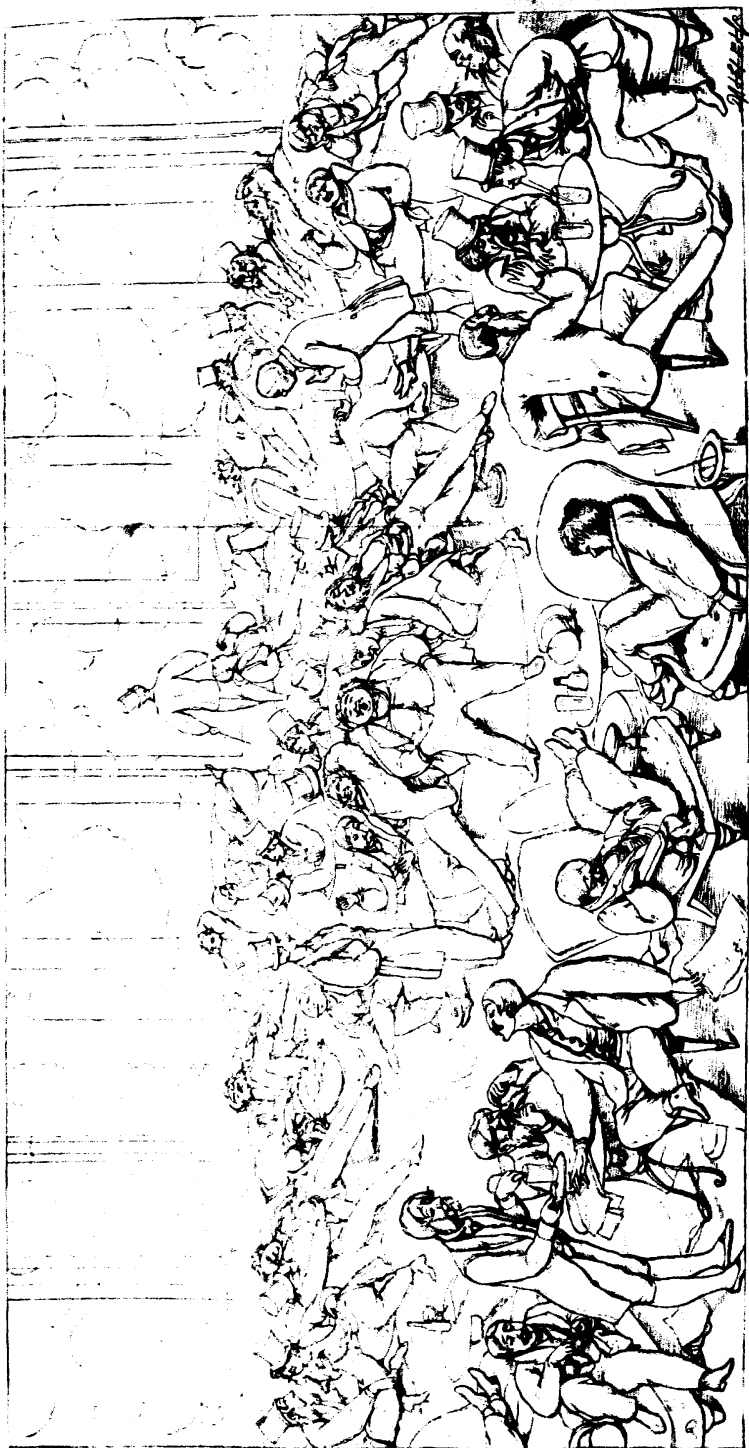
The Smoking-Room at the Club.



ERY delightful must be the sensations of the man who has just lit a "weed," and sunk deep into the recesses of an arm-chair, very soothing, very dreamy, very lazy, very languid, very everything that is free and easy. This view of the matter is not the result of personal experience of smoke, but conjecture derived from contemplating mankind's expression of face and attitude when under the influence of a weed; and the result of that ob-

servation is, that, after dinner for instance, when a man lights his first cigar, and takes his first puff, there are symptoms in his countenance indicating the enjoyment of a superior form of happiness to the ordinary run of happiness; while his attitude at once assumes an ease, a complete abandonment, as far as his legs are concerned, a picturesque prostration, that plainly shows that the limbs are experiencing complete rest for the first time. Almost every attitude that the human frame is capable of getting into is tried, and there seems a fresh charm in each. To get the legs and feet placed as high above the head as possible seems one great object and source of pleasure. The more difficult the positions, the more keen the enjoyment; and if it were possible to sit upon one's head—which may be within the power of man for aught I know, but I have never seen it done yet—it would probably be a favourite position with smokers.

The Smoking-Room of a Club is the place of all others where the characteristics of the man under the influence of his cigar may be best seen and studied. Sometimes he is by way of reading a novel, the last new novel, as he reclines at full length on an ottoman, or lies buried in a huge arm-chair. But only a small portion of his thoughts are given to the book; it is quite impossible that he can follow the story attentively or can form a correct estimate of its literary merits—more than half his mind is in his cigar. Sometimes he sits puffing, the picture of contentment, but not bright-looking, perhaps even slightly obfuscated in appearance, the intellect as well as the countenance obscured as it were in clouds of smoke, the eyes almost closed in sleep, the utterances unfrequent, and when they come not too clear. The happiness derived from the smoke must be so great that neither thought, nor talk of any kind, can add to it, or equal it.



When those curls of cloud go wafting slowly upwards, perhaps they sometimes obscure for the moment a misfortune, or shut out for the time some of the worries of life ; or it may be that the smoker, his head thrown back and his eye turned up towards the sky and to the ceiling, beholds a whole panorama of splendid castles in the air. But they begin in smoke and end in smoke.

Dreaming in Italy.

I.

IN the fierce noon of Italy I lay,
 Stretched out, half dozing, on the rugged slope,
 That, gray with olive-trees from base to cope,
 Shivered and glimmered in the burning ray.
 Across the gorge arose the cloudy spray
 From tumbling Arno, and o'er-arched the fall
 With rainbow hues, while deep and musical
 Thundered the torrent on its headlong way.
 All things seemed glad : the lizard, golden green,
 Bickered among the leaves, and fearfully
 Stole out of sight ; with many-coloured sheen,
 Myriads of wild-flowers met the gladdened eye ;
 While softly smiling through the leafy screen,
 Pressed the calm blue of that delicious sky.

II.

And high on ruddy crags before me rose
 The pillared circle of the Sibyl's shrine
 In matchless gracefulness, and still divine
 To classic pilgrim, though the rank weed grows
 Between its marbles, and no sounds disclose
 The present God within the haunted cell :
 And stretching dim and far beyond the dell,
 The broad Campagna slept in calm repose.
 And, as I mused upon the past, methought
 That haply there that bard of ancient days
 Had whiled the flagging hours, and thither brought
 His harp, to prelude more enduring lays
 Than bronze or Time ; and, listening, then had caught
 The far-off echoes of immortal praise.

G. B.

Tivoli, April 23, 1862.

A Norwegian Musician.

WHEN on my visits to England I had been some time in London, in the Eastern Counties, in Surrey, in Kent, and in the Isle of Wight, it struck me that in my strolls through streets and lanes, highroads and woods, I never had heard the people sing. I certainly had heard, for instance, the black minstrels and such other bands; but I do not call that a singing of the people, but a more or less bad execution of individual compositions. The people's song descends from the air; it rushes forth from the forest, the rivers, the mountains; it lives in tradition: it was never composed, never taught man by man. I remember when once with a friend passing over Tower-hill, hearing a plaintive sound proceeding from a crowd; I asked him what was the matter, and on being told, "a ballad-singer," I hastened to the spot to catch a musical sound, however coarse, from the people of England. Alas, it was only a poor starving woman, crying out for bread, and in false rhythms offering printed ballads for sale. My thoughts reverted to the time when I visited Norway, and when, having crossed the Farn Tinn-lake and entered Vestfiorddal, Aagot, the daughter of Ole, my host, at dusk took down the lanzeley and sang. Oh, for those sweet, simple lays of love and feuds, fragrant with naive faith in a mysterious destiny, that selects the best hearts, the loveliest girl, and the bravest lad, for the greatest joy and the deepest pain! As for the strain, the music itself, if you were to ask Aagot who made it, she would not tell it to a stranger, but perhaps later, when you had won her confidence, and made her trust you were no unbeliever, no "scorner of simple folks," she would tell you that her great-grandmother had the melody from a man whose great-grandfather had learnt it of the Fossekål (the sp. of the waterfall), or from the Huldre, the mysterious, ever-young shepherdess, who had fallen in love with him. If, then, you asked Aagot whether she believed in the existence of Fossekål and Huldre, she would answer—the parson says such beings are not, but my grandmother knew a man who had seen them.

I have learnt from the papers that very superstitious people are found in many parts of England; so that if superstition made music you should be a singing people still. The question, however, is, were you ever so? I feel assured you were, how else could your country have been called "merry England?" But since that time more than two centuries have laid on you hard work and great cares; you have become an industrious, laborious people; you truly earn your bread in the sweat of your brow; the locomotive rattles on your rails, the steam-engine pants in your factories, the steam-hammer clangs; so when I see the people on a Saturday night pouring forth from these workshops, and going to lay in their stock of provisions for Sunday, I fully understand that

song has left them, and that their children have no leisure to learn the strains of their great-grandmothers:—

“For they who kept us captives bade us sing,
But how could we sing!”

In Norway at present steam draws a broad furrow across the land: it whistles on the railroad, it plies on the lakes, it knocks thrice at the mountain, and the mountain-king opening his gate admits the broad light of day; in which, according to the legends of old, he must die. Already the lovers of song complain of its retreat, and following it to remote valleys, watch its dying lips to set it down in notes. But meanwhile a great representative of nature's music, of the people's song, had gone forth to the wide world—Ole Bull.

The childhood of this genius shows a curious and interesting mixture of education. Fancy the old town of Bergen, where he was born on the 5th of February, 1810—the good old town of Bergen, surrounded by its seven huge, celebrated rocks, and looking down upon the Atlantic, that from ancient times has favoured its port, and made it an object of envy and fighting rivalry between the Danes, the Hanse Towns, and the Dutch. Fancy the good old times—say 1816 to 1820—when its merchants, shipholders, timber-dealers, herring-fishers, &c., even more than now, worked in order to enjoy life, and did not, as most English people do, live to work. It was said in those times that at a convivial party a Dane would *conquer* an Englishman, but he again would be mastered by a Norwegian, who in his turn was to be overcome by an Iclander only. The deeper you descended among the people, the coarser was the drinking; the higher you ascended the more you met with a purer convivial joy, with the wreaths and flowers more than with the riots of Bacchus. Ole Bull's parents and relatives belonged to the leading families of the town. His father's mother was a sister to the renowned poet Edward Storm, the author of the *Sinclar-Lay*.* His father, John Storm Bull, a chemist, was a pupil of the celebrated chemist, Tromsdorff. His mother, Anna Dorothea, of the old Dutch family Gelmuyden, had four brothers, two of whom were captains in the army, one a captain in the navy, and one, for some years a merchant, had afterwards become the editor of the sole paper of Bergen. All the members of the family were very musical, and the last-mentioned uncle, the editor, especially had once or twice a week a quartette by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, &c., combined with his dinner party. To these entertainments the infant Ole was often admitted, and seated in a corner imbibed the rules of art unknowingly—ay, unknowingly, for he did not conceive the music as produced by players, but as proceeding from the instruments playing, jubilating, triumphing, quarrelling, fighting with a life of their own: a conception arising no doubt partly from the tales of his grandmother,

* On the Scottish Colonel Sinclar, who with 1,000 men made a descent on Norway, and was slain by the peasants in the Gudbrands-Valley.

who believed as firmly in Fossekål, Huldre, dwarfs, and imps as in the Gospel, but who was nevertheless, say what you may, a shrewd and sensible old lady, and above all fond of little Ole.

One cannot after this be surprised at the manner in which music for the first time revealed itself to Ole, or came to his consciousness as something that might be reproduced.

One day, when six or seven years old, Ole, playing alone in a meadow, saw a delicate blue, bell-shaped flower gently moving in the breeze, and fancying he heard the bell ring, and the grass accompany it with most enrapturing fine voices,—*fancying he heard nature sing*—he began to play the violin, his instrument being a piece of wood, and his bow a willow-weed. Afterwards, seeing Ole play that rustic and soundless instrument, his uncle, the editor, presented him with a small violin; and about a year later, when at a quartette after dinner the first violin gently dropped down under the table, Ole was ordered to take his part, which he did to general satisfaction, although unacquainted with the *notes*.

And now his mother interfered, and wished him to be *taught* music. A man, Poulsen by name, had come from Denmark to Bergen on business, and, attracted by the jolly life of Bergen, had remained there; deferring his departure from month to month, and in this way growing some sixty years old. A true artist, he was exquisitely sensitive to the beauties of art, had a good knowledge of its rules, and would show his perseverance in playing as long as there remained a drop in the brandy bottle set before him. When his dress was threadbare, his friends would give him a new suit, and at intervals he would give a concert, that left him a benefit of some ten pounds. He was appointed teacher to Ole, but soon gave up all hope of improving him, and, to the astonishment of his friends, left Bergen. This act of his was variously interpreted; I prefer to explain it by an allusion to an old Danish tale of the elf-king who must vanish when a real king enters his dominions.

I may as well mention here, although belonging to a later period, an acquaintance of Bull's, the peasant-fiddler Thorgeir Andunson of Haukelid-Rock, celebrated all over Norway. He used to play at dancing-parties, and in him many of the old legends, pointing to the demoniac power of music, were revived. In order to understand this, one must have seen the national dances of Norway: the Halling-dance especially. It commences with a slow, majestic measure, and it is surprising to see with what dignity and grace the powerful forms of old and young move; by degrees it becomes quicker, the elder folk retire, and at last it turns into the "Spring-dance,"—a leaping-dance—which only the strongest young people can perform, and during which formidable leaps are executed by the lads.

"Oh, never talk again to me
Of Spanish girls and Southern dancers,"

you would say, paraphrasing Byron, if you saw this passionate, frantic, though serious and chaste dance, that exhibits the fierce, martial spirit of

Norwegian youth. It once happened that, whilst the dance whirled to the wild, fiery music—to the strain proceeding, as it were, from the depths of earth, from the foaming waterfall, from the howling tempest of the mountains—the knives of the lads “became loose in their sheaths,” and blood flowed along the floor. The cellarman, on proceeding to the cellar to bring up beer, saw seated behind a hogshead Old Nick himself playing the fiddle; then, understanding why blood flowed so freely above, he came up and cried out: “Stop your ears, the devil plays the fiddle!” Well, it was said that Thorgeir Andunson could play in like manner, having on his lonely rock of Haukelid learnt it from the spirit reigning in the foaming river below, although his appearance was quiet and gentle, and frequently sad. He had married a girl of the same station of life as himself, but always looked up to her as to a peculiar being that had descended to him. Being once asked what was his ambition in life, he answered: “To be able to buy a pair of shoes and a silk neckerchief for my wife.” Having heard of Ole Bull, he came to pay him a visit, and was quite bewildered when he heard one of Mozart’s compositions. “Well,” he said, “this is music,” and strolling about the garden all night, tried to play it from memory; but in his hands it turned into mere Halling-dance. His fine sense showed him in Ole Bull the happier artist, and far from envying, he attached himself to him with a kind of devotion that proved itself afterwards when Bull established at Bergen the first Norwegian theatre.* When the messenger came from Ole Bull to Thorgeir, bidding him to gird his loins, and come down to play before a public, the shy artist overcame his bashfulness, and followed the messenger at once, “for I must do something to see and hear Ole.” The farmers along the mountain road, meanwhile, having heard the tidings that Thorgeir was going to Ole to establish an independent Norse theatre, gave him a mounted escort as a prince. One great farmer, a descendant of the old kings, wished to retain Thorgeir for a night to give a *soirée*, as we should say, and on Thorgeir declining and escaping from his house—“for Ole expects me at the Norse Theatre,”—it nearly came to a battle between the squads, which was prevented only by Thorgeir’s solemn promise that he would return and play to the dancers “three entire nights.” He returned—a wealthy man. Ole Bull had made him earn 2,000 specie dollars (about 400*l.*)—an immense fortune for the fiddler on Haukelid-Rock.

Let me be permitted, before I leave Thorgeir Andunson, to add a few words about the popular music of Norway, which, the dance-music included, is most intimately connected with the old ballads, often instead of instrumental music accompanying the dance, and of a peculiarly sweet,

* Up to that time the Norwegians, though claiming for their dialect the honour of being the true Scandinavian language, had never permitted any but the Danish to be heard on the stage; the Danish language being, in fact, the literary and official language of Norway, that for four centuries had been a province of Denmark. Ole Bull was the first who tried to establish the independence of Norway in this respect.

romantic character. There are myriads of these ballads, but I will select only a few. A girl meets the elf-king, who sings so enchantingly to her that she follows him to the mountain, which opens itself and closes again when they have entered. The girl's father hearing in the forest his daughter's plaintive call for help, hastens to the spot. If the church bell be rung by the mountain until sunset, the elf-folks must give up their prey; so the bell is taken down from the steeple, and, with the assistance of all the village, brought to the mountain and set in motion. Already is the sun near setting, when the rope breaks, and the girl has disappeared for ever. Now, at the risk of being taxed with exaggeration, I assert that through this music is heard, or felt, the demoniac power of the elf-folks; at the same time there is a wail for the loss of the girl, as if all the tender, sweet attraction of love between man and woman, all the delicacy, yearning, and devotion which man can feel, were challenged by the outrage committed on the girl.

An old Odelsbonde,* renowned for his strength, would only marry his daughter to a lad who could overcome him in wrestling; a handsome youth, whose daring and love are stronger than his awe of the mighty Odelsbonde, comes to woo and wrestle. With incomparable, simple, patriarchal grace the Odelsbonde arises from his *Hoisæde* (chair of honour), and, waving his hand, bids the wooer welcome; after which, descending the steps into the middle of the hall, he calmly begins the wrestling-match. By degrees the combat becomes animated, and the wrestlers hot and passionate, each adversary forgetting in the struggle the object of it—the trembling girl; at last the old giant, lifting the youth up above his head, flings him down at his feet, a corpse. The music, which has marvellously expressed the incidents of the story throughout, here stops short with a wail of terror and compassion; and I assure you at the last note your brow will be moist, and if not ashamed of your weakness you will admit that you tremble with emotion.†

Lastly, I will give only a short legend. A lad, a violin player, unable to conquer the instrument and elicit from it what he had on his heart, held its apertures to the mouth of his dying mother, and, since then, people when he played stood spell-bound, listening with heart and soul to tones not of this world. When Ole Bull went forth to the world, his mother, Old Norway, had breathed into his violin, but not her last breath; the spell that bound his listeners had in it something healthy and cheerful, joined with its magic power.

But it would be a great mistake to fancy the artist victorious at once: the incidents of his life would suffice to make Ole Bull a hero of romance, and, even if soberly narrated, I think they will afford some interest.

* A free-born owner and cultivator of inherited soil, more than *farmer*, and less than nobleman.

† I allude not to the old song only, but to Ole Bull's composition.

After Poulsen left him, the boy Ole had several teachers, mostly Danish artists, who had come to Bergen to give concerts; but this instruction was, of course, only transitory, and he was compelled in his twelfth year to give up almost entirely his musical studies. His father, wishing him to become a clergyman, engaged for him a private tutor, by name Musæus, a man of great abilities, but who afterwards, when appointed master of a public school, brought disgrace upon himself by his cruelty: at the slightest offence given by a boy he would summon the school together, and after offering a fervid prayer that the punishment he was about to inflict might benefit the culprit, he would fall on him like a savage. This tutor, declaring Ole's musical tastes incompatible with his present studies, forbade him to play on the violin; and thus the boy could only indulge at night in an inclination that now, under this restraint, became a passion. When, in his eighteenth year, he was sent to Christiania to pass his examination in order to enter the university, his father, aware of his passion for music, earnestly entreated him not to yield to it, and Ole's way to Christiania was paved with the best intentions to obey. But on entering Christiania, he was received by friends—students from Bergen—who invited him to play at a concert, to be given that very night, for a charitable purpose.

"But," said Ole, "my father has forbidden me to play."

"Would your father prevent you from doing an act of charity?"

"Well, this alters the case a little; and I can write to him and claim his pardon."

The performers at this concert were all *dilettanti*, and two of them are now Ministers of State. The next evening a young professor of the university had a quartette at his home, and Ole, on being pressed to take a part, thought, "Well, my father himself would no doubt wish me to be on a good footing with one of the professors;" and he went. They played all night, until seven o'clock in the morning, and at nine o'clock Ole was to go up for his written examination. Scarcely able to keep his eyes open, he wrote a Latin exercise that could not pass, and according to the severe "classical" rules of the university, he was *rejected* for this year. In the deepest despair he went to his host the professor, who laughingly said: "My good fellow, this is the very best thing that could have happened to you! Do you believe yourself fitted for a curacy in Finnmarken, or a mission amongst the Laps? Certainly not! It is the opinion of your friends that you should travel abroad; meanwhile, old Trane having been taken ill, you are appointed *ad interim* musical director of the Philharmonic and Dramatic Societies." A month later, on the death of Trane, Ole Bull was regularly installed in these offices, and having thus at once attained independence, he was somewhat reluctantly pardoned by his father.

We will rapidly pass over the two following years spent at home; with the exception of a trip to Germany, in the summer of 1829, in order to study German music, and especially to hear Spohr at Cassel, Maurer and

Wiele at Nordhausen, &c. From this excursion Ole Bull returned completely disappointed. He had fancied a violin-player like Sphor must be a man who by his personal appearance, by the poetic character of his performance, by the flash of genius, would enchain and overwhelm his hearers—playing, in fact, like a demon; and he met instead a correct teacher, exacting from the young Norwegian the same cool precision, unable to comprehend his strange melodies, and unwilling to direct the inexperienced stranger. Sad and desponding, on returning homeward Bull fell in with some German students who were going to a concert at Minden, and one of the performers having got drunk, Bull was asked to take his part; he was rewarded with enthusiastic applause, followed next day by a challenge from the superseded musician. Having inflicted a slight wound on his antagonist, Ole Bull was advised to leave the kingdom of Hanover “the sooner the better;” and feeling as though the very soil of Europe had repelled him, he returned to Christiania. It was a wet autumn evening, and he went to the theatre, the musical direction of which he had given up. Whilst standing there, in a dark corner, he was soon recognized by the public, and it was whispered through the house, “Ole Bull has returned;” then the whisper rising into a loud cry, Ole Bull was called to the direction of the orchestra; and on his taking the baton, the audience called for the national anthem, thus welcoming him, as with the heart and voice of the nation.

In 1831, however, Ole Bull set out anew; yielding, doubtless, not only to the vague consciousness of genius, but still more to a craving common to Northerners: for, as the history of the North will show, there is in us an unconquerable longing for the South. This idea pervades our old poetry. We may instance the beautiful legends of the mermen and mermaids. Whenever such a being tempts a girl or bewilders a lad, it has dark eyes and dark hair: the temptation does not proceed from the Northern seas, but from the far south, with which it is connected, from which it carries dim tidings over its mysterious depths. And this idea influenced Ole Bull.

Paris was then ravaged by the cholera, and convulsed with the after-shock of the Revolution; but in the presence of danger, life was, it would seem, only the more intense in the luxurious city. Immense audiences crowded every night around Madame Malibran and around Paganini. One night, coming home from a concert, where Malibran had sung, Ole Bull, stirred with delight, went to bed late, and on awakening next morning found his landlord had gone off with all the household furniture, and taken the musician's clothes, and money, and even his violin! Alone in the great city, with only money enough to pay for one week's accommodation in a miserable boarding-house, he would soon have been left to starve, but for the following accident. During the last dinner for which he was able to pay, his attention was attracted to a stranger of remarkable appearance, and on inquiry he was told that the landlady suspected the stranger had come to watch the house. Some few minutes

afterwards the stranger, in a loud voice, asked Ole Bull how he dared to call him a spy? Ole Bull gave him a calm, manly answer, upon which the stranger requested him to go down with him into the street. There the stranger said,—

"I will give you an explanation: I am secretly in love with a lady who sometimes visits your landlady, and you will hear one day that she has eloped with me. This I confide to your discretion. As for yourself, I will do something for you, if you have courage and five francs."

"Well," said Bull, "I may perhaps get up both."

"Then listen; you must go to-night at ten o'clock to Frascati's (the renowned public gaming-house); pass through the first room into the second, where they play *rouge et noir*; when a new *taille* begins, set your five francs on *rouge*, and leave them there."

Accordingly Bull, with some difficulty, borrowed five francs, and proceeding to Frascati's did exactly as the stranger had bidden him. He threw his five francs on red; the card was drawn; red wins—the five francs are ten francs: again, the ten francs are twenty francs, and so on—Bull standing motionless—red, to the astonishment of the gamblers, winning uninterruptedly—and massing up before him a heap of gold.

"I was in a fever," he said, when relating to me this adventure; "I acted as if possessed by a spirit not of my own: no one can understand my feelings who has not been so tried, left alone in the world, as if on the extreme verge of existence, with the abyss yawning beneath, and at the same time feeling something within that might merit a saving hand at the last moment."

Suddenly, from amid the crowd surrounding the table, a delicate white hand glided on and over the golden heap; but at the same moment the pale statue of its owner moved, and the iron hand of the Norwegian grasped the little white one. A woman's shriek was heard: several voices called out, "*À la porte! à la porte!*" but a man near Ole Bull, in a calm, clear voice, that seemed to command in the room, said, "Madame, leave this gold alone;" and to Bull—"Sir, take your money, if you please." (This man, as Bull learned afterwards, was Vidocq.) Mechanically following the advice, Bull took his gold (400 francs), but, riveted to the spot, saw red come out till the end of the *taille*, so that, had he had "courage" and left his money there, he would that very night have become a wealthy man. Meanwhile, he had the 400 francs in his pocket; but it was only on reaching home, on drawing them out, and hearing the metallic sound, and seeing the glitter, that he convinced himself he was not dreaming. "What a hideous joy I felt," said he to me; "what a horrid pleasure to hold in the hand one's own soul saved by the spoil of others!"

Singularly enough, he never again saw the man who had advised him to go to Frascati's.

He was now above immediate want, and presently bought a violin.

On purchasing this, he made acquaintance with a Chevalier Lahoux, who pretended to have discovered how to make new violins as good as old Cremonas, by smearing them with assafœtida. The chevalier, hearing Bull play, deemed him a capital means of bringing his instruments into credit, and invited him to a *soirée*, where the Duke and Duchess of Montebello were present. Whilst playing, the heat caused Ole Bull to smell the assafœtida, and, in his excitement, he played one of his wild Norwegian tunes as wildly as ever did Thorgeir Andunson, eliciting responsive applause from the audience. The Duke of Montebello came up to compliment him, but kept at a respectful distance; the musician burning with desire to explain the cause of the smell. Fortunately, the chevalier came up, and rubbing his hands, said to the duke, "Well, monseigneur, do you believe in the power of my assafœtida?" (The countenance of the duke now brightened, and, approaching Ole Bull, he said, "You must, indeed, do me the pleasure to come and breakfast with me to-morrow. A man like you ought to be known by Parisian society, and," added he with a smile, "to have fair play."

From this moment Ole Bull was *lancé*, and soon gave a concert, from the proceeds of which he was enabled to visit Italy. Meanwhile, accident in another form had given him another chance. On the 5th of June, 1832, when General Lamarque was buried, an *émeute* broke out, and Ole Bull happening to be in the crowd on the boulevard, where tribunes were erected, was wounded in the leg. A girl approaching, warned him not to be made prisoner by the advancing soldiers, but to separate himself from the crowd, saying, "*Vous n'êtes pas faits pour aller avec ces gens là.*"

"But," answered Bull, "I do not know where to go."

"Follow me," said she, "my brother shall take care of you."

Her brother, when Ole was brought to him, asked where he lived.

"My landlord and landlady," he replied, "died from cholera this morning, and I was looking for another lodging when I met the funeral procession."

"Well, we must find you a room in this neighbourhood," said the young man; and entering the lodge of a *concierge*, asked him if there were a room to be let in the house.

"No—yes—perhaps," replied the concierge. "Madame la Comtesse de Faye has lost her son; she may, perhaps, let his room."

They ascended, and having rung the bell, were shown into a room where three ladies in mourning—one a very handsome girl—were seated. On hearing the errand of the strangers, the eldest lady briefly declined to let a room; but on the girl saying, "Look at him, mother," she put on her spectacles, and looked at Ole Bull. A great change at once took place in the old lady's countenance: with quivering lips and moistened eyes she invited him to take a seat, and, after a short conversation, said she would not part with him; he resembled her lost son, and should have his room. Ole Bull became her son—the betrothed, and afterwards the husband, of the young lady who had said, "Look at him, mother!"

Ole Bull went to Italy, and at Milan his first concert gained great applause; but some days afterwards he was startled by a most severe criticism in one of the papers. At first he believed himself cruelly wronged; but, having read the paragraph over and over again, he admitted that the critic was quite right. The critic wrote as follows:—“Mr. Bull plays Spohr, Mayseder, Paganini, &c., without knowing the true character of the music he plays—partly spoiling it by adding a colour of his own. It is manifest that this colour of his own proceeds from an original, poetical, and musical individuality; but of this originality he is himself unconscious. He has not formed himself; in fact, he has no *style*: he is an uneducated musician. If he is a diamond is uncertain; but certain it is, that the diamond is not polished.”

Bull went to the editor, and asked who was the author of the criticism.

“If you want anybody to bear the responsibility,” was the answer, “I am he.”

“No,” said Bull; “I do not come to claim satisfaction, but to thank the author, and beg him to go on and teach me.”

“Well,” replied the editor, “you are a true artist, and your wish shall be complied with. I will introduce you to people who can teach you to sing. It is through song that you discover the true nature and delicate colours of music, and the hidden powers of the violin, which, of all instruments, comes nearest to the human voice.”

From this moment Bull entirely devoted himself for six months to the study of song; and to this ardent study, assisted by eminent teachers, is due his wonderful facility of catching and reproducing in its most delicate shades any national melody he meets with—Italian, Irish, Arab, Hungarian, as well as Norwegian—his power of speaking the musical language of every people without dialect. But the chief consequence of his studies was, that he discovered the nature and the limits of his own powers, and became able to shape his musical feelings and thoughts in an adequate form: in short, he got a style.

From the next concerts he gave his European renown may be dated; especially from one at Bologna, where accident befriended him. At Bologna, De Bériot, the violinist, and Madame Malibran, his friend, and afterwards his wife, swayed the musical world with absolute power, in 1831. De Bériot had made an agreement with the Marquis Zampieri to play at a grand concert of the Philharmonic Society; and Ole Bull, resigning himself to be an humble listener at the concert, spent his time in studying and playing *solo*. The Marquis Zampieri having somehow or other hurt the susceptibilities of De Bériot, this artist, on the morning of the concert, had a sore finger and could not play. That same morning Madame Rossini, the wife of the well-known composer, happening to pass under the windows of Ole Bull's lodgings and hearing him play, rushed to the Marquis Zampieri, exclaiming, “I have your man: a genius has come to the town, and lives there; take your net and hasten

to catch the bird!" Two hours afterwards Ole Bull stood before an audience that had been gathered from all parts of Central Italy, by the promise that they should hear an "excellent novelty" (De Bériot). He played his remarkable *quartette for one violin*, in which, taking the tremolos to his aid, he played *six* motives at once. He was not only cheered with extraordinary enthusiasm, but was escorted home in procession by torch-light.

Madame Malibran was very angry; but some days later condescended to allow Ole Bull to be introduced to her, and requested him to play in her apartments. When he had played some passages she flushed, and on his ceasing she said, "Mr. Ole Bull, it is, indeed, your own fault if I have not hitherto treated you according to your rank. A man like you ought to bear his head high and come out in full daylight, that we may recognize his noble blood." She remained from this moment his enthusiastic friend, and it is a well-known fact, that in the following year, at Naples, when he gave a concert, and at her request entered her box, she rose and clasped him in her arms, the audience cheering frantically.

A letter which at this time of happiness he wrote home, deserves to be mentioned, for it says that whilst working on his celebrated concerto in A major, he met with some difficulties, and arose to take up his violin, when his father stood before him and said, in a voice "that seemed to come more from the eyes than from the lips,"—"The greater the study the less happy you shall be, and the more unhappy the more you shall return to your studies."

These words, when closely scrutinized, reveal a deep truth; they indicate the curse inflicted on genius—that it never shall satisfy itself, never repose in the feeling, "It is good;" but the higher it aspires, and the more conscientiously it labours, the greater it shall feel its weakness.

Madame Malibran was not the only celebrity whose friendship Ole Bull gained at Bologna. Among many others present at the concert were the Prince and Princess Poniatowski, who invited him to Florence, and there gave the last lift necessary to raise him into note.

Having now seen the artist rise into fame, glory, and happiness, we will not chronicle his triumphs at courts and before the million,* but endeavour to give an exposition of the musical principles upon which he acted, and of the means by which he strove to bring them into practice. What was his aim, and how did he endeavour to reach it?

* The following is a short account of his professional travels:—In 1835 to Naples, Rome, and Paris (*debut* at the Grand Opera); 1835–36, the French provinces; 1836–37, London and the provinces (280 concerts in sixteen months); 1837–38, Hamburg, Petersburg, Moscow, Finland, Sweden, Norway; 1839–40, Copenhagen, Vienna, Pesth, Paris, Carlsruhe, Stuttgart, München; 1841–42, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden; 1843–45, America; 1846–47, France and Spain; 1848, France, Holland, Norway; 1848–51, at home, establishing the Norwegian theatre; 1851–57, America; 1857–61, Norway (the theatre), Denmark, Germany, England; 1862, England, Germany, Norway.

We have heard of his marvellous dexterity, of wonderful tricks he displayed on his violin, and of stupendous "effects" which he performed—and the question arises, "Were these tricks and effects the end, as some have fancied, or were they the means to an end?" I answer, they were the means to an end; and this end was—to reproduce the *Huldra*. You will ask me to give you an idea of what the *Huldra* is, not only as a popular fancy but as a poetic symbol. In trying to do so, let me remind you that from the mountains, forests, and valleys of the North proceeded that race which has conquered half the world; from whose love, devotion, and aspirations, chivalry sprang into existence under a more southern sky; their yearning souls and powerful hands produced the wonders of Gothic architecture; their blood throbs in the veins of your proudest aristocracy; whilst the stem tribe, remaining at home struggling against a severe climate, against the wild beasts of the forest, and in internal feuds among themselves, had no other organs for their longings, hopes, aspirations, triumphs, and woes, than song and music. As future purpled-clad kings and emperors were hidden in the "Odelbonde," who sent out his sons on "vikins," so an unspeakable majesty and delicacy is hidden in the simplicity of Northern strains. But there is more. Amid the subdued yet intense feeling of the glory and dignity of man, suddenly enters the foreboding of death: there is almost always beneath the highest mirth an undercurrent of melancholy—the pictures are golden on a black ground. But at the same time the foreboding of death augments the feeling of life. The waters, the trees, the mountains, live a life of their own, tempting you with the sweetest, the most potent and secret powers of nature, or crushing you with their colossal strength: no blind powers, no mere creations of superstitious terror, but always animated by a higher spirit, as behoves the fairy-beings created by a big-brained race. And, amid all these sounds, terrible or mysterious, is heard the innocent, bell-shaped flower accompanied by the grass of the meadow. This may give you a faint idea of the *Huldra*—the spirit of the North. Southern music generally consists of sounds that please the ear, whilst Northern music strives to tell you secret tales of your own soul.

It was the *Huldra* which Ole Bull would reproduce on the violin; but when he came to feel what really moved itself within him—what musical soul it was that craved for a body, a frame, a voice—the violin put into his hand, and the received rules for its use, were but ill fitted to assist him in solving the problem. Therefore, descending from the heights of enthusiasm, he began to study the rudiments; and first of all the principle on which the old violins—the old master-makers' violins,—were constructed. It has been said that these violins owe their excellence to their age alone. How is it, then, that contemporary imitations from Tyrol, &c. are now worth nothing? Why are the rich and mellow-toned violins of Nicolao Amati suited to express mysterious and erotic passions, whilst those of Antonio Stradivario convey promptings of the grand, pathetic and stately, and those of Giuseppe Guarnerio are sparkling,

restless, and penetrating? Whether the Italian makers worked with unconscious ingenuity, or acted upon principles well known to their great musical epoch, certain it is that their violins, like the buried soul in the legend, challenge a searching question for the betrayal of their secret.

When Ole Bull had gone so far as to solve the mystery, and to understand entirely the properties belonging to his instrument's division into seventy-four sections, harmoniously blending and producing in their ensemble the fundamental tone to be modified according to the emotion of the player, he was led to effect an alteration in his bow; making it long, thick, and heavy, and giving it vibration, power, or delicacy by the touch of his fingers in such a way that it could not be discovered by even a close observer. Having, as he believed, made full acquaintance with the instrument, and brought it under the rule of his despotic bow, that would not allow even the shade of a tone to escape, he nevertheless found that there are tones needed by the human soul, and especially by the Huldra, which no instrument will yield; he therefore tried to produce the illusion of such a tone by the combination of two or more others. Hence his playing on three, nay, on four strings at once: the *orchestral* power of his violin, which brought upon him the strange calumny, that he had some friend who played the two strings, secreted behind the stage. Hence, too, the double character of his compositions; some of which were arranged to display the discoveries made, and the technical victories won on the instrument, while others remained more faithful to the originating idea, and were to reveal to the world the mysteries of Huldra. Among these I only mention "Et Sacterbesog" (A visit to a cow-keeper's cottage on the mountain), and "The battle at Kringelen," that battle which his great-uncle, the poet, Edward Storm, had sung of in the *Sinclar-Lay*. With due allowance for the possibility that he himself may not be able entirely to solve the problem he has bequeathed the efforts to future generations by the establishment of a Norwegian theatre and academy of music; at which establishment the studies of Northern and of "classical" music are conducted with equal care, with the aim distinctly understood of exalting Northern music into universality, and of conducting it through a perfect, classical form to the ear and soul of all nations. Already he has the satisfaction of seeing similar institutions spread over Norway, and his pupils eagerly sought after to establish them.

As for his performances on the violin, I do not feel inclined to praise Ole Bull at the cost of any other artist; but I think myself justified in saying, that a musician is rarely met with from whose instrument music seems to spring as if it were created by inspiration at the very moment, without calculation or forethought; so freshly and vigorously does it appeal to our sympathy, and so singularly do his individuality and its tones melt together.

Ole Bull is an eager politician, and a zealous Norwegian patriot. In

1838, when presented to the King Carl Johan (Bernadotte)—who had a grudge against the Norwegians, because they had stubbornly thwarted his design of uniting Norway and Sweden under an almost despotic rule—his Majesty gave vent to this feeling, whereupon Ole Bull, rising to his full height, answered:—"Sire, I have the honour to be a Norwegian." The king was somewhat startled, and, for a moment, his eagle eyes looked fiercely upon the fiddler; but then he smilingly said, "Well, well: I know you damned sturdy fellows." He afterwards made Ole Bull a knight of the Order of Vasa; and, indeed, always showed himself a friend of the artist.

Ole Bull in his politics, however, resembles the Scotchmen, of whom I have read somewhere, that they are staunch patriots in London, but grumblers at home. During his first stay in North America, Ole Bull, seeing the wonderful progress effected there, and the freedom and dignity which seemed at that time to await the rising generation, conceived the idea that those of his countrymen who had emigrated to the United States might thrive better, were they provided for and protected by a countryman and true friend. He, therefore, in 1852, returned to North America and purchased a tract of land, 125,000 acres, on the banks of the Susquehanna, to which hundreds of his countrymen very soon gathered from Missouri and the far West. Timber was felled, ground cleared, cottages, churches, and schoolhouses built, and all went on smoothly; when one fine morning Ole Bull was informed that the real owner of the land wished to see him. He had purchased the land of a company that proved to be not the rightful owners; and thus had transferred the bulk of his fortune into the pockets of swindlers, and had trespassed on the property of Mr. George Stewardson, a quaker, who, though honest and forbearing, could not consent to lose what was his. Bull brought an action against the swindlers, but the lawsuit became a vulture that fed on his life-blood. He had to take up his violin and "play for costs," whilst his opponents "fought him with his own money." Consumed by fever and care, he travelled from town to town, from New York to San Francisco, playing almost every night; and on the last night of his engagement he was struck down by the yellow fever. His powerful frame bore him through this trial, and with indomitable energy he at last succeeded in making his honour clear, and fulfilling his responsibility towards his countrymen; moreover, some thousand dollars were wrested from the swindlers.

Ole Bull, having given up his scheme of colonizing, devotes himself entirely to art and his own Psyche. He generally spends the summer at his estate, a beautiful island on the western coast of Norway; going towards winter to the south—where the mermaid incessantly calls the Northerner who has once seen her or listened to her voice.

Capture of the Delhi Prizes.

THE siege was over. We were safe within the red walls; our dead were buried, Nicholson amongst them—he was the man who took Delhi, and greybeard warriors from the wild Eusofzye country were weeping over his grave. We had not time to weep, for Delhi was to be looted, and *hodie mihi* was everybody's motto. Before the assault, confident of the result, we had elected prize-agents by vote, who were to see fair play, collect the spoil, and realize afterwards; they did *their* duty well, but where's the money? At that time they were the greatest men within the walls—greater even than Wilson, who, as somebody said, cannot be refused the credit of having commanded the army that took the city—greater even than poor Hodson, who had just brought back the old king from Humayon's tomb where he had fled for sanctuary, together with the bodies of the princes, slain before their father's eyes, to be exposed stark naked in the "Silver-road," the main street of Delhi. We were certainly savage in our wrath then. But for the man laid the other day in the Abbey, we should have done deeds of massacre and rapine in those times which England never could have sufficiently atoned for; he decided that retribution must not be attempted by vengeful, angry men, and he was right. "Clemency" Canning he should be still designated for honour, even though the prefix was first given for scorn; his forbearance alone saved the name of Englishman from disgrace.

The prize-agents soon discovered that there was little valuable treasure overground; the jewellers, the workers in the precious metals (for whom Delhi is famous), the Cashmere-fabric and silk-merchants, the bankers and money-changers, had, months before the assault, when the sepoys first seized the city in the name of the Moghul, either hidden or buried their wealth; for they trusted their own countrymen not at all. In the panic flight of the inhabitants upon our getting in, they left their treasures behind them, hoping that they would not be discovered, and intending to return when things had become settled; for they wisely suspected that the English conquerors would at first take little trouble to distinguish between friends and foes. All did, in fact, shortly return, and many influential bankers and merchants were permitted, on proving their loyalty, to redeem their tenements and property, but all moveables that could be laid hands on were prize. We were not at all scrupulous; we wanted to tear the gilt copper-sheeting off the domes of the mosques and temples, and add it to the prize heap; but John Lawrence, the now neglected saviour of India (he saved India *for* us, Earl Canning saved its inhabitants *from* us), put in a veto, and the sacrilege (from a native point

of view) was not committed. It was decided that the wealth of Delhi should be digged out of the bowels of the by no means innocent city; and, as in Australia, the prize-agents conferred licences on officers, in whose integrity they trusted (I, my friend, was one), to dig for treasure in their behalf. All property discovered was to be brought to the prize-office, in one of the chief streets, a place to describe which would take more time than I can spare now, and the diggers were to get a per-centage upon their "treasure-trove." The diggings promised to be profitable. Labour was cheap and abundant—the only difficulty was to scent out the spoil.

I occupied a large native house in "a central situation," which I had taken possession of shortly after our entry. I planted "touts" at the door, and gave it to be understood that I was a man of great influence with the Government, and of large resources, who was ready to pay liberally for information as to the whereabouts of buried valuables. At first I did not prosper; the inhabitants were slowly returning to their dwellings, trembling and suspicious, more anxious just then about their necks than anything else. Our troops, white and black, particularly the latter, were busy looking for plunder. It must be mentioned that the Europeans were not *supposed* to loot. Punjaubees, Beloochees, Affghans in mud-coloured uniforms and bright-coloured turbans, booted and spurred cavaliers of Hodson's Horse and Sikh Irregulars, Tatar-faced Ghoorkas in green, were every moment passing my door on their way to their respective camps, laden with brazen pots and basins, huge rezaees (quilted counterpanes) of gaudy chintz, hangings for windows and doors of coarse cloth or faded silk, articles of wearing-apparel, and empty bottles—clustered excitedly about the value of their burdens, or staggering on in silence, looking forward to their return to their wild villages in the hills with all this gorgeous treasure. I could not but envy them the enjoyment of their rubbish. However, after many days' waiting, a change came in my fortunes. As I watched the crowd hurrying by one day, a tall gaunt Sikh, with hungry eyes and troubled air, made me a sign. I hurried out at once. He walked aside from the main stream of pedestrians, camels, and bullock-carts, and inquired whether my Highnessship would make him a promise of secrecy. On my eagerly assenting, he told me that he had a piece of jewellery to sell, and that the price was one thousand rupees cash; he added, further, that if I wished to deal, I must bring the money that evening to a place he named without the Cashmere gate, on the cantonment road, where he promised to meet me.

I scraped together, with some difficulty, five hundred rupees, and went to the spot at the appointed hour. I found the Sikh awaiting me. He produced a frontlet, or forehead-ornament, of large emeralds and diamonds, with a great central ruby, all most clumsily and loosely fixed together. He declined to say how he came by it. "Loot be-shuk," "plunder undoubtedly," he said, with a grin. I was fascinated by the glitter of the gems, but, happily, having only the above sum, I told him I could give no more. After demur and remonstrance, he consented to let me have

it, and I returned home satisfied that I had made one successful coup. I rejoiced in the possession of the Sikh's booty for many months, and proudly did I display it one day to a London jeweller, to be told, to my horror, and to the destruction of mighty air-castles, that the stones were pierced and flawed every one, and that their united value did not amount to the sum the ornament had cost me. Many another Delhi and Lucknow prize-fighter was taken in as I was.

Shortly after my bargain, I was riding one evening about sunset through the "Dureeba," a winding street, and the most picturesque in Delhi, which runs from the Jumna Musjid, or great mosque, to the Silver-road, when I saw a scantily-dressed native of the lowest class, skulking, with a bundle in his hand, in the shade of the shop roofs, evidently trying to escape my notice. I rode over to him, demanded his business in loud tones, and drawing my sword at the same time threatened him with instant execution. He became sallow, his knees tottered, he muttered some indistinct prayer for the "Kumpane Bahadoor ke dawa," "Money from the omnipotent Company," and fled, leaving his bundle behind him. I took it to my house, and found, tied up in a singularly unclean cloth, a piece of Cashmere silk embroidery, worth, at least, 20*l.* in England, a handful or two of parched peas, a ball of tobacco prepared for the "chillum," a lot of cowries or shell-money, and three annas four pie in copper. It was clear that he had stolen the only valuable article in the list, and it was equally clear that it had become mine more or less lawfully.

Next morning (it never rains but it pours), I received a confidential communication from my table servant, as he stood by my bedside, tea-cup in hand; he had met an old friend in the vegetable-market, who said he knew of an old woman who was heard to say that, in a certain house, near the Ajmere gate, there was a sum of money buried in a ghurra, or earthen water-jar, not less, at all events, than 6,000 rupees, 600*l.* Some tedious negotiation followed this straightforward statement, but I was finally led to the place, followed by my coolies with digging-tools. A closely-shut door was opened after violent threats, and I got into a small darkened room on the ground floor, ill-smelling and filthy, with but one article of furniture, a native charpoy, or bedstead, whereon lay an old man, declared by an attendant hag, probably his betrayer, to be bedridden, and very ill.

Amidst shrieks of pretended pain from its occupant, the bedstead was moved to one side, in accordance with previous instructions, and the coolies commenced to dig. The ground had evidently been disturbed not long before, and soon a clink, as of metal against pottery, was heard, and the ghurra was lifted out, with a cloth tied over the top—not without some difficulty, as it was of the largest size made. My clumsy assistants managed to break the vessel in setting it down, and amid triumphant shouts from all the spectators except the old man, who shrieked feeble prayers for pity to the "sirkar," or Government, as represented by me on the occasion, a stream of silver gushed from the interior. Denouncing

my workers as the offspring of swine, fit only for Jehennam, and not for the service of a "Protector of the Poor," and "Cherisher of the Oppressed," such as I, I ordered one of them to divest himself of his only garment (some yards of coarse cotton stuff, wound first round the waist, and then round the semi-slaven scalp). We tied our ghurra up in this, swung it on a strong bamboo, and carried it off. The value I found to be very nearly equal to the sum promised, all in rupee and eight anna pieces. Had I a decent regard for my own interest, I might have deplored the non-existence at the present day in India of a gold currency, or I might have punished the old cripple for having been so stupid as not to change his silver into gold mohurs (handsome coins of the Moghul dynasty, easily procurable in every bazaar for fifteen or sixteen rupees each), for what could one do, situated as I was, with some eight or nine thousand florins and shillings? But, alas! at that time, I forgot what was due to myself, and, idiot that I was, went straight to the prize-office with my plunder.

My next take was a noble one—the *spolia opima* of looting; it struck me that it would be a good plan to try the earth in the vicinity of the jewellers' shops, or, rather, where the jewellers had lived before the siege. I knew Delhi pretty well in former times, and the *habitat* of the different merchants of note. At gun-fire, one fine morning in October (delightful the early morning in the beginning of the cold weather in the North-west is), I set forth, attended by my six coolies, with the Hindoo equivalents of spades, shovels, and picks on their shoulders, taking with me the *Overland Mail*, a cheroot-box stuffed with very fair number two's, half-a-dozen of soda-water, and half a bottle of John Exshaw "Number one." I wonder is John Exshaw held in as much respect in England as he is in India? or, is John Exshaw a mere "Jean Marie Farina," a *nominis umbra* on a brandy-bottle? I paid six rupees, or twelve shillings, in those days for every flask with J. E.'s label, to my friend Cowasjee Franjee, a most enterprising Parsee, who had opened a branch of his Punjab house in the Chandnee Chouk almost before the guns ceased firing two streets off. I struck into a circuitous lane near the canal, leading from the "Loll Surrak," or red street, to the Begum Sumroo's garden (Dyce Sombre's Begum), and selected, for my first trial, a ruinous buffalo-dairyman's shed, which stood (or tottered) close by a dirty little hut, then deserted, where one of the chief gold-workers of the place had formerly flourished. I had excavated for a little time without success, and with much offence to the native nervelets—for a Delhi dairy is not at all like a Dundreary dairy, and the flooring was, geologically speaking, of disintegrated coprolite—when an acute coolie, whose intelligence I afterwards rewarded with four annas, sixpence-halfpenny over and above his lawful wages, suggested a mine under the party-wall. It was easily made, for the wall had no foundation, and was built of "kuccha" or sun-dried bricks of clay, quite friable from age. I read the English news with as much interest as I could, while my men were rooting; but I

was soon interrupted by a heavy fall of rotten bricks, a shout from my coolies, and the apparition on the other side of the tumbled wall of my jolly friend Pintle, of the Royal Bengal fireworkers, mattock in hand, with his great red cheeks covered with dust and sudor, his "khakee" tunic dirt-coloured indeed and wet through with perspiration, his whole appearance like a navvy's in a *solah topee*. The rascal was a licensed digger like myself, but he worked alone, on principle; and there were, in consequence, even uglier stories about him than about myself, and that's saying a good deal. We cried simultaneously, "Halves with you," and struck a partnership on the spot. He knew Delhi better than I did, and worked, as I afterwards found, on more scientific data; but my sources of information were better than his, and he acknowledged that solitary digging was an error. The natives began to clear away the rubbish, and while I watched them Pintle, pulling a small chisel out of his pocket, tested knowingly every likely-looking brick in the jeweller's wall.

"I shouldn't wonder at all," he said, as he went around tapping, "if the swag were here." He had scarcely spoken, when, by a neat wrist-turn he extracted a brick which was a trifle more firmly set than its neighbours, and thrust his chisel into the cavity. "Something soft, at all events," he whispered, peering in eagerly. A little skilful scooping produced a small dirty rag tied in a knot. I "lent him a knife:" the rag contained about a dozen uncut sapphires and diamonds of unquestionable value, and a splendid "cat's eye"—one of those gorgeous dusky orange opals with as many changes of colour in different lights as a camelion, a real "talisman stone." We looked at each other and sighed; there was, at least, two hundred pounds' worth of gems in that rag, and there were two of us. Pintle recovered his presence of mind first.

"They" (*i. e.* the prize-agents) "ought to give us one each," he said.

"Dig on, you worthless demons," I said, turning savagely on the coolies who had suspended *their* operations to watch *ours*: so they shovelled away with vehement expressions denoting zeal in the service of my High Mightiness-ship. I may have wished Pintle down the Grand Trunk Road with the "clearing" column; he possibly wished me in Jericho.

We soon got down on the mine I had commenced under the fallen wall; and though the mine led to nothing, yet we found indications on one side of recently broken soil, and finally, beneath the rude platform where the unlucky jeweller used to sit, five feet under the ground, came upon the rest of his treasure: *viz.* a brass betel-box such as natives use, called a *Paun-dan*, a quaint ebony casket with joinings of silver, a bale of goods tied carefully in gunny, a "degchee" or copper cooking utensil with a loose lid, and half-a-dozen brazen dishes and "lotas" or drinking vessels, which latter became our coolies' share of the spoil, and made happier dogs of them than our findings made of us, then or since.

We took our booty off to my quarters; the prize-office was close at hand to be sure, yet we could not deny ourselves the small gratification of being the first to investigate the products of the lode. But, it

may be asked, how was it that the owners of articles of great value such as gems, so portable and so easily concealable on the person, did not carry them away when they fled? This question is easily answered. The sepoys were really masters of the city and its inhabitants for four clear months; the old king was but nominally supreme: they levied black mail, in money and kind, from the shroffs and bunyals, the bankers, tradesfolk, and food-sellers, during that time without mercy;—if any, who were known to be possessed of means, pleaded poverty, the sepoys, under no restraint, searched their houses and their persons, and even beat and tortured them to force them to disgorge. Circumstantial diaries of the events within the walls during the siege were kept by more than one native of the place, which were afterwards translated and published in India, and in which were recorded instances after instances of this: the consequence was, that the jewellers and merchants had no resource from the first but to conceal their goods as artfully as they could, and the valuables the Delhi diggers exhumed were originally buried, in order that they might not fall into the hands of the mutineers.

The haul was a grand one that morning. The betel-box was full of gems in all stages of preparation for setting; rubies, onyxes, jaspers, pearls of some price, topazes, gold stones, and pebbles of minor value, such as abound in all the shops of the Delhi jewellers. The copper cooking utensil contained our poor friend's working tools (clumsy they looked, but marvellous is the work native goldsmiths turn out with them), and studs, bracelets, and brooches in gold and silver filigree of native and English pattern, some of the former very tasteful: there were also gold and silver chains half finished, lumps of unworked precious metal, semi-moulded armlets, nose, ear, and ankle ornaments for native ladies, a few gold mohurs and other coins, in that battered-looking skillet.

The ebony casket we were rather disappointed in. We had some trouble in bursting the lock, to find only an old Koraun, illuminated and richly bound to be sure, but then entirely out of proportion as to value we thought. It fetched a high price at the prize-sale, for there are book maniacs even in India, who are as particular about bits of Arabic scroll and the curves of the reversed caligraphy of the Eastern reed, as their brethren at home are about Aldine imprimature and impossible black letter. One enthusiastic gentleman got hold of a piece of goods in the Jumma Musjid, silk or cotton, written all over with sacred sayings from the Koraun: this he pronounced to be nothing less than the shirt of the Prophet, and advertised it for sale in the *Delhi Gazette* at the low figure of five thousand rupees. I did not hear the name of the purchaser. Our eager hands and knives made short work of the outer covering of the bale. Its contents filled us with admiration: purdahs or door-hangings of crimson velvet, four yards long and nearly half as wide, with cords and tassels of gold lace and double bullion, the whole stiffly embroidered with gold in arabesque patterns—quite new and evidently made to order for some shrine: they had suffered somewhat from the damp of the hiding-

place, but were still very gorgeous. There were shawls, and waistbands, and turbans, beautifully embroidered with the highly-dyed silk for which Delhi is famous—chogas or mantles from Cashmere, of the exquisitely fine Pushmeena fabric, with deep selvages of gold-lace work, or needle-made shawl-pattern of the brilliant colours which, it is said, no dyes can produce save those mixed with the water of the rushing Jhelum. Then there were daggers and stilettoes of strange shapes, made of blue wave-lined steel from the country west of Caubul, the qualities of the metal and the name and residence of its artificer cut upon the blades in beautiful Persian characters, the handles inlaid with gold and ivory, the sheaths and scabbards of soft wood covered with crimson velvet and gold lace; there were shields too, of light wood and leather, covered with green or crimson velvet and heavily bossed with gold work—all ornamental armour for noble natives on state occasions. The place we were fortunate enough to discover had, it was clear, been selected by a family of different trades to conceal their stocks in. My friend Pintle and I, after bath, breakfast, and cheroot, returned to the house for further exploration; but we found two Ghorkas (with their khookries on), and a particularly ferocious-looking Belooch, in the pit, scraping briskly, and we did not consider it advisable to claim our right of priority.

Fiat justitia! That same afternoon a bullock-waggon from the prize-office carried off the results of the day: but our commission was something.

After this I made no mighty *coup*. I had many a hard day's work, and so had Pintle, clearing out choked-up wells, probing sewers, stripping staircases, and scraping off room-plaster; but we gained hardly anything to recompense our toils: all that we did gain the prize-agents got, and so we said, but nobody believed us. Afterwards, at the auction, Pintle and I purchased a few little things we admired: our friends said it was a clever "dodge," but that it didn't take *them* in.

Pintle is now at home on sick certificate. He has a wife and three children. I dined with him the other day on cold beef from a cook-shop and some beer, at his lodgings in Tottenham-court Road. Were he to dine with me he would fare little better; yet we made, according to our numerous friends, 5,000*l.* each, at least, of our diggings at Delhi.

The moral of my story is this: That Delhi fell five years ago, that I have got no prize-money yet, and know nobody who has; that had I pocketed—as I might have pocketed, with very little risk of detection—I should have been a rich man to-day; that nobody thanks me for my honesty, not even my fellow-soldier, whom, you say, I should have virtually robbed, had I taken proper care of myself; and that if I ever get the chance—but *væ! væ!* nobody ever *does* get such a chance as a city like Delhi to sack a second time in his life. Was it Bacon who compared a soldier during peace to a chimney in summer? A defective simile now-a-days: if chimneys were treated half as badly when they are not wanted as soldiers are, they would refuse to work at all when winter closed in.

YOUTH IN EXILE.

THE sun is down behind the hill,
The autumn light is lingering still,
The air is very clear and chill.

One long, low, half-lit orange streak,
Above, out of the purple bleak,
One large gold star begins to speak.

He singeth songs of life and death,
Vainly my spirit listeneth,
I cannot tell you what he saith.

Once there was never cloud or tree
But in love-letters wrote to me
Tales of delight and mystery.

The cold creeps through me nerve and bone,
My heart is frozen into stone:
I am in darkness and alone.

The narrow walls are dull and bare,
Strangers are passing up the stair,
Strange sounds are round me everywhere.

The flickering fire begins to shine,
Alone by the stranger's hearth I pine,
And think of the home that never was mine.

All the old wounds begin to bleed,
In writhing anguish still I plead,
Oh, art Thou, Father, Lord indeed?

Canst Thou then hear us when we call,
And wilt Thou raise up those that fail,
And is there somewhere a home for all?

I hear, I feel, the wail and shiver,
The world's wild cry that goes up for ever,
Deliver us, O Lord, deliver!

There is no answer. I wait for some;
The heavens are as cold, and dark, and dumb,
As if no Christ had ever come.

My Father's house is warm and light,
But I am banished out of sight,
No fond voice says to me, "Good-night."

O dead youth, drown'd in deep despair ;
O anguish more than heart can bear ;
No home, no kindred anywhere !

Is there not one ? Ah ! yes, I know
One comforter of long ago,
That is not lost and perished so.

Over the long dim waste of miles
One sweet face still unchanging smiles,
And to its home my heart beguiles.

There art thou, through the twilight gloom
Making a brightness in the room,
About thy household tasks at home.

Thy sweet face my lost youth recalls,
Around thee on the pictured walls
The rising firelight flickers and falls.

And I am standing at thy side,
I, a sad spirit wandering wide,
And thou, by home-love sanctified.

My hand in thine once more I fold ;
Start not because it is so cold,
Fondle it softly, as of old.

I am come to thee a little while,
One hour my life to reconcile
In the remembrance of thy smile.

My heart is broken, and death-opprest ;
My head aches on, and can only rest
Here, beloved, on thy breast.

Kiss me, kiss me, hold me fast ;
The long, dark, desolate time is past ;
Lay me home on thy heart at last !

Ah, me ! where am I ? The light is gone,
No sweet friend here to lean upon ;
All in darkness—alone, alone !

Our Survey of Literature and Science.

LITERATURE.

M. Thiers on the Waterloo Campaign.—There are two duties which an historian is bound to perform to the utmost of his ability. One is to ascertain the facts which he undertakes to narrate; the next is to preserve his mind from the influence of results and of facts known to him, but not known to the actors in the drama. He may be dull, or he may be brilliant. The light which he throws over his pages may be dry and colourless, or it may be humid and full of colour. Brightness and vivacity may be essential if he wishes to secure readers; but brightness and vivacity are not of the essence of a truthful record. On the other hand, there can be no true history without exact facts and a purely consecutive narration of them. M. Thiers is bright and vivacious. He is not truthful, because he has not ascertained the facts, and because he allows, not once nor twice, but perpetually, his knowledge of results to distort and colour his narrative. From these two points of view, we propose to examine that part of his twentieth volume of the *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire* which treats of the campaign of 1815. There are in this romance errors of detail which have had their origin in the writer's contempt for authentic records; there are errors of a more comprehensive and vital kind, which may be traced to the proposition he set himself to demonstrate—that Napoleon, as a soldier, could commit no mistake, could be guilty of no negligence, could not be dubious and hesitating. First, of the errors of detail; and here we have an abundance, which makes selection almost impossible.

M. Thiers tells us in one place that no general ever studied the map more profoundly than Napoleon, and the remark is just. There are two or three errors in this book which show that M. Thiers has not studied the map profoundly—in fact, that he has not “studied” it at all. Thus, at page 16, he asserts that the Prussians rested upon Liege, and the English upon Brussels, “connecting themselves with posts on both banks of the Sambre”—a profound misconception of the whole position. The bulk of the forces of Wellington and Blücher were posted between the Scheldt and the Meuse, from Liege to Oudenarde. They were separated by no river larger than the Dender. Parts of two Prussian corps were over the Sambre and over the Meuse: Ziethen had outposts within the angle formed by the two rivers, and Thielemann's head-quarters were between the Meuse and the Ourte. These two generals communicated by the Meuse, and Ziethen's outposts communicated with the main body by the Sambre. But the posts connecting the armies of Wellington and Blücher were not on the Sambre at all; they were north of that river.

Another error, equally palpable, and equally unpardonable, is committed by M. Thiers, when, at a later stage of the campaign (p. 174), namely, after Quatre Bras and Ligny, he asserts that the armies of Blücher and Wellington were separated by the river Dyle. The fact is just the contrary, for, on the evening of the 17th, nearly the whole of Blücher's force was on the left bank of the Dyle, that is, on the bank nearest to Wellington at Waterloo. It was Napoleon and Grouchy who, at this stage, and until eventide on the 18th, were separated from each other by the Dyle. Again, M. Thiers, for a special object, declares (p. 126) that Quatre Bras was essential as a rallying point for the English army. Under the circumstances, it was the most convenient, but not the essential rendezvous. M. Thiers has overlooked the paved road from Nivelles to Waterloo. What he probably means by the assertion is, that, to give indirect support to Blücher, it was necessary to hold Quatre Bras. But that is a very different thing. We cite these singular errors by way of preface to a closer and fuller proof of the habitual carelessness with which M. Thiers has written what he calls history.

That any one could commit these mistakes with the map before him is astounding. We present the reader with another brace, not less so, but different in kind. He tells us (p. 25) that the English in Wellington's army were "old soldiers," tested by twenty years of war. Now it is notorious, and has been for years, that although there were some regiments who had served in Spain, the greater part of the English soldiers were militiamen fresh from England. Again, at page 57, M. Thiers actually asserts, as a reason for Wellington's "delay" in ordering a movement of concentration, that he commanded soldiers who would forgive him more readily for leading them to death than for exposing them to fatigue! Wellington did not move his army earlier because he was afraid to offend the soldiers! M. Thiers has written the history of the Spanish campaigns of Wellington, and his knowledge thereof ought to have prevented him from making such a remark. But to give it as a reason for delay when Napoleon was his opponent! Who could have believed it possible! But there it is, printed at page 57.

Whatever pains he may have been at to understand the positions and movements of the French, M. Thiers has given himself very little trouble to acquire a knowledge of those of the Allies. We have seen that he placed the Sambre between Blücher and Wellington. At page 27 he places two brigades—divisions he calls them—of Ziethen's corps at Charleroi; and at page 33 he makes one retire by Gilly and the other by Gosselies. What are the facts? The brigade of Pirch II. was at and about Charleroi; but the other brigade, that of Steinmetz, was at Fontaine l'Évêque, with posts on the Sambre and towards Binche. When Napoleon broke into Charleroi, and Reille carried Marchienne, Pirch II. retired by Gilly towards Fleurus, and Steinmetz made off by the only road open to him, that through Gosselies. M. Thiers had a motive in lightly assuming that Steinmetz retired from Charleroi, where he never was, upon Gosselies.

He wished to prepare the reader for receiving a fundamental blunder in his history—that Napoleon, from the first, desired *Quatre Bras* to be occupied on the 15th. This he does by telling us (page 39) that Colonel Clary was sent up the road to Brussels in pursuit of Steinmetz, whereas he was sent up the road to cut off any Prussians coming from the right. Napoleon knew, if M. Thiers did not, that the Prussians were on both sides of the Brussels road, and he wished to intercept, not follow them. Clary was driven back by Lutzow, who covered the flank march of Steinmetz from Fontaine l'Évêque, and it was then that the Light Cavalry of the Guard, being the nearest at hand, were sent to support him. But M. Thiers wishes us to believe that these troops were sent forward to prepare the way for occupying *Quatre Bras*.

There is really something sublime in the contempt of M. Thiers for facts. He is as ignorant of the English as he is of the Prussian movements. Thus he says of "the Prince of Saxe Weimar," meaning Prince Bernhard, of Saxe Weimar, that, without orders, he carried 4,000 soldiers from *Nivelle* to *Quatre Bras*. The fact is, that Prince Bernhard, without orders, it is true, moved a regiment of two battalions from *Genappe* to *Quatre Bras*, and found another there, which, without orders, had come on from *Hautain le Val*. That was the beginning of the concentration of troops at *Quatre Bras*. In their front was the outpost at *Frasne*.

It is quite useless to expect precision from our author. *Vaulabelle*, in his history, frankly tells us that he relies upon Napoleon's extraordinary narratives. M. Thiers pretends to criticise and to doubt Napoleon, but he finishes by adopting his statements and his views. "During the night of the 15th and 16th," says Napoleon, "the head-quarters of the French general were at Charleroi, those of Marshal Blücher at Namur, those of the Duke of Wellington at Brussels." M. Thiers follows this, with a variation of phrase (p. 60), by stating that the head-quarters of the English general were fourteen leagues on the left, and those of the Prussian general at eight leagues on the right, that is, at Namur. A little research would have shown him that Blücher had not been so foolish as to remain at Namur when he was calling all his corps to Sombref, and that he had on the 15th removed his head-quarters from Namur to Sombref itself. Bulow's line of march is said to have been from Liege to Namur. And this is no slip of the pen. Here is the proof. At page 78, describing Blücher's disposition on the morning of the 16th, M. Thiers says that Thielemann was posted at the junction of the roads from Namur and Charleroi; and he proceeds to give a reason for that arrangement. "Blücher," he writes, "desired thus to protect his communication with Namur and Liege, by which the corps of Bulow and all his matériel would reach the field." Nothing can be plainer. M. Thiers believes that Bulow moved from Liege by Namur; whereas one of the undisputed facts of the campaign is that Bulow marched from Liege to *Hannut*, and from this place towards Gembloux. Thielemann *did* protect the road by which Bulow, had he started soon enough, would have entered the field,

but that road was the cross-road from Gembloux, not the *chaussée* from Namur. With an abundance of English authorities before him, whence he could have obtained exact knowledge, M. Thiers, in an off-hand way (p. 57), repeats the old story, that Wellington, having been warned by Ziethen of the French advance, ordered his divisions to concentrate round their head-quarters. Unluckily, Ziethen did *not* send an orderly to Brussels, and it was from the Prince of Orange Wellington first learned, not that the French were before Charleroi, but that they had taken Thuin, a village some miles up the Sambre.

We have now passed over less than a hundred pages of this "histoire." At the same rate of progress we should require many sheets to do justice upon M. Thiers, for we have only taken salient and notorious errors; and as we have many more to point out, we must select with greater nicety; for we have yet to treat of the gravest errors of all, not those of detail, but those which lie at the very base of this superstructure of misstatements.

Before pointing out the errors of detail which abound in his version of the battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo, let us pause a moment upon one specimen of the performance of M. Thiers in his character of ardent apologist. Napoleon won the battle of Ligny by the prompt advantage he took of Blücher's error in drawing so large a force towards his right to push the offensive on that side. While he was striving to turn the left flank of the French, Napoleon with the Imperial Guard broke clear through the Prussian centre. How does M. Thiers treat this? In an elaborate apology for time lost by his hero, he says, at page 130, that Napoleon would have had plenty of time to reap the fruits of victory, had not a false alarm, given by Vandamme, obliged him to suspend, until seven o'clock, the decisive charge of the Imperial Guard. There may be some truth in this statement; but how can it be reconciled with another, at page 132, where he states that Napoleon determined to make the attack with the Guard, *when* he became aware that Ney had failed to send a force to fall upon the right rear of the Prussians? The two statements are incompatible. The fact is that Napoleon suspended the march of the Guard when he heard from Vandamme that what appeared to be a hostile force was marching upon *his* flank, and that the Guard was sent forward when Napoleon learned that the force supposed to be hostile was the corps of D'Erlon. In making the first assertion, M. Thiers wished to show that delays are *not* dangerous; in making the second, his object was to point out "the inexhaustible fertility of Napoleon's resources upon the field of battle." M. Thiers does not convince us of the truth of his first proposition; his second is needless, for no one ever disputed its truth.

When M. Thiers describes the two battles with Wellington, his habit of inaccuracy becomes fatally conspicuous. Thus he states, with great pomp and circumstance, that Wellington, who knew the importance of holding fast to Quatre Bras, had yet so disposed of his troops as to leave it but weakly guarded; and he also states that Ney, nervous, feverish,

troubled, did not perceive this, and made his attacks rather against the wings than against the centre. If, he says, page 111, Ney had concentrated his forces on the high-road, he would "probably" have carried Quatre Bras. Now for the facts. The facts are, that although the 92nd and two foreign regiments alone occupied a post near the hamlet, the true protectors of that point were Picton's regiments, the Brunswick troops, and the Belgian horse posted on both sides of the high-road in front of the hamlet, and the Belgian infantry in the wood of Bossu, who served to delay, though they could not arrest, the progress of Jerome's division. Ney could not have sent all his troops down the high-road—the space was too narrow; and had the experiment been tried, Picton would have known how to deal with the heavy and lumbering mass. Next, it is a fact, let M. Thiers write as he may, that Ney's principal attacks, both with infantry and cavalry, were all made upon the road, and towards Quatre Bras. He tried to seize the position with infantry, and with cavalry over and over again. He failed, not because his tactics were bad, but because his troops were beaten. Picton's charge with the bayonet, early in the day—Barnes's charge with the 92nd at a later stage—taught Foy and Bachelu to respect their enemies. Quatre Bras was extremely well guarded, especially considering the means at the Duke's disposal; and Ney was too good a soldier to need a lesson in tactics from M. Thiers. No man could handle troops in the field better than Ney; and knowing that, M. Thiers is obliged to make out that Ney failed because he was feverish and troubled in mind. M. Thiers repeats and adorns the story of the mishap of the 42nd Highlanders. This regiment, he says (p. 115), was broken, when in square, and horribly cut up. The truth is that because the 42nd did not, or could not, form square quickly enough, the companies intended to form its rear face were cut off and destroyed; but although some lancers rode into the gap, they were rapidly disposed of, and the formation of the square was completed. M. Thiers says that these same lancers penetrated, but did not complete the ruin of the 44th. The statement is totally erroneous. The 44th, surprised by the lancers, formed back to back in line, and *thus* beat off the horsemen. In like manner, M. Thiers narrates, p. 119, Kellerman's famous charge. In this onset, the cuirassiers of the hero of Marengo did roll up the 69th and capture its colours; but they did *not*, as M. Thiers states, "overthrow and sabre the 33rd, and after it two Brunswick battalions." On the contrary, these gallant foot soldiers formed in square, and turned aside the iron squadrons, part of whom, with Kellerman, dashed up the road towards Quatre Bras. The supporting lancers of Piré did not, as M. Thiers asserts, surprise the Duke, dismount, and compel him to mount and fly! Nor were the cuirassiers forced violently back from Quatre Bras by the fire of English soldiers driven "to take refuge in the houses." They were swept back by the fire of cannon and the musketry of the infantry in position. It is amusing to note how cleverly M. Thiers manages to omit the famous

dash of the Foot Guards through the wood of Bossu. To give more effect to his omission, he describes Ney as about to carry everything before him, when "all of a sudden superb battalions appeared, who seemed about to attack;" in fact, the Guards strode out of the wood of Bossu. "Ney, becoming himself again, a lion, rushed *with* the division of Jerome upon the battalions who issued from the wood, and stopped them" (p. 121). The facts, alas, are quite different. The Guards came up from Nivelles at a crisis in the fight, when the Belgians and Nassauers, unable to hold the wood any longer against the forces of Jerome, were bolting towards Hantain le Val. They fell to at once, fighting with great impetuosity, and suffering great loss. But they quickly chased the division of Jerome out of the wood, and, carried away by their ardour, crossed the ditch and began to form line in the open field. Ney, unable to check them with his infantry, ordered, *not* Jerome's beaten division, but the heavy horsemen of Rousel d'Urbal, to charge them while in confusion. The Guards were too quick for the cuirassiers. Each man felt instinctively that, having formed line anyhow, they could not form square at all. So they turned and ran in a heap to the ditch bounding the wood, halted, and thence fired on the cuirassiers until these retired. The last sentence of M. Thiers' account of Quatre Bras is worth recording as a perfect specimen of the romantic and inventive style of narrating a battle. Ney decided, at length, he writes (p. 121), to pass from the offensive to the defensive, and to withdraw his whole line. This gave him the advantage of ground. "The English, in their turn, have to climb a slope under a murderous plunging fire. Ney showered upon them round shot and grape, and sometimes stopping them by bayonet charges, sometimes by point-blank volleys, he consumed two hours in falling back to the edge of the basin which extends from Frane to Quatre Bras." What happened was this:—Strongly reinforced, and having carried the posts on both flanks and in the centre, Wellington pushed forward his whole line. Ney, seeing further resistance hopeless, like a prudent soldier, retired, and retired in good order, covered by the fire of his skirmishers and batteries, and by his strong force of horse. The two hours mentioned by M. Thiers begin from the arrival of the Guards, not at the French side of the wood of Bossu, as he implies, but at that part of the wood which fringes the road to Nivelles.

M. Thiers is not a whit more enlightened than the earliest French historian—always excepting Napoleon—touching the details of the Battle of Waterloo. He does not even know the ground, for he describes the Wavre road as a species of ditch which "entirely" covered the British position. He fixes the number of the British at 75,000 men, and he undertakes to criticise the mode in which Wellington had occupied the position. He has not made himself acquainted with the places occupied by the French troops, for he arrays Foy on the extreme left; whereas, Jerome occupied that place, Foy being, as at Quatre Bras, in the centre of Reille's corps. He has not mastered the simplest details of the

organization of the British army, for he describes the Union Brigade, composed of an English, Irish, and Scottish regiment, as entirely consisting of *Scotch Greys*!—"douze cent dragons Ecossois de Ponsonby, appelés les *Ecossois gris*, parcequ'ils montoient des chevaux de couleur grise" (p. 208). In describing the famous charge of D'Erlon's corps upon the British left, he falls into the wildest errors. Not only the Belgians, but the old 95th and "the battalions of Kempt," are "overthrown." But, then, Kempt and Pack "rally" their soldiers and arrest the French for a moment. Nevertheless, they are about to win, when the "Scotch Greys"—that is, the whole Union Brigade—charge, and do what? "Produce a sort of confusion." Confusion indeed, of a very bad sort; for in this confusion 5,000 men were killed, wounded, or captured, and two eagles were taken. "Ah," says M. Thiers, silent as to the prisoners, "two eagles were taken; but one, that of the 15th, was retaken." The readers of *The Times* have seen the controversy on this point. We need not reopen it. Captain Clarke took the eagle of the 105th, Sergeant Ewart took the eagle of the 45th. He carried it to Brussels on the 18th. On the 19th Major Percy set out with both eagles and Wellington's despatches for London, where he arrived on the 21st; and on the 22nd Wellington's despatch, dated Waterloo, and mentioning the capture of the two eagles in the very last paragraph, was published in the *London Gazette*. These very flags are now to be seen in Chelsea Hospital. The story told by M. Thiers is a romance which he borrowed, it appears, from the pages of Colonel de Mauduit. With this story we must class the cool assertions that the French cavalry, in their great charges after four o'clock, overthrew and sabred "many squares." In one page, 223, it is the squares of Alten which are upset; in another, 224, it is "many battalions" of "the German and Hanoverian Legion" which are "broken, trodden under foot, sabred, and deprived of their colours;" in a third page, 227, Alten is overthrown again, and again the 69th Regiment is cut to pieces "entirely." Page 228, more squares are broken; and in page 229 still further breakage of this harmless sort goes on; so that at the end one is surprised to find any British army on the plateau. Indeed, it is as roundly asserted as if M. Thiers had been able to count them himself, that, although 4,000 of these square-breaking horsemen strewed the field, they had the satisfaction of having knocked over, horse and foot together, 10,000 of their enemies. Finally, we have this charming battle-piece, unique for inaccuracy in the writings of M. Thiers:—

The English, firing with difficulty a few shots from the wreck of their artillery, and the French horse, on their side, *having behind* them sixty conquered guns and six flags, remained immovable, with thousands of corpses at their feet.

That is to say, the French horse held the plateau, as M. Thiers is careful to inform us, page 240, until the Imperial Guard were sent up the slope to be thrown "across the ranks of the cuirassiers upon the exhausted

British infantry." Ney is made to say, page 243, that the cavalry will give way unless a powerful body of infantry arrives; and forthwith the Imperial Guard are led up the slope. Alas for the credit of M. Thiers, the cavalry had been driven, in a very broken and breathless state, into the valley long before the Imperial Guard were set in motion, and it was their misfortune that hardly a squadron could be found to support and protect their attack. So much was this the case that a handful of German and English dragoons charged across the rear of the Imperial Guard. But we must bring this examination to an end. The whole account of Waterloo in these pages is fundamentally wrong. No part of it, however, abounds with such gross accumulations of error as that which is devoted to the narrative of the combat from about four o'clock to the close. When we find, page 246, the French horse detained, by this historian, on the plateau until Ziethen has passed through Papelotte; when we discover Napoleon—in these pages only, page 242—posting six battalions of his guards diagonally from La Haye Sainte to Planchenoit; when we see, page 245, the cavalry of Vivian and Vandeleur rushing—though only in the verdant field of M. Thiers' imagination—down the slopes which lead to Papelotte, and then the whole field becoming utterly mad and confused, we think it time to have done with anything like a detailed criticism of the Battle of Waterloo, not as it was fought by Wellington, Napoleon, and Blücher, but as it has been fought by M. Thiers.

We have no space to show how M. Thiers, relying on the mendacious memoirs dictated by Napoleon, is unjust to Marshal Ney. His next great fundamental error is, that Napoleon fought the battle of Waterloo relying upon the arrival of the whole or part of Grouchy's troops. Napoleon, assuming, as he did, that the Prussians were beaten, and that they would retire towards Liège, may have fairly counted upon the vigilance, courage, and skill of Grouchy to prevent the Prussians from even approaching either Wellington or Brussels. That was his object in detaching Grouchy so far away as Gembloux. Had he anticipated that Blücher, or any part of his army, were at Wavre, Grouchy would have been sent upon a line nearer to the Brussels road. No doubt when, on the night of the 17th, or morning of the 18th, Napoleon found that some Prussians had passed by Genappe towards Wavre, he urged Grouchy to follow them there, dispose of them, and keep in constant communication with the Emperor. No doubt when, at mid-day on the 18th, he discovered the Prussians at St. Lambert, he ordered Grouchy to join him at once, and catch these said Prussians *en flagrant délit*. So far he fought the battle in expectation that Grouchy would aid him. But there is no valid evidence that Napoleon either contemplated the possibility of the junction of the Prussians with Wellington until he saw them, or that he looked for any direct co-operation from Grouchy on the field of Waterloo, until after the battle had begun. Waterloo was won, not because Grouchy lacked skill and decision in a very trying situation; not because Ney wasted the French cavalry, and Reille wasted the French infantry, and D'Erlon proved

a bad tactician at a critical moment, as M. Thiers pretends; but because Blücher and Wellington surpassed Napoleon in the practice of his own theory, and contrived to be numerically the stronger at the decisive point of attack.

One word more. M. Thiers will not admit that Napoleon could commit a military fault. He traces all his misfortunes in 1815 to his abuse during fifteen years of all that God had placed in his prodigal hands—of France, of his army, of his genius. “To seek,” he writes, page 297, “in the military incapacity of Napoleon for the causes of a reverse which are all in a situation he had employed fifteen years in creating, is to substitute not only the false for the true but the petty for the grand.” But that is an unfair mode of stating the case. The true way of stating it is, that Napoleon fell, not only because he had abused all the good gifts of God, and had made himself intolerable to Europe, but because in this last campaign he, as a military man, had committed faults which not even his own eloquence and ingenuity, much less those of M. Thiers, can explain away.

SCIENCE.

The Balance of Life.—The progress of science is continually proving our most charming and plausible generalizations to be at fault. What could be more gratifying to our desire for symmetry than the universally-admitted theory of a regular balance between the processes of animal and vegetable life—a balance established by the animal giving out carbonic acid which is taken up by the plant, and the plant giving out oxygen which is taken up by the animal? Saussure, many years ago, asserted, on the faith of numerous careful experiments, that plants in sunlight decomposed the carbonic acid received from the air, fixed the carbon in their own tissues, and gave out the oxygen; thus *purifying* the atmosphere, and rendering it breathable by animals. The first part of this discovery remains an unassailed fact; but the second part, including the important deduction as to the purification of the atmosphere, turns out to be inexact. With the oxygen given out, Saussure believed that there was always a certain amount of nitrogen. Here was the error. The eminent chemist, Boussingault, having repeated Saussure's investigations on the more accurate methods of our day, has discovered that the gas which accompanies the emission of oxygen from plants is not the useful, or in every case innocent, nitrogen, but the oxide of carbon—a gas in every case deleterious. Oxide of carbon is the condition assumed by carbonic acid when the reduction of that gas has been imperfect. In those parts of the plant which have been unable thoroughly to decompose the carbonic acid into its carbon and oxygen, and have only effected a partial separation, there will necessarily be an oxide of carbon; and, as this gas is not capable of entering into the composition of the plant-tissues, it is exhaled like so much *indigestible* food. We see at once not

only how this discovery destroys the pretended balance, how it banishes for ever the idea of a purification of the atmosphere, but, also, how perfectly it tallies with familiar experience. Every one knows the oppressive and even dangerous influence of plants in a closed room—especially the bed-room. Every one has felt the noxious effect of a few flowers in a small, ill-ventilated room; the oppression experienced in a greenhouse is not at all explicable by the mere temperature. Now the reason is plain. From the green parts of every one of these plants a highly deleterious gas has been pouring forth; and, in spite of the beneficent oxygen given off at the same time in much larger quantities, this proportion of oxide of carbon suffices to vitiate the air, if the air be in an enclosed space, and not constantly renewed. In the open air, of course, no evil effects can occur, except when the production of the deleterious gas is unusually rapid and abundant; and such is probably the case in marshy district; at least, M. Boussingault suggests that the notorious unhealthiness of these districts may be due to the oxide of carbon liberated from the submerged plants under the influence of the sunlight.

Carbonic Acid as an Anæsthetic.—In 1858, M. Ozanam announced that carbonic acid was to be reckoned among the anæsthetic agents. He now adduces evidence to show that not only is it to be ranked beside ether and chloroform in *potency*, but above them in *utility*, since it is the most harmless of all anæsthetics. The dangers attending ether and chloroform are so serious as to make many eminent men reluctant to avail themselves of the advantages of anæsthesia. If carbonic acid really be, as M. Ozanam asserts, perfectly harmless, the discovery will be gratefully welcomed all over Europe. His argument is, that carbonic acid removes no vital element *from* the blood, and carries no poisonous element *into* it; whereas chloroform, decomposed in the torrent of the circulation, robs arterial blood of its oxygen, and brings it in contact with oxide of carbon. The insensibility occasioned by carbonic acid is simply due to a lowering of the vital activity, consequent on a complete, or nearly complete, suppression of the respiration; and M. Ozanam affirms that this is effected without any evil results. In experiments on animals, he has prolonged the anæsthetic condition for one and even two hours, without any visible injury. [We should like to know what were the animals which exhibited this indifference to the suppression of their respiration; because we have found cold-blooded animals recover after five hours' insensibility from ether.] The point is very important; because Physiology, at present, can imagine no other source of evil from carbonic acid. The reader will understand this when he learns that the blood always contains carbonic acid; and that the only effect of the presence of carbonic acid in the lungs is to prevent the entrance of fresh oxygen, that oxygen being needed for vital activity. To prevent the access of oxygen is, therefore, to lower, and finally suspend, the vital activity. Now, if it be true that in man this activity can be greatly lowered, as it is in hibernating animals, or even suspended, as it is in cold-blooded animals, without any

consequent evil effects, the harmlessness of carbonic acid as an anæsthetic agent will be established.

Liebig's Theory of Food.—After having for many years enjoyed an almost uncontested approval from physiologists and chemists—after having been the universal doctrine taught in class rooms and text-books—and after having been put to the test by cattle-breeders—Liebig's theory of food is now becoming less and less accepted among real investigators; that is to say, among men who, loyal to fact, are able to resist the seduction of a facile formula which seems to explain the mystery, but really leaves it untouched. The latest opponent we have to name is Mr. Savory, whose paper, *Experiments on Food—its Destination and Uses*, was read before the Royal Society in May.

Liebig's theory may be briefly stated thus:—Animals require food to build up the *fabric*, and keep up the *temperature* of their bodies. The plastic or tissue-making food, is furnished by certain organic substances which contain nitrogen—and only by these; it is therefore called, indifferently, either *nitrogenous* or *tissue-making* food. The heat-making food is furnished by certain organic substances destitute of nitrogen; it is therefore called, indifferently, either *non-nitrogenous* or *calorific* food. Albuminous substances, rich in nitrogen, form the animal fabric; carbonaceous substances—fats, oils, starch, sugars, alcohol, &c., are quite incapable of forming any part of the animal fabric, and are used as so much fuel, which is burned in the body to keep up the temperature.

We have neither space nor inclination to enumerate here the long array of facts and arguments which have been advanced in refutation of this brilliant but delusive generalization. The theory has been re-stated here simply with a view to the better appreciation of Mr. Savory's experimental results. He fed animals upon different diets, taking particular note of the weight, temperature, and general condition of the animals. In one class they were fed on a non-nitrogenous diet, consisting of equal parts by weight of arrowroot, sago, tapioca, lard, and suet: in this mixture there was only a slight fraction of nitrogen (.22 per cent.) In another class the diet was nitrogenous, with only a small amount of fat (1.55 per cent.) In the third class the diet was mixed. What were the results? These:—

Nitrogenous materials are not only heat-making, but, under some circumstances, suffice alone to maintain the requisite temperature. [This is in perfect accordance with the results obtained by Bischoff and Voit.]

It is in the highest degree probable that under certain circumstances nitrogenous materials may prove directly heat-making, without previously forming tissue.

Although life cannot be maintained without nitrogenous food, no matter how abundantly the other kinds are supplied, life, and even health and the normal temperature, can be maintained upon a diet almost exclusively nitrogenous.

Finally, "in these experiments the significant fact appeared, that

while the weight, strength, and general condition of the animals varied very widely under the different diets to which they were subjected, *no considerable fluctuation was observed in their temperature*. Even the slight variation from time to time recorded seemed rather to result from other causes than to depend directly on the food."

It is unnecessary to point out the irreconcilable contradiction between Liebig's theory and such facts. We will only add in conclusion that Liebig's theory was not founded on any precise investigations, but was simply a deduction from certain chemical premisses, supported by random facts drawn from the reports of travellers, the observation of a few countries, and such like sources. The theory had so plausible an air that the illustrative facts seemed merely required to render it popularly intelligible, and not to serve as proofs. But a rigorous scrutiny of the theory detects its initial mistake; a rigorous confrontation with facts exposes its want of solid basis.

Figure of the Moon and of the Earth.—No one who has seen Mr. Delarue's beautiful stereoscopes of the full moon, in which the two images are obtained separately but by one and the same optical instrumentality at the epochs of her extreme eastern and western librations in longitude according to Mr. Wheatstone's ingenious suggestion, can fail to have been struck by the marked and undeniable deviation from the spherical form which the double picture suggests, standing out, as the convex surface does, in bold and full relief; exhibiting the most complete appearance of a round, projecting, (vaguely speaking) *globular* figure. It is quite obvious, in a certain mode of presenting the images to the eyes, that, were it really a solid object so presented to our view, no one would hesitate to pronounce it rather egg-shaped than *spherical*. The apparent curvature of the surface under such circumstances is not that of a perfect sphere, alike throughout; but conveys the irresistible impression of an elongation in one direction, and that, not directly towards the eye, but forming a pretty considerable angle, with the visual ray joining the eye and the moon's centre. Nor does the form even present a perfect symmetry, as of a solid of revolution; but, on the contrary, somewhat distorted, or, as it were, skewed. The question which now arises is, how far any such appearances in a stereograph are to be received as evidence of a corresponding reality of conformation in the moon itself? And here we must at once reject any idea of explaining them by optical distortion due to instrumental causes, or to photographic error, or subsequent distortion in procuring the positive impressions from the original negatives. The instrumental means at Mr. Delarue's command preclude the one supposition, and the photographic process employed (collodion on glass, optically copied), the other.

Mr. Gussew, Director of the Imperial Observatory at Wilna, with a view to determine how far the whole or any part of this apparent anomaly of figure is real, has subjected* each of the two pictures of a pair in his possession, given him by Mr. Delarue, to careful and rigorous

* *Bulletin de l'Acad. des Sci. de St. Petersburg*, i., 5, 276.

microscopic measurement, by selecting on each of the pictures a considerable number of sharply-defined, and securely identifiable points, identical in each, and, by measuring with extreme precision, by the aid of an apparatus constructed for the purpose, their distances from the centres and several points in the circumferences of the pictures. From these measures (which under such circumstances must be regarded as fully entitled to all the confidence of micrometrical measures, astronomically taken at the telescope), on subjecting them to mathematical computation, and applying the necessary corrections for parallax and refraction as affecting the diameter of the moon, and the apparent figure of her disc, M. Gussew has been led to conclude that a real eccentricity of the figure actually does exist, and that, in point of fact, a portion of the moon's surface having its axis directed about five degrees from the earth as seen from the moon at the epoch of her mean libration, may be considered as belonging to a sphere of smaller radius (and, therefore, more convex) than the mean radius of the moon by about eighteen parts in 1,000, and, of which, the centre is situated nearer to the earth than that of the whole moon, by seventy-three thousandths of such mean radius (seventy-nine English miles). The portion of the moon, then, turned towards the earth may be considered as a continuous mountain mass, in the form of a meniscus lens, capping the sphere of the moon, and rising in its middle to a height of about fifty-nine English miles above the general level of its figure of equilibrium.

M. Hansen's researches had already led him to conclude an elongation of the lunar axis in the direction of the earth, but to not much more than half this extent. Either result, but especially M. Gussew's, would fully account for the total absence both of air and of water on the side of the moon turned towards us, and would be quite compatible with the abundant existence of both, and of a habitable hemisphere, on the opposite side,* on the same principle and for the same reason which has assembled the greater part of the water on the surface of our own planet on its southern hemisphere, leaving the great mass of land protuberant on the northern—viz. the non-coincidence of its centre of figure with its centre of gravity, or, in other words, the comparative lightness of the solid materials of the northern hemisphere.

This result of M. Gussew, it will be observed, is quite independent of that stereoscopic *appearance* which suggested the inquiry. That appearance may be, to a greater or less extent, an ocular illusion. It is well known that stereographs, taken under certain circumstances, *have* the effect of giving too great an apparent protuberance to salient features. And, moreover, in reference to the particular stereographs under consideration, we have satisfied ourselves by actual examination of a very beautiful specimen before us, that the apparent egg-shaped form and lateral distortion may be either most extravagantly exaggerated, or made almost to disappear by different modes of viewing them. But this, as

* See Herschel's *Outlines of Astronomy*, 5th Ed. Art. 436, a.

before observed, has nothing to do with M. Gussew's conclusions, which regard each picture, *per se*, as a separate record, or self-registered series of micrometric measures, such as might have been astronomically obtained without the intervention of photography. We hope this will induce some astronomer to pursue this subject micrometrically; choosing his opportunities at opposite extremes of the moon's libration.* The mathematical theory of the subject (though for obvious reasons we cannot here enter into it) is very simple, and the subject one of no small interest.

Passing from the figure of the moon to that of the earth, and those deviations of the plumb-line at different points of its surface from the general law of perpendicularity to the surface of a spheroid, which are usually considered as owing to the lateral attractions of mountain masses drawing it towards them on both sides, a singular case of a quite contrary nature has turned up in the immediate vicinity of Moscow, where the operations of the Russian geodists, confirmed by the subsequent and more recent researches of M. Schweizer, Director of the Imperial Observatory of that city, have established the existence of a local deviation to the extraordinary amount of nineteen seconds within a very short distance of that metropolis. At Moscow the plumb-line is found to deviate eight seconds from the spheroidal perpendicular towards the north. At twenty Russian versts (13 English miles) to the northward of Moscow, this deviation ceases. It does so also at twelve versts (8 m.) to the south of the city; but on going farther south it recommences in a contrary direction, and at twenty-five versts to the south of Moscow is converted into a southern deviation of eleven seconds. Proceeding from Moscow in either an easterly or westerly direction, similar phenomena are observed. As there is nothing deserving the name of a mountain in the neighbourhood of Moscow, it follows, as a necessary consequence, from these facts, either—1st: That there exist beneath Moscow enormous cavities, occupied by air, or perhaps by water. 2nd: That strata of some substance of very small specific gravity (*Query, by possibility, coal, for coal in small quantity has already been found near Moscow?*) exist beneath that city. Or—3rd: That there extends over the whole of the country surrounding it a generally loose, unconsolidated mass of geological formations to a depth hopelessly beyond what human labour can ever expect to penetrate.

The Comet.—*Non alius diva toties arsere cometa!* we may fairly exclaim at the sight of a third great comet within four years. Our present visitor, however, though a fine and conspicuous object, can hardly be said to have vied with its great predecessors of 1858 and 1861; for, although its head has been unusually bright and concentrated, so much so as at the period of its greatest brilliancy to have fully equalled the pole-star in its general impression on the eye, the tail has throughout been short and un conspicuous; hardly, on any occasion, having been clearly traceable more than five or six degrees, and exhibiting neither the beautiful *aigrette* of 1858, nor the singular want of symmetry and the sharp ray-like prolongation which characterized that of 1861. The phenomena exhibited by its nucleus

proved, however, highly interesting and instructive, the observation having been greatly facilitated by the unusual circumstance of its perihelion passage taking place at the very time when both its situation in the heavens and its comparative proximity to our planet rendered it most conspicuously visible. This happened on the 23rd of August, its distance from the sun being then very nearly equal to the radius of the earth's orbit, and from the earth materially less than half that radius. Thus, the whole process of the formation of the coma; its ejection from the nucleus, in the manner of a fountain of luminous vapour thrown forwards or towards the sun under the excitement of his influence; the variation in the direction and form of the jet from day to day and the mode of its dispersion and backward drifting to form the coma and tail, have been placed before our eyes with unusual distinctness, owing, in all probability, to its remoteness from the sun *in perihelion*, and the consequent feebleness of the solar excitement compared with what takes place in cases of nearer approach. There was developed no appearance of that crescent-like cap in front of the coma, which usually forms so conspicuous a feature in greater comets—at least, on those occasions, when we ourselves observed it to the greatest advantage, viz. on the 19th and 22nd of August, we could perceive no such crescent. On the first of those dates, viewing it with a Newtonian reflector of six inches in aperture and seven feet focal length, its nucleus under a low magnifying power appeared double; but on applying a power of 168, this appearance was resolved into that of a very condensed, small and brilliant nucleus, from which proceeded the jet or fountains in question, so narrow at its origin, and opening out so suddenly, as to convey almost the impression of a second larger and more nebulous nucleus connected with the real one by a neck of light much less brilliant than the latter. The lateral expansion of this false nucleus on both sides formed the coma, the most luminous portion of it being in advance of the real nucleus (or towards the sun), and its form somewhat flattened in front and with a very evident depression towards the vertex, conveying the idea of a bi-partition of the ejected vapour, and a drifting backwards of it in two streams, or rather pulls, on either side of the false nucleus. On the 23rd the same appearances were observed, but the direction of the original jet was now considerably oblique to the general axis of figure. On that evening at about half-past nine o'clock P.M. a small star was involved in the denser portion of the coma. At 10h. 55m. the comet had left this star far behind; and, being now completely disengaged from the coma, had so strikingly increased in splendour (being estimated as of the seventh magnitude, whereas before it could hardly be regarded as the tenth), that it was difficult not to believe that a *real* destruction of a portion of its light had been effected in passing through the vapour of the coma. On neither occasion could any polarization of the comet's light be detected.

The Small House at Allington.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. ROPER'S BOARDING-HOUSE.



I HAVE said that John Eames had been petted by none but his mother, but I would not have it supposed, on this account, that John Eames had no friends. There is a class of young men who never get petted, though they may not be the less esteemed, or perhaps loved. They do not come forth to the world as Apollos, nor shine at all, keeping what light they may have for inward purposes. Such young men are often awkward, ungainly, and not yet formed in their gait; they straggle with their limbs, and are shy; words do not come to them with ease, when words are re-

quired, among any but their accustomed associates. Social meetings are periods of penance to them, and any appearance in public will unnerve them. They go much about alone, and blush when women speak to them. In truth, they are not as yet men, whatever the number may be of their years; and, as they are no longer boys, the world has found for them the ungraceful name of hobbledchey.

Such observations, however, as I have been enabled to make on this matter have led me to believe that the hobbledchey is by no means the least valuable species of the human race. When I compare the hobbledchey of one or two and twenty to some finished Apollo of the same age, I regard the former as unripe fruit, and the latter as fruit that is ripe. Then comes the question as to the two fruits. Which is the better fruit,



and you love me " said s. c.

that which ripens early—which is, perhaps, favoured with some little forcing apparatus, or which, at least, is backed by the warmth of a southern wall; or that fruit of slower growth, as to which nature works without assistance, on which the sun operates in its own time,—or perhaps never operates if some ungenial shade has been allowed to interpose itself? The world, no doubt, is in favour of the forcing apparatus or of the southern wall. The fruit comes certainly, and at an assured period. It is spotless, speckless, and of a certain quality by no means despicable. The owner has it when he wants it, and it serves its turn. But, nevertheless, according to my thinking, the fullest flavour of the sun is given to that other fruit,—is given in the sun's own good time, if so be that no ungenial shade has interposed itself. I like the smack of the natural growth, and like it, perhaps, the better because that which has been obtained has been obtained without favour.

But the hobbledchey, though he blushes when women address him, and is uneasy even when he is near them, though he is not master of his limbs in a ball-room, and is hardly master of his tongue at any time, is the most eloquent of beings, and especially eloquent among beautiful women. He enjoys all the triumphs of a Don Juan, without any of Don Juan's heartlessness, and is able to conquer in all encounters, through the force of his wit and the sweetness of his voice. But this eloquence is heard only by his own inner ears, and these triumphs are the triumphs of his imagination.

The true hobbledchey is much alone, not being greatly given to social intercourse even with other hobbledchey, a trait in his character which I think has hardly been sufficiently observed by the world at large. He has probably become a hobbledchey instead of an Apollo because circumstances have not afforded him much social intercourse; and, therefore, he wanders about in solitude, taking long walks, in which he dreams of those successes which are so far removed from his powers of achievement. Out in the fields, with his stick in his hand, he is very eloquent, cutting off the heads of the springing summer weeds, as he practises his oratory with energy. And thus he feeds an imagination for which those who know him give him but scanty credit, and unconsciously prepares himself for that latter ripening, if only the ungenial shade will some day cease to interpose itself.

Such hobbledchey receive but little petting, unless it be from a mother; and such a hobbledchey was John Eames when he was sent away from Guestwick to begin his life in the big room of a public office in London. We may say that there was nothing of the young Apollo about him. But yet he was not without friends,—friends who wished him well and thought much of his welfare. And he had a younger sister who loved him dearly, who had no idea that he was a hobbledchey, being somewhat of a hobbledchey herself. Mrs. Eames, their mother, was a widow, living in a small house in Guestwick, whose husband had been throughout his whole life an intimate friend of our squire. He had

been a man of many misfortunes, having begun the world almost with affluence, and having ended it in poverty. He had lived all his days in Guestwick, having at one time occupied a large tract of land, and lost much money in experimental farming; and late in life he had taken a small house on the outskirts of the town, and there had died, some two years previously to the commencement of this story. With no other man had Mr. Dale lived on terms so intimate; and when Mr. Eames died Mr. Dale acted as executor under his will, and as guardian to his children. He had, moreover, obtained for John Eames that situation under the Crown which he now held.

And Mrs. Eames had been and still was on very friendly terms with Mrs. Dale. The squire had never taken quite kindly to Mrs. Eames, whom her husband had not met till he was already past forty years of age. But Mrs. Dale had made up by her kindness to the poor forlorn woman for any lack of that cordiality which might have been shown to her from the Great House. Mrs. Eames was a poor forlorn woman,—forlorn even during the time of her husband's life, but very wibegone now in her widowhood. In matters of importance the squire had been kind to her; arranging for her her little money affairs, advising her about her house and income, also getting for her that appointment for her son. But he snubbed her when he met her, and poor Mrs. Eames held him in great awe. Mrs. Dale held her brother-in-law in no awe, and sometimes gave to the widow from Guestwick advice quite at variance to that given by the squire. In this way there had grown up an intimacy between Bell and Lily and the young Eames, and either of the girls was prepared to declare that Johnny Eames was her own and well-loved friend. Nevertheless, they spoke of him occasionally with some little dash of merriement,—as is not unusual with pretty girls who have hobbledchoys among their intimate friends, and who are not themselves unaccustomed to the grace of an Apollo.

I may as well announce at once that John Eames, when he went up to London, was absolutely and irretrievably in love with Lily Dale. He had declared his passion in the most moving language a hundred times; but he had declared it only to himself. He had written much poetry about Lily, but he kept his lines safe under double lock and key. When he gave the reins to his imagination, he flattered himself that he might win not only her but the world at large also by his verses; but he would have perished rather than exhibit them to human eye. During the last ten weeks of his life at Guestwick, while he was preparing for his career in London, he hung about Allington, walking over frequently and then walking back again; but all in vain. During these visits he would sit in Mrs. Dale's drawing-room, speaking but little, and addressing himself usually to the mother; but on each occasion, as he started on his long, hot walk, he resolved that he would say something by which Lily might know of his love. When he left for London that something had not been said.

He had not dreamed of asking her to be his wife. John Eames was about to begin the world with eighty pounds a year, and an allowance of twenty more from his mother's purse. He was well aware that with such an income he could not establish himself as a married man in London, and he also felt that the man who might be fortunate enough to win Lily for his wife should be prepared to give her every soft luxury that the world could afford. He knew well that he ought not to expect any assurance of Lily's love; but, nevertheless, he thought it possible that he might give her an assurance of his love. It would probably be in vain. He had no real hope, unless when he was in one of those poetic moods. He had acknowledged to himself, in some indistinct way, that he was no more than a hobbledy-hoy, awkward, silent, ungainly, with a face unfinished, as it were, or unripe. All this he knew, and knew also that there were Apollos in the world who would be only too ready to carry off Lily in their splendid cars. But not the less did he make up his mind that having loved her once, it behoved him, as a true man, to love her on to the end.

One little word he had said to her when they parted, but it had been a word of friendship rather than of love. He had strayed out after her on to the lawn, leaving Bell alone in the drawing-room. Perhaps Lily had understood something of the boy's feeling, and had wished to speak kindly to him at parting, or almost more than kindly. There is a silent love which women recognize, and which in some silent way they acknowledge, — giving gracious but silent thanks for the respect which accompanies it.

"I have come to say good-by, Lily," said Johnny Eames, following the girl down one of the paths.

"Good-by, John," said she, turning round. "You know how sorry we are to lose you. But it's a great thing for you to be going up to London."

"Well; yes. I suppose it is. I'd sooner remain here, though."

"What! stay here, doing nothing! I am sure you would not."

"Of course, I should like to do something. I mean——"

"You mean that it is painful to part with old friends; and I'm sure that we all feel that at parting with you. But you'll have a holiday sometimes, and then we shall see you."

"Yes; of course, I shall see you then. I think, Lily, I shall care more about seeing you than anybody."

"Oh, no, John. There'll be your own mother and sister."

"Yes; there'll be mother and Mary, of course. But I will come over here the very first day,—that is, if you'll care to see me?"

"We shall care to see *you* very much. You know that. And—dear John, I do hope you'll be happy."

There was a tone in her voice as she spoke which almost upset him, or, I should rather say, which almost put him up upon his legs and made him speak; but its ultimate effect was less powerful. "Do you?" said he, as he held her hand for a few happy seconds. "And I'm sure I hope

you'll always be happy. Good-by, Lily." Then he left her, returning to the house, and she continued her walk, wandering down among the trees in the shrubbery, and not showing herself for the next half hour. How many girls have some such lover as that,—a lover who says no more to them than Johnny Eames then said to Lily Dale, who never says more than that? And yet when, in after years, they count over the names of all who have loved them, the name of that awkward youth is never forgotten.

That farewell had been spoken nearly two years since, and Lily Dale was then seventeen. Since that time, John Eames had been home once, and during his month's holidays had often visited Allington. But he had never improved upon that occasion of which I have told. It had seemed to him that Lily was colder to him than in old days, and he had become, if anything, more shy in his ways with her. He was to return to Guestwick again during this autumn; but, to tell honestly the truth in the matter, Lily Dale did not think or care very much for his coming. Girls of nineteen do not care for lovers of one-and-twenty, unless it be when the fruit has had the advantage of some forcing apparatus or southern wall.

John Eames's love was still as hot as ever, having been sustained on poetry, and kept alive, perhaps, by some close confidence in the ears of a brother clerk; but it is not to be supposed that during these two years he had been a melancholy lover. It might, perhaps, have been better for him had his disposition led him to that line of life. Such, however, had not been the case. He had already abandoned the flute on which he had learned to sound three sad notes before he left Guestwick, and, after the fifth or sixth Sunday, he had relinquished his solitary walks along the towing-path of the Regent's Park Canal. To think of one's absent love is very sweet; but it becomes monotonous after a mile or two of a towing-path, and the mind will turn away to Aunt Sally, the Cremorne Gardens, and financial questions. I doubt whether any girl would be satisfied with her lover's mind if she knew the whole of it.

"I say, Caudle, I wonder whether a fellow could get into a club?"

This proposition was made, on one of those Sunday walks, by John Eames to the friend of his bosom, a brother clerk, whose legitimate name was Cradell, and who was therefore called Caudle by his friends.

"Get into a club? Fisher in our room belongs to a club."

"That's only a chess-club. I mean a regular club."

"One of the swell ones at the West End?" said Cradell, almost lost in admiration at the ambition of his friend.

"I shouldn't want it to be particularly swell. If a man isn't a swell, I don't see what he gets by going among those who are. But it is so uncommon slow at Mother Roper's." Now Mrs. Roper was a respectable lady, who kept a boarding-house in Burton Crescent, and to whom Mrs. Eames had been strongly recommended when she was desirous of finding a specially safe domicile for her son. For the first year of his life

in London John Eames had lived alone in lodgings; but that had resulted in discomfort, solitude, and, alas! in some amount of debt, which had come heavily on the poor widow. Now, for the second year, some safer mode of life was necessary. She had learned that Mrs. Cradell, the widow of a barrister, who had also succeeded in getting her son into the Income-tax Office, had placed him in charge of Mrs. Roper; and she, with many injunctions to that motherly woman, submitted her own boy to the same custody.

"And about going to church?" Mrs. Eames had said to Mrs. Roper.

"I don't suppose I can look after that, ma'am," Mrs. Roper had answered, conscientiously. "Young gentlemen choose mostly their own churches."

"But they do go?" asked the mother, very anxious in her heart as to this new life in which her boy was to be left to follow in so many things the guidance of his own lights.

"They who have been brought up steady do so, mostly."

"He has been brought up steady, Mrs. Roper. He has, indeed. And you won't give him a latch-key?"

"Well, they always do ask for it."

"But he won't insist, if you tell him that I had rather that he shouldn't have one."

Mrs. Roper promised accordingly, and Johnny Eames was left under her charge. He did ask for the latch-key, and Mrs. Roper answered as she was bidden. But he asked again, having been sophisticated by the philosophy of Cradell, and then Mrs. Roper handed him the key. She was a woman who plumed herself on being as good as her word, not understanding that any one could justly demand from her more than that. She gave Johnny Eames the key, as doubtless she had intended to do; for Mrs. Roper knew the world, and understood that young men without latch-keys would not remain with her.

"I thought you didn't seem to find it so dull since Amelia came home," said Cradell.

"Amelia! What's Amelia to me? I have told you everything, Cradell, and yet you can talk to me about Amelia Roper!"

"Come now, Johnny ——" He had always been called Johnny, and the name had gone with him to his office. Even Amelia Roper had called him Johnny on more than one occasion before this. "You were as sweet to her the other night as though there were no such person as L. D. in existence." John Eames turned away and shook his head. Nevertheless, the words of his friend were grateful to him. The character of a Don Juan was not unpleasant to his imagination, and he liked to think that he might amuse Amelia Roper with a passing word, though his heart was true to Lillian Dale. In truth, however, many more of the passing words had been spoken by the fair Amelia than by him.

Mrs. Roper had been quite as good as her word when she told Mrs. Eames that her household was composed of herself, of a son who

was in an attorney's office, of an ancient maiden cousin, named Miss Spruce, who lodged with her, and of Mr. Cradell. The divine Amelia had not then been living with her, and the nature of the statement which she was making by no means compelled her to inform Mrs. Eames that the young lady would probably return home in the following winter. A Mr. and Mrs. Lupex had also joined the family lately, and Mrs. Roper's house was now supposed to be full.

And it must be acknowledged that Johnny Eames had, in certain unguarded moments, confided to Cradell the secret of a second, weaker passion for Amelia. "She is a fine girl,—a deuced fine girl!" Johnny Eames had said, using a style of language which he had learned since he left Guestwick and Allington. Mr. Cradell, also, was an admirer of the fair sex; and, alas! that I should say so, Mrs. Lupex, at the present moment, was the object of his admiration. Not that he entertained the slightest idea of wronging Mr. Lupex,—a man who was a scene-painter, and knew the world. Mr. Cradell admired Mrs. Lupex as a connoisseur, not simply as a man. "By heavens! Johnny, what a figure that woman has!" he said, one morning, as they were walking to their office.

"Yes; she stands well on her pins."

"I should think she did. If I understand anything of form," said Cradell, "that woman is nearly perfect. What a torso she has?"

From which expression, and from the fact that Mrs. Lupex depended greatly upon her stays and crinoline for such figure as she succeeded in displaying, it may, perhaps, be understood that Mr. Cradell did not understand much about form.

"It seems to me that her nose isn't quite straight," said Johnny Eames. Now, it undoubtedly was the fact that the nose on Mrs. Lupex's face was a little awry. It was a long, thin nose, which, as it progressed forward into the air, certainly had a preponderating bias towards the left side.

"I care more for figure than face," said Cradell. "But Mrs. Lupex has fine eyes—very fine eyes."

"And knows how to use them, too," said Johnny.

"Why shouldn't she? And then she has lovely hair."

"Only she never brushes it in the morning."

"Do you know, I like that kind of deshabbille," said Cradell. "Too much care always betrays itself."

"But a woman should be tidy."

"What a word to apply to such a creature as Mrs. Lupex! I call her a splendid woman. And how well she was got up last night. Do you know, I've an idea that Lupex treats her very badly. She said a word or two to me yesterday that ——," and then he paused. There are some confidences which a man does not share even with his dearest friend.

"I rather fancy it's quite the other way," said Eames.

"How the other way?"

"That Lupex has quite as much as he likes of Mrs. L. The sound of her voice sometimes makes me shake in my shoes, I know."

"I like a woman with spirit," said Cradell.

"Oh, so do I. But one may have too much of a good thing. Amelia did tell me;—only you won't mention it."

"Of course, I won't."

"She told me that Lupex sometimes was obliged to run away from her. He goes down to the theatre, and remains there two or three days at a time. Then she goes to fetch him, and there is no end of a row in the house."

"The fact is, he drinks," said Cradell. "By George, I pity a woman whose husband drinks, —and such a woman as that, too!"

"Take care, old fellow, or you'll find yourself in a scrape."

"I know what I'm at. Lord bless you, I'm not going to lose my head because I see a fine woman."

"Or your heart either?"

"Oh, heart! There's nothing of that kind of thing about me. I regard a woman as a picture or a statue. I dare say I shall marry some day, because men do; but I've no idea of losing myself about a woman."

"I'd lose myself ten times over for——"

"L. D.," said Cradell.

"That I would. And yet I know I shall never have her. I'm a jolly, laughing sort of fellow; and yet, do you know, Caudle, when that girl marries, it will be all up with me. It will, indeed."

"Do you mean that you'll cut your throat?"

"No; I shan't do that. I shan't do anything of that sort; and yet it will be all up with me."

"You are going down there in October;—why don't you ask her to have you?"

"With ninety pounds a year!" His grateful country had twice increased his salary at the rate of five pounds each year. "With ninety pounds a year, and twenty allowed me by my mother!"

"She could wait, I suppose. I should ask her, and no mistake. If one is to love a girl, it's no good one going on in that way."

"It isn't much good, certainly," said Johnny Eames. And then they reached the door of the Income-tax Office, and each went away to his own desk.

From this little dialogue, it may be imagined that though Mrs. Roper was as good as her word, she was not exactly the woman whom Mrs. Eames would have wished to select as a protecting angel for her son. But the truth I take to be this, that protecting angels for widows' sons, at forty-eight pounds a year, paid quarterly, are not to be found very readily in London. Mrs. Roper was not worse than others of her class. She would much have preferred lodgers who were respectable to those who were not so,—if she could only have found respectable lodgers as she

wanted them. Mr. and Mrs. Lupex hardly came under that denomination; and when she gave them up her big front bedroom at a hundred a year, she knew she was doing wrong. And she was troubled, too, about her own daughter Amelia, who was already over thirty years of age. Amelia was a very clever young woman, who had been, if the truth must be told, first young lady at a millinery establishment in Manchester. Mrs. Roper knew that Mrs. Eames and Mrs. Cradell would not wish their sons to associate with her daughter. But what could she do? She could not refuse the shelter of her own house to her own child, and yet her heart misgave her when she saw Amelia flirting with young Eames.

"I wish, Amelia, you wouldn't have so much to say to that young man."

"Laws, mother."

"So I do. If you go on like that, you'll put me out of both my lodgers."

"Go on like what, mother? If a gentleman speaks to me, I suppose I'm to answer him? I know how to behave myself, I believe." And then she gave her head a toss. Whereupon her mother was silent; for her mother was afraid of her.

CHAPTER V.

ABOUT L. D.

APOLLO CROSBIE left London for Allington on the 31st of August, intending to stay there four weeks, with the declared intention of recruiting his strength by an absence of two months from official cares, and with no fixed purpose as to his destiny for the last of those two months. Offers of hospitality had been made to him by the dozen. Lady Hartletop's doors, in Shropshire, were open to him, if he chose to enter them. He had been invited by the Countess de Courcy to join her suite at Courcy Castle. His special friend Montgomerie Dobbs had a place in Scotland, and then there was a yachting party by which he was much wanted. But Mr. Crosbie had as yet knocked himself down to none of these biddings, having before him when he left London no other fixed engagement than that which took him to Allington. On the first of October we shall also find ourselves at Allington in company with Johnny Eames; and Apollo Crosbie will still be there,—by no means to the comfort of our friend from the Income-tax Office.

Johnny Eames cannot be called unlucky in that matter of his annual holiday, seeing that he was allowed to leave London in October, a month during which few chose to own that they remain in town. For myself, I always regard May as the best month for holiday-making; but then no Londoner cares to be absent in May. Young Eames, though he lived in

Burton Crescent and had as yet no connection with the West End, had already learned his lesson in this respect. "Those fellows in the big room want me to take May," he had said to his friend Cradell. "They must think I'm uncommon green."

"It's too bad," said Cradell. "A man shouldn't be asked to take his leave in May. I never did, and what's more, I never will. I'd go to the Board first."

Eames had escaped this evil without going to the Board, and had succeeded in obtaining for himself for his own holiday that month of October, which, of all months, is perhaps the most highly esteemed for holiday purposes. "I shall go down by the mail-train to-morrow night," he said to Amelia Roper, on the evening before his departure. At that moment he was sitting alone with Amelia in Mrs. Roper's back drawing-room. In the front room Cradell was talking to Mrs. Lupex; but as Miss Spruce was with them, it may be presumed that Mr. Lupex need have had no cause for jealousy.

"Yes," said Amelia; "I know how great is your haste to get down to that fascinating spot. I could not expect that you would lose one single hour in hurrying away from Burton Crescent."

Amelia Roper was a tall, well-grown young woman, with dark hair and dark eyes;—not handsome, for her nose was thick, and the lower part of her face was heavy, but yet not without some feminine attractions. Her eyes were bright; but then, also, they were mischievous. She could talk fluently enough; but then, also, she could scold. She could assume sometimes the plumage of a dove; but then again she could occasionally ruffle her feathers like an angry kite. I am quite prepared to acknowledge that John Eames should have kept himself clear of Amelia Roper; but then young men so frequently do those things which they should not do!

"After twelve months up here in London one is glad to get away to one's own friends," said Johnny.

"Your own friends, Mr. Eames! What sort of friends? Do you suppose I don't know?"

"Well, no. I don't think you do know."

"L. D.!" said Amelia, showing that Lily had been spoken of among people who should never have been allowed to hear her name. But perhaps, after all, no more than those two initials were known in Burton Crescent. From the tone which was now used in naming them, it was sufficiently manifest that Amelia considered herself to be wronged by their very existence.

"L. S. D.," said Johnny, attempting the line of a witty, gay young spendthrift. "That's my love; pounds, shillings, and pence; and a very coy mistress she is."

"Nonsense, sir. Don't talk to me in that way. As if I didn't know where your heart was. What right had you to speak to me if you had an L. D. down in the country?"

It should be here declared on behalf of poor John Fames that he had not ever spoken to Amelia—he had not spoken to her in any such phrase as her words seemed to imply. But then he had written to her a fatal note of which we will speak further before long, and that perhaps was quite as bad,—or worse.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Johnny. But the laugh was assumed, and not assumed with ease.

"Yes, sir; it's a laughing matter to you, I dare say. It is very easy for a man to laugh under such circumstances;—that is to say, if he is perfectly heartless,—if he's got a stone inside his bosom instead of flesh and blood. Some men are made of stone, I know, and are troubled with no feelings."

"What is it you want me to say? You pretend to know all about it, and it wouldn't be civil in me to contradict you."

"What is it I want? You know very well what I want; or rather, I don't want anything. What is it to me? It is nothing to me about L. D. You can go down to Allington and do what you like for me. Only I have such ways."

"What ways, Amelia?"

"What ways! Now, look here, Johnny: I'm not going to make a fool of myself for any man. When I came home here three months ago—and I wish I never had;"—she paused here a moment, waiting for a word of tenderness; but as the word of tenderness did not come, she went on—"but when I did come home, I didn't think there was a man in all London could make me care for him,—that I didn't. And now you're going away, without so much as hardly saying a word to me." And then she brought out her handkerchief.

"What am I to say, when you keep on scolding me all the time?"

"Scolding you!—And me too! No, Johnny, I ain't scolding you, and don't mean to. If it's to be all over between us, say the word, and I'll take myself away out of the house before you come back again. I've had no secrets from you. I can go back to my business in Manchester, though it is beneath my birth, and not what I've been used to. If L. D. is more to you than I am, I won't stand in your way. Only say the word."

L. D. was more to him than Amelia Roper,—ten times more to him. L. D. would have been everything to him, and Amelia Roper was worse than nothing. He felt all this at the moment, and struggled hard to collect an amount of courage that would make him free.

"Say the word," said she, rising on her feet before him, "and all between you and me shall be over. I have got your promise, but I'd scorn to take advantage. If Amelia hasn't got your heart, she'd despise to take your hand. Only I must have an answer."

It would seem that an easy way of escape was offered to him; but the lady probably knew that the way as offered by her was not easy to such an one as John Fames.

"Amelia," he said, still keeping his seat.

"Well, sir?"

"You know I love you."

"And about L. D.?"

"If you choose to believe all the nonsense that Cradell puts into your head, I can't help it. If you like to make yourself jealous about two letters, it isn't my fault."

"And you love me?" said she.

"Of course I love you." And then, upon hearing these words, Amelia threw herself into his arms.

As the folding doors between the two rooms were not closed, and as Miss Spruce was sitting in her easy chair immediately opposite to them, it was probable that she saw what passed. But Miss Spruce was a taciturn old lady, not easily excited to any show of surprise or admiration; and as she had lived with Mrs. Roper for the last twelve years, she was probably well acquainted with her daughter's ways.

"You'll be true to me?" said Amelia, during the moment of that embrace;—"true to me for ever?"

"Oh, yes; that's a matter of course," said Johnny Eames. And then she liberated him; and the two strolled into the front sitting-room.

"I declare, Mr. Eames," said Mrs. Lupex, "I'm glad you've come. Here's Mr. Cradell does say such queer things."

"Queer things!" said Cradell. "Now, Miss Spruce, I appeal to you—have I said any queer things?"

"If you did, sir, I didn't notice them," said Miss Spruce.

"I noticed them, then," said Mrs. Lupex. "An unmarried man like Mr. Cradell has no business to know whether a married lady wears a cap or her own hair,—has he, Mr. Eames?"

"I don't think I ever know," said Johnny, not intending any sarcasm on Mrs. Lupex.

"I dare say not, sir," said the lady. "We all know where your attention is riveted. If you were to wear a cap, my dear, somebody would see the difference very soon,—wouldn't they, Miss Spruce?"

"I dare say they would," said Miss Spruce.

"If I could look as nice in a cap as you do, Mrs. Lupex, I'd wear one to-morrow," said Amelia, who did not wish to quarrel with the married lady at the present moment. There were occasions, however, on which Mrs. Lupex and Miss Roper were by no means so gracious to each other.

"Does Lupex like caps?" asked Cradell.

"If I wore a plumed helmet on my head, it's my belief he wouldn't know the difference; nor yet if I had got no head at all. That's what comes of getting married. If you'll take my advice, Miss Roper, you'll stay as you are; even though somebody should break his heart about it. Wouldn't you, Miss Spruce?"

"Oh, as for me, I'm an old woman, you know," said Miss Spruce, which was certainly true.

"I don't see what any woman gets by marrying," continued Mrs. Lupex. "But a man gains everything. He don't know how to live, unless he's got a woman to help him."

"But is love to go for nothing?" said Cradell.

"Oh, love! I don't believe in love. I suppose I thought I loved once, but what did it come to after all? Now, there's Mr. Eames,—we all know he's in love."

"It comes natural to me, Mrs. Lupex. I was born so," said Johnny.

"And there's Miss Roper;—one never ought to speak free about a lady, but perhaps she's in love too."

"Speak for yourself, Mrs. Lupex," said Amelia.

"There's no harm in saying that, is there? I'm sure, if you ain't, you're very hard-hearted; for if ever there was a true lover, I believe you've got one of your own. My l!—if there's not Lupex's step on the stair! What can bring him home at this hour? If he's been drinking, he'll come home as cross as anything." Then Mr. Lupex entered the room, and the pleasantness of the party was destroyed.

It may be said that neither Mrs. Cradell nor Mrs. Eames would have placed their sons in Burton Crescent if they had known the dangers into which the young men would fall. Each, it must be acknowledged, was imprudent; but each clearly saw the imprudence of the other. Not a week before this Cradell had seriously warned his friend against the arts of Miss Roper. "By George, Johnny, you'll get yourself entangled with that girl."

"One always has to go through that sort of thing," said Johnny.

"Yes; but those who go through too much of it never get out again. Where would you be if she got a written promise of marriage from you?"

Poor Johnny did not answer this immediately, for in very truth Amelia Roper had such a document in her possession.

"Where should I be?" said he. "Among the breaches of promise, I suppose."

"Either that, or else among the victims of matrimony. My belief of you is, that if you gave such a promise, you'd carry it out."

"Perhaps I should," said Johnny; "but I don't know. It's a matter of doubt what a man ought to do in such a case."

"But there's been nothing of that kind yet?"

"Oh, dear, no!"

"If I was you, Johnny, I'd keep away from her. It's very good fun, of course, that sort of thing; but it is so uncommon dangerous! Where would you be now with such a girl as that for your wife?"

Such had been the caution given by Cradell to his friend. And now, just as he was starting for Allington, Eames returned the compliment. They had gone together to the Great Western station at Paddington, and

Johnny tendered his advice as they were walking together up and down the platform.

"I say, Caudle, old boy, you'll find yourself in trouble with that Mrs. Lupex, if you don't take care of yourself."

"But I shall take care of myself. There's nothing so safe as a little nonsense with a married woman. Of course, it means nothing, you know, between her and me."

"I don't suppose it does mean anything. But she's always talking about Lupex being jealous; and if he was to cut up rough, you wouldn't find it pleasant."

Cradell, however, seemed to think that there was no danger. His little affair with Mrs. Lupex was quite platonic and safe. As for doing any real harm, his principles, as he assured his friend, were too high. Mrs. Lupex was a woman of talent, whom no one seemed to understand, and, therefore, he had taken some pleasure in studying her character. It was merely a study of character, and nothing more. Then the friends parted, and Eames was carried away by the night mail-train down to Guestwick.

How his mother was up to receive him at four o'clock in the morning, how her maternal heart was rejoiced at seeing the improvement in his gait, and the manliness of appearance imparted to him by his whiskers I need not describe at length. Many of the attributes of a hobbledehoy had fallen from him, and even Lily Dale might now probably acknowledge that he was no longer a boy. All which might be regarded as good, if only in putting off childish things he had taken up things which were better than childish.

On the very first day of his arrival he made his way over to Allington. He did not walk on this occasion as he had used to do in the old happy days. He had an idea that it might not be well for him to go into Mrs. Dale's drawing-room with the dust of the road on his boots, and the heat of the day on his brow. So he borrowed a horse and rode over, taking some pride in a pair of spurs which he had bought in Piccadilly, and in his kid gloves, which were brought out new for the occasion. Alas, alas! I fear that those two years in London have not improved John Eames; and yet I have to acknowledge that John Eames is one of the heroes of my story.

On entering Mrs. Dale's drawing-room he found Mrs. Dale and her eldest daughter. Lily at the moment was not there, and as he shook hands with the other two, of course, he asked for her.

"She is only in the garden," said Bell. "She will be here directly."

"She has walked across to the Great House with Mr. Crosbie," said Mrs. Dale; "but she is not going to remain. She will be so glad to see you, John! We all expected you to-day."

"Did you?" said Johnny, whose heart had been plunged into cold water at the mention of Mr. Crosbie's name. He had been thinking of Lilian Dale ever since his friend had left him on the railway platform;

and, as I beg to assure all ladies who may read my tale, the truth of his love for Lily had moulted no feather through that unholy liaison between him and Miss Roper. I fear that I shall be disbelieved in this; but it was so. His heart was and ever had been true to Lilian, although he had allowed himself to be talked into declarations of affection by such a creature as Amelia Roper. He had been thinking of his meeting with Lily all the night and throughout the morning, and now he heard that she was walking alone about the gardens with a strange gentleman. That Mr. Crosbie was very grand and very fashionable he had heard, but he knew no more of him. Why should Mr. Crosbie be allowed to walk with Lily Dale? And why should Mrs. Dale mention the circumstance as though it were quite a thing of course? Such mystery as there was in this was solved very quickly.

"I'm sure Lily won't object to my telling such a dear friend as you what has happened," said Mrs. Dale. "She is engaged to be married to Mr. Crosbie."

The water into which Johnny's heart had been plunged now closed over his head and left him speechless. Lily Dale was engaged to be married to Mr. Crosbie! He knew that he should have spoken when he heard the tidings. He knew that the moments of silence as they passed by told his secret to the two women before him,—that secret which it would now behove him to conceal from all the world. But yet he could not speak.

"We are all very well pleased at the match," said Mrs. Dale, wishing to spare him.

"Nothing can be nicer than Mr. Crosbie," said Bell. "We have often talked about you, and he will be so happy to know you."

"He won't know much about me," said Johnny; and even in speaking these few senseless words—words which he uttered because it was necessary that he should say something—the tone of his voice was altered. He would have given the world to have been master of himself at this moment, but he felt that he was utterly vanquished.

"There is Lily coming across the lawn," said Mrs. Dale.

"Then I'd better go," said Eames. "Don't say anything about it; pray don't." And then, without waiting for another word, he escaped out of the drawing-room.

CHAPTER VI.

BEAUTIFUL DAYS.

I AM well aware that I have not as yet given any description of Bell and Lilian Dale, and equally well aware that the longer the doing so is postponed the greater the difficulty becomes. I wish it could be understood without any description that they were two pretty, fair-haired girls, of

whom Bell was the tallest and the prettiest, whereas Lily was almost as pretty as her sister, and perhaps was more attractive.

They were fair-haired girls, very like each other, of whom I have before my mind's eye a distinct portrait, which I fear I shall not be able to draw in any such manner as will make it distinct to others. They were something below the usual height, being slight and slender in all their proportions. Lily was the shorter of the two, but the difference was so trifling that it was hardly remembered unless the two were together. And when I said that Bell was the prettier, I should, perhaps, have spoken more justly had I simply declared that her features were more regular than her sister's. The two girls were very fair, so that the soft tint of colour which relieved the whiteness of their complexion was rather acknowledged than distinctly seen. It was there, telling its own tale of health, as its absence would have told a tale of present or coming sickness; and yet nobody could ever talk about the colour in their cheeks. The hair of the two girls was so alike in hue and texture, that no one, not even their mother, could say that there was a difference. It was not flaxen hair, and yet it was very light. Nor did it approach to auburn; and yet there ran through it a golden tint that gave it a distinct brightness of its own. But with Bell it was more plentiful than with Lily, and therefore Lily would always talk of her own scanty locks, and tell how beautiful were those belonging to her sister. Nevertheless Lily's head was quite as lovely as her sister's; for its form was perfect, and the simple braids in which they both wore their hair did not require any great exuberance in quantity. Their eyes were brightly blue; but Bell's were long, and soft, and tender, often hardly daring to raise themselves to your face; while those of Lily were rounder, but brighter, and seldom kept by any want of courage from fixing themselves where they pleased. And Lily's face was perhaps less oval in its form—less perfectly oval—than her sister's. The shape of the forehead was, I think, the same, but with Bell the chin was something more slender and delicate. But Bell's chin was unmarked, whereas on her sister's there was a dimple which amply compensated for any other deficiency in its beauty. Bell's teeth were more even than her sister's; but then she showed her teeth more frequently. Her lips were thinner, and, as I cannot but think, less expressive. Her nose was decidedly more regular in its beauty, for Lily's nose was somewhat broader than it should have been. It may, therefore, be understood that Bell would be considered the beauty by the family.

But there was, perhaps, more in the general impression made by these girls, and in the whole tone of their appearance, than in the absolute loveliness of their features or the grace of their figures. There was about them a dignity of demeanour devoid of all stiffness or pride, and a maidenly modesty which gave itself no airs. In them was always apparent that sense of security which women should receive from an unconscious dependence on their own mingled purity and weakness. These two girls were never afraid of men,—never looked as though they were so afraid.

And I may say that they had little cause for that kind of fear to which I allude. It might be the lot of either of them to be ill-used by a man, but it was hardly possible that either of them should ever be insulted by one. Lily, as may, perhaps, have been already seen, could be full of play, but in her play she never so carried herself that any one could forget what was due to her.

And now Lily Dale was engaged to be married, and the days of her playfulness were over. It sounds sad, this sentence against her, but I fear that it must be regarded as true. And when I think that it is true,—when I see that the sportiveness and kitten-like gambols of girlhood should be over, and generally are over, when a girl has given her troth, it becomes a matter of regret to me that the feminine world should be in such a hurry after matrimony. I have, however, no remedy to offer for the evil; and, indeed, am aware that the evil, if there be an evil, is not well expressed in the words I have used. The hurry is not for matrimony, but for love. Then, the love once attained, matrimony seizes it for its own, and the evil is accomplished.

And Lily Dale was engaged to be married to Adolphus Crosbie,—to Apollo Crosbie, as she still called him, confiding her little joke to his own ears. And to her he was an Apollo, as a man who is loved should be to the girl who loves him. He was handsome, graceful, clever, self-confident, and always cheerful when she asked him to be cheerful. But he had also his more serious moments, and could talk to her of serious matters. He would read to her, and explain to her things which had hitherto been too hard for her young intelligence. His voice, too, was pleasant, and well under command. It could be pathetic if pathos were required, or ring with laughter as merry as her own. Was not such a man fit to be an Apollo to such a girl, when once the girl had acknowledged to herself that she loved him?

She had acknowledged it to herself, and had acknowledged it to him,—as the reader will perhaps say without much delay. But the courtship had so been carried on that no delay had been needed. All the world had smiled upon it. When Mr. Crosbie had first come among them at Allington, as Bernard's guest, during those few days of his early visit, it had seemed as though Bell had been chiefly noticed by him. And Bell in her own quiet way had accepted his admiration, saying nothing of it and thinking but very little. Lily was heart-free at the time, and had ever been so. No first shadow from Love's wing had as yet been thrown across the pure tablets of her bosom. With Bell it was not so,—not so in absolute strictness. Bell's story, too, must be told, but not on this page. But before Crosbie had come among them, it was a thing fixed in her mind that such love as she had felt must be overcome and annihilated. We may say that it had been overcome and annihilated, and that she would have sinned in no way had she listened to vows from this new Apollo. It is almost sad to think that such a man might have had the love of either of such girls, but I fear that I must acknowledge that it

was so. Apollo, in the plenitude of his power, soon changed his mind ; and before the end of his first visit, had transferred the distant homage which he was then paying from the elder to the younger sister. He afterwards returned, as the squire's guest, for a longer sojourn among them, and at the end of the first month had already been accepted as Lily's future husband.

It was beautiful to see how Bell changed in her mood towards Crosbie and towards her sister as soon as she perceived how the affair was going. She was not long in perceiving it, having caught the first glimpses of the idea on that evening when they both dined at the Great House, leaving their mother alone to eat or to neglect the pease. For some six or seven weeks Crosbie had been gone, and during that time Bell had been much more open in speaking of him than her sister. She had been present when Crosbie had bid them good-by, and had listened to his eagerness as he declared to Lily that he should soon be back again at Allington. Lily had taken this very quietly, as though it had not belonged at all to herself ; but Bell had seen something of the truth, and, believing in Crosbie as an earnest, honest man, had spoken kind words of him, fostering any little aptitude for love which might already have formed itself in Lily's bosom.

"But he is such an Apollo, you know," Lily had said.

"He is a gentleman ; I can see that."

"Oh, yes ; a man can't be an Apollo unless he's a gentleman."

"And he's very clever."

"I suppose he is clever." There was nothing more said about his being a mere clerk. Indeed, Lily had changed her mind on that subject. Johnny Eames was a mere clerk ; whereas Crosbie, if he was to be called a clerk at all, was a clerk of some very special denomination. There may be a great difference between one clerk and another ! A Clerk of the Council and a parish clerk are very different persons. Lily had got some such idea as this into her head as she attempted in her own mind to rescue Mr. Crosbie from the lower orders of the Government service.

"I wish he were not coming," Mrs. Dale had said to her eldest daughter.

"I think you are wrong, mamma."

"But if she should become fond of him, and then——"

"Lily will never become really fond of any man till he shall have given her proper reason. And if he admires her, why should they not come together?"

"But she is so young, Bell."

"She is nineteen ; and if they were engaged, perhaps, they might wait for a year or so. But it's no good talking in that way, mamma. If you were to tell Lily not to give him encouragement, she would not speak to him."

"I should not think of interfering."

"No, mamma; and therefore it must take its course. For myself, I like Mr. Crosbie very much."

"So do I, my dear."

"And so does my uncle. I wouldn't have Lily take a lover of my uncle's choosing."

"I should hope not."

"But it must be considered a good thing if she happens to choose one of his liking."

In this way the matter had been talked over between the mother and her elder daughter. Then Mr. Crosbie had come; and before the end of the first month his declared admiration for Lily had proved the correctness of her sister's foresight. And during that short courtship all had gone well with the lovers. The squire from the first had declared himself satisfied with the match, informing Mrs. Dale, in his cold manner, that Mr. Crosbie was a gentleman with an income sufficient for matrimony.

"It would be close enough in London," Mrs. Dale had said.

"He has more than my brother had when he married," said the squire.

"If he will only make her as happy as your brother made me,—while it lasted!" said Mrs. Dale, as she turned away her face to conceal a tear that was coming. And then there was nothing more said about it between the squire and his sister-in-law. The squire spoke no word as to assistance in money matters,—did not even suggest that he would lend a hand to the young people at starting, as an uncle in such a position might surely have done. It may well be conceived that Mrs. Dale herself said nothing on the subject. And, indeed, it may be conceived, also, that the squire, let his intentions be what they might, would not divulge them to Mrs. Dale. This was uncomfortable, but the position was one that was well understood between them.

Bernard Dale was still at Allington, and had remained there through the period of Crosbie's absence. Whatever words Mrs. Dale might choose to speak on the matter would probably be spoken to him; but, then, Bernard could be quite as close as his uncle. When Crosbie returned, he and Bernard had, of course, lived much together; and, as was natural, there came to be close discussion between them as to the two girls, when Crosbie allowed it to be understood that his liking for Lily was becoming strong.

"You know, I suppose, that my uncle wishes me to marry the elder one," Bernard had said.

"I have guessed as much."

"And I suppose the match will come off. She's a pretty girl, and as good as gold."

"Yes, she is."

"I don't pretend to be very much in love with her. It's not my way, you know. But, some of these days, I shall ask her to have me,

and I suppose it'll all go right. The governor has distinctly promised to allow me eight hundred a year off the estate, and to take us in for three months every year if we wish it. I told him simply that I couldn't do it for less, and he agreed with me."

"You and he get on very well together."

"Oh, yes! There's never been any fal-lal between us about love, and duty, and all that. I think we understand each other, and that's everything. He knows the comfort of standing well with the heir, and I know the comfort of standing well with the owner." It must be admitted, I think, that there was a great deal of sound, common sense about Bernard Dade.

"What will he do for the younger sister?" asked Crosbie; and, as he asked the important question, a close observer might have perceived that there was some slight tremor in his voice.

"Ah! that's more than I can tell you. If I were you, I should ask him. The governor is a plain man, and likes plain business."

"I suppose you couldn't ask him?"

"No; I don't think I could. It is my belief that he will not let her go by any means empty handed."

"Well, I should suppose so."

"But remember this, Crosbie,—I can say nothing to you on which you are to depend. Lily, also, is as good as gold; and, as you seem to be fond of her, I should ask the governor, if I were you, in so many words, what he intends to do. Of course, it's against my interest, for every shilling he gives Lily will ultimately come out of my pocket. But I'm not the man to care about that, as you know."

What might be Crosbie's knowledge on this subject we will not here inquire; but we may say that it would have mattered very little to him out of whose pocket the money came, so long as it went into his own. When he felt quite sure of Lily,—having, in fact, received Lily's permission to speak to her uncle, and Lily's promise that she would herself speak to her mother,—he did tell the squire what was his intention. This he did in an open, manly way, as though he felt that in asking for much he also offered to give much.

"I have nothing to say against it," said the squire.

"And I have your permission to consider myself as engaged to her?"

"If you have hers, and her mother's. Of course you are aware that I have no authority over her."

"She would not marry without your sanction."

"She is very good to think so much of her uncle," said the squire; and his words as he spoke them sounded very cold in Crosbie's ears. After that Crosbie said nothing about money, having to confess to himself that he was afraid to do so. "And what would be the use?" said he to himself, wishing to make excuses for what he felt to be weak in his own conduct. "If he should refuse to give her a shilling I could not go back from it now." And then some ideas ran across his mind as to the injustice

to which men are subjected in this matter of matrimony. A man has to declare himself before it is fitting that he should make any inquiry about a lady's money; and then, when he has declared himself, any such inquiry is unavailing. Which consideration somewhat cooled the ardour of his happiness. Lily Dale was very pretty, very nice, very refreshing in her innocence, her purity, and her quick intelligence. No amusement could be more deliciously amusing than that of making love to Lily Dale. Her way of flattering her lover without any intention of flattery on her part, had put Crosbie into a seventh heaven. In all his experience he had known nothing like it. "You may be sure of this," she had said,— "I shall love you with all my heart and all my strength." It was very nice;—but then what were they to live upon? Could it be that he, Adolphus Crosbie, should settle down on the north side of the New Road, as a married man, with eight hundred a year? If indeed the squire would be as good to Lily as he had promised to be to Bell, then indeed things might be made to arrange themselves.

But there was no such drawback on Lily's happiness. Her ideas about money were rather vague, but they were very honest. She knew she had none of her own, but supposed that it was a husband's duty to find what would be needful. She knew she had none of her own, and was therefore aware that she ought not to expect luxuries in the little household that was to be prepared for her. She hoped, for his sake, that her uncle might give some assistance, but was quite prepared to prove that she could be a good poor man's wife. In the old colloquies on such matters between her and her sister she had always declared that some decent income should be considered as indispensable before love could be entertained. But eight hundred a year had been considered as doing much more than fulfilling this stipulation. Bell had had high-flown notions as to the absolute glory of poverty. She had declared that income should not be considered at all. If she had loved a man, she would allow herself to be engaged to him, even though he had no income. Such had been their theories; and, as regarded money, Lily was quite contented with the way in which she had carried out her own.

In these beautiful days there was nothing to check her happiness. Her mother and sister united in telling her that she had done well,—that she was happy in her choice, and justified in her love. On that first day, when she told her mother all, she had been made exquisitely blissful by the way in which her tidings had been received.

"Oh! mamma, I must tell you something," she said, coming up to her mother's bedroom, after a long ramble with Mr. Crosbie through those Allington fields.

"Is it about Mr. Crosbie?"

"Yes, mamma." And then the rest had been said through the medium of warm embraces and happy tears rather than by words.

As she sat in her mother's room, hiding her face on her mother's shoulders, Bell had come, and had knelt at her feet.

"Dear Lily," she had said, "I am so glad." And then Lily remembered how she had, as it were, stolen her lover from her sister, and she put her arms round Bell's neck and kissed her.

"I knew how it was going to be from the very first," said Bell. "Did I not, mamma?"

"I'm sure I didn't," said Lily. "I never thought such a thing was possible."

"But we did,—mamma and I."

"Did you?" said Lily.

"Bell told me that it was to be so," said Mrs. Dale. "But I could hardly bring myself at first to think that he was good enough for any darling."

"Oh, mamma! you must not say that. You must think that he is good enough for anything."

"I will think that he is very good."

"Who could be better? And then, when you remember all that he is to give up for my sake!—And what can I do for him in return? What have I got to give him?"

Neither Mrs. Dale nor Bell could look at the matter in this light, thinking that Lily gave quite as much as she received. But they both declared that Crosbie was perfect, knowing that by such assurances only could they now administer to Lily's happiness; and Lily, between them, was made perfect in her happiness, receiving all manner of encouragement in her love, and being nourished in her passion by the sympathy and approval of her mother and sister.

And then had come that visit from Johnny Eames. As the poor fellow marched out of the room, giving them no time to say farewell, Mrs. Dale and Bell looked at each other sadly; but they were unable to concoct any arrangement, for Lily had run across the lawn, and was already on the ground before the window.

"As soon as we got to the end of the shrubbery there were uncle Christopher and Bernard close to us; so I told Adolphus he might go on by himself."

"And who do you think has been here?" said Bell. But Mrs. Dale said nothing. Had time been given to her to use her own judgment, nothing should have been said at that moment as to Johnny's visit.

"Has anybody been here since I went? Whoever it was didn't stay very long."

"Poor Johnny Eames," said Bell. Then the colour came up into Lily's face, and she bethought herself in a moment that the old friend of her young days had loved her, that he, too, had had hopes as to his love, and that now he had heard tidings which would put an end to such hopes. She understood it all in a moment, but understood also that it was necessary that she should conceal such understanding.

"Dear Johnny!" she said. "Why did he not wait for me?"

"We told him you were out," said Mrs. Dale. "He will be here again before long, no doubt."

"And he knows——?"

"Yes; I thought you would not object to my telling him."

"No, mamma; of course not. And he has gone back to Guestwick?"

There was no answer given to this question, nor were there any further words then spoken about Johnny Eames. Each of these women understood exactly how the matter stood, and each knew that the others understood it. The young man was loved by them all, but not loved with that sort of admiring affection which had been accorded to Mr. Crosbie. Johnny Eames could not have been accepted as a suitor by their pet. Mrs. Dale and Bell both felt that. And yet they loved him for his love, and for that distant, modest respect which had restrained him from any speech regarding it. Poor Johnny! But he was young,—hardly as yet out of his hobbledohoyhood,—and he would easily recover this blow, remembering, and perhaps feeling to his advantage, some slight touch of its passing romance. It is thus women think of men who love young and love in vain.

But Johnny Eames himself, as he rode back to Guestwick, forgetful of his spurs, and with his gloves stuffed into his pocket, thought of the matter very differently. He had never promised to himself any success as to his passion for Lily, and had, indeed, always acknowledged that he could have no hope; but now, that she was actually promised to another man, and as good as married, he was not the less broken-hearted because his former hopes had not been high. He had never dared to speak to Lily of his love, but he was conscious that she knew it, and he did not now dare to stand before her as one convicted of having loved in vain. And then, as he rode back, he thought also of his other love, not with many of those pleasant thoughts which Lotharios and Don Juans may be presumed to enjoy when they contemplate their successes. "I suppose I shall marry her, and there'll be an end of me," he said to himself, as he remembered a short note which he had once written to her in his madness. There had been a little supper at Mrs. Roper's, and Mrs. Lupex and Amelia had made the punch. After supper, he had been by some accident alone with Amelia in the dining-parlour; and when, warmed by the generous god, he had declared his passion, she had shaken her head mournfully, and had fled from him to some upper region, absolutely refusing his proffered embrace. But on the same night, before his head had found its pillow, a note had come to him, half repentant, half affectionate, half repellent,—"If, indeed, he would swear to her that his love was honest and manly, then, indeed, she might even yet,—see him through the chink of the doorway with the purport of telling him that he was forgiven." Whereupon, a perfidious pencil being near to his hand, he had written the requisite words. "My only object in life is to call you my own for ever." Amelia had her misgivings whether such a promise, in order that it might be used as legal evidence, should not have been written in ink. It was a painful doubt; but nevertheless she was as good as her word, and saw him through the chink,

forgiving him for his impetuosity in the parlour with, perhaps, more clemency than a mere pardon required. "By George! how well she looked with her hair all loose," he said to himself, as he at last regained his pillow, still warm with the generous god. But now, as he thought of that night, returning on his road from Allington to Guestwick, those loose, floating locks were remembered by him with no strong feeling as to their charms. And he thought also of Lily Dale, as she was when he had said farewell to her on that day before he first went up to London. "I shall care more about seeing you than anybody," he had said; and he had often thought of the words since, wondering whether she had understood them as meaning more than an assurance of ordinary friendship. And he remembered well the dress she had then worn. It was an old brown merino, which he had known before, and which, in truth, had nothing in it to recommend it specially to a lover's notice. "Horrid old thing!" had been Lily's own verdict respecting the frock, even before that day. But she had hallowed it in his eyes, and he would have been only too happy to have worn a shred of it near his heart, as a talisman. How wonderful in its nature is that passion of which men speak when they acknowledge to themselves that they are in love. Of all things, it is, under one condition, the most foul, and under another, the most fair. As that condition is, a man shows himself either as a beast or as a god! And so we will let poor Johnny Eames ride back to Guestwick, suffering much in that he had loved basely—and suffering much, also, in that he had loved nobly.

Lily, as she had tripped along through the shrubbery, under her lover's arm, looking up, every other moment, into his face, had espied her uncle and Bernard. "'top," she had said, giving a little pull at the arm; "I won't go on. Uncle is always teasing me with some old-fashioned wit. And I've had quite enough of you to-day, sir. Mind you come over to-morrow before you go to your shooting." And so she had left him.

We may as well learn here what was the question in dispute between the uncle and cousin, as they were walking there on the broad gravel path behind the Great House. "Bernard," the old man had said, "I wish this matter could be settled between you and Bell."

"Is there any hurry about it, sir?"

"Yes, there is hurry; or, rather, as I hate hurry in all things, I would say that there is ground for despatch. Mind, I do not wish to drive you. If you do not like your cousin, say so."

"But I do like her; only I have a sort of feeling that these things grow best by degrees. I quite share your dislike to being in a hurry."

"But time enough has been taken now. You see, Bernard, I am going to make a great sacrifice of income on your behalf."

"I'm sure I am very grateful."

"I have no children, and have therefore always regarded you as my own. But there is no reason why my brother Philip's daughter should not be as dear to me as my brother Orlando's son."

"Of course not, sir; or, rather, his two daughters."

"You may leave that matter to me, Bernard. The younger girl is going to marry this friend of yours, and as he has a sufficient income to support a wife, I think that my sister-in-law has good reason to be satisfied by the match. She will not be expected to give up any part of her small income, as she must have done had Lily married a poor man."

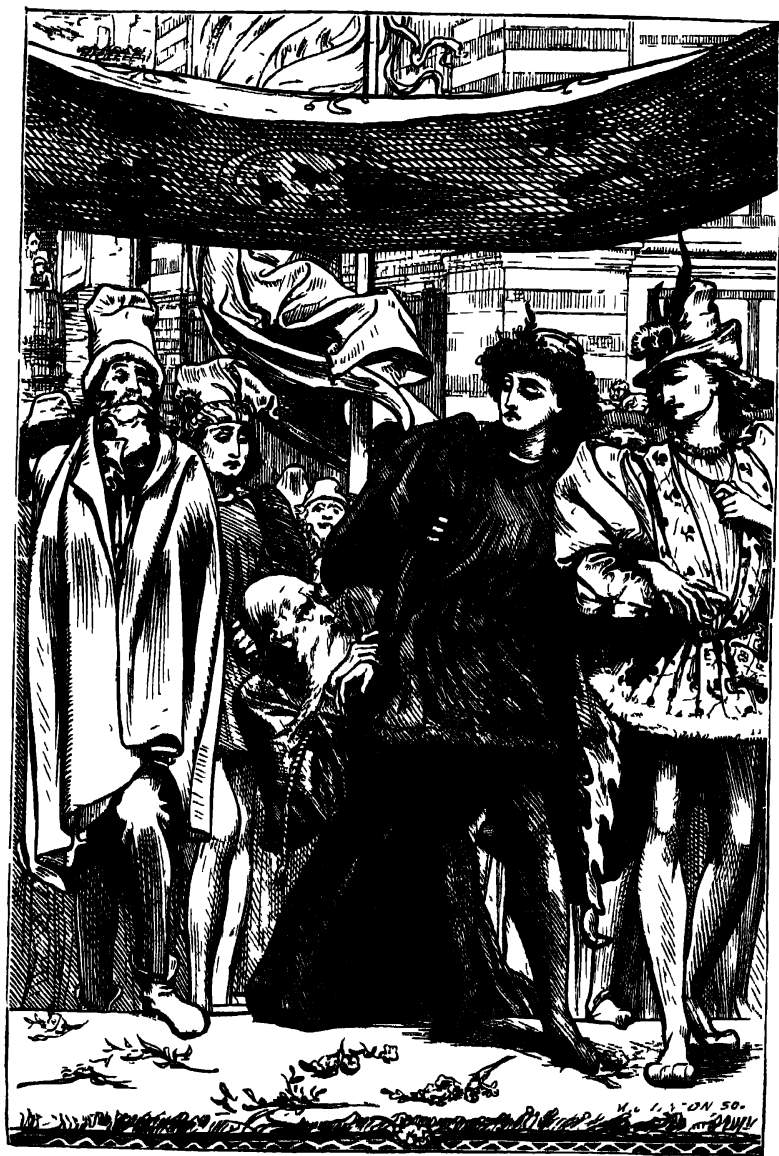
"I suppose she could hardly give up much."

"People must be guided by circumstances. I am not disposed to put myself in the place of a parent to them both. There is no reason why I should, and I will not encourage false hopes. If I knew that this matter between you and Bell was arranged, I should have reason to feel satisfied with what I was doing." From all which Bernard began to perceive that poor Crosbie's expectations in the matter of money would not probably receive much gratification. But he also perceived,—or thought that he perceived,—a kind of threat in this warning from his uncle. "I have promised you eight hundred a year with your wife," the warning seemed to say. "But if you do not at once accept it, or let me feel that it will be accepted, it may be well for me to change my mind,—especially as this other niece is about to be married. If I am to give you so large a fortune with Bell, I need do nothing for Lily. But if you do not choose to take Bell and the fortune, why then——" And so on. It was thus that Bernard read his uncle's caution, as they walked together on the broad gravel path.

"I have no desire to postpone the matter any longer," said Bernard. "I will propose to Bell at once, if you wish it."

"If your mind be quite made up, I cannot see why you should delay it."

And then, having thus arranged that matter, they received their future relative with kind smiles and soft words.



The Escaped Prisoner

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1862.

Romola.

CHAPTER XXI.

FLORENCE EXPECTS A GUEST.



It was the seventeenth of November, 1494: more than eighteen months since Tito and Romola had been finally united in the joyous Easter time, and had had a rainbow-tinted shower of confetti thrown over them, after the ancient Greek fashion, in token that the heavens would shower sweets on them through all their double life.

Since that Easter time a great change had come over the prospects of Florence; and as in the tree that bears a myriad of blossoms, each single bud with its fruit is dependent on the primary circulation of the sap, so the fortunes of Tito and Romola were dependent on certain great political and social conditions which marked an epoch in the history of Italy.

In this very November, little more than a week ago, the spirit of the centuries seemed to have re-entered the towers of Florence. The great bell in the Palace tower had rung out the warning note of alarm, and the people had mustered with their rusty arms, their rods and their prompt cudgels, to drive out the Medici. The gate of San Gallo had

been fairly shut on the arrogant, exasperating Piero, galloping away towards Bologna with his hired horsemen frightened behind him, and on his keener young brother, the cardinal, escaping in the disguise of a Franciscan monk; and a price had been set on their heads. After that, there had been some sacking of houses, according to old precedent; the ignominious images, painted on the public buildings, of the men who had conspired against the Medici in days gone by, were effaced; the exiled enemies of the Medici were invited home. The half-fledged tyrants were fairly out of their splendid nest in the Via Larga, and the Republic had recovered the use of its will again.

But now, a week later, the great palace in the Via Larga had been prepared for the reception of another tenant; and if drapery roofing the streets with unwonted colour, if banners and hangings pouring out from the windows, if carpets and tapestry stretched over all steps and pavement where exceptional feet might tread, were an unquestionable proof of joy, Florence was very joyful in the expectation of its new guest. The stream of colour flowed from the Palace in the Via Larga round by the Cathedral, then by the great Piazza della Signoria, and across the Ponte Vecchio to the Porta San Frediano—the gate that looks towards Pisa. There, near the gate, a platform and canopy had been erected for the Signoria; and Messer Luca Corsini, doctor of law, felt his heart palpitating a little with the sense that he had a Latin oration to read; and every chief elder in Florence had to make himself ready, with smooth chin and well-lined silk lucco, to walk in procession; and the well-born youths were looking at their rich new tunics after the French mode, which was to impress the stranger as having a peculiar grace when worn by Florentines; and a large body of the clergy, from the archbishop in his effulgence to the train of monks, black, white, and grey, were consulting by times in the morning how they should marshal themselves, with their burden of relics, and sacred banners, and consecrated jewels, that their movements might be adjusted to the expected arrival of the illustrious visitor, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

An unexampled visitor! For he had come through the passes of the Alps with such an army as Italy had not seen before: with thousands of terrible Swiss, well used to fight for love and hatred as well as for hire; with a host of gallant cavaliers proud of a name; with an unprecedented infantry, in which every man in a hundred carried an arquebus; nay, with cannon of bronze shooting not stones but iron balls, drawn not by bullocks but by horses, and capable of firing a second time before a city could mend the breach made by the first ball. Some compared the new comer to Charlemagne, reputed rebuilders of Florence, welcome conqueror of degenerate kings, regulator and benefactor of the Church; some preferred the comparison to Cyrus, liberator of the chosen people, restorer of the Temple. For he had come across the Alps with the most glorious projects: he was to march through Italy amidst the jubilees of a grateful and admiring people; he was to satisfy all conflicting complaints at Rome;

he was to take possession, by virtue of hereditary right and a little fighting, of the kingdom of Naples; and from that convenient starting-point he was to set out on the conquest of the Turks, who were partly to be cut to pieces and partly converted to the faith of Christ. It was a scheme that seemed to befit the Most Christian King, head of a nation which, thanks to the devices of a subtle Louis the Eleventh, who had died in much fright as to his personal prospects ten years before, had become the strongest of Christian monarchies; and this antitype of Cyrus and Charlemagne was no other than the son of that subtle Louis—the young Charles the Eighth of France.

Surely, on a general statement, hardly anything could seem more grandiose, or fitter to revive in the breasts of men the memory of great dispensations by which new strata had been laid in the history of mankind. And there was a very widely spread conviction that the advent of the French King and his army into Italy was one of those events at which marble statues might well be believed to perspire, phantasmal fiery warriors to fight in the air, and quadrupeds to bring forth monstrous births—that it did not belong to the usual order of Providence, but was in a peculiar sense the work of God. It was a conviction that rested less on the necessarily momentous character of a powerful foreign invasion than on certain moral emotions to which the aspect of the times gave the form of presentiments—emotions which had found a very remarkable utterance in the voice of a single man.

That man was Fra Girolamo Savonarola, Prior of the Dominican convent of San Marco in Florence. On a September morning, when men's ears were ringing with the news that the French army had entered Italy, he had preached in the Cathedral of Florence from the text, "Behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth." He believed it was by supreme guidance that he had reached just so far in his exposition of Genesis the previous Lent; and he believed the "flood of waters"—emblem at once of avenging wrath and purifying mercy—to be the divinely indicated symbol of the French army. His audience, some of whom were held to be among the choicest spirits of the age—the most cultivated men in the most cultivated of Italian cities—believed it too, and listened with shuddering awe. For this man had a power, rarely paralleled, of impressing his beliefs on others, and of swaying very various minds. And as long as four years ago he had proclaimed from the chief pulpit of Florence that a scourge was about to descend on Italy, and that by this scourge the Church was to be purified. Savonarola believed, and his hearers more or less waveringly believed, that he had a mission like that of the Hebrew prophets, and that the Florentines amongst whom his message was delivered were in some sense a second chosen people. The idea of prophetic gifts was not a remote one in that age: seers of visions, circumstantial heralds of things to be, were far from uncommon either outside or inside the cloister; but this very fact made Savonarola stand out the more conspicuously as a

grand exception. While in others the gift of prophecy was very much like a farthing candle illuminating small corners of human destiny with prophetic gossip, in Savonarola it was like a mighty beacon shining far out for the warning and guidance of men. And to some of the soberest minds the supernatural character of his insight into the future gathered a strong attestation from the peculiar conditions of the age.

At the close of 1492, the year in which Lorenzo de' Medici died, and Tito Melema came as a wanderer to Florence, Italy was enjoying a peace and prosperity unthreatened by any near and definite danger. There was no fear of famine, for the seasons had been plenteous in corn, and wine, and oil; new palaces had been rising in all fair cities, new villas on pleasant slopes and summits; and the men who had more than their share of these good things were in no fear of the larger number who had less. For the citizens' armour was getting rusty, and populations seemed to have become tame, licking the hands of masters who paid for a ready-made army when they wanted it, as they paid for goods of Smyrna. Even the fear of the Turk had ceased to be active, and the Pope found it more immediately profitable to accept bribes from him for a little prospective poisoning than to form plans either for conquering or for converting him.

Altogether, this world, with its partitioned empire and its roomy universal Church, seemed to be a handsome establishment for the few who were lucky or wise enough to reap the advantages of human folly: a world in which lust and obscenity, lying and treachery, oppression and murder, were pleasant, useful, and, when properly managed, not dangerous. And as a sort of fringe or adornment to the substantial delights of tyranny, avarice, and lasciviousness, there was the patronage of polite learning and the fine arts, so that flattery could always be had in the choicest Latin to be commanded at that time, and sublime artists were at hand to paint the holy and the unclean with impartial skill. The Church, it was said, had never been so disgraced in its head, had never shown so few signs of renovating, vital belief in its lower members; yet it was much more prosperous than in some past days. The heavens were fair and smiling above; and below there were no signs of earthquake.

Yet at that time, as we have seen, there was a man in Florence who for two years and more had been preaching that a scourge was at hand; that the world was certainly not framed for the lasting convenience of hypocrites, libertines, and oppressors. From the midst of those smiling heavens he had seen a sword hanging—the sword of God's justice—which was speedily to descend with purifying punishment on the Church and the world. In brilliant Ferrara, seventeen years before, the contradiction between men's lives and their professed beliefs had pressed upon him with a force that had been enough to destroy his appetite for the world, and at the age of twenty-three had driven him into the cloister. He believed that God had committed to the Church the sacred lamp of truth for the guidance and salvation of men, and he saw that the Church, in its

corruption, had become as a sepulchre to hide the lamp. As the years went on scandals increased and multiplied, and hypocrisy seemed to have given place to impudence. Had the world then ceased to have a righteous Ruler? Was the Church finally forsaken? No, assuredly: in the Sacred Book there was a record of the past in which might be seen as in a glass what would be in the days to come, and the book showed that when the wickedness of the chosen people, type of the Christian Church, had become crying, the judgments of God had descended on them. Nay, reason itself declared that vengeance was imminent, for what else would suffice to turn men from their obstinacy in evil? And unless the Church were reclaimed, how could the promises be fulfilled, that the heathens should be converted and the whole world become subject to the one true law? He had seen his belief reflected in visions—a mode of seeing which had been frequent with him from his youth up.

But the real force of demonstration for Girolamo Savonarola lay in his own burning indignation at the sight of wrong; in his fervid belief in an Unseen Justice that would put an end to the wrong, and in an Unseen Purity to which lying and uncleanness were an abomination. To his ardent, power-loving soul, believing in great ends, and longing to achieve those ends by the exertion of a mighty and generous will, the faith in a supreme and righteous Ruler became one with the faith in a speedy divine interposition that would punish and reclaim.

Meanwhile, under that splendid masquerade of dignities sacred and secular which seemed to make the life of lucky Churchmen and princely families so luxurious and amusing, there were certain conditions at work which slowly tended to disturb the general festivity. Ludovico Sforza—copious in gallantry, splendid patron of an incomparable Lionardo da Vinci—holding the ducal crown of Milan in his grasp, and wanting to put it on his own head rather than let it rest on that of a feeble nephew who would take very little to poison him, was much afraid of the Spanish-born old King Ferdinand and the Crown Prince Alfonso of Naples, who, not liking cruelty and treachery which were useless to themselves, objected to the poisoning of a near relative for the advantage of a Lombard usurper; the royalties of Naples again were afraid of their suzerain, Pope Alexander Borgia; all three were anxiously watching Florence, lest with its midway territory it should determine the game by underhand backing; and all four, with every small state in Italy, were afraid of Venice—Venice the cautious, the stable, and the strong, that wanted to stretch its arms not only along both sides of the Adriatic but across to the ports of the western coast.

Lorenzo de' Medici, it was thought, did much to prevent the fatal outbreak of such jealousies, keeping up the old Florentine alliance with Naples and the Pope, and yet persuading Milan that the alliance was for the general advantage. But young Piero de' Medici's rash vanity had quickly nullified the effect of his father's wary policy, and Ludovico Sforza, roused to suspicion of a league against him, thought of a

move which would checkmate his adversaries : he determined to invite the French king to march into Italy and, as heir of the house of Anjou, to take possession of Naples. Ambassadors—"orators," as they were called in those haranguing times—went and came; a recusant cardinal determined not to acknowledge a Pope elected by bribery, and his own particular enemy, went and came also, and seconded the invitation with hot rhetoric; and the young king seemed to lend a willing ear. So that in 1498 the rumour spread and became louder and louder that Charles the Eighth of France was about to cross the Alps with a mighty army; and the Italian populations, accustomed, since Italy had ceased to be the heart of the Roman empire, to look for an arbitrator from afar, began vaguely to regard his coming as a means of avenging their wrongs and redressing their grievances.

And in that rumour Savonarola had heard the assurance that his prophecy was being verified. What was it that filled the ear of the prophets of old but the distant tread of foreign armies, coming to do the work of justice? He no longer looked vaguely to the horizon for the coming storm: he pointed to the rising cloud. The French army was that new deluge which was to purify the earth from iniquity; the French king, Charles VIII., was the instrument elected by God, as Cyrus had been of old, and all men who desired good rather than evil were to rejoice in his coming. For the scourge would fall destructively on the impenitent alone. Let any city of Italy, let Florence above all—Florence beloved of God, since to its ear the warning voice had been specially sent—repent and turn from its ways, like Nineveh of old, and the storm-cloud would roll over it and leave only refreshing rain-drops.

Fra Girolamo's word was powerful; yet now that the new Cyrus had already been three months in Italy, and was not far from the gates of Florence, his presence was expected there with mixed feelings, in which fear and distrust certainly predominated. At present it was not understood that he had redressed any grievances; and the Florentines clearly had nothing to thank him for. He held their strong frontier fortresses, which Piero de' Medici had given up to him without securing any honourable terms in return; he had done nothing to quell the alarming revolt of Pisa, which had been encouraged by his presence to throw off the Florentine yoke; and "orators," even with a prophet at their head, could win no assurance from him, except that he would settle everything when he was once within the walls of Florence. Still, there was the satisfaction of knowing that the exasperating Piero de' Medici had been fairly pelted out for the ignominious surrender of the fortresses, and in that act of energy the spirit of the Republic had recovered some of its old fire.

The preparations for the equivocal guest were not entirely those of a city resigned to submission. Behind the bright drapery and banners symbolical of joy, there were preparations of another sort made with common accord by government and people. Well hidden within walls there were hired soldiers of the Republic, hastily called in from the surrounding

districts; there were old arms newly furbished, and sharp tools and heavy cudgels laid carefully at hand, to be snatched up on short notice; there were excellent boards and stakes to form barricades upon occasion, and a good supply of stones to make a surprising hail from the upper windows. Above all, there were people very strongly in the humour for fighting any personage who might be supposed to have designs of hectoring over them, having lately tasted that new pleasure with much relish. This humour was not diminished by the sight of occasional parties of Frenchmen, coming beforehand to choose their quarters, with a hawk, perhaps, on their left wrist, and, metaphorically speaking, a piece of chalk in their right hand to mark Italian doors withal; especially as credible historians imply that many sons of France were at that time characterized by something approaching to a swagger, which must have whetted the Florentine appetite for a little stone-throwing.

And this was the temper of Florence on the morning of the seventeenth of November, 1494.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PRISONERS.

THE sky was grey, but that made little difference in the Piazza del Duomo, which was covered with its holiday sky of blue drapery, and its constellations of yellow lilies and coats of arms. The sheaves of banners were unfurled at the angles of the Baptistery, but there was no carpet yet on the steps of the Duomo, for the marble was being trodden by numerous feet that were not at all exceptional. It was the hour of the Advent sermons, and the very same reasons which had flushed the streets with holiday colour were reasons why the preaching in the Duomo could least of all be dispensed with.

But not all the feet in the Piazza were hastening towards the steps. People of high and low degree were moving to and fro with the brisk pace of men who had errands before them; groups of talkers were thickly scattered, some willing to be late for the sermon, others content not to hear it at all.

The expression on the faces of these apparent loungers was not that of men who are enjoying the pleasant laziness of an opening holiday. Some were in close and eager discussion; others were listening with keen interest to a single spokesman, and yet from time to time turned round with a scanning glance at any new passer-by. At the corner, looking towards the Via de' Cerretani—just where the artificial rainbow light of the Piazza ceased, and the grey morning fell on the sombre stone houses—there was a remarkable cluster of the working people, most of them beginning on their dress or persons the signs of their daily labour, and almost all of them carrying some weapon, or some tool which might serve as a

weapon upon occasion. Standing in the grey light of the street, with bare brawny arms and soiled garments, they made all the more striking the transition from the brightness of the Piazza. They were listening to the thin notary, Ser Cioni, who had just paused on his way to the Duomo. His biting words could get only a contemptuous reception two years and a half before in the Mercato, but now he spoke with the more complacent humour of a man whose party is uppermost, and who is conscious of some influence with the people.

"Never talk to me," he was saying, in his incisive voice, "never talk to me of bloodthirsty Swiss or fierce French infantry: they might as well be in the narrow passes of the mountains as in our streets; and peasants have destroyed the finest armies of our *condottieri* in time past, when they had once got them between steep precipices. I tell you, Florentines need be afraid of no army in their own streets."

"That's true, Ser Cioni," said a man whose arms and hands were discoloured by crimson dye, which looked like bloodstains, and who had a small hatchet stuck in his belt; "and those French cavaliers, who came in squaring themselves in their smart doublets the other day, saw a sample of the dinner we could serve up for them. I was carrying my cloth in Ognissanti, when I saw my fine *Messeri* going by, looking round as if they thought the houses of the Vespucci and the Agli a poor pick of lodgings for them, and eyeing us Florentines, like top-knotted cocks as they are, as if they pitied us because we didn't ~~know~~ how to strut. 'Yes, my fine *Galli*,' says I, 'stick out your stomachs, I've got a meat-axe in my belt that will go inside you all the easier;' when presently the old cow lowed,* and I knew something had happened—no matter what. So I threw my cloth in at the first doorway, and took hold of my meat-axe and ran after my fine cavaliers towards the Vigna Nuova. And, 'What is it, Guccio?' said I, when he came up with me. 'I think it's the Medici coming back,' said Guccio. *Bembè!* I expected so! And up we reared a barricade, and the *Francesi* looked behind and saw themselves in a trap; and up comes a good swarm of our *Ciompi*,† and one of them with a big scythe he had in his hand mowed off one of the fine cavalier's feathers:—it's true! And the lasses peppered a few stones down to frighten them. However, Piero de' Medici wasn't come after all; and it was a pity; for we'd have left him neither legs nor wings to go away with again."

"Well spoken, Oddo," said a young butcher, with his knife at his belt, "and it's my belief Piero will be a good while before he wants to come back, for he looked as frightened as a hunted chicken, when we hustled and pelted him in piazza. He's a coward, else he might have made a better stand when he'd got his horsemen. But we'll swallow no

* "*La vacca muglia*" was the phrase for the sounding of the great bell in the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio.

† The poorer artisans connected with the wool trade—wool-beaters, carders, washers, &c.

Medici any more, whatever else the French king wants to make us swallow."

"But I like not those French cannon they talk of," said Goro, none the less fit for two years' additional grievances. "San Giovanni defend us! If Messer Domeneddio means so well by us as your Frate says he does, Ser Cioni, why shouldn't he have sent the French another way to Naples?"

"*Madesi* (yes, indeed), Goro," said the dyer, "and that's a question worth putting. Thou art not such a pumpkin-head as I took thee for. Why, they might have gone to Naples by Bologna, eh, Ser Cioni? or if they'd gone to Arezzo—we wouldn't have minded their going to Arezzo."

"Fools! It will be for the good and glory of Florence," Ser Cioni began. But he was interrupted by the exclamation, "Look there!" which burst from several voices at once, while the faces were all turned to a party who were advancing along the Via de' Cerretani.

"It's Lorenzo Tornabuoni, and one of the French noblemen who are in his house," said Ser Cioni, in some contempt at this interruption. "He pretends to look well satisfied—that deep Tornabuoni—but he's a Medicean in his heart: mind that."

The advancing party was rather a brilliant one, for there was not only the distinguished presence of Lorenzo Tornabuoni, and the splendid costume of the Frenchman with his elaborately displayed white linen and gorgeous embroidery; there were two other Florentines of high birth in handsome dresses donned for the coming procession, and on the left hand of the Frenchman was a figure that was not to be eclipsed by any amount of intention or brocade—a figure we have often seen before. He wore nothing but black, for he was in mourning; but the black was presently to be covered by a red mantle, for he too was to walk in procession as Latin Secretary to the *Dieci*. Tito Melema had become conspicuously serviceable in the intercourse with the French guests, from his familiarity with Southern Italy, and his readiness in the French tongue, which he had spoken in his early youth; and he had paid more than one visit to the French camp at Signa. The lustre of good fortune was upon him; he was smiling, listening, and explaining, with his usual graceful unpretentious ease, and only a very keen eye bent on studying him could have marked a certain amount of change in him which was not to be accounted for by the lapse of eighteen months. It was that change which comes from the final departure of moral youthfulness—from the distinct self-conscious adoption of a part in life. The lines of the face were as soft as ever, the eyes as pellucid; but something was gone—something as indefinable as the changes in the morning twilight.

The Frenchman was gathering instructions concerning ceremonial before riding back to Signa, and now he was going to have a final survey of the Piazza del Duomo, where the royal procession was to pause for religious purposes. The distinguished party attracted the notice of all

eyes as it entered the piazza, but the gaze was not entirely cordial and admiring; there were remarks not altogether allusive and mysterious to the Frenchman's hoof-shaped shoes—delicate flattery of royal superfluity in toes; and there was no care that certain snarlings at "Mediceans" should be strictly inaudible. But Lorenzo Tornabuoni possessed that power of dissembling annoyance which is demanded in a man who courts popularity, and to Tito's natural disposition to overcome ill-will by good-humour, there was added the unimpassioned feeling of the alien towards names and details that move the deepest passions of the native. Arrived where they could get a good oblique view of the Duomo, the party paused. The festoons and devices that had been placed over the central doorway excited some demur, and Tornabuoni beckoned to Piero di Cosimo, who, as was usual with him at this hour, was lounging in front of Nello's shop. There was soon an animated discussion, which became highly amusing from the Frenchman's astonishment at Piero's odd pungency of statement, which Tito translated literally. Even snarling on-lookers became curious, and their faces began to wear the half-smiling, half-humiliated expression of people who are not within hearing of the joke which is producing infectious laughter. It was a delightful moment for Tito, for he was the only one of the party who could have made so amusing an interpreter, and without any disposition to triumphant self-gratulation, he revelled in the sense that he was an object of liking—he basked in approving glances. The rainbow light fell about the laughing group, and the grave church-goers had all disappeared within the walls. It seemed as if the piazza had been decorated for a real Florentine holiday.

Meanwhile in the grey light of the unadorned streets there were on-comers who made no show of linen and brocade, and whose humour was far from merry. Here, too, the French dress and hoofed shoes were conspicuous, but they were being pressed upon by a larger and larger number of non-admiring Florentines. In the van of the crowd were three men in scanty clothing; each had his hands bound together by a cord, and a rope was fastened round his neck and body, in such a way that he who held the extremity of the rope might easily check any rebellious movement by the threat of throttling. The men who held the ropes were French soldiers, and by broken Italian phrases and strokes from the knotted end of the rope, they from time to time stimulated their prisoners to beg. Two of them were obedient, and to every Florentine they had encountered had held out their bound hands and said in piteous tones,

"For the love of God and the Holy Madonna, give us something towards our ransom! We are Tuscans: we were made prisoners in Lunigiana."

But the third man remained obstinately silent under all the strokes from the knotted cord. He was very different in aspect from his two fellow-prisoners. They were young and hardy, and, in the scant clothing which the avarice of their captors had left them, looked like vulgar, sturdy mendicants. But he had passed the boundary of old age, and could hardly

be less than four or five and sixty. His beard which had grown long in neglect, and the hair which fell thick and straight round his baldness, were nearly white. His thickset figure was still firm and upright, though emaciated, and seemed to express energy in spite of age—an expression that was partly carried out in the dark eyes and strong dark eyebrows, which had a strangely isolated intensity of colour in the midst of his yellow, bloodless, deep-wrinkled face with its lank grey hairs. And yet there was something fitful in the eyes which contradicted the occasional flash of energy: after looking round with quick fierceness at windows and faces, they fell again with a lost and wandering look. But his lips were motionless, and he held his hands resolutely down. He would not beg.

This sight had been witnessed by the Florentines with growing exasperation. Many standing at their doors or passing quietly along had at once given money—some in half automatic response to an appeal in the name of God, others in that unquestioning awe of the French soldiery which had been created by the reports of their cruel warfare, and on which the French themselves counted as a guarantee of immunity in their acts of insolence. But as the group had proceeded farther into the heart of the city, that compliance had gradually disappeared, and the soldiers found themselves escorted by a gathering troop of men and boys, who kept up a chorus of exclamations sufficiently intelligible to foreign ears without any interpreter. The soldiers themselves had begun to dislike their position, for with a strong inclination to use their weapons, they were checked by the necessity for keeping a secure hold on their prisoners, and they were now hurrying along in the hope of finding shelter in a hostelry.

"French dogs!" "Bullock feet!" "Snatch their pikes from them!" "Cut the cords and make them run for their prisoners. They'll run as fast as geese—don't you see they're web-footed?" These were the cries which the soldiers vaguely understood to be jeers, and probably threats. But every one seemed disposed to give invitations of this spirited kind rather than to act upon them.

"Santiddio! here's a sight!" said the dyer, as soon as he had divined the meaning of the advancing tumult, "and the fools do nothing but hoot. Come along!" he added, snatching his axe from his belt, and running to join the crowd, followed by the butcher and all the rest of his companions except Goro, who hastily retreated up a narrow passage.

The sight of the dyer, running forward with blood-red arms and axe uplifted, and with his cluster of rough companions behind him, had a stimulating effect on the crowd. Not that he did anything else than pass beyond the soldiers and thrust himself well among his fellow-citizens, flourishing his axe; but he served as a stirring symbol of street fighting, like the waving of a well-known gonfalon. And the first sign that fire was ready to burst out was something as rapid as a little leaping tongue of flame: it was an act of the *carrettieri's* impish lad Lollo, who was dancing and jeering in front of the ingenuous boys that made the majority of the

crowd. Lollo had no great compassion for the prisoners, but, being conscious of an excellent knife which was his unfailing companion, it had seemed to him from the first that to jump forward, cut a rope, and leap back again before the soldier who held it could use his weapon, would be an amusing and dexterous bit of mischief. And now, when the people began to hoot and jostle more vigorously, Lollo felt that his moment was come—he was close to the eldest prisoner: in an instant he had cut the cord.

"Run, old one!" he piped in the prisoner's ear, as soon as the cord was in two; and himself set the example of running as if he were helped along with wings, like a scared fowl.

The prisoner's sensations were not too slow for him to seize the opportunity: the idea of escape had been continually present with him, and he had gathered fresh hope from the temper of the crowd. He ran at once; but his speed would hardly have sufficed for him if the Florentines had not instantaneously rushed between him and his captor. He ran on into the piazza, but he quickly heard the tramp of feet behind him, for the other two prisoners had been released, and the soldiers were struggling and fighting their way after them, in such tardigrade fashion as their hoof-shaped shoes would allow—impeded, but not very resolutely attacked, by the people. One of the two younger prisoners turned up the Borgo di San Lorenzo, and thus made a partial diversion of the hubbub; but the main struggle was still towards the piazza, where all eyes were turned on it with alarmed curiosity. The cause could not be precisely guessed, for the French dress was screened by the impeding crowd.

"An escape of prisoners," said Lorenzo Tornabuoni, as he and his party turned round just against the steps of the Duomo, and saw a prisoner rushing by them. "The people are not content with having emptied the Bargello the other day. If there is no other authority in sight they must fall on the *sbirri* and secure freedom to thieves. Ah! there is a French soldier: that is more serious."

The soldier he saw was struggling along on the north side of the piazza, but the object of his pursuit had taken the other direction. That object was the eldest prisoner, who had wheeled round the Baptistery and was running towards the Duomo, determined to take refuge in that sanctuary rather than trust to his speed. But in mounting the steps, his foot received a shock; he was precipitated towards the group of *signori*, whose backs were turned to him, and was only able to recover his balance as he clutched one of them by the arm.

It was Tito Melema who felt that clutch. He turned his head, and saw the face of his adopted father, Baldassarre Calvo, close to his own.

The two men looked at each other, silent as death: Baldassarre, with dark fierceness and a tightening grip of the soiled worn hands on the velvet-clad arm; Tito, with cheeks and lips all bloodless, fascinated by terror. It seemed a long while to them—it was but a moment.

The first sound Tito heard was the short laugh of Piero di Cosimo,

who stood close by him and was the only person that could see his face.

"Ha, ha ! I know what a ghost should be now."

"This is another escaped prisoner," said Lorenzo Tornabuoni. "Who is he, I wonder?"

"*Some madman, surely,*" said Tito.

He hardly knew how the words had come to his lips: there are moments when our passions speak and decide for us, and we seem to stand by and wonder. They carry in them an inspiration of crime, that in one instant does the work of long premeditation.

The two men had not taken their eyes off each other, and it seemed to Tito, when he had spoken, that some magical poison had darted from Baldassarre's eyes, and that he felt it rushing through his veins. But the next instant the grasp on his arm had relaxed, and Baldassarre had disappeared within the church.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AFTER-THOUGHTS.

"You are easily frightened, though," said Piero, with another scornful laugh. "My portrait is not as good as the original. But the old fellow had a tiger look: I must go into the Duomo and see him again."

"It is not pleasant to be laid hold of by a madman, if madman he be," said Lorenzo Tornabuoni, in polite excuse of Tito, "but perhaps he is only a ruffian. We shall hear. I think we must see if we have authority enough to stop this disturbance between our people and your countrymen," he added, addressing the Frenchman.

They advanced towards the crowd with their swords drawn, all the quiet spectators making an escort for them. Tito went too: it was necessary that he should know what others knew about Baldassarre, and the first palsy of terror was being succeeded by the rapid devices to which mortal danger will stimulate the timid.

The rabble of men and boys, more inclined to hoot at the soldier and torment him than to receive or inflict any serious wounds, gave way at the approach of *signori* with drawn swords, and the French soldier was interrogated. He and his companions had simply brought their prisoners into the city that they might beg money for their ransom: two of the prisoners were Tuscan soldiers taken in Lunigiana; the other, an elderly man, was with a party of Genoese, with whom the French foragers had come to blows near Fivizzano. He might be mad, but he was harmless. The soldier knew no more, being unable to understand a word the old man said. Tito heard so far, but he was deaf to everything else till he was specially addressed. It was Tornabuoni who spoke.*

"Will you go back with us, Melema? Or, since Messere is going off to

Signa now, will you wisely follow the fashion of the times and go to hear the Frate, who will be like the torrent at its height this morning? It's what we must all do, you know, if we are to save our Medicean skins. I should go if I had the leisure."

Tito's face had recovered its colour now, and he could make an effort to speak with gaiety.

"Of course I am among the admirers of the inspired orator," he said, smilingly; "but, unfortunately, I shall be occupied with the Segretario till the time of the procession."

"I am going into the Duomo to look at that savage old man again," said Piero.

"Then have the charity to show him to one of the hospitals for travellers, *Piero mio*," said Tornabuoni. "The monks may find out whether he wants putting into a cage."

The party separated, and Tito took his way to the Palazzo Vecchio, where he was to find Bartolommeo Scala. It was not a long walk, but, for Tito, it was stretched out like the minutes of our morning dreams: the short spaces of street and piazza held memories, and previsions, and torturing fears, that might have made the history of months. He felt as if a serpent had begun to coil round his limbs. Baldassarre living, and in Florence, was a living revenge, which would no more rest than a winding serpent would rest until it had crushed its prey. It was not in the nature of that man to let an injury pass unavenged: his love and his hatred were of that passionate fervour which subjugates all the rest of the being, and makes a man sacrifice himself to his passion as if it were a deity to be worshipped with self-destruction. Baldassarre had relaxed his hold, and had disappeared. Tito knew well how to interpret that: it meant that the vengeance was to be studied that it might be sure. If he had not uttered those decisive words—"He is a madman"—if he could have summoned up the state of mind, the courage, necessary for avowing his recognition of Baldassarre, would not the risk have been less? He might have declared himself to have had what he believed to be positive evidence of Baldassarre's death; and the only persons who could ever have had positive knowledge to contradict him were Fra Luca, who was dead, and the crew of the companion galley, who had brought him the news of the encounter with the pirates. The chances were infinite against Baldassarre's having met again with any one of that crew, and Tito thought with bitterness that a timely, well-devised falsehood might have saved him from any fatal consequences. But to have told that falsehood would have required perfect self-command in the moment of a convulsive shock: he seemed to have spoken without any preconception—the words had leaped forth like a sudden birth that has been begotten and nourished in the darkness.

Tito was experiencing that inexorable law of human souls, that we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good or evil that gradually determines character.

There was but one chance for him now: the chance of Baldassarre's failure in finding his revenge. And—Tito grasped at a thought more actively cruel than any he had ever encouraged before: might not his own unpremeditated words have some truth in them?—enough truth, at least, to bear him out in his denial of any declaration Baldassarre might make about him? The old man looked strange and wild with his eager heart and brain, suffering was likely enough to have produced madness. If it were so, the vengeance that strove to inflict disgrace might be baffled.

But there was another form of vengeance not to be baffled by ingenious lying. Baldassarre belonged to a race to whom the thrust of the dagger seems almost as natural an impulse as the outleap of the tiger's talons. Tito shrank with shuddering dread from disgrace; but he had also that physical dread which is inseparable from a soft pleasure-loving nature, and which prevents a man from meeting wounds and death as a welcome relief from disgrace. His thoughts flew at once to some hidden defensive armour that might save him from a vengeance which no subtlety could parry.

He wondered at the power of the passionate fear that possessed him. It was as if he had been smitten with a blighting disease that had suddenly turned the joyous sense of young life into pain.

There was still one resource open to Tito. He might have turned back, sought Baldassarre again, confessed everything to him—to Romola—to all the world. But he never thought of that. The repentance which cuts off all moorings to evil, demands something more than selfish fear. He had no sense that there was strength and safety in truth; the only strength he trusted to lay in his ingenuity and his dissimulation. Now the first shock, which had called up the traitorous signs of fear, was well past, he hoped to be prepared for all emergencies by cool deceit—and defensive armour.

It was a characteristic fact in Tito's experience at this crisis, that no direct measures for ridding himself of Baldassarre ever occurred to him. All other possibilities passed through his mind, even to his own flight from Florence; but he never thought of any scheme for removing his enemy. His dread generated no active malignity, and he would still have been glad not to give pain to any mortal. He had simply chosen to make life easy to himself—to carry his human lot, if possible, in such a way that it should pinch him nowhere; and the choice had, at various times, landed him in unexpected positions. The question now was, not whether he should divide the common pressure of destiny with his suffering fellow-men; it was whether all the resources of lying would save him from being crushed by the consequences of that habitual choice.

CHAPTER XXIV.

INSIDE THE DUOMO.

WHEN Baldassarre, with his hands bound together, and the rope round his neck and body, pushed his way behind the curtain, and saw the interior of the Duomo before him, he gave a start of astonishment, and stood still against the doorway. He had expected to see a vast nave empty of everything but lifeless emblems—side altars with candles unlit, dim pictures, pale and rigid statues—with perhaps a few worshippers in the distant choir following a monotonous chant. That was the ordinary aspect of churches to a man who never went into them with any religious purpose.

And he saw, instead, a vast multitude of warm, living faces, upturned in breathless silence towards the pulpit, at the angle between the nave and the choir. The multitude was of all ranks, from magistrates and dames of gentle nurture to coarsely clad artisans and country people. In the pulpit was a Dominican monk, with strong features and dark hair, preaching with the crucifix in his hand. For the first few minutes Baldassarre noted nothing of his preaching. Silent as his entrance had been, some eyes near the doorway had been turned on him with surprise and suspicion. The rope indicated plainly enough that he was an escaped prisoner, but in that case the church was a sanctuary which he had a right to claim; his advanced years and look of wild misery were fitted to excite pity rather than alarm, and as he stood motionless, with eyes that soon wandered absently from the wide scene before him to the pavement at his feet, those who had observed his entrance presently ceased to regard him, and became absorbed again in the stronger interest of listening to the sermon. Among the eyes ~~that~~ had been turned towards him were Romola's: she had entered late through one of the side doors, and was so placed ~~that~~ she had a full view of the main entrance. She had looked long and attentively at Baldassarre, for grey hairs made a peculiar appeal to her, and the stamp of some unwonted suffering in the face, confirmed by the cord round the neck, stirred in her those sensibilities towards the sorrows of age, which her whole life had tended to develop. She fancied that his eyes had met hers in their first wandering gaze; but Baldassarre ~~had~~ not, in reality, noted her; he had only had a startled consciousness of the general scene, and the consciousness was a mere flash that made no perceptible break in the fierce tumult of emotion which the encounter with Tito had created. Images from the past kept urging themselves upon him like delirious visions strangely blended with thirst and anguish. No distinct thought for the future could shape itself in the midst of that fiery passion: the nearest approach to such thought was the bitter sense of enfeebled powers, and a vague determination to universal distrust and suspicion. Suddenly he felt himself vibrating to loud tones, which seemed like the thundering echo

of his own passion. A voice that penetrated his very marrow with its accent of triumphant certitude was saying—"The day of vengeance is at hand!"

Baldassarre quivered and looked up. He was too distant to see more than the general aspect of the preacher standing with his right arm outstretched, lifting up the crucifix; but he panted for the threatening voice again as if it had been a promise of bliss. There was a pause before the preacher spoke again. He gradually lowered his arm. He deposited the crucifix on the edge of the pulpit, and crossed his arms over his breast, looking round at the multitude as if he would meet the glance of every individual face.

"All ye in Florence are my witnesses, for I spoke not in a corner. Ye are my witnesses, that four years ago, when there were yet no signs of war and tribulation, I preached the coming of the scourge. I lifted up my voice as a trumpet to the prelates and princes and people of Italy and said, The cup of your iniquity is full. Behold, the thunder of the Lord is gathering, and it shall fall and break the cup, and your iniquity, which seems to you as pleasant wine, shall be poured out upon you, and shall be as molten lead. And you, O priests, who say, Ha, ha! there is no Presence in the sanctuary—the Shechinah is nought—the Mercy-seat is bare; we may sin behind the veil, and who shall punish us? To you, I said, the presence of God shall be revealed in his temple as a consuming fire, and your sacred garments shall become a winding-sheet of flame, and for sweet music there shall be shrieks and hissing, and for soft couches there shall be thorns, and for the breath of wantons shall come the pestilence. Trust not in your gold and silver, trust not in your high fortresses; for though the walls were of iron, and the fortresses of adamant, the Most High shall put terror into your hearts and weakness into your councils, so that you shall be confounded and flee like women. He shall break in pieces mighty men without number, and put others in their stead. For God will no longer endure the pollution of his sanctuary: he will thoroughly purge his Church.

"And forasmuch as it is written that God will do nothing but he revealeth it to his servants the prophets, he has chosen me his unworthy servant, and made His purpose present to my soul in the living word of the Scriptures; and in the deeds of His Providence; and by the ministry of angels he has revealed it to me in visions. And His word possesses me so that I am but as the branch of the forest when the wind of heaven penetrates it, and it is not in me to keep silence, even though I may be a derision to the scorner. And for four years I have preached in obedience to the Divine will: in the face of scoffing I have preached three things, which the Lord has delivered to me: that in these times God will regenerate His Church, and that before the regeneration must come the scourge over all Italy, and that these things will come quickly. But hypocrites who cloak their hatred of the truth with a show of love have said to me 'Come now, Frate, leave your prophesyings: it is

enough to teach virtue.' To these I answer: 'Yes, you say in your hearts, God lives afar off; and His word is as a parchment written by dead men, and He deals not as in the days of old, rebuking the nations, and punishing the oppressors, and smiting the unholy priests as he smote the sons of Eli. But I cry again in your ears: God is near and not afar off; His judgments change not. He is the God of armies; the strong men who go up to battle are his ministers, even as the storm, and fire, and pestilence. He drives them by the breath of His angels, and they come upon the chosen land which has forsaken the covenant. And thou, O Italy, art the chosen land: has not God placed his sanctuary within thee, and thou hast polluted it? Behold! the ministers of his wrath are upon thee—they are at thy very doors.'

Savonarola's voice had been rising in impassioned force up to this point, when he became suddenly silent, let his hands fall, and clasped them quietly before him. His silence, instead of being the signal for small movements amongst his audience, seemed to be as strong a spell to them as his voice. Through the vast area of the cathedral men and women sat with faces upturned, like breathing statues, till the voice was heard again in clear low tones.

"Yet there is a pause—even as in the days when Jerusalem was destroyed there was a pause that the children of God might flee from it. There is a stillness before the storm: lo! there is blackness above, but not a leaf quakes: the winds are stayed, that the voice of God's warning may be heard. Hear it now, O Florence, chosen city in the chosen land! Repent and forsake evil: do justice: love mercy: put away all uncleanness from among you, that the spirit of truth and holiness may fill your souls and breathe through all your streets and habitations, and then the pestilence shall not enter, and the sword shall pass over you and leave you unhurt.

"For the sword is hanging from the sky; it is quivering; it is about to fall! The sword of God upon the earth, swift and sudden! Did I not tell you, years ago, that I had beheld the vision and heard the voice? And behold, it is fulfilled! Is there not a king with his army at your gates? Does not the earth shake with the tread of horses and the wheels of swift cannon? Is there not a fierce multitude that can lay bare the land as with a sharp razor? I tell you the French king with his army is the minister of God: God shall guide him as the hand guides a sharp sickle, and the joints of the wicked shall melt before him, and they shall be mown down as stubble: he that fleeth of them shall not flee away, and he that escapeth of them shall not be delivered. And the tyrants who make to themselves a throne out of the vices of the multitude, and the unbelieving priests who traffic in the souls of men and fill the very sanctuary with fornication, shall be hurled from their soft couches into burning hell; and the pagans and they who sinned under the old covenant shall stand aloof and say: 'Lo! these men have brought the stench of a new wickedness into the everlasting fire.'

"But thou, O Florence, take the offered mercy. See! the Cross is held out to you: come and be healed. Which among the nations of Italy has had a token like unto yours? The tyrant is driven out from among you: the men who held a bribe in their left hand and a rod in their right are gone forth, and no blood has been spilled. And now put away every other abomination from among you, and you shall be strong in the strength of the living God. Wash yourselves from the black pitch of your vices, which have made you even as the heathens: put away the envy and hatred that have made your city as a nest of wolves. And there shall no harm happen to you: and the passage of armies shall be to you as the flight of birds, and rebellious Pisa shall be given to you again, and famine and pestilence shall be far from your gates, and you shall be as a beacon among the nations. But, mark! while you suffer the accursed thing to lie in the camp you shall be afflicted and tormented, even though a remnant among you may be saved."

These admonitions and promises had been spoken in an incisive tone of authority; but in the next sentence the preacher's voice melted into a strain of entreaty.

"Listen, O people, over whom my heart yearns, as the heart of a mother over the children she has travelled for! God is my witness that but for your sakes I would willingly live as a turtle in the depths of the forest, singing low to my Beloved, who is mine and I am His. For you I toil, for you I languish, for you my nights are spent in watching, and my soul melteth away for very heaviness. O Lord, thou knowest I am willing—I am ready. Take me, stretch me on thy cross: let the wicked who delight in blood, and rob the poor, and defile the temple of their bodies, and harden themselves against thy mercy—let them wag their heads and shoot out the lip at me: let the thorns press upon my brow, and let my sweat be anguish—I desire to be made like Thee in thy great love. But let me see of the fruit of my travail—let this people be saved! Let me see them clothed in purity: let me hear their voices rise in concord as the voices of the angels: let them see no wisdom but in thy eternal law, no beauty but in holiness. Then they shall lead the way before the nations, and the people from the four winds shall follow them, and be gathered into the fold of the blessed. For it is thy will, O God, that the earth shall be converted unto thy law: it is thy will that wickedness shall cease and love shall reign. Come, O blessed promise! and behold, I am willing—lay me on the altar: let my blood flow and the fire consume me; but let my witness be remembered among men, that iniquity shall not prosper for ever."

During the last appeal, Savonarola had stretched out his arms and lifted up his eyes to heaven; his strong voice had alternately trembled with emotion and risen again in renewed energy; but the passion with which he offered himself as a victim became at last too strong to allow of further speech, and he ended in a sob. Every changing tone, vibrating through the audience, shook them into answering emotion. There were plenty

among them who had very moderate faith in the Frate's prophetic mission, and who in their cooler moments loved him little; nevertheless, they too were carried along by the great wave of feeling which gathered its force from sympathies that lay deeper than all theory. A loud responding sob rose at once from the wide multitude, while Savonarola had fallen on his knees and buried his face in his mantle. He felt in that moment the rapture and glory of martyrdom without its agony.

In that great sob of the multitude Baldassarre's had mingled. Among all the human beings present, there was perhaps not one whose frame vibrated more strongly than his to the tones and words of the preacher; but it had vibrated like a harp of which all the strings had been wrenched away except one. That threat of a fiery inexorable vengeance—of a future into which the hated sinner might be ~~possessed and held~~ by the avenger in an eternal grapple, had come to him ~~like the promise~~ of an unquenchable fountain to unquenchable thirst. The doctrines of the sages, the old contempt for priestly superstitions, had ~~fallen~~ away from his soul like a forgotten language: if he could have remembered them, what answer could they have given to his great need like the answer given by this voice of energetic conviction? The thunder of denunciation fell on his passion-wrought nerves with all the force of self-evidence: his thought never went beyond it into questions—he was possessed by it as the war-horse is possessed by the clash of sounds. No word that was not a threat touched his consciousness; he had no fibre to be thrilled by it. But the fierce exultant delight to which he was moved by the idea of perpetual vengeance found at once a climax and a relieving outburst in the preacher's words of self-sacrifice. To Baldassarre those words only brought the vague triumphant sense that he too was devoting himself—signing with his own blood the deed by which he gave himself over to an unending fire, that would seem but coolness to his burning hatred.

"I rescued him—I cherished him—if I might clutch his heart-strings for ever! Come, O blessed promise! Let my blood flow; let the fire consume me!"

The one chord vibrated to its utmost. Baldassarre clutched his own palms, driving his long nails into them, and burst into a sob with the rest.

CHAPTER XXV.

OUTSIDE THE DUOMO.

WHILE Baldassarre was possessed by the voice of Savonarola, he had not noticed that another man had entered through the doorway behind him, and stood not far off, observing him. It was Piero di Cosimo, who took no heed of the preaching, having come solely to look at the escaped prisoner. During the pause, in which the preacher and his

audience had given themselves up to inarticulate emotion, the new comer advanced and touched Baldassarre on the arm. He looked round with the tears still slowly rolling down his face, but with a vigorous sigh, as if he had done with that outburst. The painter spoke to him in a low tone:—

"Shall I cut your cords for you? I have heard how you were made prisoner."

Baldassarre did not reply immediately: he glanced suspiciously at the officious stranger. At last he said, "If you will."

"Better come outside," said Piero.

Baldassarre again looked at him suspiciously; and Piero, partly guessing his thought, smiled, took out a knife, and cut the cords. He began to think that the idea of the prisoner's madness was not improbable, there was something so peculiar in the expression of his face. "Well," he thought, "if he does any mischief, he'll soon get tied up again. The poor devil shall have a chance, at least."

"You are afraid of me," he said again, in an undertone; "you don't want to tell me anything about yourself."

Baldassarre was folding his arms in enjoyment of that long-absent muscular sensation. He answered Piero with a less suspicious look and a tone which had some quiet decision in it.

"No, I have nothing to tell."

"As you please," said Piero, "but perhaps you want shelter, and may not know how hospitable we Florentines are to visitors with torn doublets and empty stomachs. There's an hospital for poor travellers outside all our gates, and, if you liked, I could put you in the way to one. There's no danger from your French soldier. He has been sent off."

Baldassarre nodded, and turned in silent acceptance of the offer, and he and Piero left the church together.

"You wouldn't like to sit to me for your portrait, should you?" said Piero, as they went along the Via dell'Orinolo, on the way to the gate of Santa Croce. "I am a painter: I would give you money to get your portrait."

The suspicion returned into Baldassarre's glance, as he looked at Piero, and said decidedly, "No."

"Ah!" said the painter, shortly. "Well, go straight on, and you'll find the Porta Santa Croce, and outside it there's an hospital for travellers. So you'll not accept any service from me?"

"I give you thanks for what you have done already. I need no more."

"It is well," said Piero, with a shrug, and they turned away from each other.

"A mysterious old tiger!" thought the artist, "well worth painting. Ugly—with deep lines—looking as if the plough and the harrow had gone over his heart. A fine contrast to my bland and smiling Messer Greco—my *Bacco trionfante*, who has married the fair Antigone in contradiction

to all history and fitness. Ah! his scholar's blood curdled uncomfortably at the old fellow's clutch."

When Piero re-entered the Piazza del Duomo the multitude who had been listening to Fra Girolamo were pouring out from all the doors, and the haste they made to go on their several ways was a proof how important they held the preaching which had detained them from the other occupations of the day. The artist leaned against an angle of the Baptistery and watched the departing crowd, delighting in the variety of the garb and of the keen characteristic faces—faces such as Masaccio had painted more than fifty years before: such as Domenico Ghirlandajo had not yet quite left off painting.

This morning was a peculiar occasion, and the Frate's audience, always multifarious, had represented even more completely than usual the various classes and political parties of Florence. There were men of high birth, accustomed to public charges at home and abroad, who had become newly conspicuous not only as enemies of the Medici and friends of popular government, but as thorough *piagnoni*, espousing to the utmost the doctrines and practical teaching of the Frate, and frequenting San Marco as the seat of another Samuel; some of them men of ~~the~~ ^{an} ~~eloquent~~ ^{eloquent} and handsome presence, like Francesco Valori, and perhaps also of a hot and arrogant temper, very much gratified by an immediate divine authority for bringing about freedom in their own way; others, like Soderini, with less of the ardent *piagnone*, and more of the wise politician. There were men, also of family, like Piero Capponi—simply brave undoctinal lovers of a sober republican liberty, who preferred fighting to arguing, and had no particular reasons for thinking any ideas false that kept out the Medici and made room for public spirit. At their elbows were doctors of law whose studies of Accursius and his brethren had not so entirely consumed their ardour as to prevent them from becoming enthusiastic *piagnoni*—Messer Luca Corsini himself, for example, who on a memorable occasion yet to come was to raise his learned arms in street stone-throwing for the cause of religion, freedom, and the Frate. And among these dignities who carried their black luoco or furred mantle with an air of habitual authority, there was an abundant sprinkling of men with more contemplative and sensitive faces; scholars inheriting such high name as Strozzi and Acciajoli, who were already minded to take the cowl and join the community of San Marco; artists, wrought to a new and higher ambition by the teaching of Savonarola—like that young painter who had lately surpassed himself in his fresco of the Divine child on the wall of the Frate's bare cell—unconscious yet that he would one day himself wear the tonsure and the cowl, and be called Fra Bartolommeo. There was the mystic poet Girolamo Benevieni hastening, perhaps, to carry tidings of the beloved Frate's speedy coming to his friend Pico della Mirandola, who was never to see the light of another morning. There were well-born women attired with such scrupulous plainness that their more refined grace was the chief distinction between them and their less aristocratic sisters. There was a

predominant proportion of the genuine *popolani* or middle class, belonging both to the Major and Minor Arts, conscious of purses threatened by war-taxes. And more striking and various, perhaps, than all the other classes of the Frate's disciples, there was the long stream of poorer tradesmen and artisans, whose faith and hope in his Divine message varied from the rude indiscriminating trust in him as the friend of the poor and the enemy of the luxurious oppressive rich, to that eager tasting of all the subtleties of biblical interpretation, which takes a peculiarly strong hold on the sedentary artisan, illuminating the long dim spaces beyond the board where he stitches, with a pale flame that seems to him the light of Divine science.

But among these various disciples of the Frate were scattered many who were not in the least his disciples. Some were Mediceans who had already, from motives of fear and policy, begun to show the presiding spirit of the popular party a feigned deference. Others were sincere advocates of a free government, but regarded Savonarola simply as an ambitious monk—half-sagacious, half-fanatical—who had made himself a powerful instrument with the people, and must be accepted as an important social fact. There were even some of his bitter enemies: members of the old aristocratic anti-Medicean party—determined to try and get the reins once more tight in the hands of certain chief families; or else licentious young men, who detested him as the kill-joy of Florence. For the sermons in the Duomo had already become political incidents, attracting the ears of curiosity and malice, as well as of faith. The men of ideas, like young Niccolò Macchiavelli, went to observe and write reports to friends away in country villas; the men of appetites, like Dolfo Spini, bent on hunting down the Frate as a public nuisance who made game scarce, went to feed their hatred and lie in wait for grounds of accusation.

Perhaps, while no preacher ever had a more massive influence than Savonarola, no preacher ever had more heterogeneous materials to work upon. And one secret of the massive influence lay in the highly mixed character of his preaching. Baldassarre, wrought into an ecstasy of self-martyring revenge, was only an extreme case among the partial and narrow sympathies of that audience. In Savonarola's preaching there were strains that appealed to the very finest susceptibilities of men's natures, and there were elements that gratified low egoism, tickled gossiping curiosity, and fascinated timorous superstition. His need of personal predominance, his labyrinthine allegorical interpretations of the Scriptures, his enigmatic visions, and his false certitude about the Divine intentions, never ceased, in his own large soul, to be ennobled by that fervid piety, that passionate sense of the infinite, that active sympathy, that clear-sighted demand for the subjection of selfish interests to the general good, which he had in common with the greatest of mankind. But for the mass of his audience all the pregnancy of his preaching lay in his strong assertion of supernatural claims, in the denunciatory visions, in the false certitude

which gave his sermons the interest of a political bulletin; and having once held that audience in his mastery, it was necessary to his nature—it was necessary for their welfare—that he should *keep* the mastery. The effect was inevitable. No man ever struggled to retain power over a mixed multitude without suffering vitiation : his standard must be their lower needs, and not his own best insight.

The mysteries of human character have seldom been presented in a way more fitted to check the judgments of facile knowingness than in Girolamo Savonarola; but we can give him a reverence that need shut its eyes to no fact, if we regard his life as a drama in which there were great inward modifications accompanying the outward changes. And up to this period, when his more direct action on political affairs had only just begun, it is probable that his imperious need of ascendancy had burned undiscernibly in the strong flame of his zeal for God and man.

It was the fashion of old, when an ox was led out for sacrifice to Jupiter, to chalk the dark spots, and give the offering a false show of unblemished whiteness. Let us fling away the chalk, and boldly say,—the victim was spotted, but it was not therefore in vain that his mighty heart was laid on the altar of men's highest hopes.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GARMENT OF FEAR.

At six o'clock that evening most people in Florence were glad the entrance of the new Charlemagne was fairly over. Doubtless when the roll of drums, the blast of trumpets, and the tramp of horses along the Pisan road began to mingle with the pealing of the excited bells, it was a grand moment for those who were stationed on turreted roofs, and could see the long-winding terrible pomp on the back-ground of the green hills and valley. There was no sunshine to light up the splendour of banners, and spears, and plumes, and silken surcoats, but there was no thick cloud of dust to hide it, and as the picked troops advanced into close view they could be seen all the more distinctly for the absence of dancing glitter. Tall and tough Scotch archers, Swiss halberdiers fierce and ponderous, nimble Gascons ready to wheel and climb, cavalry in which each man looked like a knight-errant with his indomitable spear and charger—it was satisfactory to be assured that they would injure nobody but the enemies of God! With that confidence at heart it was a less dubious pleasure to look at the array of strength and splendour in nobles and knights, and youthful pages of choice lineage—at the bossed and jewelled sword hilts, at the satin scarfs embroidered with strange symbolical devices of pious or gallant meaning, at the gold chains and jewelled

sigrettes, at the gorgeous horse-trappings and brocaded mantles, and at the transcendent canopy carried by select youths above the head of the Most Christian King. To sum up with an old diarist, whose spelling and diction halted a little behind the wonders of this royal visit,—“*fu gran magnificenza.*”

But for the Signoria, who had been waiting on their platform against the gates, and had to march out at the right moment, with their orator in front of them, to meet the mighty guest, the grandeur of the scene had been somewhat screened by unpleasant sensations. If Messer Luca Corsini could have had a brief Latin welcome depending from his mouth in legible characters, it would have been less confusing when the rain came on, and created an impatience in men and horses that broke off the delivery of his well-studied periods; and reduced the representatives of the scholarly city to offer a make-shift welcome in impromptu French. But that sudden confusion had created a great opportunity for Tito. As one of the secretaries he was among the officials who were stationed behind the Signoria, and with whom these highest dignities were promiscuously thrown when pressed upon by the horses.

“Somebody step forward and say a few words in French,” said Soderini. But no one of high importance chose to risk a second failure. “You, Francesco Gaddi—you can speak.” But Gaddi, distrusting his own promptness, hung back, and, pushing Tito, said, “You, Melema.”

Tito stepped forward in an instant, and with the air of profound deference that came as naturally to him as walking, said the few needful words in the name of the Signoria; then gave way gracefully, and let the king pass on. His presence of mind, which had failed him in the terrible crisis of the morning, had been a ready instrument this time. It was an excellent livery servant that never forsook him when danger was not visible. But when he was complimented on his opportune service, he laughed it off as a thing of no moment, and to those who had not witnessed it, let Gaddi have the credit of the improvised welcome. No wonder Tito was popular: the touchstone by which men try us is most often their own vanity.

Other things besides the oratorical welcome had turned out rather worse than had been expected. If everything had happened according to ingenious preconceptions, the Florentine procession of clergy and laity would not have found their way choked up and been obliged to improvise a course through the back streets, so as to meet the king at the Cathedral only. Also, if the young monarch under the canopy, seated on his charger with his lance upon his thigh, had looked more like a Christian magne and less like a hastily modelled grotesque, the imagination of the admirers would have been much assisted. It might have been wished that the scout of Italian wickedness and “Champion of the honour of women” had had a less miserable leg, and only the normal sum of years that his mouth had been of a less repulsive width of slit, his nose and

head of a less exorbitant outline. But the thin leg rested on clasp of gold and pearls, and the face was only an interruption of a few square inches in the midst of black velvet and gold, and the blaze of rubies, and the brilliant tints of the embroidered and bejewelled canopy—" *fu gran magnificenza.*"

And the people had cried *Francia, Francia!* with an enthusiasm proportioned to the splendour of the canopy which they had torn to pieces as their spoil, according to immemorial custom; royal lips had duly kissed the altar; and after all mishapens the royal person and retinue were lodged in the Palace of the Via Larga, the rest of the nobles and gentry were dispersed among the great houses of Florence, and the terrible soldiery were encamped in the Prato and other open quarters. The business of the day was ended.

But the streets still presented a surprising aspect, such as Florentines had not seen before under the November stars. Instead of a gloom unbroken except by a lamp burning feebly here and there before a faintly image at the street corners, or by a stream of redder light from an open doorway, there were lamps suspended at the windows of all houses, so that men could walk along no less securely and commodiously than by day—" *fu gran magnificenza.*"

Along those illuminated streets Tito Melema was walking at about eight o'clock in the evening, on his way homeward. He had been exerting himself throughout the day under the pressure of hidden anxieties, and had at last made his escape unnoticed from the midst of after-supper gaiety. Once at leisure thoroughly to face and consider his circumstances, he hoped that he could so adjust himself to them and to all probabilities as to get rid of his childish fear. If he had only not been wanting in the presence of mind necessary to recognize Baldassarre under that surprise!—it would have been happier for him on all accounts; for he still winced under the sense that he was deliberately inflicting suffering on his father: he would very much have preferred that Baldassarre should be prosperous and happy. But he had left himself no second path now: there could be no conflict any longer: the only thing he had to do was to take care of himself.

While these thoughts were in his mind he was advancing from the Piazza di Santa Croce along the Via dei Benci, and as he neared the angle turning into the Borgo Santa Croce his ear was struck by a music which was not that of evening revelry, but of vigorous labour—the music of the anvil. Tito gave a slight start and quickened his pace, for the sounds had suggested a welcome thought. He knew that they came from the workshop of Niccolò Caparra, famous resort of all Florentines who cared for curious and beautiful iron-work.

"What makes the giant at work so late?" thought Tito. "But so much the better for me. I can do that little bit of business to-night instead of to-morrow morning."

Preoccupied as he was, he could not help passing a moment in



NICCOLÓ AT WORK.

admiration as he came in front of the double door. The wide doorway, standing at the truncated angle of a great black anvil, of highest, was surmounted by a loggia roofed with fluted tiles, and supported by stone columns with roughly carved capitals. Against the end light formed in by the outline of the fluted tiles and was illuminated in black, pale, the grand figure of Niccolò, with his huge arms in his hands, and his feet, feet hiding and then displaying the profile of his face, and his powerful form. Two lighter stone pillars, one at the north, the other at the south, served to set off his superior majesty.

The darkened site doorway with a very different outline, standing in silence, since it was useless to speak with Niccolò about design to permit and notice him. That was not until the anvil had beaten the head of an axe to the due sharpness of edge and finished it from his anvil. But in the meantime Tito had satisfied himself by a glance around the shop that the object of which he was in search had not disappeared.

Niccolò gave an unceremonious but good-humoured nod as he turned from the anvil and rested his hammer on his hip.

"What is it, Messer Tito? Business?"

"Assuredly, Niccolò; else I should not have ventured to interrupt you when you are working out of hours, since I take that as a sign that your work is pressing."

"I've been at the same work all day—making axes and spear-heads. And every fool that has passed my shop has put his pumpkin-head in, to say, 'Niccolò, wilt thou not come and see the King of France and his soldiers?' and I've answered, 'No: I don't want to see their faces—I want to see their backs.'"

"Are you making arms for the citizens, then, Niccolò?—that they may have something better than rusty scythes and spears in case of an uproar?"

"We shall see. Arms are good, and Florence is likely to want them. The Frate tells us we shall get Pisa again, and I hold with the Frate; but I should be glad to know how the promise is to be fulfilled, if we don't get plenty of good weapons forged? The Frate sees a long way before him; that I believe. But he doesn't see birds caught with winking at them, as some of our people try to make out. He sees asses and not nonsense. But you're a bit of a Medicean, Messer Tito Malama. Ebbene! so I've been myself in my time, before the cask began to run sour. What's your business?"

"Simply to know the price of that fine coat of mail I saw hanging here the other day. I want to buy it for a certain personage who needs a protection of that sort under his doublet."

"Let him come and buy it himself, then," said Niccolò, bluntly. "I'm rather nice about what I sell, and whom I sell to. I like to know who's my customer."

"I know your scruples, Niccolò. But that is only defensive armour; it can hurt nobody."

"True: but it may make the man who wears it feel himself all the safer if he should want to hurt somebody. No, no: it's not my own work; but it's fine work of Maso of Brescia: I should be loth for it to cover the heart of a scoundrel. I must know who is to wear it."

"Well, then, to be plain with you, *Niccolò mio*, I want it myself," said Tito, knowing it was useless to try persuasion. "The fact is, I am likely to have a journey to take—and you know what journeying is in these times. You don't suspect me of treason against the Republic?"

"No, I know no harm of you," said Niccolò, in his blunt way again. "But have you the money to pay for the coat? For you've passed my shop often enough to know my sign: you've seen the burning account-books—I trust nobody. The price is twenty florins, and that's because it's second hand. You're not likely to have so much money with you. Let it be till to-morrow."

"I happen to have the money," said Tito, who had been winning at play the day before, and had not emptied his purse. "I'll carry the armour home with me."

Niccolò reached down the finely wrought coat, which fell together into little more than two handfuls.

"There, then," he said, when the florins had been told down on his palm. "Take the coat. It's made to cheat sword or poniard or arrow. But, for my part, I would never put such a thing on. It's like carrying fear about with one."

Niccolò's words had an unpleasant intensity of meaning for Tito. But he smiled and said,—

"Ah, Niccolò, we scholars are all cowards. Handling the pen doesn't thicken the arm as your hammer-wielding does. Addio!"

He folded the armour under his mantle, and hastened homeward across the Ponte Rubaconte.



Tobacco: its Use and Abuse.

THE question of the real uses, if it has any, of tobacco, seems to me just as well worth considering as the great alcohol question itself. I have tried to show that, with all the wrangling and disputation which has taken place concerning the latter article, popular notions about it were very vague and incorrect, and that no really useful discussion of its merits could find a place until certain fallacies were dismissed from the public mind. I hold the same opinion with regard to tobacco.

The popular arguments for and against the use of tobacco are even more unsatisfactory than are the common disputes about alcohol; for it is less easy to make out a telling case on either side. The smoker pleads, usually, that the practice "soothes" him: his opponent tauntingly replies, that it enervates him, and makes him weak and idle, besides wasting a great deal of his time and money. But there is less room on the one side for rose-coloured eulogy, and on the other for melodramatic denunciation, than in the case of alcohol. The Anacreon and the Cruickshank of tobacco have yet to make their appearance. Signs, however, are not wanting that the latter rôle will soon be filled, for already a dignitary of the Church has painted tobacco as a "gorging fiend," and a certain stump orator recently declared at a public meeting that "he knew no single vice which did so much harm as smoking!" But, as yet, these prophets have little honour, either in their own country or in any other; and it may be well, before they have time to lash themselves and the public into a state of moral hysterics, to consider calmly the purely physiological aspect of the question, apart from ideas of right and wrong.

I had better commence my description of the action of tobacco by an account of those poisonous effects which it is universally confessed are caused by very large doses.

Tobacco, in virtue of two of its constituents—nicotine and the empyreumatic oil* which is generated during combustion,—produces certain special effects upon the nervous system. It affects the brain, the spinal cord, and the sympathetic nerves. In very large doses it has a paralysing influence upon these organs, and through them upon the heart and lungs. The violent disturbance of the stomach which is so common in persons who at their first smoke indulge pretty freely, and the chronic dyspepsia which is the result of habitual excess, are secondary consequences of these effects upon the nervous system: the latter malady is, perhaps, also partly to be ascribed to the quantity of saliva which is rejected by the smoker.

* In chewing and snuffing, the empyreumatic oil is of course not taken, but, instead, a concrete volatile oil, which is less energetic in its action upon the system.

instead of being allowed to help, as it should, in digestion. A minor degree of depression of the nervous system is represented by that tremulous state of the muscles which is often noticed in excessive smokers. Higher degrees of paralysis are indicated when, as sometimes happens after one huge dose, the heart suddenly comes to a dead stop, and the patient sinks into a mortal faint; or when insensibility, perhaps accompanied with convulsions, sets in, and the lungs lessen gradually their rapidity of action, and at last come to a stand-still. Such are the normal effects of large doses of tobacco; but there are some individuals in whom, from some peculiarity of constitution, the tendency of tobacco in excessive, or, indeed, in almost any doses, is to act like a violent cathartic medicine. Again, with some persons inurement to free indulgence in tobacco seems to bring about an insensibility to the poisonous effect of doses which would certainly destroy the life, or seriously injure the health, of others.

Some good examples of the pernicious effects of the excessive use of tobacco have recently been narrated to the French Académie des Sciences by M. Beau. The first of these was that of a man, aged 60, who was in the habit of smoking almost all day. He was attacked with palpitations of the heart, which recurred every night, and were accompanied with a sense of oppression, and with pains in the shoulders. He laid aside the use of tobacco for a time, and the symptoms disappeared. He resumed it, and immediately they returned; and finally he was compelled to relinquish smoke altogether. The second case was that of a physician, aged 50, who smoked cigarettes *constantly*, when not employed in some active occupation. He was attacked repeatedly with palpitations, accompanied with a sense of constriction of the chest, and great suffering. He relinquished his habit of smoking, and the attacks ceased; but on one occasion, having merely sat in the same room with a number of smokers, he experienced a relapse. The third case was that of a physician, aged 35, who smoked cigarettes to great excess, in fact constantly. He was suddenly seized with an attack similar to the above, but so severe as almost to prove fatal. The fourth patient was a Spaniard, aged 30, who smoked cigarettes incessantly. For some time he had been very dyspeptic, when he was suddenly seized with an attack of *angina pectoris*, which lasted ten minutes, and almost proved fatal. On diminishing his daily allowance of smoke all his troubles vanished. The fifth instance was that of a physician, who was compelled to renounce smoking by reason of the excessive dyspepsia which it caused, and which was accompanied by threatenings of *angina pectoris*. The sixth patient was an enormous consumer of cigarettes. He was attacked with repeated seizures of *angina pectoris*: at the date of M. Beau's report he was persisting in his habits of excessive smoking, and would probably kill himself. In the seventh and eighth cases death actually resulted (from *angina pectoris*) in consequence of excessive smoking. M. Beau makes some judicious remarks on these cases of tobacco-poisoning, in which he states his opinion that the production of such symptoms requires the conjunction of three causes;—

1. *Excessive use of tobacco.* 2. A special susceptibility on the part of the individual. 3. Some special circumstances (such as the existence of grief, fatigue, or excessive weakness of digestion) which might hinder the system from expelling the absorbed constituents of tobacco, and might allow them to accumulate in the system: in which case a sufficient quantity of nicotine might at length be stored up in the blood to paralyze the heart.

All the above-named phenomena are clearly the results of excess—of immoderately large doses; just as much as drunkenness and the coma of alcohol are the results of excess in that liquid. Under this head are to be explained many horrifying descriptions which scientific men of the anti-tobacco party have paraded to the gaze of the public: they have nothing whatever to do with the effects of tobacco taken by moderate snufflers or smokers.

What, then, is the effect of tobacco in smaller doses? The common belief is, that it soothes pain and disposes to tranquillity and sleep; but it certainly also possesses other and very well-marked properties. To the habitual smoker his moderate quantum of smoke, to the habitual snuff-taker his ordinary allowance of snuff, does not act as a narcotic only, or even chiefly. Where tobacco does not cause nausea or sickness, it produces, I believe, a very decided stimulant effect upon the system—an effect which does not appear at all when the dose has been excessive. The action of tobacco upon the system has been hitherto described, for the most part, by persons who had no practical knowledge of the subject, and hence this stimulant action has been overlooked by the readers of the ordinary descriptions; nevertheless, it certainly forms an integral part of the physiological action of tobacco; and it is a kind of stimulation, moreover, which is not followed by any unhealthy depressive reaction.

The really difficult part of any description of the effects of tobacco, which should aim at completeness, is the estimation of the extent to which *habit* modifies the action of this substance on the system. Tobacco is usually looked upon as a typical instance of a poison to which the human body can accustom itself till its deadly effects are very much lessened. That something of this kind does really take place, in the case of persons who are learning to smoke, there can be little doubt, but it is necessary to remark that the process is far more apparent than real. The young lad who has never yet smoked thinks, when he makes his first experiment, that he is taking a very moderate dose because he only smokes one pipe, or half a pipe, of Virginian tobacco in the shape of bird's-eye or *slang*. The fact is, however, that that one pipe, smoked as he smokes it, represents a dose of nicotine and empyreumatic oil which even a seasoned vessel would not care to take in at once. There is nothing which requires a more distinct education than the management of a pipe or cigar, so that only the proper amount of the products of combustion may enter the mouth, and that not too much may be left behind when the smoke is blown out again. We may take it for certain that a boy, indulging in tobacco for the first time, will contrive to get as much nicotine and

empyreumatic oil into his system in smoking one pipe as an old smoker will do in smoking six; and thus, at the very outset, we are enabled to explain much of the apparent mystery of the tolerance which the system seems to acquire for tobacco. The boy-smoker does, in fact, take a large and poisonous dose; whereas, if he could have imbibed only that quantity of nicotine and empyreumatic oil which an old smoker would procure from a single pipe, he might have suffered but slightly. Doubtless, the same difference is still more conspicuous between the experienced and the inexperienced *shower*. The latter, it is obvious, will swallow a large quantity of a solution containing nicotine and fixed oil of tobacco, which the former would never swallow at all. Filthy creature though he be, the experienced chewer may be a moderate user of tobacco; for he really only takes into his system that small quantity of the poisonous matters which can be absorbed into his blood through the mucous membrane of his mouth.

Reader, do you remember the first time you smoked a cutty pipe full of strong tobacco? Did you not lie on your back for hours, in a state of depression and misery worse than death, praying that the earth might swallow you, which it refused to do: and didn't the firmament appear to revolve on its own axis, the other end of which was a sharp point sticking into your brain? In the bitterness of your heart, you doubtless vowed, on that occasion, that should you survive, you would never repeat the experiment. But, in truth, you should have blamed your own clumsy smoking chiefly. It is not from the effects of tobacco on novices that we can fairly test its ordinary effects upon the system. For the latter purpose we must study such examples as our own steady-going grandfathers, who, having got accustomed to the use of their implement, smoked regularly their two or three pipes a day, and never exceeded that quantity. The effects produced by such a manner of smoking as this are, I venture to say, not narcotic chiefly, if at all, but stimulant: and the kind of stimulation thus produced is capable of reproduction, any number of times, by exactly the same dose in each twenty-four hours: nor is it followed by any depressive reaction.

There was no dreaminess, no excuse for inaction, in the short silver pipes of the old sea-dogs of the Elizabethan period; nor does one think of Sir Walter Raleigh, the arch-fumigator himself, as a particularly listless or inactive individual. Still less would one be inclined to speak of an agricultural labourer of the present day, engaged in tossing hay up into a stack, or loading a manure-cart, as enjoying a dreamy repose, and yet it is during the severest exertions of this kind that I have noticed clod-hoppers smoking most vigorously. In fact, the theory that tobacco is in all doses a merely stupefying and depressing agent, is contradicted by the most commonplace facts. It seems to rest chiefly on an observation which really ought to tell directly against it, viz. the power which tobacco possesses of quieting the pangs of hunger, and supporting the system during the absence of food. If this result was merely due to a narcotic

influence, depressing and blunting the nervous sensibility of the stomach, it might be equally produced by any nauseous drug which would disgust the appetite, e. g. tartar emetic. Fortunately, we now possess the means of contradicting the dogma referred to absolutely, at least as a general proposition. Dr. Edward Smith, in an able paper read at the late meeting of the British Association, adduced certain experiments, which clearly demonstrated that with some individuals the effect of ordinary smoking is a stimulant one. The following are the details of one of his experiments. The individual operated on was made to prepare himself by sitting absolutely still until the pulse stood at an average of 74.5 beats a minute. He then commenced to smoke a pipe, and during the first five minutes of smoking the effects were comparatively slight; the pulse, however, increased in firmness and fulness, and stood at an average of 78.8 per minute. During the next fourteen minutes the frequency of the pulse was 87, 88, 94, 98, 102, 102, 105, 105, 104, 105, 105, 107, 107, 110, and there was an increased sense of warmth, together with slight perspiration on the brow. Smoking was now stopped, and during the next minute the pulse rose to 112; but it then began steadily to decline, till, at the end of half an hour from the commencement of the smoking, it was at 88.91. For more than two hours it remained above the natural average of frequency and force. Dr. Smith assigns the time of 10 P.M. as the proper one for making experiments on the action of tobacco, and adds that no food should be taken for four hours previously. He considers that to literary men, on whom tobacco may be found to produce this kind of stimulant effect, it would be an effective substitute for the wine which they so frequently take to assist them in brain-work which is done late at night. I think it necessary to state here that Dr. Smith uses the word "stimulation" in the sense of an absolute increase in the *frequency* of the pulse, as well as its strength. Used by myself, as the record of my experience in the taking of tobacco, it does not necessarily imply increased *frequency* of pulse, but it does imply increased firmness in the heart's action, and also a general increase of nervous vigour, as testified by my own sensations.

In some recent remarks on the action of alcohol on the human system, I endeavoured to explain the *rationale* of that important phenomenon, the production of a craving for a repetition of the dose in increased amount; and I endeavoured to prove that this phenomenon was a result of excessive or poisonous doses only, not of moderate quantities at all. The same principle holds good, and is equally important, with regard to tobacco. There are thousands of moderate smokers who consume, from year's end to year's end, only the same moderate daily allowance of tobacco, and never increase the quantity. It is quite as absurd to charge these persons with being the subjects of a "slavery" which inevitably tends to become progressively more degraded, as to speak of all moderate drinkers as incipient drunkards: the practical rule rests in each case upon the basis of the same physiological truth. The feeling of masterless irrepressible

craving for any narcotic is invariably the result of nervous exhaustion; and this last can only be caused by some poison, or other depressing agent, which enfeebles the nervous system. The fact that so many smokers never in the course of their lives experience any such sensation is a powerful argument in favour of an absolute and radical distinction between the action of small and of large doses of tobacco. Persons who experience the craving which we speak of are the victims of chronic dyspepsia, of muscular tremors; the kind of longing which they experience for the accustomed narcotic is strikingly comparable to the craving of a drunkard for spirits. It is true that moderate smokers, also, are sensible of discomfort if their regular pipe or cigar be cut off, but not in a greater degree than they would be affected by the sudden withdrawal of any article of daily food to which, although it was not a necessary of life, they had become regularly accustomed; and how unpleasant such a withdrawal is often found to be may be illustrated by the discomfort which the potato famine, some years ago, occasioned in many families. At this point it becomes necessary to say a few words about the different forms under which tobacco is taken, and the modifications of its influence which these occasion. And, first, with regard to the different modes of smoking.

Cigars are generally considered as, on the whole, a mild form of tobacco, and, in the main, this notion is correct. There are all sorts of differences, however, between the different kinds: for there are British and foreign cigars, mild and full-flavoured, fragrant or tasteless. As regards the distinction between British and foreign cigars, it may be remarked that the great superiority of the best Havannah cigars depends, not only upon the fine quality of the leaf used to make them, but also on the perfection of the rolling, and, above all, on the completeness of the drying. The best of these cigars are those which have been kept for some time, in a sufficiently warm temperature to dry them very completely: and so important is the latter consideration, that it has been found that even British cigars, and those not made from a high quality of leaf, may be immensely improved in flavour, and rendered extremely like the best foreigners, by the simple plan of keeping them stored, for a considerable period of time, in a place where the temperature is always high.

One important fact with regard to cigars is the comparatively small quantity of the alkaloid nicotine which they contain: according to M. Schlössing, this only amounts to 2 per cent. in the best Havannah cigars, while in strong Virginian cut tobacco it reaches as high as 6 or 8 per cent.* It might, therefore, appear that the practice of cigar-smoking was far less deleterious than that of smoking pipes; but, in fact, there are certain circumstances which very much modify the apparently favourable

* The analysis of tobacco is, however, in most respects, in an unsatisfactory state of incompleteness at present. It is extremely difficult to estimate a reasonable average of composition even among specimens professedly of the same sort. — *Vide* the Blue Book on the Tobacco Trade (1844), and Dr. Ure's evidence therein; also the *Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, &c.*

aspect of the former. In the first place, good cigars are so expensive that they are commonly smoked out to the end, in order to avoid waste. Now the first half or so of this process is harmless enough; for the empyreumatic oil collects in the butt of the cigar, and has little if it need make its way into the mouth. But as the smoker proceeds, the empyreumatic oil begins to be drawn in, and hence arises the fact that the strength of a cigar smokes so uncommonly strong. Again, clumsy smokers do, in fact, chew the end of the cigar, and thus suck in a good deal of the oil, and often swallow it. The surest way to avoid these evils would be to smoke no more than half of each cigar, and throw the rest away; the next best plan would be to use a highly porous and absorbent cigar-tube. But the first plan is ruinously costly, and the second is troublesome to most smokers. Either from the neglect of these precautions, or from some other cause, it has certainly appeared to me that more individuals become decidedly "poisoned" from smoking cigars than from smoking pipes.

Among the cut tobaccos which are smoked in pipes there are the greatest varieties of strength. The most potent of all are the negro-head and Cavendish tobaccos, which are also used for chewing; and next to them come shag and birds'-eye, which are made from Virginian tobacco, and which form the staple of consumption in this country. At various intervals below, come the French,* German, and Italian cut tobaccos, most of which are weaker than shag and birds'-eye; and the mild Latakia of the East, which is so much admired by smokers for its delicate aroma. It is remarkable with what pertinacity the majority of Englishmen adhere to the use of the stronger tobaccos, as contrasted with the practice of other Europeans: a preference which reminds us of the British fondness for that potent and heady liquor, "port wine." It is, however, by no means among the smokers of shag and birds'-eye that we most frequently observe the poisonous effects of tobacco; and it is, therefore, worth inquiry whether the manner of smoking has not some important influence. I have already noticed the evil effects of smoking cigars to the end. Now a pipe has the advantage of being made, in the majority of cases, of an absorbent material, which sucks up the empyreumatic oil, and prevents a great part of it from reaching the mouth: and this effect is aided if the smoke be drawn through a long tube. The highest degree of purification is obtained when the smoke is passed through a vessel of water before reaching the mouth, as in those pipes which are frequently used in Eastern countries, for a large quantity, if not all, of the empyreumatic oil is thus left behind. Next in order of safety come the long-stemmed pipes (some five or six feet in length), with a bowl of red Turkish clay, very

* Some of the French tobaccos, however, are rich in nicotine. According to M. Schlessing, the varieties called Lot, Lot-et-Garonne, Nord, and Ile-et-Vilaine, contain respectively 7.96, 7.34, 6.58, and 6.29 per cent. of this alkaloid, a higher percentage than that of the average of Virginia tobaccos. In judging of the "potency" of different sorts of tobacco, I rely on my own experience of the relative quantities required to produce nausea, and other symptoms of poisoning.

wide at the orifice: after these may be reckoned the old-fashioned "yard of slay," which is smoked only a few times, and then thrown away. Finally we come to the short pipes, of clay or meerschäum: and it must be admitted that these, unless made of a very porous substance, are decidedly unwholesome: and, moreover, they require careful smoking, even at the best, to avoid drawing a large quantity of oil into the mouth. A novice would almost infallibly be made ill by smoking a well-coloured cutty pipe.

Cigarettes are usually considered an excessively mild form of smoke; but that depends very much upon the manner of smoking. If the smoke be only inhaled gently, and immediately expelled again from the mouth, only a small dose of tobacco is really taken, for a large part of the empyreumatic oil and nicotine passes away into the air without ever entering the mouth. But the practice of drawing in a large quantity of smoke by a vigorous effort into the very lungs themselves, is decidedly to be condemned, as it must tend to deposit a considerable quantity of the oil in the air-passages.* Fortunately, the milder varieties of tobacco are generally employed for making cigarettes.

As for chewing, it is obvious that where, as is often the case, considerable quantities of the juice of tobacco are swallowed, the evil effects are directly produced, and may be very serious; while the only alternative to this mischief is the nauseous habit of profuse expectoration.

Snuff-taking is a habit which at first sight seems most unnatural, and likely to produce very bad effects. There is singularly little evidence, however, of such effects following the use of snuff, *per se*. The men who are employed in the grinding of snuff breathe constantly an atmosphere loaded with irritating particles, which penetrate freely into the lungs and stomach; and the new hands are invariably subject to distressing nausea and vomiting during the first few weeks of their experience in their new employment. But they soon get over these inconveniences, and thenceforth their health appears to be as good as that of other men. Duchatelet made a series of statistical inquiries into the health of workmen in tobacco-factories, all of whom are obliged to breathe an atmosphere more or less impregnated with floating particles of tobacco, and he found it quite as high as the average standard of human health. Doubtless there are some peculiar constitutions to which the use of a stimulus like that of snuff, even in moderation, is seriously hurtful; but they are exceptions to the rule. I am speaking now, of course, only of the effects of snuff-taking upon the general health; for there can be no doubt that it causes much local mischief. The mucous membrane of the nostrils becomes permanently thickened; and not only is the sense of smell thus blunted, but that resonance of the voice which depends upon a free and pervious condition of the nostrils is lost, as many a public speaker and singer has found to his cost. With regard to the effect of snuff-taking upon the

* It is probable that this was the manner of smoking adopted by the patients who came under M. Beau's notice.—*Vide supra*.

nervous system, it may be remarked that nicotine must necessarily be taken into the system by absorption through the mucous membrane of the nose; the quantity, however, is very minute, probably only enough to produce the stimulant effects, and never the narcotic. A French chemist has recently declared that he has succeeded in extracting nicotine from the tissues of an habitual snuff-taker after death—a fact which, if confirmed, would seem to prove that a small quantity of the alkaloid is constantly retained in the tissues of those who take snuff daily.

Can we arrive at any practical result as to the limits of the non-poisonous action of tobacco? The first and most obvious rule which may be laid down is, that tobacco, when it produces nausea in a person used to smoke, has been taken in an excessive dose. The production of excessive thirst is also a sign of an excessive or depressing dose. Still more unquestionably is tremulousness of the muscles (*e. g.* shakiness of the hand) a sign of poisoning; and it is frequently associated with palpitation of the heart and sleeplessness, chiefly arising from the latter source of annoyance. If none of these symptoms be present, I am at a loss to know on what grounds we could state that any smoker was taking poisonous doses. One other sign of tobacco-poisoning should be mentioned, *viz.* the remarkable sallowness of complexion which it usually produces, together with a tendency to excessive perspirations. But this condition is never present without some of the other signs of poisoning being at the same time evident to a careful observer.

As to the amount of tobacco which may be taken without producing any of these symptoms, I am unable to make any all-inclusive statement; because, in the first place, something depends upon habit; and, secondly, much more depends upon the manner of smoking—the mechanical skill with which the act is performed. But from what I have observed, I believe that the majority of smokers in whom none of the mischievous effects of tobacco are perceived confine themselves to about two or three small pipefuls of Virginian tobacco, or a proportionately larger quantity of the weaker sorts; and I cannot say that I ever saw poisonous symptoms produced by such a quantity as this, unless the person was a novice who had never learned to smoke, or was in some decidedly exceptional and temporary nervous condition independently of the effects of tobacco, or, finally, was of a very peculiar natural idiosyncrasy. Perhaps, on the average, the effect of a cigar may be reckoned about equal to that of a medium-sized pipe of good shag or birds'-eye.

With regard to snuff, I must repeat that I know of no trustworthy evidence of even enormous doses producing serious ill effects on the nervous system. The mischief which this form of tobacco does, *when pure*, seems to me to be merely local.*

As I stated at the outset of this paper, my object has been, primarily,

* Adulteration of snuff with *lead*, accidental or intentional, has, however, been the cause of great mischief in some cases. But that is beside the present question.

to arrive at a correct and sensible judgment as to the mere physiological effects of tobacco. But it is impossible for me to avoid noticing some of the social bearings of the use of this substance which force themselves upon the notice of the physician, especially if he sees much of the health and habits of the poor. On behalf of the ill-fed, ill-clad, and anxious classes, I feel driven to lift up a protest against the mistaken spirit, as I think it, of philanthropic reform which would drive tobacco completely out of use, or limit its use to the rich and the irredeemably lazy sections of society. The result of my own observations has been the production of the conviction in my mind, that the majority of the poor and anxious classes, in London at any rate, after reaching a certain age, begin to indulge in one of three cheap luxuries—alcohol, opium, or tobacco: and, moreover, in the existing state of things, that it is hopeless to expect them to do anything better than choose the best of these three. I think that no one will dispute that tobacco is the least injurious of them, intrinsically considered, since it is by far the least likely to be taken to excess, and even when abused produces much less serious effects than the others. There is one charge brought against it, however, which is a very grave one, if true.

It is constantly asserted that the use of tobacco, and more particularly the practice of smoking, leads to excessive drinking. I have no hesitation in saying that this statement is entirely incorrect; indeed, in some respects, it is the exact opposite of the truth. Among the numerous victims of "chronic alcoholism" who present themselves in the outpatient department of hospitals, it is quite a rare thing to find any large smokers. Again, the French, who are much larger smokers than we in this country, hardly ever drink alcohol with their smoke, but, if any drink at all, some such harmless matter as eau sucrée or lemonade. Look, too, at the class of young men who are studying for the professions, medical students, law students; or look at the men at the universities. Why, among this class, excessive smoking is carried to a pitch that would make the hair of any anti-tobaccoal stand on end with horror; and yet the instances of habitual alcoholic excess are very few, and are becoming, *me tests*, still fewer. But if the charge which I have referred to were well founded, the vast majority of clergymen, lawyers, and medical men ought to be confirmed drunkards by the time they are ready to enter upon the exercise of their respective professions. So far, indeed, is this statement from being true, that I believe that smoking is a direct preservative from the danger of becoming entangled in drinking habits: and I am convinced that a successful crusade against tobacco, among medical students for example, who, while studying in London, are exposed, in a position of singular freedom and independence of action, to so many temptations, would do an enormous amount of harm.*

* I am glad to be able to fortify my own opinion by that of Lane (editor of the *Arabian Nights*), who declares that the increased use of tobacco has diminished the indulgence in intoxicating liquors in the East. Mr. Layard confirms this; and Mr. Sharman Crawford states that the same fact holds good with regard to Great Britain.

As for the evil effects of snuff, they have already been described as purely local. And, certainly, snuff is not chargeable with the production of a craving for alcohol; on the contrary, it is distinctly a preservative against it. It is a rare thing to find a regular snuff-taker who is addicted to alcoholic excess; and I am convinced, from my own observation, that nothing but snuff saves many of the poorer classes from flying to drink in mere desperation. It is a stimulant which serves them well when they are faint and weary, and which is not followed by any after depression. In fact, the words "stimulant" and "stimulation," as they are popularly understood, hardly convey a sufficiently strong idea of the value of tobacco, in the shape of snuff, to persons whose nervous systems are harassed by that most fatal of all combinations of evil influences, the concurrence of great anxiety, excessive labour, and deficient food. To such persons, tobacco may be truly said to act as nourishment; for though it doubtless does not help at all to build up new tissues, it most certainly is capable of prolonging life and vigour, when these would otherwise rapidly fail under the stress of fatigues and miseries disproportionate to the natural powers of resistance. And even where there is not the added misery of semi-starvation, we see whole classes of men in a position in which anxiety and hard work accumulate on them so fast that energy and life itself might well give way; and to such persons I have no doubt that tobacco is extremely valuable. It does not act in such cases as a narcotic, it does not send people so using it into a dreamy state of meditateness; on the contrary, it keeps them fresh and vigorous, and apt for work; it enables them to fight off that worst kind of fatigue which is the mere physical expression of an anxious mind. For the apparent excitement which is the result of anxiety is an index of a nervous system below and not above par, and the remarkable effect which tobacco certainly has in mitigating it must be due to a stimulating, not to a depressing influence.

Such is, I believe, a pretty close approximation to the truth as to the influence of tobacco upon the system. We ought not to confound the effects of moderate with those of excessive smoking; and the statement that tobacco encourages an excessive indulgence in alcohol is incorrect. I leave it to others to settle how far the offensiveness of the practice to some of our neighbours may form a valid reason for relinquishing whatever advantages smoking may seem to confer, since my business is to preach, not ethics, but physiology.

My Tour in Holland.

HAVE you ever been to Holland? To Switzerland, the Tyrol, the south of France, and the larger German cities, I am aware you have been often. Scotland, also, you know well, and probably the Irish lake scenery. But I doubt whether you have travelled much in England, and I feel almost sure that you have never been to Holland. If you choose to confess that you travel simply for scenery, you are right. The Dutch landscapes, though of all landscapes the most charming on canvas, are not in themselves attractive. But if busy towns can interest you, if men and women with ways of their own and wills of their own, are worthy of your notice; if you can believe that it behoves you to have seen a busy, thriving, well-to-do neighbouring people, who are probably more like yourself in heart and spirit than any other, though by no means closely resembling to yourself in habits; then you should go to Holland. My own inducement in making a trip there the other day was, I own, less noble. I wished to see the Dutch pictures at home. I have seen them; and if you care for Dutch pictures, they also should take you to Holland.

The towns which it will concern you to visit lie in a nutshell. They are Rotterdam, the Hague, together with the fishing and bathing village of Schevening, Leyden, Haarlem, and Amsterdam. The worst of Holland is, that it is so terribly difficult of approach! One is driven to encounter eighteen hours of steamboat misery in going from London to Rotterdam, or else is forced to wander over half a continent by Calais, Lille, and over the Belgian railroads! I grant that any journey is now-a-days a serious evil, which cannot be slipt through in one night, or conquered between breakfast and dinner during the reading of a novel. But if you append Holland to your Belgian tour, you will overcome the difficulty.

The Dutch people are not such as you have been taught to believe them to be. You have in your mind a picture of Mynheer Van Dunck as he drinks his brandy-and-water gaily; of Dirk Hatterick, while he murders Glossop; and William the Taciturn, who is supposed to have enfranchised his country by his silence. You conceive your Dutchmen to be short, fat, broad-faced, very heavy in the stern, and not unfrequently phlegmatic; sometimes murderous, sometimes drunk, and occasionally thoughtful and patriotic. All this is wrong. They drink no more brandy than their neighbours; they are not much given to murder; and though you may sometimes believe in their patriotism, you may believe neither in their silence nor in their special thoughtfulness. But above all, be careful not to fall into that vulgar error as to their bodily proportions. Your Dutchman of the present day is rather small than otherwise

—a compact, tidy man, with pleasant English features, too often disgraced by a French hat above them. Put on his head a hat made in England, and you will take him for an Englishman a little under-sized.

Bathing at Schevening I found myself supplied with an accurate means of measurement in this respect. Schevening is a pleasant fishing and bathing village two miles from the Hague, to which you walk through pleasant shady woods; or else you go thither outside an omnibus, puffing your cigar and breathing the sweetest air in the world. The sands at Schevening are charming, and the place is in every way adapted to those who like to be dragged out on wheels into a foot and a half of water. And let me say, in favour of the Dutch, that their machines for this purpose are infinitely neater, better made, and more substantial than I have seen in England. For myself I do not love machines, and prefer bathing *au naturel*.

And now as to this facility for measurement. Your resident at the Hague has, no doubt, his bathing accoutrements all in readiness at Schevening; but a wandering Englishman cannot carry everything with him. I soon perceived that a demi-toilette was needful; and being backward in my Dutch, I explained to the man of the machine by signs what were my necessities. Practice had sharpened his intelligence in such matters, and I received an assurance that all would be right within the box. Now, I venture to assert that no moderate-sized Englishman could have clothed himself in the garment provided for my use, though it was doubtless adequate to average Dutch requirements. I struggled hard in my attempts, for there were police regulations posted up, looking very stern, and I could see that this was *verboden*, and that that was *verboden*. I could not doubt but that bathing in my then condition was *verboden* with terrible penalties. But I had no alternative. I was there in the machine, out among the waves. The horse was gone, and would not come back till I had shown, by the fact of having returned from the water, that I required him. I could speak no word of any language intelligible on those shores. Accoutred as I was not, I plunged in; and in order that the public injury might be as slight as possible, I took myself at once out into the deep. It was not long before my ears were greeted with the loud voices of men roaring to me from the shore. Being short-sighted and without spectacles, I could not see their signs: but their voices were loud and very angry. That the police were after me, was now certain; but I remarked to myself that I would have my bathing out, or else that they might come and fetch me. I had my bathing out, and then returned,—desirous simply of dressing before I rendered myself up to justice. But the good-natured Dutchmen, as I found, had become energetic, not in anger against my impropriety of costume, but in fear lest I should drown myself. Your Dutchman, who no longer drinks deep as the rolling Zuider Zee, does not bathe much deeper than he drinks.

My special object, as I have said, was to see the Dutch pictures. These are to be found at the Hague and at Amsterdam. The Hague,

which in Dutch is called *s'Gravenhage*, and which, I believe, means the "Earl's Park," is about an hour and a half from Rotterdam. It is the pleasantest little capital I ever visited, containing some sixty thousand persons, all apparently well-to-do, and surrounded by woods, into which the Haguite may wander for his exercise without the intervention of miles of streets. After all, of what use are Kensington Gardens to a clerk in Somerset House who lives in Woburn Square? He may go there twice in the season, as he may to the theatre or to the House of Commons. But the Government clerk at the Hague may be out in the woods within fifteen minutes of the closing of his desk. I fell specially in love with those woods at the Hague; and, at the Hague, that Williamite style of architecture,—which I must confess is not satisfactory here in England,—seemed to be appropriate, and even picturesque. And also, let me say, that at the Hague the traveller will find, at the Old Bull's-Eye—the Vieux Doelen,—all manner of hotel comforts. He will not be asked his number when he wants a bottle of soda-water; and the hostess will smile on him, and things are sweet, and he will not find himself cursing inwardly from morning to night, and hating those who minister to his wants. Such is too frequently the condition of an Englishman at a Continental hotel; but it will not be found so at the Old Doelen. I had been told that the inns in Holland were very dear. I cannot make such complaint against them; but with the exception of the one named, I did not come upon any that I liked.

And now about the pictures. At the Hague I saw two collections,—that belonging to the country, and a private collection belonging to Mr. Steengrätz. In the public gallery are two world-famous pictures,—the "Bull," by Paul Potter, and Rembrandt's "Doctors round a Dead Body on a Dissecting-Table." As regards the first, it is a most wonderful production, and is in all respects a picture pleasant to the eye. It consists of a group of animals as large as life, with a countryman standing by, and has, I think, the clearest atmosphere which I ever saw on canvas. Paul Potter died so young, and seems to have painted so little that was remarkable from the nature of the subject, that he is not known to us as accurately as most of the Dutch painters. By those who wish to comprehend the extent of his powers, this picture should certainly be seen. As regards the Rembrandt, it must be confessed as very wonderful that such a picture should have in it so little that is painful. The great anatomist in whose honour it was painted has already commenced the work of dissection, and one hand and a part of the arm has been laid open. There are seven doctors standing round, and in each is to be found the portrait of some medical hero of the day whom it was intended that the artist should immortalize. As portraits they are all good, but I do not think that they are well grouped with a view to a single picture. Only two of them seem to look on or to listen, and the anatomist himself, with his instrument on the sinews of the body, is turning his face neither to his audience nor to his subject, but to you and me who have come to see his portrait. I must protest, moreover, that to the ordinary eye the foreshortening of

the body on the table is excessive. There are some delicious small pictures in the public gallery: "A Cow Drinking," by Paul Potter; Van Ostade's "Fiddler;" "A Woman Stitching," by Dow; "a Professor of Botany," by the elder Mieris; "a Pet Lamb, with a Girl Feeding it," by Jan Steen, with many others which to mention would be too long. It is a very pleasant collection to see,—with chairs sufficient, and no vexation or drawbacks, as there are at many a gallery that I know. The pictures of Mr. Steengrätz are very good, and may be seen without trouble. I venture to name a modern picture of Dante standing over Giotto as he is painting a Madonna, by an artist named Keyser, as I think. The small Dutch pictures by the old masters are here also very good.

At Amsterdam I saw three collections,—that at the public museum, the collection of Van der Hoop, which has been made public by the will of the late owner, and a private collection belonging to a family named Six. The great pictures at the public museum are Rembrandt's "Night-Watch," which is simply some festival gathering of the Amsterdam militia of that day, and Van der Helst's portrait gallery, called the "Banquet of the Civic Guard." Touching the Rembrandt, of which we have a copy smaller than the original in our National Gallery, I must in the first place declare that it is impossible to see it. This is partly owing to imperfect lighting and hanging, and partly to the fact that it has at some period been monstrosously ill-used. There is on one figure an effect of light which has probably never been surpassed in power; but this has been brought about, if I am not deceived, by throwing to the winds all attempts at correctness. The lights could not have come upon the scene as they have come upon that picture. There are, however, two figures on the canvas standing with much grandeur; and the faces of one or two other figures are worthy of Rembrandt's greatest day. There is another large picture by the same artist, called the "Syndics of the Drapers," which I prefer to the "Night-Watch." It contains four portraits, all of which are simple, strong, and good.

The great and celebrated picture by Van der Helst is a wonderful performance if looked upon as a gallery of portraits, but I cannot call it a good picture. It is very large, containing thirty-five figures of the size of life. And among all the thirty-five, there are not above three or four faces which from their position on the canvas are made to appear insignificant. But they are not well grouped, and as regards nearly one half of them, can hardly be said to be grouped at all. The actions are mean, and the picture, taken in detail, is ignoble. It seems as though it were painted but yesterday. That it has ever been in part repainted I will not undertake to say, for the spectator is kept off from close inspection by a rail; but if not, I think I may declare that the finish of the touch is by no means equal to other works that I have seen by Van der Helst, nor is it equal to others in this gallery,—especially to the portraits of the Syndics of the Guild of St. Sebastian, another large picture which, according to my idea, is preferable to that which is so much more famous. There is

another very large picture by Flinck, also portraying some civic fête, which is very good; not perhaps displaying so strong an individuality in each face as Van der Helst has done, but in other respects a better picture.

The gallery at Amsterdam is by no means so comfortable as is that at the Hague. It is badly lighted, and the keepers seem to be averse to fresh air. There is also much there that is inferior to anything at the Hague, and there are not so many gems among the smaller pictures.

The Van der Hoop gallery is made very pleasant to the ordinary tourist by the fact that a small fee is charged for entrance. He consequently has the rooms all to himself. Van der Hoop left his pictures to the country, bequeathing them on this condition, and giving the money so collected to the poor. The consequence is that no one ever sees the pictures, except a few tourists, and the proceeds for the poor amount to little or nothing. Had he desired to found a gallery he should have made it free; or if he desired to give alms to his city he should have sold his pictures. The collection is very good. It contains the brightest Weennix I ever saw, and a piece for a dining-room by Adrian of Utrecht, which is marvellous in its brightness. It has also the finest Both I know,—a Both that is really a great landscape,—and smaller pictures by De Hooge, Vander Heyde, Jan Steen, Ostade, and Mieris, which make it worth a journey to Amsterdam. But the glory of the city is a small room in the house of the descendant of the Burgomaster Six. It contains some thirty or forty pictures, almost all of which are excellent. I have often before thought that I had seen the finest Gerard Dow in the world, but I now feel sure that it is to be seen in this cabinet. It is the young woman handing a basket out of a window. You should certainly go to Holland, if only to see that young woman. I will fairly own that I did not get out of the Six house without having coveted my neighbour's goods. Rembrandt's portrait of the old burgomaster of the name has perhaps in it more of dignity than any face that he ever painted.

But though there are pictures to be seen in Holland which every lover of pictures should visit, one cannot but be struck by the fact that of many Dutch artists the samples there to be seen are poor as compared to those which we possess in this country. There is no Cuyp there like the "View of Dort," belonging to Mr. Holford; no Hobbima, such as Lord Hatherton's; and no Ruydael at all equal to those in the Stafford Gallery. Rubens and Teniers came from Antwerp, and cannot therefore be called Dutchmen; but they were so nearly Dutchmen that I should have expected to find their pictures in Holland. Of Rubens I saw nothing there that was good, and of Teniers not much.

It was fair-time when I was at Amsterdam, and Dutch fairs are still kept up with all their pristine glory. Here in England we have become too wise for such vanities. The whole city was full of people in strange rural costumes,—the women wearing huge awkward gold ornaments upon their faces, broad pendants of gold hanging from machinery fixed carefully under their caps and round their heads, and bands of gold across their

foreheads,—with high square-topped bonnets, such as our great grandmothers wore, and their waists close bound under their arms. In Central America, among the free negroes of the islands, in India and Australia, crinoline has made itself omnipotent. But it has not yet reached the wives and daughters of the rich farmers of Friesland and North Holland. They come into Amsterdam dressed as their grandmothers were dressed, and are content to amuse themselves as their grandmothers did before them.

Plays acted within booths, and merry-go-rounds of enormous dimensions, formed the chief attractions of the fair. I feared to venture within the former, for wherever we went through the crowd, I and my English friend, we were known and greeted as strangers. The girls laughed at us, with no small silent under-toned merriment, and the elder women stared and whispered. This was so at the fair of Amsterdam, just across the German ocean; but through Mexico or Moscow I might walk at any time without observation. It is not distance that makes things strange. But we stood and watched the merry-go-rounds, and confessed that we had no such merry-go-rounds in England. Three abreast the wooden horses were yoked;—horses, lions, and unicorns. And the riders were not merely children. Staid young women of five-and-twenty sat on them as gracefully as beauties ride in Hyde Park, nor ever deemed that their amusement was frivolous; and old women were there in the cars, pretending to protect the children, but enjoying the motion with sober delight. I longed to mount one of those timber griffins, and go round in company with a demure Dutch damsel that was there, but my courage failed me.

I saw no drunkenness, but I heard much noise; and this was kept up throughout the night. Men and women with loud screams rushed hand in hand through the streets, catching excitement from each other, till they moved along with the fury of bacchanals. But yet there was no drunkenness; and as far as I could tell, no other evil was produced than nights made sleepless by noise and streets made impervious by crowds.

The roar of voices at the Amsterdam Exchange was less to my taste. The traveller desirous of seeing what are the doings of the Amsterdam Exchange, should visit it at three o'clock. From 2.45 p. m. to 3.15 p. m., the business is carried on. Then there is a lull, and the work of the day has been done. The floor of the building during that half hour is crowded with the young commercial scions of the city. The stranger is struck at once by the Jewish aspect of the majority. What it is that they do, or why is it that they scream and yell as though all Pandemonium were unloosed, who can understand but they who are initiated? The merry-go-rounds at Amsterdam were somewhat to my taste, though the women did jeer at the English aspect of my beard; but not so were the Hebraic yells of the denizens of the Exchange.

All Englishmen, and, I presume, all travellers, who go to Holland visit the village of Broek. Of course we all know that the Dutch boast that their villages are cleaner than all other villages, and that of all their villages Broek is the clean village *par excellence*. It lies in North Holland,

over that neck of the Zuider Zee called the Y, and is reached in an hour and a half from Amsterdam. You cross the Y in a steam-ferry to the toll-house, and go on thence in a Dutch carriage to Broek. I holdly pronounced Broek to be a humbug. It is kept clean for green travellers, who, on arriving there, are taken in tow by guides and taxters; and thus Broek thrives on its reputation. Nevertheless, it is a singular place, and worth visiting, because it is so excellent a humbug. It is like a village on the stage, and, with its little, clean, meandering street, its green-houses, and various toy appurtenances, has about it no semblance of the abode of industrious everyday humanity. You get down and walk through it, as no horses or wheels are admitted. It lies on an arm of the lake, and is intersected with dykes, and made interesting with bridges at every twelve feet. I must acknowledge that Broek made me angry; and I fear that I made Broek angry, for I wandered through it without paying toll to the guides and taxters. I confess that my doing so was unhandsome; but then Broek was inhospitable in making its demand upon me at my very first outset within its precincts.

I must not prolong this paper; but yet would tell how picturesque are the many gables, the countless bridges and the endless canals of Amsterdam. It is a city of fair pictures to any eye that can make a picture; but then also to the nose, that is equally susceptible, it is also a city of foul smells.

The traveller will of course visit Leyden, with its university and wonderful collection of stuffed birds. There are miles of birds, brought from all countries—except, indeed, from England. I have always observed that in such collections the creatures of the British Isles find no place. Why should there not be there at Leyden the *Anger Anglicanus Michaeliensis*? I believe that that valuable bird has been excluded in jealousy of English prowess. And he will also visit Haarlem, though there is little there to be seen, except the once wonderful organ. However vain may be any attempt on our parts to compete with the birds of Leyden, we have, at any rate, overtopped the Haarlem organ.

But let those sieges be remembered—the sieges of Haarlem and Leyden, in the glorious days of William the Taciturn,—how at Haarlem the Dutch held their city in vain against the Spaniards, till all further holding was impossible; and how at Leyden they held their city with success. History gives us no instances of grander heroism than that displayed by the Dutch both at Haarlem and at Leyden.

That Holland is always almost under water, I need not say, for all who have written of Holland have said as much. As to its Reformed religion, I will remark that I should like it better if the men did not wear their hats in church, and if the women, during services that should be divine, were less violently loud in their congregation. It has been hard to steer between idolatry and irreverence, between too much ceremony and too little. We, with our much maligned church in England, may perhaps boast that we have done so.



'ARE COOKS LIKE LADIES : DO THEY GET TO HATE THEIR LIVES SOMETIMES ?'

The Story of Elizabeth.

PART III.

MADAME JACOB had a friend at Amstres, an old maiden lady, Tou-Tou's godmother, who was well to do in the world, with her 2000 a year it was said, and who lived in a little Chinese pagoda by the railway. Now and then this old lady used to write and invite Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou and their mother to come and see her, and you may be sure her invitations were never disregarded.

Mme. Jacob did look at Elizabeth rather doubtfully when she found on Wednesday morning the usual ill-spelt, ill-written little letter. But, after all, Tou-Tou's prospects were not to be endangered for the sake of looking after a young woman like Elizabeth, were she ten times more wayward and ill-behaved, and so the little girls were desired to make up their paquets. It was a great event in Mme. Jacob's eyes; the house echoed with her directions; Françoise went out to request assistance, and came back with a friend, who helped her down with the box. The little girls stood at the door to stop the omnibus, which was to take them to the station. They were off at last. The house door closed upon them with a satisfactory bang, and Elly breathed freely and ran through the deserted rooms, clapping and waving her hands, and dancing her steps, and feeling at last that she was free. And so the morning hours went by. Old Françoise was not sorry either to see them go. She was sitting in the kitchen in the afternoon peeling onions and potatoes, when Elly came wandering in in her restless way, with her blue eyes shining and her curly hair pushed back. What a tranquil little kitchen it was, with a glimpse of the courtyard outside, and the cocks and the hens, and the poplar-trees waving in the sunshine, and the old woman sitting in her white cap busy at her homely work. Elly did not think how tranquil it was, but said to herself as she looked at Françoise, how old she was, and what a strange fate hers, that she should be there quietly peeling onions at the end of her life. What a horrible fate, thought Elizabeth, to be sitting by one's grave, as it were, paring vegetables and cooking broth to the last day of one's existence. Poor Françoise! And then she said out loud, "Françoise, tell me, are cooks like ladies; do they get to hate their lives sometimes? Are you not tired to death of cooking *pot-au-feu*?"

"I am thankful to have *pot-au-feu* to cook," said Françoise. "Mado-moiselle, I should like to see you *éplucher* vegetables sometimes, as I do, instead of running about all day. It would be much better for you."

"Ecoutez, Françoise," said Elly, imploringly; "when I am old like you, I will sit still by the fire; now that I am young I want to run about. I am

the only young person in this house. They are all old here, and like dead people, for they only think of heaven."

"That is because they are on the road," said Françoise. "Ah! they are good folks—they are."

"I see no merit in being good," Elizabeth said, crossly, sitting down on the table and dabbling her fingers in a bowl of water, which stood there; "they are good because they like it. It amuses them, it is their way of thinking—they like to be better than their neighbours."

"*Fi donc*, Elizabeth!" said Françoise. "You do not amuse them; but they are good to you. Is it Anthony's way of thinking when he bears with all your caprices? When my master comes home quite worn out and exhausted, and trudges off again without so much as waiting for his soup, if he hears he is wanted by some poor person or other, does he go because it pleases him, or because he is serving the Lord in this world, as he hopes to serve him in the next?"

Elly was a little ashamed, and said, looking down, "Have you always lived here with him, Françoise?"

"Not I," said Françoise; "ten years, that is all. But that is long enough to tell a good man from a bad one. Good people live for others, and don't care about themselves. I hope when I have known you ten years, that you too will be a good woman, mademoiselle."

"Like Madame Jacob?" said Elly.

Françoise shrugged her shoulders rather doubtfully, and Elly sat quite still watching her. Was it not strange to be sitting there in this quiet everyday kitchen, with a great unknown world throbbing in her heart. "How little Françoise guesses," thought Elly; "Françoise, who is only thinking of her marmite and her potatoes." Elly did not know it, but Françoise had a very shrewd suspicion of what was going on in the poor little passionate heart. "The girl is not suited here," thought the old woman. "If she has found some one, so much the better; Clementine has told me something about it. If madame were to drive him off again, that would be a pity. But I saw them quite plainly that day I went to Martin, the chemist's, driving away in that little carriage, and I saw him that night when he was waiting for his mother."

So old Françoise peels potatoes, and Elly sits wondering and saying over to herself, "Good people live for others." Who had she ever lived for but for herself? Ah! there was one person whom she would live and die for now. Ah! at last she would be good. "And about the play?" thought Elly; "shall I go—shall I send him word that I will not. There is no harm in a play; why should I not please him and accept his kindness? it is not the first time that we have been there together. I know that plays are not wrong, whatever these stupid people say. Ah! surely if happiness is sent to me, it would be wicked to turn away, instead of being always—always grateful all my life." And so, though she told herself that it could not be wrong to go, she forgot to tell herself that it was wrong to go with him; her scruples died away one by one; once or

twice she thought of being brave and staying away, and sending a message by old Françoise, but she only thought of it.

All day long, on Friday, she wandered about the empty house, coming and going, like a girl bewitched. She went into the garden; she picked flowers and pulled them to pieces, trying to spell out her ~~sins~~; she tried to make a wreath of vine-leaves, but got tired, and flung it away. Old Françoise, from her kitchen window, watched her standing at the grating and pulling at the vine; but the old woman's spectacles were somewhat dim, and she did not see Elly's two bright feverish eyes and her burning cheeks from the kitchen window. As the evening drew near, Elly's cheeks became pale, and her courage nearly failed her, but she had been three days at home. Monsieur and Madame Tournour were expected the next morning; she had not seen Dampier for a long, long time—so it seemed to her. Yes, she would go; she did not care. Wrong? Right? It was neither wrong nor right,—it was simply impossible, to keep away. She could not think of one reason in the world why she should stop. She felt a thousand in her heart urging, ordering, compelling her to go. She went up to her own room after dinner, and began to dress, to plait, and to smoothe her pretty curly hair. She put on a white dress, a black lace shawl, and then she found that she had no gloves. Some of her ancient belongings she kept in a drawer, but they were not replaced as they wore out. And Elly possessed diamond rings and bracelets in abundance; but neither gloves, nor money to buy them. What did it matter? She did not think about it twice; she put on her shabby bonnet and ran downstairs. She was just going out, when she remembered that Françoise would wonder what had become of her, and so she went to the kitchen-door, opened it a little way, and said, "Good-night, Françoise! don't disturb me to-night, I want to get up early to-morrow."

Françoise, who had invited a friend to spend the evening, said, "Bon soir, mamzelle!" rather crossly,—she did not like her kitchen invaded at all times and hours,—and then Elly was free to go.

She did not get out by the window, there was no need for that, but she unfastened it, and unbarred the shutter on the inside, so that, though everything looked much as usual on the outside, she had only to push, and it would fly open.

As she got to the door, her heart began to beat, and she stopped for an instant to think. Inside here, where she was standing, was dulness, weariness, security, death; outside, wonderful happiness, dangerous happiness, and life—so it seemed to her. Inside were cooks and hens, and sermons, weary exhortations, old Françoise peeling her onions. Outside, John Dampier waiting, the life she was created for, fresh air, congenial spirits, light and brightness,—and heaven there as well as here, thought Elly, clasping her hands; heaven spreading across the housetops as well as over this narrow courtyard. "What shall I do? Oh! shall I be forgiven? Oh! it will be forgiven me, surely, surely!" the girl sighed,

and, with trembling hands, she undid the latch and went out into the dusky street.

The little carriage, as Françoise called it, was waiting, a short way down, at the corner of the hospital; and Dampier came to meet her, looking very tall and straight through the twilight. She wondered at his grave, anxious face; but, in truth, he too was exceedingly nervous, though he would not let her see it: he was beginning to be afraid for her, and had resolved that he would not take her out again; it might, after all, be unpleasant for them both; he had seen De Vaux, and found out, to his annoyance, that he had recognised them in the Louvre the day before, and had passed them by on purpose. There was no knowing what trouble he might not get poor Elly into. And, besides, his aunt Jean was on her way to Paris. She had been keeping house for Will Dampier, she wrote, and she was coming. Will was on his way to Switzerland, and she should cross with him.

That very day John had received a letter from her, in answer to the one he had written about Elly. He had written it a week ago; but he was not the same man he had been a week ago. He was puzzled, and restless, and thoroughly wretched, that was the truth, and he was not used to be unhappy, and he did not like it. Elly's face haunted him day and night; he thought of her continually; he tried, in vain, to forget her, to put her out of his mind. Well, on the whole, he was glad that his aunt was coming, and very glad that his mother and Lætitia were still away, and unconscious of what he was thinking about.

"So you did not lose courage?" he said, as they were driving off. "How did you escape Madame Jacob?"

"I have been all alone," said Elly, "these two days. How I found courage to come I cannot tell you. I didn't quite believe that it was I myself who am here. It seems impossible. I don't feel like myself. I have not for some days past. All I know is, that I am certain those horrible long days have come to an end." John Dampier was frightened—he hardly knew why—when he heard her say this.

"I hope so, most sincerely," said he. "But, after all, Elly, we men and women are rarely contented; and there are plenty of days, more or less tiresome, in store for me and for you, I hope. We must pluck up our courage and go through with them. You are such a sensitive, weak-minded little girl that you will go on breaking your heart a dozen times a day to the end of your life.

Dampier looked very grave as he spoke, though it was too dark for her to see it. He was angry and provoked with himself, and an insane impulse came over him to knock his head violently against the sides of the cab. ~~Indeed, he said?~~ It would have been the very best thing he could have done. ~~But they drove on all the same:~~ Elly in rapture. She was not a bit afraid now. Her spirits were so high and so daring that they would carry her through anything; and when she was with Dampier, as I have said, she was content to be happy, and not to trouble herself with vague

apprehensions. And she was happy now: her eyes danced with delight, her heart beat with expectation, she seemed to have become a child again, she was not like a woman any more.

"Have you not a veil?" said Dampier, as they stopped before the theatre. There was a great light, a crowd of people passing and repassing, other carriages driving up.

"No," said Elly. "What does it matter? Who will know me?"

"Well, make haste. Here, take my arm," said Sir John, hurriedly; and he hastily sprang down and helped her out.

"Look at the new moon," said Elly, looking up smiling.

"Never mind the new moon. Come, Elly," said Dampier. And so they passed on into the theatre.

Dampier was dreading recognition. He had a feeling that they would be sure to come against some one. Elly feared no one. When the play began she sat entranced, thrilling with interest, carried away. *Faust* was the piece which they were representing; and as each scene was played before her, as one change after another came over the piece, she was lost more and more in wonder. If she looked up for an instant it was to see John Dampier's familiar face opposite; and then outside the box, with its little curtain, great glittering theatre-lights, crystals reflecting the glitter, gilding, and silken drapery; everywhere hundreds of people, silent, and breathless too, with interest, with excitement. The music plays, the scene shifts and changes, melting into fresh combinations. Here is *Faust*. Listen to him as he laments his wasted life. Of what use is wisdom? What does he care for knowledge? A lonely man without one heart to love, one creature to cherish him. Has he not wilfully wasted the best years of his life? he cries, in a passion of rage and indignation—wasted them in the pursuit of arid science, of fruitless learning? Will these tend him in his old age, soothe his last hours, be to him wife, and children, and household, and holy home ties? Will these stand by his bedside and close his weary, aching eyes, and follow him to his grave in the churchyard?

Faust's sad complaint went straight to the heart of his hearers. The church bell was ringing up the street. Fathers, mothers, and children, were wending their way obedient to its call. And the poor desolate old man burst into passionate and hopeless lamentation.

It was all so real to Elly that she almost began to cry herself. She was so carried away by the play, by this history of Faust and of Margaret, that it was in vain Dampier begged her to be careful, to sit back in the shade of the curtain, and not to lean forward too eagerly. She would draw back for a minute or two, and then by degrees advance her pretty, breathless head, turning to him every now and then. It was like a dream to her. Like a face in a dream, too, did she presently recognize the face of De Vaux, her former admirer, opposite in one of the boxes. But Margaret was coming into the chapel with her young companions, and Elly was too much interested to think of what he would think of her.

Just at that moment it was Margaret who seemed to her to be the important person in the world.

De Vaux was of a different opinion; he looked towards them once or twice, and, at the end of the second act, Dampier saw him get up and leave his seat. Sir John was provoked and annoyed beyond measure. He did not want him, De Vaux least of all people in the world. Every moment he felt as he had never felt before—how wrong it was to have brought Elly, whom he was so fond of, into such a situation. For a moment he was undecided, and then he rose, biting his lips, and opened the door of the box, hoping to intercept him; but there was his Mephistopheles, as ill luck would have it, standing at the door ready to come in.

"I thought I could not be mistaken," De Vaux began, smiling very disagreeably, and bowing, and looking significantly from one to the other. "Did you see me in the gallery of the Louvre the other day?"

Elly blushed up very red, and Dampier muttered an oath as he glanced at the other man's face; and then said, abruptly, "No, you are not mistaken. This is Miss Gilmour, my *fiancée*, M. de Vaux. I dare say you are surprised that I should have brought her to the play. It is the custom in our country." He did not dare look at Elly as he spoke. Had he known what else to say he would have said it.

De Vaux was quite satisfied, and instantly assumed a serious and important manner. The English miss was to him the most extraordinary being in creation, and he would believe anything you liked to tell him of her. He was prepared to sit down in the vacant chair by Elizabeth, and make himself agreeable to her.

The English miss was scarcely aware of his existence. Faust, Margaret, had been the whole world to her a minute ago. Where was she now? . . . where were they? . . . Was she the actress? and were they the spectators looking on? . . . Was that the Truth which he had spoken? Did he mean it? Was there such wonderful, wonderful happiness in store for a poor little wretch like herself? Ah! could it be—could it be true? Her whole soul shone in her trembling eyes, as she looked up for one instant, and upturned her flashing, speaking, beaming face. Dampier was very pale, and was looking vacantly at the stage. Margaret was weeping, for her troubles had begun. Mephistopheles was laughing, and De Vaux chattering on in an agreeable manner, with his hat between his knees. After some time, he discovered that they were not paying attention to one single word he was saying; upon which he rose in an *empressé* manner, wished them good-by politely, and went away, very well pleased with his own good breeding. And then, when he was gone, when the door was shut, when they were alone together, there was a silence, and Elly leant her head against the side of the box; she was trembling so that she could not sit up. And Dampier, looking white and grey in the face somehow, said, in an odd, harsh voice,—

"Elly, you must not mind what I was obliged to say just now. You

see, my dear child, that it doesn't do. I ought never to have brought you, and I could think of no better way to get out of my scrape than to tell him that lie."

"It was—it was a lie?" repeated Elly, slowly raising herself upright.

"What could I do?" Sir John continued, very nervously and exceedingly agitated. "Elly, my dear little girl, I could not let him think you were out upon an unauthorized escapade. We all know how it is, but he does not. You must, you do forgive me—only say you do."

"And it is not true?" said Elly, once more, in a bewildered, piteous way.

"I—I belong to Lætitia. It was settled before we came abroad," faltered Dampier; and he just looked at her once, and then he turned away. And the light was gone out of her face; all the sparkle, the glitter, the amazement of happiness. Just as this shining theatre, now full of life, of light, of excitement, would be in a few hours black, ghastly, and void. John Dampier did not dare to look at her again—he hesitated: he was picking and choosing the words which should be least cruel, least insulting; and while he was still choking and fumbling, he heard a noise outside, a whispering, as the door flew open. Elly looked up and gave a little low plaintive cry, and two darkling, frowning men in black-coats came into the box.

They were the Pasteurs Boulot and Tourneur.

Who cares to witness, who cares to read, who cares to describe scenes such as these. Reproach, condemnation, righteous wrath, and indignation, and then one crushed, bewildered, almost desperate little heart.

She was hurried out into the night air. She had time to say good-by, not one other word. He had not stretched out a hand to save her. The play was going on, all the people were sitting in their places, one or two looked up as she passed by the open doors. Then they came out into the street; the stars were all gone, the night was black with clouds, and a heavy rain was pouring down upon the earth. The drops fell wet upon her bare, uncovered head. "Go under shelter," said the Pasteur Boulot; but she paid no heed, and in a minute a cab came up, the two men clasped each other's hands in the peculiar silent way to which they were used. Boulot walked away. And Elly found herself alone, inside the damp vehicle, driving over the stones. Her step-father had got upon the box: he was in a fury of indignation, so that he could not trust himself to be with her.

His indignation was not what she most feared. Another torturing doubt filled her whole heart. Her agony of hopelessness was almost unendurable: she was chilled through and through, but she did not heed it—and faint, and sick, and wearied, but too unhappy to care. Unhappy is hardly the word—bewilderment, a sort of crushed dull misery, would better describe her state. She felt little remorse: she had done wrong, but not very wrong, she thought. She sat motionless in the corner of the jolting cab, with the rain beating in at the open window, as they travelled through the black night and the splashing streets.

By what unlucky chance had M. Boulot been returning home along the Boulevards about half-past seven, at the very moment when Elly, jumping from the carriage, stopped to look up at the little new moon. He, poor man, could hardly believe his eyes. He did not believe them, and went home wondering, and puzzling, and asking himself if that audacious girl could be so utterly lost as to set her foot in that horrible den of iniquity. Ah! it was impossible; it was some one strangely like her. She could not be so lost—so perverted. But the chances were still against Elly; for when he reached the modest little apartment where he lived, his maid-servant told him that M. Tourneur had been there some time, and was waiting to see him. And there in the study, reading by the light of the green lamp, sat Tourneur, with his low-crowned hat lying on the table. He had come up on some business connected with an appointment he wanted to obtain for Anthony. His wife was to follow him next day, he said, and then he and Boulot fell to talking over their affairs and Anthony's prospects and chances.

"Poor Anthony, he has been sorely tried and proved of late," said his father. "Elizabeth will never make him happy."

"Never—never—never!" cried Boulot. "Elizabeth!—she!—the last person in the world a pastor ought to think of as a wife."

"If she were more like her mother," sighed Tourneur.

"Ah! that would be different," said Boulot; "but the girl causes me deep anxiety, my friend. Hers is, I fear, an unconverted spirit. Her heart is of this world; she requires much earnest teaching. Did you take her to Fontainebleau with you?"

"She would not come," said Tourneur; "she is at home with my sister, Madame Jacob; or rather by herself, for my sister went away a day or two ago."

"Tourneur, you do not do wisely to leave that girl alone; she is not to be trusted," said the other, suddenly remembering all his former doubts. And so, when Tourneur asked what he meant, he told him what he had seen. The mere suspicion was a blow for our simple-minded pastor. He loved Elly; with all her waywardness, there was a look in her eyes which nobody could resist. In his heart of hearts he liked her better for a daughter-in-law than any one of the decorous young women who were in the habit of coming to be catechized by him. But to think that she had deceived him, to think that she had forgotten herself so far, forgotten his teaching, his wishes, his firm convictions, sinned so outrageously! Ah, it was too much; it was impossible, it was unpardonable. He fired up, and in an agitated voice said that it could not be; that he knew her to be incapable of such horrible conduct, and then seizing his hat, he rushed downstairs and called a carriage which happened to be passing by.

"Where are you going?" asked Boulot, who had followed him, somewhat alarmed.

"I am going home, to see that she is there. Safe in her room, and

sheltered under her parents' roof, I humbly pray. Far away from the snares, and dangers, and temptations of the world."

Alas ! poor Elly was not at home, peacefully resting or reading by the lamplight. Françoise, to be sure, told them she was in bed, and Tournour went hopefully to her door and knocked—

"Elly," he cried, "mon enfant ! êtes-vous là, ma fille ? Répondez, Elizabeth ! " and he shook the door in his agitation.

Old Françoise was standing by, holding the candle, Boulot was leaning against the wall. But there came no answer. The silence struck chill. Tournour's face was very pale, his lips were drawn, and his eyes gleamed as he raised his head. He went away for a minute and came back with a little tool ; it did not take long to force back the lock—the door flew open, and there was the empty room all in disorder ! In silence truly, but emptiness is not peace always, silence is not tranquillity ; a horrible dread and terror came over poor Tournour ; Françoise's hand, holding the light, began to tremble guiltily. Boulot was dreadfully shocked—

"My poor friend ! my poor friend ! " he began.

Tournour put his hand to his head—

"How has this come to pass—am I to blame ? " said he. "Oh ! unhappy girl, what has she done ?—how has she brought this disgrace upon us ? " and he fell on his knees by the bedside, and buried his head in the clothes—kneeling there praying for Elly where she had so often knelt and poured out all her sad heart. * * * *

Elly, at that minute—sitting in the little box, wondering, delighted, thrilling with interest, with pleasure—did not guess what a strange scene was taking place in her own room at home ; she did not once think of what trouble, what grief, she was causing to others, and to herself, poor child, most of all. Only a few minutes more—all the music would cease abruptly for her ; all the lights go out ; all the sweetness turn to gall and to bitterness. Nearer and nearer comes the sad hour, the cruel awakening ; dream on still for a few happy minutes, poor Elly !—nearer and nearer come these two angry silent men, in their black, sombre clothes—nearer and nearer the cruel spoken word which will chill, crush, and destroy. Elizabeth's dreams lasted a little longer, and then she awoke at last.

It was on the evening of the Monday after that Miss Dampier arrived in Paris, with her bonnet-box, her knitting, her carpet-bag. She drove to Meurice's, and hired a room, and then she asked the servants there who knew him whether Sir John Dampier was still staying in the house. They said he had left the place some time before, but that he had called twice that day to ask if she had arrived. And then Miss Dampier, who always liked to make herself comfortable and at home, went up to her room, had the window opened, light brought, and ordered some tea. She was sitting at the table in her cap, in her comfortable black gown, with her knitting, her writing-desk, her books, all set out about the

room. She was pouring out tea for herself, and looking as much at home as if she had lived there for months, when the door opened, and her nephew walked in. She was delighted to see him.

"My dear Jack, how good of you to come," said the old lady, looking up at him, and holding out her hand. "But you don't look well. You have been sitting up late and racketting. Will you have some tea to refresh you? I will treat you to anything you like."

"Ah, don't make jokes," said Dampier. "I am very unhappy. Look here, I have got into the most horrible scrape; and not myself only." And the room shook, and the tea-table rattled, as he went pacing up and down the room with heavy footsteps. "I want to behave like a gentleman, and I wake up one morning and find myself a scoundrel. Do you see?"

"Tell me about it, my dear," said Miss Dampier, quietly.

And then poor John burst out and told all his story, confounding himself, and stamping, flinging himself about into one chair after another. "I meant no harm," he said. "I wanted to give her a little pleasure, and this is the end. I think I have broken her heart, and those *pasteurs* have murdered her by this time. They won't let me see her; Tourneur almost ordered me out of the house. Aunt Jean, do say something; do have an opinion."

"I wish your cousin was here," said Miss Dampier; "he is the parson of the family, and bound to give us all good advice; let me write to him, Jack. I have a certain reliance on Will's good sense."

"I won't have Will interfering with my affairs," cried the other, testily. "And you—you will not help me, I see."

"I will go and see Elizabeth," said Miss Dampier, "to-night, if you like. I am very, very sorry for her, and for you too, John. What more can I say? Come again in an hour, and I will tell you what I think."

So Miss Dampier was as good as her word, and set off on her pilgrimage, and drove along the lighted streets, and then past the cab-stand and the hospital to the house with the shuttered windows. Her own heart was very sad as she got out of the carriage and rang at the bell. But looking up by chance, she just saw a gleam of light which came from one of the upper windows and played upon the wall. She took this as a good omen, and said to herself that all would be well.—Do you believe in omens?—The light came from a room where Elly was lying asleep, and dreaming gently,—calm, satisfied, happy for once, heedless of the troubles, and turmoils, and anxieties of the waking people all round about her. She looked very pale, her hands were loosely clasped, the light was in the window, flickering; and meanwhile, beneath the window, in the street, Miss Dampier stood waiting under the stars. She did not know that Elly saw her in her dim dreams, and somehow fancied that she was near.

The door opened at last. How black the courtyard looked behind it! "What do you want?" said Clementine, in a hiss. "Who is it?"

"I want to know how Miss Gilmour is?" said Miss Dampier, quite humbly, "and to see Monsieur or Madame Tourneur."

"Vous êtes Madame Dampierre," said Clementine. "Madame est occupée. Elle ne reçoit pas."

"When will she be disengaged," said the old lady.

"*Ma foi!*" said Clementine, shrugging her shoulders, "that I cannot tell you. She has desired me to say that she does not wish to see anybody." And the door was shut with a bang. Elly woke up, startled from her sleep; and old Françoise, happening to come into the room, carried the candle away.

Miss Dampier went home very sad and alarmed, she scarcely knew why. She wrote a tender little letter to Elly next day. It was:—

"DEAR CHILD,—You must let me come and see you. We are very unhappy, John and I, to think that his imprudence has caused you such trouble. He does not know how to beg you to forgive him—you and M. Tournour and your mother. He should have known better; he has been unpardonably thoughtless, but he is nearly broken-hearted about it. He has been engaged to Lætitia for three or four months, and you know how long she has loved him. Dearest Elly, you must let me come and see you, and perhaps one day you may be trusted to the care of an old woman, and you will come home with me for a time, and brighten my lonely little house. Your affectionate old friend,

"JEAN DAMPIER."

But to this there came no answer. Miss Dampier went again and could not get in. She wrote to Mme. Tournour, who sent back the letter unopened. John Dampier walked about pale and haggard and remorseful.

One evening he and his aunt were dining in the public room of the hotel and talking over this affair, when the waiter came and told them that a gentleman wanted to speak to Miss Dampier, and the old lady got up, and went out of the room. She came back in an instant, looking very agitated. "John!" she said—"oh, John!" and then began to cry. She could not speak for a minute, while he, quite frightened for his part, hastily went to the door. A tall young man was standing there, wrapped in a loose coat, who looked into his face and said—

"Are you Sir John Dampier? My sister Elizabeth would like to see you again. I have come for you."

"Your sister Elizabeth!" said Dampier, looking surprised.

The other man's face changed as he spoke again. "I am Anthony Tournour; I have come to fetch you, because it is her wish, and she is dying, we fear."

The two men stood looking at one another for one horrible moment, then Dampier slowly turned his face round to the wall. In that one instant, all that cruel weight which had almost crushed poor Elly to death came and fell upon his broad shoulders, better able, in truth, to bear it, than she had ever been.

He looked up at last. "Have I done this?" said he to Tournour, in a sort of hoarse whisper. "I meant for the best."

"I don't know what you have done," said the other, very sadly. "Life and death are not in your hands or mine. Let us pray that our mistakes may be forgiven us. Are you ready now?"

Elly's visions had come to an end. The hour seemed to be very near when she should awake from the dream of life. Dim figures of her mother, her step-father, of old Françoise, came and stood by her bedside. But how far-off they appeared; how distant their voices sounded. Old Françoise came into her room the morning after Elly had been brought home, with some message from Tournour, desiring her to come downstairs and speak to him: he had been lying awake all night, thinking what he should say to her, praying for her, imploring grace, so that he should be allowed to touch the rebellious spirit, to point out all its errors, to bring it to the light. And, meanwhile, Elly, the rebellious spirit, sat by her bedside in a sort of bewildered misery. She scarcely told herself why she was so unhappy. She wondered a little that there was agony so great to be endured; she had never conceived its existence before. Was he gone for ever—was it Lætitia whom he cared for? "You know that I belong to Lætitia," he had said. How could it be? all heaven and earth would cry out against it. Lætitia's—Lætitia who cared so little, who was so pale, and so cold, and so indifferent? How could he speak such cruel words? Oh, shame, shame! that she should be so made to suffer. "A poor little thing like me," said Elly, "lonely and friendless and heart-broken." The pang was so sharp that it seemed to her like physical pain, and she moaned, and winced, and shivered under it—was it she herself or another person that was here in the darkness? She was cold, too, and yet burning with thirst; she groped her way to the jug, and poured out a little water, and drank with eager gulps. Then she began to take off her damp clothes; but it tired her, and she forgot to go on; she dropped her cloak upon the floor and flung herself upon the bed, with a passionate outcry. Her mouth was dry and parched, her throat was burning, her hands were burning too. In the darkness she seemed to see his face, and Lætitia's glaring at her, and she turned sick and giddy at the sight; presently not theirs only, but a hundred others—Tournour's, Boulot's, Faust's, and Mephistopheles—crowding upon her, and glaring furiously. She fell into a short, uneasy sleep once, and woke up with a moan as the hospital clock struck three. The moon was shining into her room, ineffably grey, chill, and silent, and as she woke, a horror, a terror, came over her—her heart scarcely beat; she seemed to be sinking and dying away. She thought with a thrill that her last hour was come; the terror seemed to bear down upon her, nearer and closer and irresistible—and then she must have fallen back senseless upon her bed. And so when Françoise came with a message in the morning, which was intended to frighten the rebellious spirit into submission, she found it gone, safe, far away from reproach, from angry chiding, and the poor little body lying lifeless, burnt with fierce fever, and racked with dull pain. All that day Elly was scarcely sensible, lying in a sort of stupor. Françoise, with tender hands, undressed her and laid her within the sheets; Tournour came and stood by the poor child's bedside. He had brought a doctor, who was bending over her.

"It is a sort of nervous fever," said the doctor, "and I fear that there is some inward inflammation as well; she is very ill. This must have been impending for some time past."

Tourneur stood, with clasped hands and a heavy heart, watching the changes as they passed over the poor little face. Who was to blame in this? He had not spoken one word to her the night before. Was it grief? was it repentance? Ah me! Elly was dumb now, and could not answer. All his wrath was turned against Dampier; for Elly he only felt the tenderest concern. But he was too unhappy just now to think of his anger. He went for Madame Tourneur, who came back and set to work to nurse her daughter; but she was frightened and agitated, and seemed scarcely to know what she was about. On the morning of the second day, contrary to the doctor's expectations, Elly recovered her consciousness; on the third day she was better. And when Tourneur came into the room, she said to him, with one of her old pretty, sad smiles, "You are very angry with me, are you not? You think I ought not to have gone to the play with John Dampier?"

"Ah, my child," said Tourneur, with a long-drawn, shivering sigh, "I am too anxious to be angry."

"Did he promise to marry you, Elly?" said Madame Tourneur, who was sitting by her bedside. She was looking so eagerly for an answer that she did not see her husband's look of reproach.

"How could he?" said Elly, simply. "He is going to marry Lætitia."

"Tell me, my child," said Tourneur, gently taking her hand, "how often did you go with him?"

"Three times," Elly answered, faintly. "Once to the Bois, and once to the Louvre, and then that last time," and she gasped for breath. Tourneur did not answer, but bent down gently, and kissed her forehead.

It was on that very day that Dampier called. Elly seemed somehow to know that he was in the house. She got excited, and began to wander, and to call him by his name. Tourneur heard her, and turned pale, and set his teeth as he went down to speak to Sir John. In the evening the girl was better, and Anthony arrived from the south. And I think it was on the fifth day that Elly told Anthony that she wanted to see Dampier once again.

"You can guess how it has been," she said, "and I love him still, but not as I did. Anthony, is it not strange? Perhaps one is selfish when one is dying. But I want to see him—just once again. Everything is so changed. I cannot understand why I have been so unhappy all this time. Anthony, I have wasted all my life; I have made nobody happy—not even you."

"You have made me love you, and that has been my happiness," said Anthony. "I have been very unhappy too; but I thank heaven for having known you, Elly."

Elly thought that she had but a little time left. What was there in the solemn nearness of death that had changed her so greatly? She had

no terror : she was ready to lie down and go to sleep like a tired child in its mother's arms. Worldly ! we call some folks worldly, and truly they have lived for to-day and cared for to-day ; but for them, as for us, the great to-morrow comes, and then they cease to be worldly—is it not so ? Who shall say that such and such a life is wasted, is purposeless ? that such and such minds are narrow, are mean, are earthly ? The day comes, dawning freshly and stillly, like any other day in all the year, when the secret of their life is ended, and the great sanctification of Death is theirs.

Boulot came to see Tourneur, over whom he had great influence, and insisted upon being shown to Elizabeth's bedside. She put out her hand and said, "How-dye-do, Monsieur Boulot ?" very sweetly, but when he had talked to her for some little time, she stopped him and said,— "You cannot know how near these things seem, and how much more great, and awful, and real they are, when you are lying here like me, than when you are standing by another person's sick bed. Nobody can speak of them to me as they themselves speak to me." She said it so simply, with so little intention of offence, that Boulot stopped in the midst of his little sermon, and said farewell quite kindly and gently. And then, not long after he was gone, Anthony came back with the Dampiers.

They walked up the wooden stairs with hearts that ached sorely enough. Miss Dampier was calm and composed again ; she had stood by many a death-bed—she was expecting to go herself before very long—but John was quite unnerved. Little Elly, whom he had pitied, and looked down upon, and patronized, was she to be to him from this minute a terror, a life-long regret and remorse ?—he could hardly summon courage to walk into the room when the door was opened and Anthony silently motioned him to pass through it.

And yet there was nothing very dreadful. A pale, sweet face lying on the little white bed ; the gentle eyes, whose look he knew so well, turned expectantly towards him ; a cup with some flowers ; a little water in a glass by the bedside ; an open window ; the sun setting behind the poplar-trees.

Old Françoise was sitting in the window, sewing ; the birds were twittering outside. John Dampier thought it strange that death should come in this familiar guise—tranquilly, with the sunset, the rustling leaves of the trees, the scent of the geraniums in the court below, the cackle of the hens, the stitching of a needle—he almost envied Elly, lying resting at the end of her journey : Elly, no longer the silly little girl he had laughed at, chided, and played with—she was wise now, in his eyes.

She could not talk much, but what she said was in her own voice and in her old manner,— "You kind people, to come and see me," she said, and beckoned to them to approach nearer.

Miss Dampier gave her nephew a warning touch, she saw how agitated he was, and was afraid that he would disturb Elizabeth. But what would he not have done for her ? He controlled himself, and spoke quietly, in a low voice—

"I am very grateful to you, dear Elly, for sending for me. I was longing to hear about you. I want to ask you to forgive me for the ill I have done you. I want to tell you just once that I meant no harm, only it was such a pleasure to myself that I persuaded myself it was right. I know you will forgive me. All my life I will bless you." And his head fell as he spoke.

"What have I to forgive?" faltered Elly. "It seems so long ago!—Faust and Margaret, and those pleasant drives. Am I to forgive you because I loved you? That was a sort of madness; but it is gone. I love you still, dear John, but differently. I am not mad now, but in my senses. If I get well, how changed it will be—if I die——"

If she died? Dampier, hating himself all the while, thought, with a chill pang, that here would be a horrible solution to all his perplexities. Perhaps Elly guessed something of what was passing in his mind, for she gave him her hand once more, and faltered,—

"My love to Lætitia," and, as she spoke, she raised her eyes, with the old familiar look in them.

It was more than he could bear; he stooped and kissed her frail, burning fingers, and then, with scorched, quivering lips, turned aside and went softly out of the room. Anthony and Madame Tournour were standing outside, and as Dampier passed she looked at him piteously, and her lips trembled too, but she did not speak. It seemed to him somehow—only he was thinking of other things—as if Elly's good and bad angels were waiting there. He himself passed on with a hanging head; what could he say to justify himself?—his sorrow was too real to be measured out into words, his penitence greater almost than the offence had been. Even Tournour, whom he met in the courtyard, almost forgave him as he glanced at the stricken face that was passing out of his house into the street.

After he was gone, Elly began to wander. Françoise, who had never taken such a bad view of Elly's condition as the others, and who strongly disapproved of all this leave-taking, told Miss Dampier that if they wanted to kill her outright, they need only let in all Paris to stare at her, as they had been doing for the last two days; and Miss Dampier, meekly taking the hint, rose in her turn to go. But Elly, from her bed, knew that she was about to leave her, and cried out piteously, and stretched out her hands, and clutched at her gown.

"Faut rester," whispered Françoise.

"I mean to stay," said Miss Dampier, after a moment's deliberation, sitting down at the bedside and untying her bonnet.

Under her bonnet she wore a little prim cap, with loops of grey ribbon; out of her pocket she pulled her knitting and a pair of mittens. She folded up her mantlet and put it away: she signed to Françoise to leave her in charge. When Tournour came in he found her installed, and as much at home as if she were there by rights. Elly wished it, she told him, and she would stay were ten pasteurs opposed to it.

Tournour reluctantly consented at last, much against his will. It

seemed to him that her mother ought to be Elly's best nurse, but Madame Tournour eagerly implored him to let Miss Dampier remain; she seemed strangely scared and helpless, and changed and odd. "Oh, if you will only make her well!" said she to the old Scotch woman.

"How can I make her well?" Miss Dampier answered. "I will try and keep her quiet, that is the chief thing; and if M. Tournour will let me, I should like to send for my old friend Dr. Bertin."

And her persistency overcame Tournour's bewildered objections; her quiet good sense and determination carried the day. Doctor Bertin came, and the first doctor went off in a huff, and Elly lay tossing on her bed. What a weary rack it was to her, that little white bed. There she lay, scorched and burning—consumed by a fierce fire. There she lay through the long days and the nights, as they followed one by one, waiting to know the end. Not one of them dared think what that end might be. Doctor Bertin himself could not tell how this queer illness might turn; such fevers were sometimes caused by mental disquietude, he said. Of infection there was no fear; he came day after day, and stood pitifully by the bedside. He had seen her once before in her brilliance and health; he had never cared for her as he did now that she was lying prostrate and helpless in their hands.

Madame Jacob had carried-off her children at the first alarm of fever; the house was kept darkened and cool and quiet; and patient Miss Dampier sat waiting in the big chair for good or for ill fortune. Sometimes of an evening she would creep downstairs and meet her nephew in the street outside and bring him news.

And besides John, there was poor Anthony wandering about the house, wretched, anxious, and yet resigned. Often, as a boy, he had feared death; the stern tenets to which he belonged made him subject to its terrors, but now it seemed to him so simple a thing to die that he wondered at his own past fears. Elly thought it a simple thing to die, but of this fever she was weary—of this cruel pain and thirst and misery; she would moan a little, utter a few complaining words, and wander off into delirium again. She had been worse than usual one evening, the fever higher. It was a bad account that Miss Dampier had to give to the doctor when he came, to the anxious people waiting for news. All night long Elly's kind nurse sat patiently in the big arm-chair, knitting, as was her way, or sometimes letting the needles fall into her lap, and sitting still with clasped hands and a wistful heart. The clocks of the city struck the dark hours as they passed—were these Elly's last upon earth?—Jane Dampier sadly wondered. The stars set behind the poplar-trees, a night breeze came shivering now and then through the open window. The night did not appear so very long; it seemed hastening by, dark and silent, relentless to the wearied nurse; for presently, before she knew it almost, it seemed as if the dawn had begun; and somehow, as she was watching still, she fell asleep for a little. While she slept the shadows began to tremble and fade, and fly hither and thither in the death-like silence of the

early morning, and when she awoke it was with a start and a chill terror, coming, she knew not whence. She saw that the room was grey, and black no longer. Her heart began to beat, and with a terrified glance she looked round at the bed where Elly was lying.

She looked once, and then again, and then suddenly her trembling hands were clasped in humblest thanksgiving, and the grey head bent lower and lower.

There was nothing to fear any more. Elly was sleeping quietly on her pillow, the fiery spots had faded out of her cheeks, her skin looked fresh and moist, the fever had left her. Death had not yet laid his cold hand on the poor little prey, he had not come while the nurse was sleeping—he had not called her as yet. I speak in this way from long habit and foolishness. For in truth, had he come, would it have been so sad, would it have been so hard a fate—would it have been death with his skeleton's head, and his theatrical grave-clothes, and his scythe, and his hour-glass? Would it have been this, or simply the great law of Nature working peacefully in its course—only the seed falling into the ground, only the decree of that same merciful Power which sent us into the world?—us men and women, who are glad to exist, and grateful for our own creation, into a world where we love to tarry for a while?

Jean Dampier, sitting there in the dawning, thought something of all this, and yet how could she help acknowledging the mercy which spared her and hers the pang of having fatally injured this poor little Elly, whom she had learnt to love with all her tender old heart. It seemed a deliverance, a blessing a hundred times beyond their deserts.

She had been prepared for the worst, and yet she had shrunk with terror from the chastisement. Now, in this first moment of relief—now that, after all, Elly was, perhaps, given back to them, to youth, to life—she felt as if she could have borne the blow better than she had ever dared to hope. The sun rose, the birds chirped freshly among the branches, the chill morning spread over the city. Sleepers began to stir, and to awake to their daily cares, to their busy life. Elizabeth's life, too, began anew from this hour.

Some one said to me just now that we can best make others happy by the mere fact of our own existence; as she got well day by day, Elly found that it was so. How had she deserved so much of those about her? she often wondered to herself. A hindrance, a trouble, a vexation to them, was all she had ever been; and yet as one by one they came to greet her, she felt that they were glad. Anthony's eyes were full of tears; Tournour closed his for an instant, as he uttered a silent thanksgiving—she herself did not know how to thank them all.

And here, perhaps, my story ought to end, but in truth it is not finished, though I should cease to write it down, and it goes on and on as the years go by.

Professional Thieves.

THIEVING, considered as an art, is only just beginning to be understood in this country; it is scarcely thirty years since honest men turned their attention to the subject with a determination to master it, and their investigations have been hindered by the fastidiousness and false delicacy of society, even more than by the obstacles opposed by roguery and rascaldom. But, obviously, crime will never be cured until its origin and career are thoroughly understood. Chaplains, governors of prisons, and heads of convict stations could give valuable information and assistance; but the so-called interests of the service require their silence. Many of these gentlemen entertain advanced opinions on the subject; but are in the position of those who can instruct but dare not. Yet great improvements have been effected in dealing with crime during the last thirty years. There is less brutality and ignorance among the criminals, crime has perceptibly diminished, and therefore there is every reason to persevere, and less justification for discouragement.

In turning to the *Judicial Statistics* for 1860, we are struck with the extent of official knowledge displayed. The variations, the agencies, and the results of crime are detailed in a very instructive manner. In 1860, it seems, the total Police and Constabulary force amounted to 20,760, and their cost for the year to 1,531,111*l. 5s. 7d.* We had one policeman for every 870 of the population. The following are the numbers of thieves and depredators then known: Under sixteen years of age, 4,028 males, 1,467 females—total, 5,495. Above sixteen years of age, 25,407 males, 7,012 females—total, 32,419. Suspected persons, in round numbers, 35,206. But those in prison should be added to the numbers of those at large, and this done, we have a grand total of 155,145, or one in every 115 of the population.

In the vast aggregate of criminals there are many who are only occasional and temporary offenders. These are obviously neither the most difficult, the most injurious, nor the most costly section of the criminal class: that distinction is enjoyed by habitual, or *professional*, thieves. How numerous the class of professional thieves is, it would be impossible to say. They count by many thousands. Scattered throughout the country, they form a net-work of veins by means of which all criminal knowledge circulates. In prison and out of it, in the lowly village lodging-house and in the Bay of Bermuda, "doing their separates" at Pentonville and among the rocks of Gibraltar, wherever they are they develop and increase criminal tendencies, and spread criminal knowledge. They are the preachers of thieving, the schoolmasters of dishonesty, and the

expounders of all roguery. They give the countryman finishing lessons as reward for his putting up jobs for them. The police have their *Hue and Cry* to prevent crime; but the professional thieves are every one of them *Hue and Cry* for the diffusion of criminal knowledge and for the spread of crime. In the convict stations, the old professional thief is venerated by the young thieves in their first conviction. They gather round him to listen to his boastful stories; and as he tells of this neat trick and that, many a laugh rings over Bermuda Bay, and many a young hand resolves to be a hero in crime,—a second Jack Sheppard. The old thief will teach the young one almost all he knows, if he will be only docile and "pal" with him. It is no uncommon thing for a young thief, during the term of his penal servitude, to write down the lessons in the art which he receives from some old thief. He will read these explanations and study them until the tutor assures the pupil that he is master of the trick. In fact, the Advertisement Supplement of *The Times* is not half so useful a medium for commercial affairs, nor yet so successful for the diffusion of information, as are the professional thieves as sources and means for the spread of criminal knowledge, and for the facilitating and encouragement of crime through all the land.

Now how are we to understand and conquer professional thieves? Police reports, reports of trials, and Blue-books help us little. These are valuable aids, but still they are official, and so of necessity limited and one-sided. Chaplains and prison officers could communicate much valuable information, and in many instances they have done so. Still this is only part of the question; it is only the thief under sentence, with as much of the thief at large as the criminal chooses to let out. Mr. Mayhew's book about "Those who won't work" is very useful, and although the nature of its topics excludes it from the family circle, it entitles its author to much consideration. The thieves told him something of their art, but they by no means gave him all their secrets; his book rather sketches the external life and circumstances of crime than dissects the system, so that the public may be prepared to grapple with the vast and subtle machinery of thievery.

Would that the professional thieves could be induced to come forward, and candidly tell us all about it. We shall never fully understand them until they explain themselves. Police, prison discipline, fence-masters, penal servitude, on each of these subjects a conference of old thieves, earnest and out-spoken, would speedily teach the public more than they can ever learn from associations for the promotion of social science, parliamentary committees, government commissioners, prison inspectors and police reports.

Believing that we cannot understand people of any class or character unless we go among them, see them in their open hours of unreserved communication, and hear what they have to say for themselves, I have for some time past made the most of every opportunity of becoming acquainted, as a clergyman, with the origin, character, acts, and habits of professional

thieves; and I shall give my readers the benefit of what I have been able to gather. Conversing with thieves from different parts of the country who were unknown to each other, I have been able to test their truthfulness by various independent testimony; and I have found far more veracity and openness than could have been expected from such a class of vicious and degraded men. By degrees I have got from them the greater portion of their craft and mystery, from "pricking the garter" to "drilling a safe," and from the sale of a stolen shirt to the disposal of the valuable booty which they occasionally obtain from the jewellers. Will they not be enraged by being shown up too much? Their answer is, "No! so long as you do not hurt us *individually*. There always have been plenty of flats to plunder, and there always will be. There will be enough thieving to be done in our time, whatever you may write; and the next generation must shift for themselves as we have done."

In reference to their origin, professional thieves may be classed as follows:—1. Those who have been trained to it from their infancy. 2. Those who have taken to it through the connivance or neglect of their parents. 3. Those who have been driven to it from ill-usage. 4. Those who, from their childhood, have evinced a propensity to thieving, and taken to it because they liked it. 5. Those children who have forsaken their homes, have been forsaken by their parents, and have fallen into the hands of habitual thieves. 6. Youths whose parents have been imprisoned or transported, leaving their children entirely destitute. 7. Idle and dissolute labourers and mechanics. 8. A few broken-down tradesmen and clerks who were once respectable. 9. Others who are very changeable and restless, are too idle to work, and have a strong passion for the adventures of crime. 10. Those who, after a first imprisonment, are forsaken by their friends, and can obtain no employment. 11. A few who, by degrees, get into it by the terrible pressure of poverty, and having once got into it, go on to the end. 12. A few from the stern severity of honest parents, who when a son or daughter has been led to a solitary act of theft, have shut the parental door upon them when they came out of prison, with the distinct intimation that they should not darken their father's threshold again: a poor way of wiping out the family disgrace.

Young hawkers, both boys and girls, frequently become professional thieves. They are first tempted to steal bits of metal or trifling articles of wearing-apparel which they see lying about the houses where they go to vend their wares, and having once begun the descent is easy. A thief writes to me—"I have often sat in our public-houses of an evening in company with many other thieves. We have been in one of our better moods, and have talked about what first caused us to become thieves, and I have heard many a pitiful story. Many of them would say, 'I never knew anything else; I have been at it all my life; and as I have lived so I must die?' Another would say, 'I could get no work after my first conviction; nobody would look at me; I could not starve, and was obliged to go on the cross.' Another would say, 'I began to sell oranges when I

was a boy, or what fruit might be in season; I could not always sell all I had, and sometimes I used to eat them. I durst not go home without the money. Then I used to steal something, and take it to the marine store dealer's. The man would encourage me, and tell me to bring what I liked, and he would buy it of me. As I got on in thieving, I left home, and was soon polished off into a first-class wire."

A few of what the thieves call the more respectable members of their fraternity, fence-masters, and the better sort of publicans in the thieves' quarter, do all they can to keep their children out of crime, by sending them to school, or getting them into honest company as early as possible. But while these unfortunate children do remain at home it is next to impossible to keep them out of mischief. They inevitably see and know a great deal of what is going on around them, and they soon long to be at it, and doing what they consider the clever and manly thing. Too often this ambition is industriously encouraged. Not unfrequently entire families are trained to dishonesty, and it has happened that nearly the whole of them have been in prison at the same time. The ragged schools do much to check those children whose parents incite them to steal, and a few beautiful instances have occurred in which the poor ragged-school scholar has refused to obey the unrighteous behests of his parents.

The origin of female professional thieves is, in many respects, similar to that of males, and yet there is something in it sufficiently distinctive to merit a passing notice. They are the offspring of prostitutes, thieves, beggars, poor, cruel, and drunken parents, low shopkeepers in the thieves' quarter, and hawkers. They get into it by degrees, much the same as boys do. The young girls begin with little things, and pass on to greater as they acquire confidence and skill, and as opportunities increase. If they have no one to train them in the first instance, they have not to wait long for their criminal education. They soon get known to the older female thieves, and any signs of superior cunning and audacity they may show are never neglected. By-and-by the novice pairs off with some established thief, who completes her education, but generally she has suffered a great deal, and been in prison many times before it comes to this. Her end is generally the same as the man's; consumption through drink, imprisonment, and unhealthy habits.

In the days of old Fagan and Jonathan Wild young thieves were trained by means of wearing-apparel suspended on a line in a room with a bell attached to the cord, so that if they did not perform the exercise very adroitly the detector bell would ring. Now this method is antiquated and obsolete. The progress of intellect has made itself felt among professional thieves, and they go a much readier way to work with their pupils—adopting a simpler and more natural course of training. But thief-culture is not so distinct and systematic a branch of criminal life as some imagine. A few do little else except train boys and girls, but these are very few in number compared with the hosts of juvenile thieves who are constantly feeding the criminal market. Thief-trainers are some-

like dog-trainers. Here and there men keep kennels for the sole purpose of educating all sorts of dogs, sporting, fancy, house-dogs, and others. But where one dog is trained in this way, there are thousands of dogs who are simply trained by their owners, or their owners' keepers; while many dogs manage to go through the world without either education, manners, or style. It is just so with thieves. A few are trained by professional educators, the majority are trained by some thief who takes a fancy to them; or they are educated for crime by their parents. The ordinary and general training which boys and girls get refers to stealing small things from houses, shops, street stalls, warehouses, and neglected premises. They are taught to go two or three together, so that they may be of mutual assistance to each other. One will act as a "stall" to cover the working thief, and will run away with the booty, so that should the pilferer be detected, the stolen goods are not found upon him. These will also try pocket-handkerchiefs, and soon become expert in taking them.

For a superior education the professional trainer, or coaching by a first-class thief in full practice, is necessary. On this head I am informed by an adept, "The juvenile is generally committed to stealing habitually before the professional thief will take him in hand. A boy cannot be thieving long without the fact becoming known to some established thief. In a theatre, in a shop, mostly in a crowd, the old thief sees the boy at work, and watches him very carefully. If the boy is sharp and steady over his business and is at all good-looking, the old thief will make friends with him. An arrangement is soon come to, and the boy goes to reside with his new friend. The first thing is to dress the boy very respectably, and teach him politeness and good manners as far as such a thing can be done. We try all we can to make him up so that he will pass for a very respectable school-boy. This pays best. It would never do to have him rough. People would be on their guard in a minute if he were not smooth and nice. We sometimes succeed in getting them up beautifully, and then we have what a thief likes, a young, innocent-looking, and lucrative deception. Pocket-picking is the boy's first lesson, and he practices on his instructor, and on the woman who may reside with the thief. When he can quickly and quietly pick the pocket of his new friends, the woman takes him out, generally into some crowded shop. Here he probably succeeds well, gets pleased with his success, and warms to his work. After practising shops and crowds for some time, the woman ventures to take him out for single-handed and open work. He goes with her into the streets, and does a few easy cases in stealing pocket-handkerchiefs and purses. The woman has nearly always most to do with the education of the boy. When she has done with him, the man takes him in hand, and they go out together. The boy has now become a single-handed street wire, and works with front and back stalls, i. e. a man before and a man behind to cover him, to take the purses from him, and to get him out of trouble if he is suspected. They are always kind to the boy, for if not he would leave them. They feed him and

clothe him, and he wants for nothing. They give a little money; not too much, lest he should be foolish with it, and attract the attention of the police. The boy often gets sent to prison, and when he is liberated the thief meets him, and takes him home. As the boy gets older, he becomes independent of his trainers, and so he in turn pairs off and leaves them." If the boy should attempt to leave his trainers too soon, they will frighten him by threatening to set the police upon him; nor do they scruple to carry out the threat. There is very little difference between the training of boys and of girls. Some idea of the amount of juvenile crime may be formed from the fact that in 1860, there were under sixteen years of age 4,208 boys, known thieves and depredators; and 1,467 girls of the same age and character.

There is a thieves' quarter in all large towns well known to the police, and better known to the thieves. They flourish, with kindred infamy, amidst a congeries of small rag-shops, Irishing shops, coffee-houses, beer-houses, spirit-shops, and lodging-houses for single men, with, of course, a tripe-seller, a bird-fancier, a fiddler to play at the thievery carnivals, and a ragged school within hail. As the reader passes into the quarter in the day-time, he is struck by the strange physiognomy and attire of men and women, boys and girls. The children don't play like other children; they lounge about, looking very suspicious and preternaturally sharp. The adults look seedy and sleepy, as if they had been up all night. They lounge about the doors, indulging in subdued laughter, and now and then call to one another across the street, or saunter listlessly through the quarter with their hands in their pockets. It is not often that depredations are committed here, unless some stranger chances to present a temptation too strong to be resisted. There are fights and brawls sometimes, but not often. Half-a-dozen policemen are always about, sometimes looking as excited as sportsmen who have just flushed a woodcock, or wearing an air of languid weariness as if exhausted by expectation of a prize that never meant to come. In the afternoon, a few men and women, habitual thieves, drop in from different parts of the country—perhaps they are returned convicts, fresh from Gibraltar, Western Australia, or Bermuda. Nearly the whole of the houses hereabouts are nests of crime, notwithstanding the dinginess and quietude of their exterior. If a stranger enters one of their public-houses, and calls for a glass of ale, it will be given to him reluctantly; and if he is not off as soon as he has drunk his beer, some of the thieves will insult him, and drive him away; or they will go to the landlord, and say, "What is that man? Is he square? If he is, send him away. We don't want him, and we won't have it. If square people are allowed to come here, we shall take our custom somewhere else." If circumstances should be favourable, the stranger will perhaps be cheated and gambled out of all his money, and then sent out of the house insulted as well as plundered. These public-houses are always, with scarcely an exception, kept by persons who have formerly belonged to the thieves' organization in some one of its many

departments. According to the judicial statistics for 1860, there are 4,986 beer-houses and public-houses resorted to by thieves and the infamous of the other sex. The thieves resort to these houses for the sake of society, security, and enjoyment. In the afternoon, very few of them are drunk; they pass away the time in gambling with dominoes, dice, and cards. Two detectives, perhaps, come in quietly, look round the rooms, and then pass out, without anything being said. Should a man whom they want be present in the rooms, they will give him a tap on the shoulder, and say, "You are wanted; come with me." The professional thief will generally accept this invitation to prison without any ado, making inquiries as he goes along as to what they want him for. Should there be an individual in the room, a stranger to the detectives, they will bid him stand up, and then, "Take off your hat, sir:" this, that they may know him another day, and the thief obeys them as though he were a soldier under inspection on parade.

The thieves are mostly dressed in a mean and slovenly way when they are off work; but when they go out on their criminal business, they dress well and become animated and brisk in their manner. There is very little plunder kept in the thieves' quarter; they seldom take their acquisitions to their own homes, nor are the burglar's tools often found about him; they are quietly stowed away in some unsuspected quarter and are brought out again only when they are wanted. Should a thief go into one of their public-houses with a stolen watch upon him, the company present would be very angry, and request him to leave them at once. "Don't come here with it. Go and put it off, ~~you~~ ^{you} may get us all into trouble if you stay here with that thimble upon you." And away the thief goes to the fence-master, and the watch is turned into money probably in less than an hour after it has been purloined; and in another hour or two the "fence" can, if he likes, melt the gold down, and dispose of the works. The thieves think it perfectly fair to cheat one another in gambling; they are proud of the feat. Sometimes they lose fifteen or twenty pounds at a sitting. They never carry much money about with them: they make the publican their banker, and he is generally faithful. No amount of success induces them to desist. However large the proceeds of a burglary or garotte, they still go on until they are caught and imprisoned.

The majority of habitual thieves profess to believe the Bible, and to respect religion. They are not all drunkards. A few of them are moderate, steady, and even abstemious; in some instances they conceal their wickedness from their parents, if still living—visiting them occasionally and giving them money. Generally they are true to each other, but sometimes they are treacherous;—though "rounding" or treachery is always spoken of very indignantly by them, and often severely, and even murderously punished. Their character in respect of violence and cruelty has been much ameliorated during the last fifteen or twenty years. They do not like resorting to violence if it can possibly be avoided. When the

stolen property is on them, they will fight to get away; but they do not in these times put old men and women on a blazing fire, and keep them there until they tell where their money is. The modern thief depends upon his skill for finding the cash, and, in fact, often knows where the stake is before he enters the house. Pistols are seldom carried by them; the weapon is generally a "nuddy" or life-preserver. The professional thieves admit that they are wrong, but try to make out that they are no worse than some other folks: fraudulent bankers, for instance. A constant study of the newspapers, and especially the reports of criminal cases, convinces them that there are rogues in every sphere of life, and that thieves are not much worse than their neighbours. Professional thieves are not capable of sustained reasoning; their intellects confuse rules and exceptions. Blinded by their own passions, they cannot see the difference between an honest life, and the exceptional instances which come under their notice in the courts of law. With the view of obtaining some insight into their moral nature, I bought a large number of their favourite criminal songs. It is not necessary to say anything about the obscene ditties, because these thieves relish in common with many fast young men who are not thieves. "The Female Transport," "When I go flimping through the Night," "The Transport's Farewell," "Young Tyler and Robinson," "The Female Smuggler," "Roger O'Hare," "The Famous Adventures of John Scott," "Bold Nevison the Highwayman," "Sketch of Roguery," "Mary Martin," "Stark-naked Robbery," "Polly Oliver's Rambles," "Jack Shoppard's Song," "The Cruel Miller," "The Robbers of the Glen," "Brennan on the Move," "The Bloody Gardener's Cruelty," "Death of Parker," "The Female Poachers of Nottinghamshire," "Barnet Races," "Rufford Park Poachers"—these are their principal songs. An analysis of their sentiment is easily made; they all more or less invest crime with false glory, colour it with unreal happiness, and give it by far too much good luck. It is some consolation to find that the more vicious songs are chiefly sung by the elder members of the guilty fraternity, and are slowly and surely passing into disuse. The younger thieves prefer sentimental airs, such as "Gentle Annie," and "Why did she leave him because he was poor." "Little Nell" was for a long time a prodigious favourite. With the progress of this sentimental turn in musical matters we may fairly connect the fact that out of 836 cases of burglary and house-breaking committed or bailed for trial in 1860, only eight were attended with violence.

The female thieves keep to picking up, pocket-picking, and the various methods of robbing shops and offices in the day. They are always connected with male thieves. How the male and female thief first come together is a question which need not occupy our attention. They meet and become acquainted in the course of criminal life, and are more constant to each other than one could expect. Great enmity subsists between female thieves and another class of vicious women. They spoil each other's trade, and are nearly always quarreling, and trying to set the

police upon one another. A female thief prides herself on having her "mate" dressed well and showily, with plenty of money to spend; and she will keep him in clover if she goes in rags. She drinks a good deal, and especially if she has no children; but she will only drink with her own partner: this is a point of honour among them. When he is in prison, she keeps herself, if not caught, and when he comes out, it is the delight of her heart to have some money ready for him. They often quarrel, and as often make it up again; but when either gets a long sentence, the other takes to some one else. Women are useful to the men in taking booty to the fence-master. Occasionally they assist at a burglary, and carry the instruments, though they never enter the house—remaining outside and keeping watch; they are then called crows. They are considered to make good scouts in the night, as less likely to attract the suspicions of the police. Female thieves are made more use of than formerly by the men in various ways of pilfering and concealment. Passing base coin, shop-robbing, pocket-picking in places of worship, streets, crowds, and railways, are their chief employment. Sometimes two women work together, or a man and woman, or two men and one woman, or one woman with one or two girls or boys.

The professional language of thieves is peculiar to themselves. They use it for the sake of secrecy, from pride, from the influence of custom, and from the necessity of the case. Their own language conveys their meaning in many instances more clearly and fully than the modes of expression common among honest people. For instance, they have a technical use of the word "sweet." If they are attempting to rob, and the victim has no suspicion, they say he is "sweet." If a person's suspicions are roused, then they try "to sweeten him," and to "keep him sweet" until their object is accomplished. If a thief wishes to tell you that you know all about a thing he will say, "You have got the full strength of it." Their cant contains some very old words, but it changes somewhat with each succeeding generation. The London thieves are the fountain and authority for all new cant. Some thief utters a comical and queer word when in a state of excitement, and it is taken up and used by others. Here is a short cant letter written by a thief.

Start, Jan. 27, 1862.

Jerry, old chap, we have just been thundering lucky. We have just touched for a rattling stake of sugar at Brum, of a titman while he was getting on his prod. It is all in single pounds on the England jug. The coppers were dead on sneaking for it. We shall get away as soon as we can. I think I shall let old Abraham the Sheeney have it, at four punt and a half a nob. If you like, Jerry, I will send a few thickens to bring you and your tamstut up to Start. When we touched for it, we had to get on the finger and thumb a few miles. We durst not get on the rattles in air.

Yours, JANAR.

The following is a translation of the foregoing letter:—

London, Jan. 27, 1862.

Jerry, old chap, I have just got a large stake of money at Birmingham; from a farmer on horseback. It is in 5l. notes on the Bank of England. The police were on

our track, and expected to take us for it. But we shall come away as soon as we possibly can do. I think I shall take them to Abraham, the Jew, and let him have the notes at 42 10s. each. If you like I will send you a few pounds to bring you and your Mrs. to London. When we got it we had to walk along the road for a few miles. We durst not get on the rails in the town.—Yours, JAMES.

The professional thieves are so accustomed to their own words and phraseology that they cannot help using them, if engaged in a long conversation with an honest person or a stranger. Nothing pleases the habitual thieves better than to make the ignorant convicts from the rural districts stare and wonder by rattling off their cant and slang. The back slang of the coostermongers is said to have been in use about eighteen years; and for the last few years the professional thieves have had the use of it. This back slang consists in spelling and pronouncing the words backwards; for instance, woman is pronounced namow. They also alter a letter or two, and add something to the end of the words. These endings seem like the recollections of an uneducated person, who has heard French and Italian spoken. Here is an example of the way in which they sometimes write to one another in prison when they succeed in corrupting the warders:—

Benjary, Edesla; Oljau Hatbo. I iteri case yew inessl of hoe ingopetha attha isthe yam indil althaw indgo antspir evesle all eiware at esentpre. I alsha omeoso antha isitva hoo toxtomow, and ringbra omeoso axma ithmewa, antha omeoso nose, antha omeoso uggersho. ialaha ivitga toayeth screw attha ewo hatgawu iteri rofyoy, ewe hav unghimslow emaja,—Yours, NED.

Being interpreted, this letter reads thus:—

Leeds, January. John Bull, I write these few lines to you, hoping that this may find you in good spirits, as it leaves us all well at present. I shall come and visit you to-morrow, and bring you some rum, some tobacco, and some money. I shall give it to the officer we have got to rights for you. We have given him 1l.

What with this mongrel back slang and their own cant, the old thieves can talk for hours without the uninitiated being able to form the slightest idea of what it is all about. The thieves are very fond of their own proverbs and sayings. They have not many maxims, but they are in constant use. A garotter says, "The bigger the man the better the mark." "Flats graft for guns," i. e. honest men work for thieves. Honest people maintain thieves in prison, and when they are at large.

Show a parson a shovel and he will begin to cry;
Ask a thief to work, and he will feign to die.

Every professional thief is considered as belonging to the branch of thieving in which he excels the most, and he is named after it: a wire, a flimper, a snyde pitcher, a magman, or a crackman, as the case may be. But while he generally keeps to his own line of business he by no means confines himself to it. An habitual thief knows the whole round of crime. Pickpockets and burglars are the steadiest to their own department.

All professional thieves are great travellers, especially the pickpockets, who, in some instances, work very hard indeed, being up for the earliest

trains in the morning, and out for the latest at night. The first-class thieves do not confine themselves to Britain. They work the Dover packets, and visit the Lakes of Killarney. They go on the Manchester Exchange, and sleep in the hotels of New York. They know the way to the Liverpool Docks, and "wire" in the streets of Paris. They generally go on the Continent in the spring, and remain there until the races and fairs are coming off in England. The London mobs go down to Manchester in December, there being a large number of commercial men about the town at that time. The Manchester men will go to London when they are outlawed;—the Liverpool mobs to Manchester;—the Birmingham mobs to Bristol and Wales. Scotch thieves go into the North of England. Irish thieves come into England in the summer for the fairs and races. In the latter end of April and the beginning of May, the London mobs do the May meetings of Exeter Hall and other places; and then start for Wales and the Midland counties, as the fairs are coming on about that time. The pickpockets are always at work, travelling night or day, or both as it may suit them. The migration of thieves into Wales takes place from March up to May; the time of the fairs. Cardiff is the last place visited for Llandaff fair. The thieves are fond of royal progresses, and follow the Queen everywhere. After the races and fairs are over, the magmen, or thieves' gamblers, go to different towns, and make up mobs for the winter.

The formation of the mobs or gangs can soon be explained. In the case of boys, they are thrown together by accidental circumstances, or form a casual acquaintance, or live near to each other, or meet when coming out of prison together. They work with each other until broken up and scattered by sickness, imprisonment, death, change of residence, or their locality getting too hot for them. The adult mobs will number any thing from four to twenty. They get to know each other in prison, on public works, on the convict ship and foreign stations, by passing their leisure hours in the public-houses. A gang will include all sort of thieves. They will work one town until the police press them closely, and they becoming too notorious, are obliged to make themselves scarce; or perhaps the gang will break up by some going to one town and some to another. Occasionally the whole gang will move about from town to town, and keep together for a long time. When they go to races and fairs they settle beforehand what part each shall take, and where their meeting places shall be. They will work with no strangers. They must be introduced by some one known to both. They will not work with occasional thieves if they can help it; or if they do they will put the heaviest and the dirtiest work upon them. The gangs are broken up in a variety of ways. Sometimes they betray one another to the police and so get dispersed. Sometimes they quarrel about the spoil. "What do you mean?" said I once to a thief, as he talked of these quarrels. "Why," said he, "it is shameful work; they play Ananias and Sapphira, and whip the Apostles. "What do you mean by that?" I replied. "Keeping back part of the price, sir." Wandering like shoals of fish, responsible to

nobody, scattering and changing by a thousand accidental circumstances, we can learn little of these gangs. In their wanderings they fall in with other shoals, and some get lost, and some are furnished to death, and some are poached, and some get hooked. I suppose I must say a word or two about the *black-faced mobs*. They are chiefly navvies and second-class thieves who blacken their faces. First-class thieves never do it except occasionally when it is a "put-up job" and there is a heavy stake of money, jewellery, or plate. In these cases they use crapes, arm themselves, and will resort to violence, though not with intent to murder. When the different mobs are moving about in large towns they occasionally meet, and cross each other's path, when the salutation is as follows:—"Are you out on speculation? Where are you going?" The answer: "We are going a flimping, buzzing, cracking, tooling, wiring, and away we go." This means they are ready for anything that turns up. Each gang has its *esprit de corps*. There is a great deal of rivalry among them, and they are envious and jealous of one another. All their ambition is, which can do the most profitable, the quickest, the cleverest, and the most daring things. A thief once said to me, "Sir, they would send out advertisements challenging one another, if they durst. They would be as fond of puffing and running one another down as the shopkeepers are."

The first-class thieves, or "tip toppers," never enter the thieves' quarter if they can help it; they take furnished apartments in some quiet and respectable part of the town. Towards their neighbours they are fair-spoken, civil, honest gentlemen, and go on quietly and steadily until they change their residence, quarrel with their wives, or are disturbed by the police. These first-class thieves always "go in" for very high stakes, and will have nothing to do with petty affairs. They will not associate with thieves of the second or third order. The reader will remember the case of Agar, who was the chief man in the bullion robbery of the South-eastern Railway in 1855. Well, Agar was one of these first-class thieves. A first-class thief will wear no stolen clothes. He is naturally clever, has received most of his education in prison, and rises to be A 1 by his talents, moderation, and polish. He does his work quietly and neatly, and leaves no more traces of his handiwork behind him than he can possibly help. He knows all the detectives, but he takes care that they don't know him. He will have nothing to do with goods, clothes, and provisions. Plate, jewellery, cash, or bank-notes, alone tempt him. He is clever enough to pick a pocket without the assistance of either front or back stalls. He can take a pocket-book from the inside of your waistcoat as quick as lightning, and get a long way out of danger before the treasure is missed. He delights to go on 'Change, where his respectable appearance and quiet bearing enable him to pass without suspicion. He goes to the Bank, takes a genuine 10*l.* Bank of England note, and asks for change, and puts his name on the back in a business-like manner; but he contrives to rob somebody by means of the insight into people's purses which he obtains while he stands carelessly changing his note, and seeming to be looking

at nobody. The first-class thief knows a good bottle of wine, and a good hotel; if he can help it he will drink no inferior stuff, and stay at no inferior place. He likes to keep a few diamonds by him as a resource in extremity. If your house has been robbed, you can easily tell whether a first-class thief has been there. He will not break and tear down everything that comes to his hands. He will unlock everything he can, but if a lock is refractory and awkward he breaks it open. He will not stay eating and drinking in the house he has burglariously entered, though he will have pleasure in cracking a bottle of good wine, and drinking the health of his sleeping host and the family up-stairs. But he goes for plunder, and not for eating and drinking. He does that after the booty has gone to the "fence," and he is safe housed in his quarters. There, before a good blazing fire, and a tankard of good ale, he will talk fast enough about the exploit, as a sportsman does about his first of September, or the soldier about the last battle, or a Member of the Commons House of Parliament in the smoking-room, quizzing the last debate.

When a first-class thief is disabled, either by accident, bad health, or nervousness, brought on by habitual drunkenness, he can still be of use to the thieves. He is the gobetween for those who escape from a robbery, and those who are apprehended in consequence of it. He will communicate between the one and the other, see the lawyer, get ready for the trial, and look up the "snyde witnesses." He can also attend the different criminal courts, and carry and fetch any information that may be of use.

Close to the first-class thieves, and yet not of them, is another class of men. Broken-down respectable people, artists and tradesmen, lawyers' clerks, and commercial clerks, who, although they can never thoroughly learn the art of thieving, nevertheless get among the thieves, and are of great use to them. This class of men make very good "stalls." They have no thieves' ways or manner with them, and therefore people are off their guard. They are good assistants at forging, drawing up false scrip and sham commercial bills; they are equally useful in passing cheques, bills, and bankers' drafts.

The professional thieves have a miserable time of it. They spend half their time in prison, and always reckon on doing so. They are never sure of safety for an hour together. The very next policeman they meet may apprehend them, and out of that apprehension there may grow for them ten or fifteen bitter years of penal servitude. In 1860, 1,080 males, and 618 female thieves had been five times in prison. Seven times, and above five—1,122 males, 857 females. Ten times and above seven—622 males, 584 males. Above ten times—825 males, 2,584 females. This last item shows an enormous number of females. It is partly, if not chiefly made up of cases of drunkenness and abuse of the police. But these statistics are poor guides for ascertaining the number of times a professional thief has been in prison. He wanders all over the country, and gets many sentences, of which nothing is ever known to the police, so as to enable them to bring all his convictions home to him. A professional thief of

any standing has been in all the leading English prisons. He can tell the character of the chaplain and officers, recite the prison rules, knows all about the diet, and many other things, which must not be recorded here.

The criminal knowledge of habitual thieves is astounding. They know something of every notorious culprit, every important trial or robbery for the last five-and-twenty years. So far as their own practices are concerned, they are well informed on criminal law; but that avails little to mitigate the ills of a life which, from its nature, must be very much made up of hardship and misery. Thieving is always a losing game. The money they get never does them any good; it never stays with them. It all goes in gambling, debauchery, and law expenses. They betray and are betrayed. All men shun them; and if many could have their way they would make short work of the professional thieves by having them all shot. They are miserable and accursed in their relation to society, and they are miserable and accursed in themselves. Few ever reform, or ever mean to do. We have already explained why they persevere in a course that must and does lead to destruction. For the most part they can do nothing else, they have learned no trade. In 1860 there were no fewer than 18,949 persons committed to prison who described themselves as having no occupation. Even if people would employ them, they are too idle, nor could they get money by honest means fast enough to satisfy their wants. Nearly all habitual thieves, male and female, die of consumption, and under or about thirty-five years of age. Drink, debauchery, irregular hours, the sudden transitions from luxuries to a low prison diet—these things soon kill them off. The largest decrease in the number of persons committed to prison is among those who are between thirty and forty years of age. In 1860 there were in prison 19,555 persons who were from thirty to forty years old; but there were only 11,448 persons in prison who were from forty to fifty years old, showing a decrease of 7,807. Again, in 1860 there were 33,048 persons in prison who were from twenty-one to thirty years of age. But in that same year of 1860, there were only 2,685 persons in prison above sixty years of age; showing a falling-off between the ages of twenty-one and sixty of no less than 30,863. What has become of all these people, and how is this great falling-off to be accounted for? In many instances reformation sets in, and the offenders break the laws no more—in others, death doubtless comes according to the course of nature; but these items do not settle the account.

Indian Cotton and its Supply.

THE question of whence England is in future to obtain an adequate supply of cotton is fast becoming one of very serious import. Starvation stares some six millions of our fellow-countrymen in the face, and there appears no probability of any speedy reversion to the old source being possible. In the alarm created by the sudden cessation in the supply of the raw material from the Southern States of America, inquiry was set on foot in every conceivable direction, and the attention of some one or other of the numerous people interested in the subject was directed to nearly every known quarter of the globe. In the search after cotton, or a substitute for it, India was, of course, not forgotten. Indeed it was to that quarter that most attention was in the first instance given, and a record of all the steps taken by those requiring, or professing to require, the staple, of the resolutions passed, and theories started, would fill no ordinary-sized volume. It is not, however, what has been done, but what has been left undone, that will, at this hour, prove of most general interest—not either what has been neglected in various directions, so much as what has escaped attention in one. Until the cessation of the supply of cotton from New Orleans occurred, it was generally supposed that the cotton produced in India was not adapted to the English market, notwithstanding that it was in this very staple that British manufacturers first essayed to compete with, and ultimately surpassed, in their productions, the once widely renowned fabrics of the Indian looms. It was with cotton derived from India that Wyatt, Paul, Arkwright, Hargreaves, and Crompton first produced those yarns with the machinery they severally invented or perfected, which rendered success so complete as to banish from the minds of British manufacturers all fear of the competition of Indian goods. How, then, it may be asked, is it that New Orleans cotton should now hold so much higher a position in the estimation of British mill-owners? The reasons assigned are many, but the most important of all is the superior cleanliness of the American staple, which renders its conversion into yarn much less difficult and with very considerable less waste—a result of no trifling importance. When it is considered that the produce in yarn of a pound of American cotton averages thirteen and a half ounces, while that of a pound of Surat is but twelve ounces, it will be no matter of surprise that the one should be preferred to the other: and when to this is added the fact that the spinners obtain threepence halfpenny for converting a pound of Surat cotton into yarn, while for the yarn from American cotton they receive but threepence farthing, the only wonder is that Indian cotton has been used at all while American was obtainable. This will at once account for the low prices realised for Indian cotton when American was offering, and for the general disregard in which it was held prior to the

present crisis. The only reason, in fact, for making any use of Indian cotton was for mixing it with American kinds of bad or inferior colour; Indian cotton being always of a rich creamy white. It was, moreover, for some time objected that the shortness of staple of the ordinary varieties of Indian cotton rendered them unfit for use in the machinery adapted for spinning the American fibre—that it was, in fact, so short that it blew off the machinery. This objection to some extent still remains, and will continue to do so, unless the demand for Indian cotton becomes not only general but permanent, inducing thereby greater care in its production. But, after all, so long as the staple is strong, clean, even, and of good colour, shortness of fibre alone will never exclude it from the mills, for it is now found quite possible, the necessity having arisen for so doing, to adapt the cotton-spinning machinery at present in use to the working up staples of the shortest description.

The defects in Indian cotton, which have militated so much against its use, are quite capable of correction; and that they are so, is proved by the very superior condition in which recent supplies have reached the home markets. As already shown, the chief defect of all is the foul and adulterated state in which the raw material is baled. This arises from various causes, all of which, however, are traceable to the exceedingly low price it commands, and the numerous hands through which it passes, from its gathering to its final shipment for England, and to all of which some portion adheres. The only remedy for this is to be found in the employment of European agency in direct and immediate communication with the ryot or cultivator, and in the offer of such an advance of price as to place cotton on an equality with cereals in the profits its cultivation shall return to the grower.

As proof of how comparatively unremunerative a crop cotton is to the ryot, at the price paid just prior to the present crisis, it may not be uninteresting to contrast the cost of cultivation of an acre of first-class land of cotton with that of one of the lowest order of cereals, jawarree (maize):

| In the first case:— | | £ | s. | d. |
|---|--|---|----|----|
| The rent of an acre of first-class land is | | 0 | 4 | 9 |
| Cost of seed | | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| „ cultivation, tillage, &c. | | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| „ partial weeding once | | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| „ picking (actually paid in kind) | | 0 | 5 | 8 |
| „ cleaning the cotton by churka (also generally paid for in kind) | | 0 | 0 | 2½ |
| Total cost of cultivation, &c. | | 0 | 15 | 2½ |

YIELD.

| | | | | |
|---|--|---|----|----|
| 520 lbs. of cotton, which, when passed through the churka, will return | | | | |
| 130 lbs. of clean cotton, the average value of which on the field is | | | | |
| 2d. per lb. | | 1 | 1 | 8 |
| 380 lbs. of seed, which sells as food for cattle, at an average price of 57 lbs. for a shilling | | 0 | 8 | 8 |
| Total return to ryot | | 1 | 8 | 4 |
| From which deduct cost of land, cultivation, clearing, &c. | | 0 | 15 | 2½ |
| And a clear profit will be left of | | 0 | 13 | 0½ |

Take now the jawarree in similar manner :—

| | Rs. | 2. | d. |
|--|-----|----|-----|
| Rent of an acre of first-class land | 8 | 4 | 9 |
| Cost of 28 lbs. of seed | 0 | 0 | 10½ |
| " weeding | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| " reaping | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| " garnering | 0 | 4 | 3½ |
| " threshing | 0 | 1 | 8 |
| " winnowing | 0 | 3 | 2½ |
| Total cost of cultivation, &c. | 0 | 18 | 7½ |
| YIELD. | | | |
| 37 quarters of grain, at 10½d. | 1 | 3 | 7½ |
| 375 bundles of stalks for feeding cattle, at 6s. per 100 | 0 | 18 | 6 |
| Total return | 2 | 0 | 1½ |
| Deduct cost of land, cultivation, &c. | 0 | 18 | 7½ |
| Total profit | 1 | 1 | 6 |

Which shows a balance of profit in favour of the lowest description of cereal of no less than 8s. 11½d, equal to an ~~excess~~ ^{gross} of just fifty per cent.

With such results as are here arrived at, it may naturally be asked, why then does the ryot cultivate cotton at all? For this there are two reasons: one, that under the system at present, or till lately pursued, the cotton crop gave the ryot but little trouble, and as it does not exhaust the soil as much as cereal crops, it is sown on land that would otherwise lie fallow. Secondly, the ryot is nearly in every case a necessitous man. He needs an advance of money to enable him to prepare his land for the reception of seed, as well as to procure the seed itself. This money he can alone obtain from the village produce-merchant, who can make a good profit out of the cotton, though the ryot cannot, and he will make no advance in consequence, except on the understanding that a certain area of the borrower's farm is laid down with that staple. It is, therefore, to some extent under compulsion that cotton is grown, though there are some parts of India where, from the nature of the soil, cotton is the most remunerative crop which can be grown upon it. In the generality of cases it is, however, as here stated.

One of the causes of the foul state in which Indian cotton has hitherto found its way to our markets is to be traced to the following system. The mahjun (banker, grain-merchant, and general dealer) takes the cotton from the ryot by weight. If he sells it again it is by weight also, but if, as is usually the case, when obtained for home consumption, he makes it over to the spinner, and from him to the weaver, he receives it back converted into cloth, which he takes, not by the yard, but by the weight, allowing of course a certain deduction from the quantity of cotton given, as waste. The loss then, in any case, whatever it may be, is not borne by the mahjun, but by those through whose hands it passes; it is consequently of little object to him to obtain a clean staple from the ryot. When it is considered, however, that in addition to the impurities which have adhered to the cotton either in the field in its culling, or in its removal, every

broker, weigher, or packer, through whose hands it passes, fitches a pound as his perquisite, and makes up the weight with some foreign substance, there can be no longer cause for any surprise that the staple should be as foul as it is unfortunately found to be. To correct this the European must make his purchases direct from the ryot; he must be present to advance him the requisite cash to enable him to hire ploughs and purchase seed; to superintend the growing of the cotton; and, by paying him a halfpenny or a penny a pound more than the usual market rate, to induce him to adopt the system recommended by his employer in the raising, picking, and cleaning of his cotton. This does not appear difficult of accomplishment; but who will run the risk, unless secure of a market, notwithstanding that these corrections are all that is requisite to remove any objections now existing to the use of Indian cotton? The European would be but serving his own interests in seeing that the cotton he purchased was clean and pure; and, packed and screwed by him, all chances of ultimate deterioration in transit to the port of shipment would be avoided.

The chief cotton-fields of India are in the Bengal and Bombay Presidencies, and in Central India. In Bengal, the Doab, or that tract of country situated between the Ganges and Jumna rivers, is the district wherein the best cotton is grown. Some is produced in Oude, but as yet simply as a speculation arising out of the present crisis in this country. The same may be said of the cotton raised in the Punjaub, and of the experiments in the Soonderbunds of Lower Bengal, which have been attended with such favourable results. In Bombay, the chief cotton-producing districts lie immediately on the sea, or just inland of the Ghauts, and are Broach, Candesh, the Southern Concan, and Dharwar. In Central India are situated the far-famed cotton-fields of Nagpore and Berar. In Madras, too, cotton is produced, but in comparatively small quantities, Tinnevely, Coimbatore, and Bellary being the most important districts. Dharwar is now well known as the scene of those experiments undertaken with the object of introducing the cultivation of New Orleans cotton into India, and of improving the indigenous plant, which were carried on so perseveringly and at so great a cost by the late Court of Directors. The sawginned cotton of Dharwar has long held a favourable place in the Liverpool market, and but for the nefarious practices of native dealers and traders at Bombay would have attained to even a higher position than it now occupies. The cotton which reaches England as sawginned Dharwar is generally supposed to have been raised from New Orleans seed, but it is, in fact, only in part so, for it has been found that by paying strict attention to the ordinary indigenous varieties in their cultivation, by careful weeding, attention to the plants, watering, and care bestowed in the picking, to prevent the gathering up of soil with the pods or bolls, results more satisfactory are arrived at than even with the produce of imported New Orleans seed. Improvement in the culture of indigenous cotton is attended with results but little contemplated a few short years ago; but as any interference with established usage is invariably attended with

increased outlay in India, it requires a higher price than ordinary, and a safe market, to justify departure from established practice. These have hitherto been wanting; that they may not continue so is the object the writer has in view. As an example of the results attainable from ordinary care being paid to the requirements of the commonest description of Nagpore cotton, the following facts are given, as they cannot fail, not only to be of interest, but to point out the course which may, as a rule, be successfully adopted in the endeavour to improve the several varieties of *Gossypium Indicum*. When the news first reached India that the supply of cotton from America was likely to cease, an English gentleman, who had been despatched to Nagpore by a mercantile firm in one of the Presidency cities for the purchase of produce generally, hearing the numerous suggestions which were hazarded for the improvement of the staple of Indian cotton, purchased on his own account from the native cultivators a field of a few acres' extent, in which the cotton-plants were just breaking through the earth. This field was situated near to the bank of a water-course, and was on three sides surrounded by the cotton-fields of the cultivators from whom he had made his purchase. While his neighbours left their plants to the care of Providence alone, he paid every attention to his. He had them carefully weeded, and when they promised to grow to wood he carefully nipped off the ends of the main branches, causing them thereby to throw off lateral shoots. By these means not only were his plants caused to increase wonderfully in size, but to show every prospect of producing a large and healthy crop. The loosening of the soil at the roots of the plants enabled the stems to expand, and gave them health and vigour, and where they showed an inclination to bud, an adequate supply of water to the roots materially aided nature.

The result of this judicious treatment was soon made apparent. The plants were speedily covered with blossoms, promising a yield of cotton far in excess of his most sanguine expectations. Nor were they disappointed, for the return of cotton was treble that of his neighbours' fields. Moreover, the staple was stronger, longer, and more even than any previously produced in Nagpore, or than that from his neighbours' plants. From the seed of these plants he selected the most promising, and sowing them the second year, and attending the plants grown therefrom with similar care, he had the satisfaction of seeing his efforts crowned with the utmost success—the cotton produced in the second year being in every respect equal to the best New Orleans, and surpassing it in delicacy and brilliancy of colour.

From this it is clearly evident that the indigenous cotton of India is quite capable of being improved, and to such extent as in time to rival in every respect the staple which in the present day is in such repute with British manufacturers.

Although there are several varieties of *Gossypium* produced in India, including that raised from Sea Island, Egyptian, and New Orleans seed, as a rule but two recognized descriptions are exported thence to this country.

These two are the Dharwar cotton, partly raised from exotic seed, and Surata, under which head, with some few exceptions, every description of indigenous cotton may be said to be included. In Bombay, no matter whence the cotton arrives, whether by native boats from the ports on the coast south of Bombay; or through the Western Ghats from Broach, Candeish, the Southern Mahratta country, and Western Berar, all are dubbed Surata, and sold as such. The cotton from the Gangetic Doab is to a small extent exported to China, but, together with that from Eastern Nagpore, is chiefly consumed in the towns of Bengal and in the Jubbulpore School of Industry.

At the present moment the best descriptions of cotton raised in India are those which, under European superintendence, are being grown at Dharwar, in Tinnevely, Coimbatore in the Madras Presidency, in Nagpore, and in the Soonderbunds of Bengal. The produce of the former place is too well known to require further notice than it has already met with in these pages. The efforts now being directed to the subject in Madras have as yet achieved but little, though their success, as far as it has gone, is of good promise; while in Nagpore and the Soonderbunds success has been so marked as to hold out hopes that when the present crop is gathered and finds its way to this country, the question of India's capability to produce cotton equal in every respect to the ordinary New Orleans staple will be set at rest for ever. The system pursued by the gentleman alluded to in Nagpore is already detailed; that followed in the Soonderbunds is in many respects similar, the difference in locality, soil, and climate being taken into consideration. The soil of the Soonderbunds somewhat resembles that of the Sea Islands on the east coast of Georgia in the Southern States of America, and has been found admirably suited for the production of cotton from Egyptian and even Sea Island seed. For the most part the Soonderbunds lie low, and are subject at certain seasons of the year to inundation. The system pursued there is to dam out the water, that is to say, during the dry season to raise embankments sufficient to stay the overflow of any unusually high tide or sudden rising of the water in the numerous waterways which intersect them. The seed is sown just prior to the cessation of the annual rains, and after the rain-water collected within the embanked area has been let off by means of sluices. The plants are raised in rows and on slightly elevated ridges, to prevent any superfluous moisture, destroying the seed before it germinates, or the young plants. The earth about the roots is never allowed to cake, and when the plants are about to blossom they are freely watered from the adjacent streams. With such care bestowed upon the plants, the yield of cotton has already proved unexpectedly large, while the fibre has been at once of good length, strong, even, and of that exquisite creamy white peculiar to Indian cotton.

It is not to be anticipated that any large quantity of this staple will reach England; but little more than a large sample of the improved indigenous cotton can be expected from any quarter, for the risk to the

cultivator, or to those rather who have ventured their money upon it, is great. From the Sunderbunds of Bengal, where carriage is obtainable by water to Calcutta at all times of the year, the distance trifling, and the cost of transit small, nothing like the outlay that is essential in localities more remote from the coast is called for. The cotton grown in the Sunderbunds may be forwarded to Calcutta loosely packed in gunnies (sack-cloth), and there screwed and packed for exportation, the care in the picking and ginning ensured by European superintendence assuring to it cleanliness and freedom from adulteration. In other places it is not so; however, the distance it has to travel rendering such a mode of procedure out of the question. To adopt it would entail a loss of nearly half the cotton during its transit, and the destruction of the remainder by the introduction of impurities to make up the weight of that stolen. It is indispensable, therefore, to ensure the cleanliness of the staple, that it should be picked, ginned, screwed and packed under European supervision, and that the three latter operations should be conducted in the vicinity of the former. To do this necessarily involves very considerable outlay, for screw-presses, presses, ginning and cleaning machinery, and other apparatus. And when it is borne in mind that the ruins of former works of a similar kind yet rear their heads in many of the cotton-fields of India, as monuments of the greater ruin which overwhelmed those engaged in the trade in past years, it will no longer be matter for surprise that those who see these records of failure should decline to embark, without some security against loss, in that which has already proved the commercial death of many. To induce those who, from their knowledge of India and their influence with the people, are the best qualified to embark in an undertaking of otherwise doubtful gain, it will be necessary in the first place that those requiring cotton undertake to purchase a given quantity of stipulated quality year by year for a stated period. It is not necessary that the price offered should be anything approaching that which at present rules. It has already been shown that the cultivator has a profit on his crop at 2d. a pound. If the price be raised 50 per cent., it will place his cotton ~~on a par with~~ jawarree, and will admit of his giving it very much ~~more attention~~ than heretofore. Supposing the rates of transit to ~~remain what they may now be said to be~~ (but when the various measures for facilitating intercourse with the interior, which are now in progress, are brought to completion, they will be very greatly reduced), the following calculation will clearly point to the price which will be needed to make the supplying of cotton to England at once remunerative and attractive, both to the grower and dealer:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|----|
| Cost per lb. of clean cotton | 0 | 0 | 8 |
| Half screwing, baling, insurance, conveyance to port, and commission | 0 | 0 | 13 |
| Expenses at port of shipping, including freight, shipping charges, and marine insurance | 0 | 0 | 04 |
| Landing charges, brokerage, commission, &c. &c. in England | 0 | 0 | 04 |
| Total | 0 | 0 | 29 |

From this it is evident that 5d. a pound will pay, and with a guarantee for a specified period at this price for cotton of a fine and marketable quality, clean, of good colour, and even staple, there need be no fear of any scarcity of cotton in the market.

In the course of a short time, however, 5½d. and even 5d. per lb. may be sufficient, if that price can be relied on, to induce large shipments to England; but there must be no doubt about its being realized, as England will still be left without the staple she needs. The cause of the possibility arising for this reduction being made in the price above given is to be found in the improved means of transit which are day by day being opened out. The cotton from the districts in the Rayachoti presidency is already finding its way to that port by the various railways intersecting the western portion of the peninsula. The Bombay and Baroda line taps Candeish and Broach. The Great Peninsula of India line will shortly convey the produce of Western Berar to Bombay; while the railway running southward through Sholapore offers a means of transport for all the cotton grown in the southern Mahratta country and the western districts of Hyderabad. The new port of Sadaashagur will admit of the entire produce of Dharwar and the Raichore Doab being shipped direct to England.

The works on the river Godavery, as they approach completion, offer a means of transport at once cheap and easy for the conveyance of the cotton of Nagpore and Eastern Berar to the port of Coringa on the Coromandel coast; and the East Indian Railway and the steamers on the Ganges already afford expeditious means for transporting the cotton of the Jumna and Gangetic Doab and Oude to Calcutta. With these means of transit available, it needs but screw-houses and cleaning machinery, aided by European energy and enterprise, to carry out to the full those improvements in the quality and condition of Indian cotton which have already been proved practicable by skilful and scientific men.

Many doubts have been expressed of late as to the capability of India to fill up the hiatus caused by the cessation of the supply of cotton from America. These doubts have arisen, because those who take upon themselves to enlighten their fellow-sufferers from the absence of a supply of cotton adequate to their requirements, are either ignorant of the demand that exists for the raw material in India itself, or have failed to inquire where enlightenment was obtainable. Some men have boldly asserted, that the area at present devoted to the production of cotton cannot be extended without fatally curtailing that on which substances used as food are raised. There are two ways in which these arguments may be met. One by showing that if by offering increased rates for cotton they can draw from the country all that is produced therein, and so shut up the native manufactures, they, of necessity, both enrich the people and force upon them their own productions. Thus, by offering a higher price for the raw material, not only will they secure an increased supply thereof for themselves, but will actually open a market for their own goods larger than all Europe at the present time offers.

The other method by which these sceptics may be silenced is by referring to the customs returns of India of some forty years ago, ere land transit duties were altogether abolished. If this be done, it will be ascertained that the revenue derived from cotton which passed the frontier into Lower Bengal from the Upper Provinces of India, including that which found its way from Nagpore, *vid* Jubbulpore, to Mirzapore and the Doab, was no less than 500,000*l.*, annually realized by a duty of one shilling upon every maund of eighty pounds, which shows an annual export from those provinces of 800,000,000 lbs. of cotton, which, taking the bale at 300 lbs., gives 2,666,000 bales. This, then, was the annual export from one province and a portion of another forty years ago. It is not, however, to be understood that the whole of this cotton found its way to sea: very far from it was the case. Patna alone consumed a very considerable portion of it, as did likewise Morshedabad and Dacca; it was but the surplus after the demands of these places were satisfied that found its way to England and to China. If, then, from this one source upwards of two million and a half of bales were obtained, after the demands of the producing districts were of course fully satisfied, it will not be much to estimate the culture of Western Nagpore, the Berar Valley, Candeish, Broach, the Southern Mahratta country, and other cotton-growing districts of less note, at double that amount. Taking this to be the estimate of these districts, and it is by no means an extravagant one, will give 8,000,000 bales as the total quantity annually produced. These are in excess of that absorbed by the populations of the producing districts themselves.

Last year India sent us a million bales and something over. What the import may be this year it is as yet difficult to say, but it will hardly fall short of one and a half million bales. Had those requiring cotton written to India in April or May last to the effect that they would among them take four million bales of cotton at 6*d.* a pound, there is not a question but that by May or June, 1863, they would have been in possession of the required quantity. There is one fact connected with the commissioning of cotton from India, which should not be lost sight of, and that is that the sowings commence, according to the locality, in June and extend into August; but as all the ploughings have to be completed by the end of June or beginning of July, orders for cotton, if sent, should be in India at latest by the end of May. The pods are gathered in December, January, and in some localities as late as February, so that the produce of one year cannot be looked for in England much, if at all, before May in the following.

What effect the increased price of the raw material may have on the interests of the native manufacturer is also an important question. Closer competition with the mill-owners of Manchester will probably damage him in his own country, but this is a matter which need not be discussed at present.



"It's all the fault of the naughty Birds."

The Small House at Ilkington.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BEGINNING OF TROUBLES.



FLY, as she parted with her lover in the garden, had requested of him to attend upon her the next morning as he went to his shooting, and in obedience to this command he appeared on Mrs. Dale's lawn after breakfast, accompanied by Bernard and two dogs. The men had guns in their hands, and were got up with all proper sporting appurtenances, but it so turned out that they did not reach the stubble-fields on the farther side of the road until after luncheon. And may it not be fairly doubted whether croquet is not as good as shooting when a man is in love?

It will be said that Bernard Dale was not in love; but they who bring such accusation against him, will bring it falsely. He was in love with his cousin Bell according to his manner and fashion. It was not his nature to love Bell as John Eames loved Lily; but then neither would his nature bring him into such a trouble as that which the charms of Amelia Roper had brought upon the poor clerk from the Income-tax Office. Johnny was susceptible, as the word goes; whereas Captain Dale was a man who had his feelings well under control. He was not one to make a fool of himself about a girl, or to die of a broken heart; but, nevertheless, he would probably love his wife when he got a wife, and would be a careful father to his children.

They were very intimate with each other now, — these four. It was Bernard and Adolphus, or sometimes Apollo, and Bell and Lily, and they; and Crosbie found it to be pleasant enough. A new position of

life had come upon him, and one exceeding pleasant; but, nevertheless, there were moments in which cold fits of a melancholy nature came upon him. "He was doing the very thing which throughout all the years of his manhood he had declared to himself that he would not do. According to his plan of life he was to have eschewed marriage, and to have allowed himself to regard it as a possible event only under the circumstances of wealth, rank, and beauty all coming in his way together. As he had expected no such glorious prize, he had regarded himself as a man who would reign at the Beaufort and be potent at Sebright's to the end of his chapter. But now——

It was the fact that he had fallen from his settled position, vanquished by a silver voice, a pretty wit, and a pair of moderately bright eyes. He was very fond of Lily, having in truth a stronger capability for falling in love than his friend Captain Dale; but was the sacrifice worth his while? This was the question which he asked himself in those melancholy moments; while he was lying in bed, for instance, awake in the morning, when he was shaving himself, and sometimes also when the squire was prosy after dinner. At such times as these, while he would be listening to Mr. Dale, his self-reproaches would sometimes be very bitter. Why should he undergo this, he, Crosbie of Sebright's, Crosbie of the General Committee Office, Crosbie who would allow no one to bore him between Charing Cross and the far end of Bayswater,—why should he listen to the long-winded stories of such a one as Squire Dale? If, indeed, the squire intended to be liberal to his niece, then it might be very well. But as yet the squire had given no sign of such intention, and Crosbie was angry with himself in that he had not had the courage to ask a question on that subject.

And thus the course of love was not all smooth to our Apollo. It was still pleasant for him when he was there on the croquet ground, or sitting in Mrs. Dale's drawing-room with all the privileges of an accepted lover. It was pleasant to him also as he sipped the squire's claret, knowing that his coffee would soon be handed to him by a sweet girl who would have tripped across the two gardens on purpose to perform for him this service. There is nothing pleasanter than all this, although a man when so treated does feel himself to look like a calf at the altar, ready for the knife, with blue ribbons round his horns and neck. Crosbie felt that he was such a calf,—and the more calf-like, in that he not as yet dared to ask a question about his wife's fortune. "I will have it out of the old fellow this evening," he said to himself, as he buttoned on his dandy shooting gaiters that morning.

"How nice he looks in them," Lily said to her sister afterwards, knowing nothing of the thoughts which had troubled her lover's mind while he was adorning his legs.

"I suppose we shall come back this way," Crosbie said, as they prepared to move away on their proper business when lunch was over.

"Well, not exactly!" said Bernard. "We shall make our way round

by Darvell's farm, and so back by Gruddock's. Are the girls going to dine up at the Great House to-day?"

The girls declared that they were not going to dine up at the Great House,—that they did not intend going to the Great House at all that evening.

"Then, as you won't have to dress, you might as well meet us at Gruddock's gate, at the back of the farmyard. We'll be there exactly at half-past five."

"That is to say, we're to be there at half-past five, and you'll keep us waiting for three-quarters of an hour," said Lily. Nevertheless the arrangement as proposed was made, and the two ladies were not at all unwilling to make it. It is thus that the game is carried on among unsophisticated people who really live in the country. The farmyard gate at Farmer Gruddock's has not a fitting sound as a trysting-place in romance, but for people who are in earnest it does as well as any oak in the middle glade of a forest. Lily Dale was quite in earnest—and so indeed was Adolphus Crosbie,—only with him the earnest was beginning to take that shade of brown which most earnest things have to wear in this vale of tears. With Lily it was as yet all rose-coloured. And Bernard Dale was also in earnest. Throughout this morning he had stood very near to Bell on the lawn, and had thought that his cousin did not receive his little whisperings with any aversion. Why should she? Lucky girl that she was, thus to have eight hundred a year pinned to her skirt!

"I say, Dale," Crosbie said, as in the course of their day's work they had come round upon Gruddock's ground, and were preparing to finish off his turnips before they reached the farmyard gate. And now, as Crosbie spoke, they stood leaning on the gate, looking at the turnips while the two dogs squatted on their haunches. Crosbie had been very silent for the last mile or two, and had been making up his mind for this conversation. "I say, Dale,—your uncle has never said a word to me yet as to Lily's fortune."

"As to Lily's fortune! The question is whether Lily has got a fortune."

"He can hardly expect that I am to take her without something. Your uncle is a man of the world and he knows ——"

"Whether or no my uncle is a man of the world, I will not say; but you are, Crosbie, whether he is or not. Lily, as you have always known, has nothing of her own."

"I'm not talking of Lily's own. I'm speaking of her uncle. I have been straightforward with him; and when I became attached to your cousin I declared what I meant at once."

"You should have asked him the question, if you thought there was any room for such a question."

"Thought there was any room! Upon my word, you are a cool fellow."

"Now look here, Crosbie; you may say what you like about my uncle, but you must not say a word against Lily."

"Who is going to say a word against her? You can little understand me if you don't know that the protection of her name against evil words is already more my care than it is yours. I regard Lily as my own."

"I only meant to say, that any discontent you may feel as to her money, or want of money, you must refer to my uncle, and not to the family at the Small House."

"I am quite well aware of that."

"And though you are quite at liberty to say what you like to me about my uncle, I cannot say that I can see that he has been to blame."

"He should have told me what her prospects are."

"But if she have got no prospects! It cannot be an uncle's duty to tell everybody that he does not mean to give his niece a fortune. In point of fact, why should you suppose that he has such an intention?"

"Do you know that he has not? because you once led me to believe that he would give his niece money."

"Now, Crosbie, it is necessary that you and I should understand each other in this matter——"

"But did you not?"

"Listen to me for a moment. I never said a word to you about my uncle's intentions in any way, until after you had become fully engaged to Lily with the knowledge of us all. Then, when my belief on the subject could make no possible difference in your conduct, I told you that I thought my uncle would do something for her. I told you so because I did think so;—and as your friend, I should have told you what I thought in any matter that concerned your interest."

"And now you have changed your opinion?"

"I have changed my opinion; but very probably without sufficient ground."

"That's hard upon me."

"It may be hard to bear disappointment; but you cannot say that anybody has ill-used you."

"And you don't think he will give her anything?"

"Nothing that will be of much moment to you."

"And I'm not to say that that's hard? I think it confounded hard. Of course I must put off my marriage."

"Why do you not speak to my uncle?"

"I shall do so. To tell the truth, I think it would have come better from him; but that is a matter of opinion. I shall tell him very plainly what I think about it; and if he is angry, why, I suppose I must leave his house; that will be all."

"Look here, Crosbie; do not begin your conversation with the purpose of angering him. He is not a bad-hearted man, but is very obstinate."

"I can be quite as obstinate as he is." And then, without further parley, they went in among the turnips, and each swore against his luck as he missed his birds. There are certain phases of mind in which a man can neither ride nor shoot, nor play a stroke at billiards, nor remem-

ber a card at whist,—and to such a phase of mind had come both Crosbie and Dale after their conversation over the gate.

They were not above fifteen minutes late at the trysting-place, but nevertheless, punctual though they had been, the girls were there before them. Of course the first inquiries were made about the game, and of course the gentlemen declared that the birds were scarcer than they had ever been before, that the dogs were wilder, and their luck more excruciatingly bad,—to all which apologies very little attention was paid. Lily and Bell had not come there to inquire after partridges, and would have forgiven the sportsmen even though no single bird had been killed. But they could not forgive the want of good spirits which was apparent.

"I declare I don't know what's the matter with you," Lily said to her lover.

"We have been over fifteen miles of ground, and——"

"I never knew anything so lackadaisical as you gentlemen from London. Been over fifteen miles of ground! Why, uncle Christopher would think nothing of that."

"Uncle Christopher is made of sterner stuff than we are," said Crosbie. "They used to be born so sixty or seventy years ago." And then they walked on through Gruddock's fields, and the home paddocks, back to the Great House, where they found the squire standing in the front of the porch.

The walk had not been so pleasant as they had all intended that it should be when they made their arrangements for it. Crosbie had endeavoured to recover his happy state of mind, but had been unsuccessful; and Lily, fancying that her lover was not all that he should be, had become reserved and silent. Bernard and Bell had not shared this discomfiture, but then Bernard and Bell were, as a rule, much more given to silence than the other two.

"Uncle," said Lily, "these men have shot nothing, and you cannot conceive how unhappy they are in consequence. It's all the fault of the naughty partridges."

"There are plenty of partridges if they knew how to get them," said the squire.

"The dogs are uncommonly wild," said Crosbie.

"They are not wild with me," said the squire; "nor yet with Dingles." Dingles was the squire's gamekeeper. "The fact is, you young men, now-a-days, expect to have dogs trained to do all the work for you. It's too much labour for you to walk up to your game. You'll be late for dinner, girls, if you don't look sharp."

"We're not coming up this evening, sir," said Bell.

"And why not?"

"We're going to stay with mamma."

"And why will not your mother come with you? I'll be whipped if I can understand it. One would have thought that under the present circumstances she would have been glad to see you all as much together as possible."

"We're together quite enough," said Lily. "And as for mamma, I suppose she thinks ——" And then she stopped herself, catching the glance of Bell's imploring eye. She was going to make some indignant excuse for her mother,—some excuse which would be calculated to make her uncle angry. It was her practice to say such sharp words to him, and consequently he did not regard her as warmly as her more silent, and more prudent sister. At the present moment he turned quickly round and went into the house; and then, with a very few words of farewell, the two young men followed him. The girls went back over the little bridge by themselves, feeling that the afternoon had not gone off altogether well.

"You shouldn't provoke him, Lily," said Bell.

"And he shouldn't say those things about mamma. It seems to me that you don't mind what he says."

"Oh, Lily."

"No more you do. He makes me so angry that I cannot hold my tongue. He thinks that because all the place is his, he is to say just what he likes. Why should mamma go up there to please his humours?"

"You may be sure that mamma will do what she thinks best. She is stronger-minded than uncle Christopher, and does not want any one to help her. But, Lily, you shouldn't speak as though I were careless about mamma. You didn't mean that, I know."

"Of course I didn't." Then the two girls joined their mother in their own little domain; but we will return to the men at the Great House.

Crosbie, when he went up to dress for dinner, fell into one of those melancholy fits of which I have spoken. Was he absolutely about to destroy all the good that he had done for himself throughout the past years of his hitherto successful life? or rather, as he at last put the question to himself more strongly,—was it not the case that he had already destroyed all that success? His marriage with Lily, whether it was to be for good or bad, was now a settled thing, and was not regarded as a matter admitting of any doubt. To do the man justice, I must declare that in all these moments of misery he still did the best he could to think of Lily herself as of a great treasure which he had won,—as of a treasure which should, and perhaps would, compensate him for his misery. But there was the misery very plain. He must give up his clubs, and his fashion, and all that he had hitherto gained, and be content to live a plain, humdrum, domestic life, with eight hundred a year, and a small house, full of babies. It was not the kind of Elysium for which he had tutored himself. Lily was very nice, very nice indeed. She was, as he said to himself, "by odds, the nicest girl that he had ever seen." Whatever might now turn up, her happiness should be his first care. But as for his own,—he began to fear that the compensation would hardly be perfect. "It is my own doing," he said to himself, intending to be rather noble in the purport of his soliloquy, "I have trained myself for other things,—very foolishly. Of course I must suffer,—suffer damnably. But she shall

never know it. Dear, sweet, innocent, pretty little thing!" And then he went on about the squire, as to whom he felt himself entitled to be indignant by his own disinterested and manly line of conduct towards the niece. "But I will let him know what I think about it," he said. "It's all very well for Dale to say that I have been treated fairly. It isn't fair for a man to put forward his niece under false pretences. Of course I thought that he intended to provide for her." And then, having made up his mind in a very manly way that he would not desert Lily altogether after having promised to marry her, he endeavoured to find consolation in the reflection that he might, at any rate, allow himself two years' more run as a bachelor in London. Girls who have to get themselves married without fortunes always know that they will have to wait. Indeed, Lily had already told him, that as far as she was concerned, she was in no hurry. He need not, therefore, at once withdraw his name from Sebright's. Thus he endeavoured to console himself, still, however, resolving that he would have a little serious conversation with the squire that very evening as to Lily's fortune.

And what was the state of Lily's mind at the same moment, while she, also, was performing some slight toilet changes preparatory to their simple dinner at the Small House?

"I didn't behave well to him," she said to herself; "I never do. I forget how much he is giving up for me: and then, when anything annoys him, I make it worse instead of comforting him." And upon that she made accusation against herself that she did not love him half enough,—that she did not let him see how thoroughly and perfectly she loved him. She had an idea of her own, that as a girl should never show any preference for a man till circumstances should have fully entitled him to such manifestation, so also should she make no drawback on her love, but pour it forth for his benefit with all her strength, when such circumstances had come to exist. But she was ever feeling that she was not acting up to her theory, now that the time for such practice had come. She would unwittingly assume little reserves, and make small pretences of indifference in spite of her own judgment. She had done so on this afternoon, and had left him without giving him her hand to press, without looking up into his face with an assurance of love, and therefore she was angry with herself. "I know I shall teach him to hate me," she said out loud to Bell.

"That would be very sad," said Bell; "but I don't see it."

"If you were engaged to a man you would be much better to him. You would not say so much, but what you did say would be all affection. I am always making horrid little speeches, for which I should like to cut out my tongue afterwards."

"Whatever sort of speeches they are, I think that he likes them."

"Does he? I'm not all so sure of that, Bell. Of course I don't expect that he is to scold me,—not yet, that is. But I know by his eye, when he is pleased and when he is displeased."

And then they went down to their dinner.

Up at the Great House the three gentlemen met together in apparent good humour. Bernard Dale was a man of an equal temperament, who rarely allowed any feeling, or even any annoyance, to interfere with his usual manner,—a man who could always come to table with a smile, and meet either his friend or his enemy with a properly civil greeting. Not that he was especially a false man. There was nothing of deceit in his placidity of demeanour. It arose from true equanimity; but it was the equanimity of a cold disposition rather than of one well ordered by discipline. The squire was aware that he had been unreasonably petulant before dinner, and having taken himself to task in his own way, now entered the dining-room with the courteous greeting of a host. "I find that your bag was not so bad after all," he said; "and I hope that your appetite is at least as good as your bag."

Crosbie smiled, and made himself pleasant, and said a few flattering words. A man who intends to take some very decided step in an hour or two generally contrives to bear himself in the meantime as though the trifles of the world were quite sufficient for him. So he praised the squire's game; said a good-natured word as to Dingles, and bantered himself as to his own want of skill. Then all went merry,—not quite as a marriage bell; but still merry enough for a party of three gentlemen.

But Crosbie's resolution was fixed; and as soon, therefore, as the old butler was permanently gone, and the wine steadily in transit upon the table, he began his task, not without some apparent abruptness. Having fully considered the matter, he had determined that he would not wait for Bernard Dale's absence. He thought it possible that he might be able to fight his battle better in Bernard's presence than he could do behind his back.

"Squire," he began. They all called him squire when they were on good terms together, and Crosbie thought it well to begin as though there was nothing amiss between them. "Squire, of course I am thinking a good deal at the present moment as to my intended marriage."

"That's natural enough," said the squire.

"Yes, by George! sir, a man doesn't make a change like that without finding that he has got something to think of."

"I suppose not," said the squire. "I never was in the way of getting married myself, but I can easily understand that."

"I've been the luckiest fellow in the world in finding such a girl as your niece——" Whereupon the squire bowed, intending to make a little courteous declaration that the luck in the matter was on the side of the Dales. "I know that," continued Crosbie. "She is exactly everything that a girl ought to be."

"She is a good girl," said Bernard.

"Yes; I think she is," said the squire.

"But it seems to me," said Crosbie, finding that it was necessary to dash at once headlong into the water, "that something ought to be said as to my means of supporting her properly."

Then he paused for a moment, expecting that the squire would speak.

But the squire sat perfectly still, looking intently at the empty fireplace, and saying nothing. "Of supporting her," continued Crosbie, "with all those comforts to which she has been accustomed."

"She has never been used to expense," said the squire. "Her mother, as you doubtless know, is not a rich woman."

"But living here, Lily has had great advantages,—a horse to ride, and all that sort of thing."

"I don't suppose she expects a horse in the park," said the squire, with a very perceptible touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"I hope not," said Crosbie.

"I believe she has had the use of one of the ponies here sometimes, but I hope that has not made her extravagant in her ideas. I did not think that there was anything of that nonsense about either of them."

"Nor is there,—as far as I know."

"Nothing of the sort," said Bernard.

"But the long and the short of it is this, sir!" and Crosbie, as he spoke, endeavoured to maintain his ordinary voice and usual coolness, but his heightened colour betrayed that he was nervous. "Am I to expect any accession of income with my wife?"

"I have not spoken to my sister-in-law on the subject," said the squire; "but I should fear that she cannot do much."

"As a matter of course, I would not take a shilling from her," said Crosbie.

"Then that settles it," said the squire.

Crosbie paused a moment, during which his colour became very red. He unconsciously took up an apricot and eat it, and then he spoke out. "Of course I was not alluding to Mrs. Dale's income; I would not, on any account, disturb her arrangements. But I wished to learn, sir, whether you intend to do anything for your niece."

"In the way of giving her a fortune? Nothing at all. I intend to do nothing at all."

"Then I suppose we understand each other,—at last," said Crosbie.

"I should have thought that we might have understood each other at first," said the squire. "Did I ever make you any promise, or give you any hint that I intended to provide for my niece? Have I ever held out to you any such hope? I don't know what you mean by that word 'at last'—unless it be to give offence."

"I meant the truth, sir;—I meant this—that seeing the manner in which your nieces lived with you, I thought it probable that you would treat them both as though they were your daughters. Now I find out my mistake;—that is all!"

"You have been mistaken,—and without a shadow of excuse for your mistake."

"Others have been mistaken with me," said Crosbie, forgetting, on the spur of the moment, that he had no right to drag the opinion of any other person into the question.

"What others?" said the squire, with anger; and his mind immediately betook itself to his sister-in-law.

"I do not want to make any mischief," said Crosbie.

"If anybody connected with my family has presumed to tell you that I intended to do more for my niece Lilian than I have already done, such person has not only been false, but ungrateful. I have given to no one any authority to make any promise on behalf of my niece."

"No such promise has been made. It was only a suggestion," said Crosbie.

He was not in the least aware to whom the squire was alluding in his anger; but he perceived that his host was angry, and having already reflected that he should not have alluded to the words which Bernard Dale had spoken in his friendship, he resolved to name no one. Bernard, as he sat by listening, knew exactly how the matter stood; but, as he thought, there could be no reason why he should subject himself to his uncle's ill-will, seeing that he had committed no sin.

"No such suggestion should have been made," said the squire. "No one has had a right to make such a suggestion. No one has been placed by me in a position to make such a suggestion to you without manifest impropriety. I will ask no further questions about it; but it is quite as well that you should understand at once that I do not consider it to be my duty to give my niece Lilian a fortune on her marriage. I trust that your offer to her was not made under any such delusion."

"No, sir; it was not," said Crosbie.

"Then I suppose that no great harm has been done. I am sorry if false hopes have been given to you; but I am sure you will acknowledge that they were not given to you by me."

"I think you have misunderstood me, sir. My hopes were never very high; but I thought it right to ascertain your intentions."

"Now you know them. I trust, for the girl's sake, that it will make no difference to her. I can hardly believe that she has been to blame in the matter."

Crosbie hastened at once to exculpate Lily; and then, with more awkward blunders than a man should have made who was so well acquainted with fashionable life as the Apollo of the Beaufort, he proceeded to explain that, as Lily was to have nothing, his own pecuniary arrangements would necessitate some little delay in their marriage.

"As far as I myself am concerned," said the squire, "I do not like long engagements. But I am quite aware that in this matter I have no right to interfere, unless, indeed——" and then he stopped himself.

"I suppose it will be well to fix some day; eh, Crosbie?" said Bernard.

"I will discuss that matter with Mrs. Dale," said Crosbie.

"If you and she understand each other," said the squire, "that will be sufficient. Shall we go into the drawing-room now, or out upon the lawn?"

That evening, as Crosbie went to bed, he felt that he had not gained the victory in his encounter with the squire.

CHAPTER VII.

IT CANNOT BE.

On the following morning at breakfast each of the three gentlemen at the Great House received a little note on pink paper, nominally from Mrs. Dale, asking them to drink tea at the Small House on that day week. At the bottom of the note which Lily had written for Mr. Crosbie was added: "Dancing on the lawn, if we can get anybody to stand up. Of course you must come, whether you like it or not. And Bernard also. Do your possible to talk my uncle into coming." And this note did something towards re-creating good-humour among them at the breakfast-table. It was shown to the squire, and at last he was brought to say that he would perhaps go to Mrs. Dale's little evening-party.

It may be well to explain that this promised entertainment had been originated with no special view to the pleasure of Mr. Crosbie, but altogether on behalf of poor Johnny Eames. What was to be done in that matter? This question had been fully discussed between Mrs. Dale and Bell, and they had come to the conclusion that it would be best to ask Johnny over to a little friendly gathering, in which he might be able to meet Lily with some strangers around them. In this way his embarrassment might be overcome. It would never do, as Mrs. Dale said, that he should be suffered to stay away, unnoticed by them. "When the ice is once broken he won't mind it," said Bell. And, therefore, early in the day, a messenger was sent over to Guestwick, who returned with a note from Mrs. Eames, saying that she would come on the evening in question, with her son and daughter. They would keep the fly and get back to Guestwick the same evening. This was added, as an offer had been made of beds for Mrs. Eames and Mary.

Before the evening of the party another memorable occurrence had taken place at Allington, which must be described, in order that the feelings of the different people on that evening may be understood. The squire had given his nephew to understand that he wished to have that matter settled as to his niece Bell; and as Bernard's views were altogether in accordance with the squire's, he resolved to comply with his uncle's wishes. The project with him was not a new thing. He did love his cousin quite sufficiently for purposes of matrimony, and was minded that it would be a good thing for him to marry. He could not marry without money, but this marriage would give him an income without the trouble of intricate settlements, or the interference of lawyers hostile to his own interests. It was possible that he might do better; but then it was possible also that he might do much worse; and, in addition to this, he was fond of his cousin. He discussed the matter within himself very calmly; made some excellent resolutions as to the kind of life which it would behave him to live as a married man; settled on the street in

London in which he would have his house, and behaved very prettily to Bell for four or five days running. That he did not make love to her, in the ordinary sense of the word, *must*, I suppose, be taken for granted, seeing that Bell herself did not recognize the fact. She had always liked her cousin, and thought that in these days he was making himself particularly agreeable.

On the evening before the party the girls were at the Great House, having come up nominally with the intention of discussing the expediency of dancing on the lawn. Lily had made up her mind that it was to be so, but Bell had objected that it would be cold and damp, and that the drawing-room would be nicer for dancing.

"You see we've only got four young gentlemen and one ungrown," said Lily; "and they will look so stupid standing up all properly in a room, as though we had a regular party."

"Thank you for the compliment," said Crosbie, taking off his straw hat.

"So you will; and we girls will look more stupid still. But out on the lawn it won't look stupid at all. Two or three might stand up on the lawn, and it would be jolly enough."

"I don't quite see it," said Bernard.

"Yes, I think I see it," said Crosbie. "The unadaptability of the lawn for the purpose of a ball —"

"Nobody is thinking of a ball," said Lily, with mock petulance.

"I'm defending you, and yet you won't let me speak. The unadaptability of the lawn for the purposes of a ball will conceal the insufficiency of four men and a boy as a supply of male dancers. But, Lily, who is the ungrown gentleman? Is it your old friend Johnny Eames?"

Lily's voice became sobered as she answered him.

"Oh, no; I did not mean Mr. Eames. He is coming, but I did not mean him. Dick Boyce, Mr. Boyce's son, is only sixteen. He is the ungrown gentleman."

"And who is the fourth adult?"

"Dr. Croft, from Guestwick. I do hope you will like him, Adolphus. We think he is the very perfection of a man."

"Then of course I shall hate him; and be very jealous, too!"

And then that pair went off together, fighting their own little battle on that head, as turtle-doves will sometimes do. They went off, and Bernard was left with Bell standing together over the ha-ha fence which divides the garden at the back of the house from the field.

"Bell," he said, "they seem very happy, don't they?"

"And they ought to be happy now, oughtn't they? Dear Lily! I hope he will be good to her. Do you know, Bernard, though he is your friend, I am very, very anxious about it. It is such a vast trust to put in a man when we do not quite know him."

"Yes, it is; but they'll do very well together. Lily will be happy enough."

"And he?"

"I suppose he'll be happy, too. He'll feel himself a little straightened as to income at first, but that will all come round."

"If he is not, she will be wretched."

"They will do very well. Lily must be prepared to make the money go as far as she can, that's all."

"Lily won't feel the want of money. It is not that. But if he lets her know that she has made him a poor man, then she will be unhappy. Is he extravagant, Bernard?"

But Bernard was anxious to discuss another subject, and therefore would not speak such words of wisdom as to Lily's engagement as might have been expected from him had he been in a different frame of mind.

"No, I should say not," said he. "But, Bell——"

"I do not know that we could have acted otherwise than we have done, and yet I fear that we have been rash. If he makes her unhappy, Bernard, I shall never forgive you."

But as she said this she put her hand lovingly upon his arm, as a cousin might do, and spoke in a tone which divested her threat of its acerbity.

"You must not quarrel with me, Bell, whatever may happen. I cannot afford to quarrel with you."

"Of course I was not in earnest as to that."

"You and I must never quarrel, Bell; at least, I hope not. I could bear to quarrel with any one rather than with you." And then, as he spoke, there was something in his voice which gave the girl some slight, indistinct warning of what might be his intention. Not that she said to herself at once, that he was going to make her an offer of his hand,—now, on the spot; but she felt that he intended something beyond the tenderness of ordinary cousinly affection.

"I hope we shall never quarrel," she said. But as she spoke, her mind was settling itself,—forming its resolution, and coming to a conclusion as to the sort of love which Bernard might, perhaps, expect. And it formed another conclusion; as to the sort of love which might be given in return.

"Bell," he said, "you and I have always been dear friends."

"Yes; always."

"Why should we not be something more than friends?"

To give Captain Dale his due I must declare that his voice was perfectly natural as he asked this question, and that he showed no signs of nervousness, either in his face or limbs. He had made up his mind to do it on that occasion, and he did it without any signs of outward disturbance. He asked his question, and then he waited for his answer. In this he was rather hard upon his cousin; for, though the question had certainly been asked in language that could not be mistaken, still the matter had not been put forward with all that fulness which a young lady, under such circumstances, has a right to expect.

They had sat down on the turf close to the ha-ha, and they were so near that Bernard was able to put out his hand with the view of taking

that of his cousin within his own. But she contrived to keep her hands locked together, so that he merely held her gently by the wrist.

"I don't quite understand, Bernard," she said, after a minute's pause.

"Shall we be more than cousins? Shall we be man and wife?"

Now, at least, she could not say that she did not understand. If the question was ever asked plainly, Bernard Dale had asked it plainly. Shall we be man and wife? Few men, I fancy, dare to put it all at once in so abrupt a way, and yet I do not know that the English language affords any better terms for the question.

"Oh, Bernard! you have surprised me."

"I hope I have not pained you, Bell. I have been long thinking of this, but I am well aware that my own manner, even to you, has not been that of a lover. It is not in me to smile and say soft things as Crosbie can. But I do not love you the less on that account. I have looked about for a wife, and I have thought that if I could gain you I should be very fortunate."

He did not then say anything about his uncle, and the eight hundred a year; but he fully intended to do so as soon as an opportunity should serve. He was quite of opinion that eight hundred a year and the goodwill of a rich uncle were strong grounds for matrimony,—were grounds even for love; and he did not doubt but his cousin would see the matter in the same light.

"You are very good to me—more than good. Of course I know that. But, oh, Bernard! I did not expect this a bit."

"But you will answer me, Bell! Or if you would like time to think, or to speak to my aunt, perhaps you will answer me to-morrow?"

"I think I ought to answer you now."

"Not if it be a refusal, Bell. Think well of it before you do that. I should have told you that our uncle wishes this match, and that he will remove any difficulty there might be about money."

"I do not care for money."

"But, as you were saying about Lily, one has to be prudent. Now, in our marriage, everything of that kind would be well arranged. My uncle has promised me that he would at once allow us——"

"Stop, Bernard. You must not be led to suppose that any offer made by my uncle would help to purchase—— Indeed, there can be no need for us to talk about money."

"I wished to let you know the facts of the case, exactly as they are. And as to our uncle, I cannot but think that you would be glad, in such a matter, to have him on your side."

"Yes, I should be glad to have him on my side; that is, if I were going—— But my uncle's wishes could not influence my decision. The fact is, Bernard——"

"Well, dearest, what is the fact?"

"I have always regarded you rather as a brother than as anything else."

"But that regard may be changed."

"No; I think not. Bernard, I will go further and speak on at once. It cannot be changed. I know myself well enough to say that with certainty. It cannot be changed."

"You mean that you cannot love me?"

"Not as you would have me do. I do love you very dearly,—very dearly, indeed. I would go to you in any trouble, exactly as I would go to a brother."

"And must that be all, Bell?"

"Is not that all the sweetest love that can be felt? But you must not think me ungrateful, or proud. I know well that you are—*are* proposing to do for me much more than I deserve. Any girl might be proud of such an offer. But, dear Bernard——"

"Bell, before you give me a final answer, sleep upon this and talk it over with your mother. Of course you were unprepared, and I cannot expect that you should promise me so much without a moment's consideration."

"I was unprepared, and therefore I have not answered you as I should have done. But as it has gone so far, I cannot let you leave me in uncertainty. It is not necessary that I should keep you waiting. In this matter I do know my own mind. Dear Bernard, indeed, indeed it cannot be as you have proposed."

She spoke in a low voice, and in a tone that had in it something of almost imploring humility; but, nevertheless, it conveyed to her cousin an assurance that she was in earnest; an assurance also that that earnest would not readily be changed. Was she not a Dale? And when did a Dale change his mind? For a while he sat silent by her; and she too, having declared her intention, refrained from further words. For some minutes they thus remained, looking down into the ha-ha. She still kept her old position, holding her hands clasped together over her knees; but he was now lying on his side, supporting his head upon his arm, with his face indeed turned towards her, but with his eyes fixed upon the grass. During this time, however, he was not idle. His cousin's answer, though it had grieved him, had not come upon him as a blow stunning him for a moment, and rendering him unfit for instant thought. He was grieved, more grieved than he had thought he would have been. The thing that he had wanted moderately, he now wanted the more in that it was denied to him. But he was able to perceive the exact truth of his position, and to calculate what might be his chances if he went on with his suit, and what his advantage if he at once abandoned it.

"I do not wish to press you unfairly, Bell; but may I ask if any other preference——"

"There is no other preference," she answered. And then again they were silent for a minute or two.

"My uncle will be much grieved at this," he said at last.

"If that be all," said Bell, "I do not think that we need either of us trouble ourselves. He can have no right to dispose of our hearts."

"I understand the taunt, Bell."

"Dear Bernard, there was no taunt. I intended none."

"I need not speak of my own grief. You cannot but know how deep it must be. Why should I have submitted myself to this mortification had not my heart been concerned? But that I will bear, if I must bear it ——" And then he paused, looking up at her.

"It will soon pass away," she said.

"I will accept it at any rate without complaint. But as to my uncle's feelings, it is open to me to speak, and to you, I should think, to listen without indifference. He has been kind to us both, and loves us two above any other living beings. It's not surprising that he should wish to see us married, and it will not be surprising if your refusal should be a great blow to him."

"I shall be sorry—very sorry."

"I also shall be sorry. I am now speaking of him. He has set his heart upon it; and as he has but few wishes, few desires, so is he the more constant in those which he expresses. When he knows this, I fear that we shall find him very stern."

"Then he will be unjust."

"No; he will not be unjust. He is always a just man. But he will be unhappy, and will, I fear, make others unhappy. Dear Bell, may not this thing remain for a while unsettled? You will not find that I take advantage of your goodness. I will not intrude it on you again,—say for a fortnight,—or till Crosbie shall be gone."

"No, no, no," said Bell.

"Why are you so eager in your does? There can be no danger in such delay. I will not press you,—and you can let my uncle think that you have at least taken time for consideration."

"There are things as to which one is bound to answer at once. If I doubted myself, I would let you persuade me. But I do not doubt myself, and I should be wrong to keep you in suspense. Dear, dearest Bernard, it cannot be; and as it cannot be, you, as my brother, would bid me say so clearly. It cannot be."

As she made this last assurance, they heard the steps of Lily and her lover close to them, and they both felt that it would be well that their intercourse should thus be brought to a close. Neither had known how to get up and leave the place, and yet each had felt that nothing further could then be said.

"Did you ever see anything so sweet and affectionate and romantic," said Lily, standing over them and looking at them. "And all the while we have been so practical and worldly. Do you know, Bell, that Adolphus seems to think we can't very well keep pigs in London. It makes me so unhappy."

"It does seem a pity," said Crosbie, "for Lily seems to know all about pigs."

"Of course I do. I haven't lived in the country all my life for

nothing. Oh, Bernard, I should so like to see you rolled down into the bottom of the ha-ha. Just remain there, and we'll do it between us."

Whereupon Bernard got up, as did Bell also, and they all went in to tea.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. DALE'S LITTLE PARTY.

THE next day was the day of the party. Not a word more was said on that evening between Bell and her cousin, at least, not a word more of any peculiar note; and when Crosbie suggested to his friend on the following morning that they should both step down and see how the preparations were getting on at the Small House, Bernard declined.

"You forget, my dear fellow, that I'm not in love as you are," said he.

"But I thought you were," said Crosbie.

"No; not at all as you are. You are an accepted lover, and will be allowed to do anything,—whip the creams, and tune the piano, if you know how. I'm only a half sort of lover, meditating a marriage de convenance to oblige an uncle, and by no means required by the terms of my agreement to undergo a very rigid amount of drill. Your position is just the reverse." In saying all which Captain Dale was no doubt very false; but if falseness can be forgiven to a man in any position, it may be forgiven in that which he then filled. So Crosbie went down to the Small House alone.

"Dale wouldn't come," said he, speaking to the three ladies together. "I suppose he's keeping himself up for the dance on the lawn."

"I hope he will be here in the evening," said Mrs. Dale. But Bell said never a word. She had determined, that under the existing circumstances, it would be only fair to her cousin that his offer and her answer to it should be kept secret. She knew why Bernard did not come across from the Great House with his friend, but she said nothing of her knowledge. Lily looked at her, but looked without speaking; and as for Mrs. Dale, she took no notice of the circumstance. Thus they passed the afternoon together without further mention of Bernard Dale; and it may be said, at any rate of Lily and Crosbie, that his presence was not missed.

Mrs. Eames, with her son and daughter, were the first to come. "It is so nice of you to come early," said Lily, trying on the spur of the moment to say something which should sound pleasant and happy, but in truth using that form of welcome which to my ears sounds always the most ungracious. "Ten minutes before the time named; and, of course, you must have understood that I meant thirty minutes after it!" That is my interpretation of the words when I am thanked for coming early.

But Mrs. Eames was a kind, patient, unexacting woman, who took all civil words as meaning civility. And, indeed, Lily had meant nothing else.

"Yes; we did come early," said Mrs. Eames, "because Mary thought she would like to go up into the girls' room and just settle her hair, you know."

"So she shall," said Lily, who had taken Mary by the hand.

"And we knew we shouldn't be in the way. Johnny can go out into the garden if there's anything left to be done."

"He shan't be banished unless he likes it," said Mrs. Dale. "If he finds us women too much for his unaided strength——"

John Eames muttered something about being very well as he was, and then got himself into an arm-chair. He had shaken hands with Lily, trying as he did so to pronounce articulately a little speech which he had prepared for the occasion. "I have to congratulate you, Lily, and I hope with all my heart that you will be happy." The words were simple enough, and were not ill-chosen, but the poor young man never got them spoken. The word "congratulate" did reach Lily's ears, and she understood it all;—both the kindness of the intended speech and the reason why it could not be spoken.

"Thank you, John," she said; "I hope I shall see so much of you in London. It will be so nice to have an old Guestwick friend near me." She had her own voice, and the pulses of her heart better under command than had he; but she also felt that the occasion was trying to her. The man had loved her honestly and truly,—still did love her, paying her the great homage of bitter grief in that he had lost her. Where is the girl who will not sympathize with such love and such grief, if it be shown only because it cannot be concealed, and be declared against the will of him who declares it?

Then came in old Mrs. Hearn, whose cottage was not distant two minutes' walk from the Small House. She always called Mrs. Dale "my dear," and petted the girls as though they had been children. When told of Lily's marriage, she had thrown up her hands with surprise, for she had still left in some corner of her drawers remnants of sugar-plums which she had bought for Lily. "A London man is he? Well, well. I wish he lived in the country. Eight hundred a year, my dear?" she had said to Mrs. Dale. "That sounds nice down here, because we are all so poor. But I suppose eight hundred a year isn't very much up in London?"

"The squire's coming, I suppose, isn't he?" said Mrs. Hearn, as she seated herself on the sofa close to Mrs. Dale.

"Yes, he'll be here by-and-by; unless he changes his mind, you know. He doesn't stand on ceremony with me."

"He change his mind! When did you ever know Christopher Dale change his mind?"

"He is pretty constant, Mrs. Hearn."

"If he promised to give a man a penny, he'd give it. But if he pro-

mised to take away a pound, he'd také it, though it cost him years to get it. He's going to turn me out of my cottage, he says."

"Nonsense, Mrs. Hearn!"

"Jolliffe came and told me"—Jolliffe, I should explain, was the bailiff,—"that if I didn't like it as it was, I might leave it, and that the squire could get double the rent for it. Now all I asked was that he should do a little painting in the kitchen; and the wood is all as black as his hat."

"I thought it was understood you were to paint inside."

"How can I do it, my dear, with a hundred and forty pounds for everything? I must live, you know! And he that has workmen about him every day of the year! And was that a message to send to me, who have lived in the parish for fifty years? Here he is." And Mrs. Hearn majestically raised herself from her seat as the squire entered the room.

With him entered Mr. and Mrs. Boyce, from the parsonage, with Dick Boyce, the ungrown gentleman, and two girl Boyces, who were fourteen and fifteen years of age. Mrs. Dale, with the amount of good-nature usual on such occasions, asked reproachfully why Jane, and Charles, and Florence, and Bessy, did not come,—Boyce being a man who had his quiver full of them,—and Mrs. Boyce, giving the usual answer, declared that she already felt that they had come as an avalanche.

"But where are the—the—the young men?" asked Lily, assuming a look of mock astonishment.

"They'll be across in two or three hours' time," said the squire. "They both dressed for dinner, and, as I thought, made themselves very smart; but for such a grand occasion as this they thought a second dressing necessary. How do you do, Mrs. Hearn? I hope you are quite well. No rheumatism left, eh?" This the squire said very loud into Mrs. Hearn's ear. Mrs. Hearn was perhaps a little hard of hearing; but it was very little, and she hated to be thought deaf. She did not, moreover, like to be thought rheumatic. This the squire knew, and therefore his mode of address was not good-natured.

"You needn't make me jump so, Mr. Dale. I'm pretty well now, thank ye. I did have a twinge in the spring,—that cottage is so badly built for draughts! 'I wonder you can live in it,' my sister said to me the last time she was over. I suppose I should be better off over with her at Hamersham, only one doesn't like to move, you know, after living fifty years in one parish."

"You mustn't think of going away from us," Mrs. Boyce said, speaking by no means loud, but slowly and plainly, hoping thereby to flatter the old woman. But the old woman understood it all. "She's a sly creature, is Mrs. Boyce," Mrs. Hearn said to Mrs. Dale, before the evening was out. There are some old people whom it is very hard to flatter, and with whom it is, nevertheless, almost impossible to live unless you do flatter them.

At last the two heroes came in across the lawn at the drawing-room

window; and Lily, as they entered, dropped a low curtsy before them, gently swelling down upon the ground with her light muslin dress, till she looked like some wondrous flower that had bloomed upon the carpet, and putting her two hands, with the backs of her fingers pressed together, on the buckle of her girdle, she said, "We are waiting upon your honours' kind grace, and feel how much we owe to you for favouring our poor abode." And then she gently rose up again, smiling, oh, so sweetly, on the man she loved, and the puffings and swellings went out of her muslin.

I think there is nothing in the world so pretty as the conscious little tricks of love played off by a girl towards the man she loves, when she has made up her mind boldly that all the world may know that she has given herself away to him.

I am not sure that Crosbie liked it all as much as he should have done. The bold assurance of her love when they two were alone together he did like. What man does not like such assurances on such occasions? But perhaps he would have been better pleased had Lily shown more reticence,—been more secret, as it were, as to her feelings, when others were around them. It was not that he accused her in his thoughts of any want of delicacy. He read her character too well;—was, if not quite aight in his reading of it, at least too nearly so to admit of his making against her any such accusation as that. It was the calf-like feeling that was disagreeable to him. He did not like to be presented, even to the world of Allington, as a victim caught for the sacrifice, and bound with ribbon for the altar. And then there lurked behind it all a feeling that it might be safer that the thing should not be so openly manifested before all the world. Of course, everybody knew that he was engaged to Lily Dale; nor had he, as he said to himself, perhaps too frequently, the slightest idea of breaking from that engagement. But then the marriage might possibly be delayed. He had not discussed that matter yet with Lily, having, indeed, at the first moment of his gratified love, created some little difficulty for himself by pressing for an early day. "I will refuse you nothing," she had said to him; "but do not make it too soon." He saw, therefore, before him some little embarrassment, and was inclined to wish that Lily would abstain from that manner which seemed to declare to all the world that she was about to be married immediately. "I must speak to her to-morrow," he said to himself, as he accepted her salute with a mock gravity equal to her own.

Poor Lily! How little she understood as yet what was passing through his mind. Had she known his wish she would have wrapped up her love carefully in a napkin, so that no one should have seen it,—no one but he, when he might choose to have the treasure uncovered for his sight. And it was all for his sake that she had been thus open in her ways. She had seen girls who were half-ashamed of their love; but she would never be ashamed of hers or of him. She had given herself to him; and now all the world might know it, if all the world cared for such knowledge. Why should she be ashamed of that which, to her thinking,

was so great an honour to her? She had heard of girls who would not speak of their love, arguing to themselves cannily that there may be many a slip between the cup and the lip. There could be no need of any such caution with her. There could surely be no such slip! Should there be such a fall,—should any such fate, either by falseness or misfortune, come upon her,—no such caution could be of service to save her. The cup would have been so shattered in its fall that no further piecing of its parts would be in any way possible. So much as this she did not exactly say to herself; but she felt it all, and went bravely forward,—bold in her love, and careful to hide it from none who chanced to see it.

They had gone through the ceremony with the cake and teacups, and had decided that, at any rate, the first dance or two should be held upon the lawn when the last of the guests arrived.

"Oh, Adolphus, I am so glad he has come," said Lily. "Do try to like him." Of Dr. Croft, who was the new comer, she had sometimes spoken to her lover, but she had never coupled her sister's name with that of the doctor, even in speaking to him. Nevertheless, Crosbie had in some way conceived the idea that this Croft either had been, or was, or was to be, in love with Bell; and as he was prepared to advocate his friend Dale's claims in that quarter, he was not particularly anxious to welcome the doctor as a thoroughly intimate friend of the family. He knew nothing as yet of Dale's offer, or of Bell's refusal, but he was prepared for war, if war should be necessary. Of the squire, at the present moment, he was not very fond; but if his destiny intended to give him a wife out of this family, he should prefer the owner of Allington and nephew of Lord De Guest as a brother-in-law to a village doctor,—as he took upon himself, in his pride, to call Dr. Croft.

"It is very unfortunate," said he, "but I never do like Paragons."

"But you must like this Paragon. Not that he is a Paragon at all, for he smokes and hunts, and does all manner of wicked things." And then she went forward to welcome her friend.

Dr. Croft was a slight, spare man, about five feet nine in height, with very bright dark eyes, a broad forehead, with dark hair that almost curled, but which did not come so forward over his brow as it should have done for purposes of beauty,—with a thin well-cut nose, and a mouth that would have been perfect had the lips been a little fuller. The lower part of his face, when seen alone, had in it somewhat of sternness, which, however, was redeemed by the brightness of his eyes. And yet an artist would have declared that the lower features of his face were by far the more handsome.

Lily went across to him and greeted him heartily, declaring how glad she was to have him there. "And I must introduce you to Mr. Crosbie," she said, as though she was determined to carry her point. The two men shook hands with each other, coldly, without saying a word, as young men are apt to do when they are brought together in that way.

Then they separated at once, somewhat to the disappointment of Lily. Crosbie stood off by himself, both his eyes turned up towards the ceiling, and looking as though he meant to give himself airs; while Croft got himself quickly up to the fireplace, making civil little speeches to Mrs. Dale, Mrs. Boyce, and Mrs. Hearn. And then at last he made his way round to Bell.

"I am so glad," he said, "to congratulate you on your sister's engagement."

"Yes," said Bell; "we knew that you would be glad to hear of her happiness."

"Indeed, I am glad; and thoroughly hope that she may be happy. You all like him, do you not?"

"We like him very much."

"And I am told that he is well off. He is a very fortunate man,—very fortunate,—very fortunate."

"Of course we think so," said Bell. "Not, however, because he is rich."

"No; not because he is rich. But because, being worthy of such happiness, his circumstances should enable him to marry, and to enjoy it."

"Yes, exactly," said Bell. "That is just it." Then she sat down, and in sitting down put an end to the conversation. "That is just it," she had said. But as soon as the words were spoken she declared to herself that it was not so, and that Croft was wrong. "We love him," she said to herself, "not because he is rich enough to marry without anxious thought, but because he dares to marry although he is not rich." And then she told herself that she was angry with the doctor.

After that Dr. Croft got off towards the door, and stood there by himself, leaning against the wall, with the thumbs of both his hands stuck into the armholes of his waistcoat. People said that he was a shy man. I suppose he was shy, and yet he was a man that was by no means afraid of doing anything that he had to do. He could speak before a multitude without being abashed, whether it was a multitude of men or of women. He could be very fixed too in his own opinion, and eager, if not violent, in the prosecution of his purpose. But he could not stand and say little words, when he had in truth nothing to say. He could not keep his ground when he felt that he was not using the ground upon which he stood. He had not learned the art of assuming himself to be of importance in whatever place he might find himself. It was this art which Crosbie had learned, and by this art that he had flourished. So Croft retired and leaned against the wall near the door; and Crosbie came forward and shone like an Apollo among all the guests. "How is it that he does it?" said John Eames to himself, envying the perfect happiness of the London man of fashion.

At last Lily got the dancers out upon the lawn, and then they managed to go through one quadrille. But it was found that it did not answer. The music of the single fiddle which Crosbie had hired from Guestwick

was not sufficient for the purpose; and then the grass, though it was perfect for purposes of croquet, was not pleasant to the feet for dancing.

"This is very nice," said Bernard to his cousin. "I don't know anything that could be nicer; but perhaps——"

"I know what you mean," said Lily. "But I shall stay here. There's no touch of romance about any of you. Look at the moon there at the back of the steeple. I don't mean to go in all night." Then she walked off by one of the paths, and her lover went after her.

"Don't you like the moon?" she said, as she took his arm, to which she was now so accustomed that she hardly thought of it as she took it.

"Like the moon?—well; I fancy I like the sun better. I don't quite believe in moonlight. I think it does best to talk about when one wants to be sentimental."

"Ah; that is just what I fear. That is what I say to Bell when I tell her that her romance will fade as the roses do. And then I shall have to learn that prose is more serviceable than poetry, and that the mind is better than the heart, and—and—and that money is better than love. It's all coming, I know; and yet I do like the moonlight."

"And the poetry,—and the love?"

"Yes. The poetry much, and the love more. To be loved by you is sweeter even than any of my dreams,—is better than all the poetry I have read."

"Dearest Lily," and his unchecked arm stole round her waist.

"It is the meaning of the moonlight, and the essence of the poetry," continued the impassioned girl. "I did not know then why I liked such things, but now I know. It was because I longed to be loved."

"And to love."

"Oh, yes. I would be nothing without that. But that, you know, is your delight,—or should be. The other is mine. And yet it is a delight to love you; to know that I may love you."

"You mean that this is the realization of your romance."

"Yes; but it must not be the end of it, Adolphus. You must like the soft twilight, and the long evenings when we shall be alone; and you must read to me the books I love, and you must not teach me to think that the world is hard, and dry, and cruel,—not yet. I tell Bell so very often; but you must not say so to me."

"It shall not be dry and cruel, if I can prevent it."

"You understand what I mean, dearest. I will not think it dry and cruel, even though sorrow should come upon us, if you—— I think you know what I mean."

"If I am good to you."

"I am not afraid of that;—I am not the least afraid of that. You do not think that I could ever distrust you? But you must not be ashamed to look at the moonlight, and to read poetry, and to——"

"To talk nonsense, you mean."

But as he said it, he pressed her closer to his side, and his tone was pleasant to her.

"I suppose I'm talking nonsense now?" she said, pouting. "You liked me better when I was talking about the pigs; didn't you?"

"No; I like you best now."

"And why didn't you like me, then? Did I say anything to offend you?"

"I like you best now, because——"

They were standing in the narrow pathway of the gate leading from the bridge into the gardens of the Great House, and the shadow of the thick-spreading laurels was around them. But the moonlight still pierced brightly through the little avenue, and she, as she looked up to him, could see the form of his face and the loving softness of his eye.

"Because——," said he; and then he stooped over her and pressed her closely, while she put up her lips to his, standing on tiptoe that she might reach to his face.

"Oh, my love!" she said. "My love! my love!"

As Crosbie walked back to the Great House that night, he made a firm resolution that no consideration of worldly welfare should ever induce him to break his engagement with Lily Dale. He went somewhat further also, and determined that he would not put off the marriage for more than six or eight months, or, at the most, ten, if he could possibly get his affairs arranged in that time. To be sure, he must give up everything,—all the aspirations and ambition of his life; but then, as he declared to himself somewhat mournfully, he was prepared to do that. Such were his resolutions, and, as he thought of them in bed, he came to the conclusion that few men were less selfish than he was.

"But what will they say to us for staying away?" said Lily, recovering herself. "And I ought to be making the people dance, you know. Come along, and do make yourself nice. Do waltz with Mary Eames;—pray, do. If you don't, I won't speak to you all night!"

Acting under which threat, Crosbie did, on his return, solicit the honour of that young lady's hand, thereby elating her into a seventh heaven of happiness. What could the world afford better than a waltz with such a partner as Adolphus Crosbie? And poor Mary Eames could waltz well; though she could not talk much as she danced, and would pant a good deal when she stopped. She put too much of her energy into the motion, and was too anxious to do the mechanical part of the work in a manner that should be satisfactory to her partner. "Oh! thank you;—it's very nice. I shall be able to go on—again directly." Her conversation with Crosbie did not get much beyond that, and yet she felt that she had never done better than on this occasion.

Though there were, at most, not above five couples of dancers, and though they who did not dance, such as the squire and Mr. Boyce, and a curate from a neighbouring parish, had, in fact, nothing to amuse them, the affair was kept on very merrily for a considerable number of hours.

Exactly at twelve o'clock there was a little supper, which, no doubt, served to relieve Mrs. Hearn's ennui, and at which Mrs. Boyce also seemed to enjoy herself. As to the Mrs. Boyces on such occasions, I profess that I feel no pity. They are generally happy in their children's happiness, or if not, they ought to be. At any rate, they are simply performing a manifest duty, which duty, in their time, was performed on their behalf. But on what account do the Mrs. Hearn betake themselves to such gatherings? Why did that ancient lady sit there hour after hour yawning, longing for her bed, looking every ten minutes at her watch, while her old bones were stiff and sore, and her old ears pained with the noise? It could hardly have been simply for the sake of the supper. After the supper, however, her maid took her across to her cottage, and Mrs. Boyce also then stole away home, and the squire went off with some little parade, suggesting to the young men that they should make no noise in the house as they returned. But the poor curate remained, talking a dull word every now and then to Mrs. Dale, and looking on with tantalized eyes at the joys which the world had prepared for others than him. I must say that I think that public opinion and the bishops together are too hard upon curates in this particular.

In the latter part of the night's delight, when time and practice had made them all happy together, John Eames stood up for the first time to dance with Lily. She had done all she could, short of asking him, to induce him to do her this favour; for she felt that it would be a favour. How great had been the desire on his part to ask her, and, at the same time, how great the repugnance, Lily, perhaps, did not quite understand. And yet she understood much of it. She knew that he was not angry with her. She knew that he was suffering from the injured pride of futile love, almost as much as from the futile love itself. She wished to put him at his ease in this; but she did not quite give him credit for the full sincerity, and the upright, uncontrolled heartiness of his feelings.

At length he did come up to her, and though, in truth, she was engaged, she at once accepted his offer. Then she tripped across the room. "Adolphus," she said, "I can't dance with you, though I said I would. John Eames has asked me, and I haven't stood up with him before. You understand, and you'll be a good boy, won't you?"

Crosbie not being in the least jealous, was a good boy, and sat himself down to rest, hidden behind a door.

For the first few minutes the conversation between Eames and Lily was of a very matter-of-fact kind. She repeated her wish that she might see him in London, and he said that of course he should come and call. Then there was silence for a little while, and they went through their figure dancing.

"I don't at all know yet when we are to be married," said Lily, as soon as they were again standing together.

"No; I dare say not," said Eames.

"But not this year, I suppose. Indeed, I should say, of course not."

"In the spring, perhaps," suggested Eames. He had an unconscious desire that it might be postponed to some Greek kalends, and yet he did not wish to injure Lily.

"The reason I mention it is this, that we should be so very glad if you could be here. We all love you so much, and I should so like to have you here on that day."

Why is it that girls so constantly do this,—so frequently ask men who have loved them to be present at their marriages with other men? There is no triumph in it. It is done in sheer kindness and affection. They intend to offer something which shall soften and not aggravate the sorrow that they have caused. "You can't marry me yourself," the lady seems to say. "But the next greatest blessing which I can offer you shall be yours,—you shall see me married to somebody else." I fully appreciate the intention, but in honest truth, I doubt the eligibility of the proffered entertainment.

On the present occasion John Eames seemed to be of this opinion, for he did not at once accept the invitation.

"Will you not oblige me so far as that?" said she softly.

"I would do anything to oblige you," said he gruffly; "almost anything."

"But not that?"

"No; not that. I could not do that." Then he went off upon his figure, and when they were next both standing together, they remained silent till their turn for dancing had again come. Why was it, that after that night Lily thought more of John Eames than ever she had thought before;—felt for him, I mean, a higher respect, as for a man who had a will of his own?

And in that quadrille Croft and Bell had been dancing together, and they also had been talking of Lily's marriage. "A man may undergo what he likes for himself," he had said, "but he has no right to make a woman undergo poverty."

"Perhaps not," said Bell.

"That which is no suffering for a man,—which no man should think of for himself,—will make a hell on earth for a woman."

"I suppose it would," said Bell, answering him without a sign of feeling in her face or voice. But she took in every word that he spoke, and disputed their truth inwardly with all the strength of her heart and mind, and with the very vehemence of her soul. "As if a woman cannot bear more than a man!" she said to herself, as she walked the length of the room alone, when she had got herself free from the doctor's arm.

After that they all went to bed.

Circumstantial Evidence—The Case of Jessie M'Lachlan.

No Scotch trial since the case of Madeline Smith has excited so much public attention as that of Jessie M'Lachlan, for the murder of Jessie M'Pherson, before the Circuit Court at Glasgow, on the 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th of last September. It was far less fully reported by the English than by the Scotch papers; but its intrinsic interest to persons who care for the study of judicial evidence was at least equal to that of most of the *causes célèbres* of recent times. It has excited an extraordinary degree of popular feeling and discussion in Scotland, and it illustrates, in a striking manner, one of the leading peculiarities of Scotch, as distinguished from English criminal procedure—the practice of interrogating the person accused. For these reasons, we propose to give a somewhat minute account of the evidence. Our authority is the report of the case contained in the *Scotsman* newspaper of the 18th, 19th, 20th, and 22nd of September last. The report appears to be verbatim, and fills altogether forty columns of the newspaper. The facts are as follows:—

In July last, Mr. John Fleming, an accountant, had a house at No. 17, Sandyford Place, Glasgow. He had also a cottage at Dunoon, where his family passed the summer, and where he was in the habit of staying from Friday till Monday. Jessie M'Lachlan, the prisoner, had been in his service some years before the occurrence in question, but at the time of the murder was living with her husband, a sailor, in Glasgow. On Friday, July 4th, Mr. Fleming went to Dunoon with his son, leaving at his house in Glasgow his father, Mr. James Fleming, a man of eighty-seven, but still active enough to collect rents, and able to read without spectacles, and his servant, Jessie M'Pherson, a woman of thirty-five. On the Monday afternoon, Mr. John Fleming and his son returned to Sandyford Place. When they went in, they found the old man in the passage, and the son said something to him about some meat which he had sent in for dinner. The old man answered, "There's no use sending anything in for dinner, as the servant has run off, and there's no one to cook it." He also told his grandson that her door was locked. Upon this, Mr. John Fleming went downstairs, found the servant's door locked, and opened it with a key belonging to the pantry. In the room he found the dead body of Jessie M'Pherson, and went at once for the doctors and the police, leaving everything as he found it. The state of the room and of the body were minutely described by Mr. Fleming, Dr. Watson, Dr. Joseph Fleming, and Dr. M'Leod, and by the police officers M'Call and Campbell. The result of their evidence is as follows:—The room was on the same floor as the kitchen, and had

two windows looking out into the area. When the door was opened the blinds were down and half the shutters shut. The bed stood with its side against the wall, the foot towards the door, and the head towards the window. The body was lying at the foot of the bed, with the feet towards the window, and the head in a slanting direction towards the door. It was naked from the small of the back downwards. On the upper part of the body were a shift and a woollen shift, and over it had been thrown a dark cloth or shawl. It had, upon various parts, as many as forty wounds, both cuts and bruises, of every variety of importance. The most serious wound was behind the right ear, where the great vessels of the neck were destroyed, and the skull was much injured. There were, besides this, wounds which divided the bridge of the nose. On the scalp and forehead there were wounds which divided the flesh and passed into, but not through, the skull; and there were many other cuts of less importance on the hands, arms, and other parts of the body. They appeared to have been inflicted with an instrument edged but blunt, and their depth showed that they were not given by a strong person, but either by a woman or a weak man. The jawbone, however, was cut through in two places, which would require considerable force. The bedclothes were disarranged, and stained in places with blood; and a sheet, which had been washed, and was marked with blood, was found rolled up in a corner of the room. The pillows, also, were bloody. It was suggested, as an inference from these circumstances, that the bed had been slept in. Opposite the bed, and near the fireplace, were three bloody footprints of the left foot. They appeared to be prints of a small, naked foot, with a high instep. There was also a basin behind the door, containing some bloody water. Along the lobby from the kitchen to the bedroom there was a mark, described by Dr. McLeod as a trail, which looked as if it had been rubbed over but not washed. In the kitchen itself were what he and Dr. Fleming described as "evidence of a severe conflict." The floor, which was made of a blue stone, had been partially washed, and in the washed part stains remained, which were apparently blood-stains. There were also impressions, "which," said Dr. McLeod, "I was then convinced, and am now convinced, had been confused footmarks. If I might be allowed to express what I mean by footmarks, I may state they were a sort of twists of portions of the heels upon the floor, with the ball of the foot in other cases marked also upon the stone." There were also marks of blood on many other parts of the kitchen and other places adjacent to it. In a drawer in the kitchen was found a cleaver with marks of blood on it. The cleaver might have produced the injuries found on the body. From all these facts, the medical witnesses, who, by the Scotch law, are allowed to state inferences in their report, inferred that the deceased had been murdered, probably within three days, by some instrument like a cleaver; that there had been a struggle, and that most of the wounds had been inflicted, whilst the deceased was lying prostrate, by a female or a weak man standing over her; and that the body had

been drawn along the lobby to the room in which it was found, the face downwards, and the legs dragging along the ground. On searching the house, nothing was found to throw light upon the subject; but some silver and a quantity of plated articles were missed.

Such being the *corpus delicti*, the next question was, Who had committed the crime? The prosecutors, of course, maintained that the prisoner was the guilty person. She not merely denied her guilt, but pleaded specially, in a manner which the Scotch criminal law apparently admits, though it is unknown to our own system, that old Mr. Fleming had committed the murder. The evidence on the part of the prosecution was to the following effect:—Old Mr. Fleming, according to his own account, returned to Sandyford Place, after a walk, about eight o'clock on the Friday evening. He had his tea in the kitchen with the deceased, choosing to sit there because there was no other fire in the house. He stayed by the kitchen fire till about half-past nine, and then went to bed. At four in the morning he "was waukened wi' a lood squeel; efter that followed ither twa squeels—no sae lood as the ither; but it was a vera odd kind of squeel I heard." "All was by i' the coorse of a minute's time." He jumped out of bed, looked at his watch, saw that it was just four A.M., and, hearing nothing more, went to bed, and stayed there till he rose at about nine. He then went down, and being surprised at not having seen the servant, who generally brought him porridge before he got up, knocked at her door three times, and tried it, but got no answer. As he went to the door, he found a passage window into the area standing open, and closed it. He gave a minute account of the way in which he passed the Saturday, Sunday, and Monday morning, till his son arrived, mentioning the persons who called, and the places to which he went. If this evidence were true, it would follow that the murder was committed at about four o'clock on the Saturday morning, the time when he heard the cries.

As it was the case for the prisoner, that Fleming had himself committed the murder, he was cross-examined at great length, in order to bring out facts suspicious in themselves, or assertions which could be contradicted by others. The first point to which the prisoner's counsel addressed themselves was the old man's statement, that he had lain in bed till nine. He was at first confident in the correctness of this statement, and added that the first person who came to the house on the Saturday was the servant at the next house, who wanted to borrow a spade. But after a great deal of questioning, in the course of which he appears to have become much confused, he admitted that a man came with milk between eight and nine, that he refused to take any in, and that the door-chain was not up. He was then pressed to give a reason why he did not let the servant open the door, the obvious suggestion being that he then knew that she was dead. His answer was that he had been over the house just before the milkman called, and, finding no one, naturally answered the door on hearing a knock. Both the milkman and his boy (called as witnesses for the prisoner) said they called at about 7.45, and the boy added

that he saw the old man dressed, and that he took the chain off when he spoke to him. Thus, the contradiction resolved itself entirely into a mistake about time, and a defect of memory about the chain. If the old man got up earlier than he thought, the whole thing came to nothing.

He was further pressed to explain why he did not get up when he heard the cries. His answer was, because they stopped. He said that he did not send for the police in the morning because it did not occur to him. "I was looking for her back every other minute, always expecting that she had gone away with some of her friends. I thought she would come back. It never occurred to me trouble, or murder, or anything of the kind." . . . "I looked for her always coming back, and thought that if there had been anything,—drink, or anything—going, that she might have been enticed out with friends, yet she would be back." No other evidence whatever against old Fleming, and nothing that could even attract suspicion, was discovered in any other part of the inquiry. One or two trifling circumstances were brought forward, but they were so slight that they proved nothing except the closeness of the scrutiny to which the matter had been subjected. A bag was found in old Fleming's room, which had a small mark of blood upon it; but the mark was a very small one, and might have been caused by any trifling accident. There was also a little blood on one or two of his shirts; but the same observation applied to them. Two or three witnesses, called for the prisoner, deposed to having heard the deceased use expressions which, it was suggested, implied that she had some cause to complain of his conduct. Mary M'Pherson said that Jessie M'Pherson had told her that "her heart was broken with the old man. He was so inquisitive that the door-bell never could ring but he had to know who it was." A Mrs. Smith said that she asked Jessie M'Pherson how she was in Fleming's family? She said, "I don't feel very happy or comfortable; for Fleming is just an old wretch—an old devil." She added, "I cannot tell you the cause, because Sandy" (Mrs. Smith's husband) "is with you." Whether "the cause" meant the cause of Fleming's being an old wretch, or the cause of her looking ill, on which Mrs. Smith had made a remark, does not appear. Another witness, Elizabeth Brownlie, spoke of Jessie M'Pherson having observed that the old man remarked everything, and said that she spoke of him on one occasion as "the old devil." That he was rather too inquisitive about her proceedings appears to have been the only definite complaint she made of him. All this, which, in an English court, could not have been given in evidence, is a long way from the point, and far too minute to build any inference upon in a matter of such importance. —

Such was the evidence as it affected Fleming. If his evidence were believed, it proved, as against the prisoner, that the murder was committed by some other person than himself, at four on the Saturday morning. The great point was to show that the prisoner was that person. When apprehended, she was, according to the Scotch practice, examined at length before the sheriff substitute. She said that she last saw Jessie

M'Pherson on the 28th June (a week before the murder); that she was not in or near Fleming's house on the 4th July; that on that evening she went out with a Mrs. Fraser, and came home and let herself in by a latch-key at about a quarter-past eleven. On the stairs one John M'Donald met her. She then went to bed with her child. When she got up she went out for some coals; and when she came back she found that a Mrs. Campbell, who lodged in the house, had dressed her child in her absence. The greater part of this was contradicted by Mrs. Campbell, her fellow-lodger. She said that she saw the prisoner dressed to go out about ten; that when she was dressed, Mrs. Fraser came in, and shortly afterwards she heard the outer door shut. She then went to bed, and lay awake some time, to be ready to let in M'Donald, the lodger, and also Mrs. M'Lachlan. M'Donald (at the time of the trial in the East Indies) came in about eleven, but the witness saw nothing of Mrs. M'Lachlan till nine in the morning. She woke at half-past five, heard the child crying, found it in bed alone, and dressed it. It afterwards fell asleep, and she put it into the bed again. She said there was no latch-key (check-key the witnesses called it), and never had been one, and that in consequence she and the prisoner had to let each other in. Upon the matter of the latch-key the witness was confirmed by a Mrs. Black, who proved that on the Saturday the prisoner asked her, amongst other things, to "call at a smith's to get a check-key sorted for her front door." About five in the afternoon she asked a Mrs. Adams to come in at nine or ten to look after her child, as she was going to see Jessie. Mrs. Adams said, "I asked her why she went so late? She said then that it was the time she has got alone, as the old man went to bed about that time." It thus appears that the whole of her statement as to where she was on the night of the crime was proved to be false, and that on that night she was absent from home, and that she intended to go and see the deceased.

The next point was of the greatest importance. In her declaration before the sheriff, the prisoner said that on the Friday evening, about a quarter-past eight, old Fleming brought a parcel to her house containing plate, which he directed her to pawn in the name of M'Kay or M'Donald. She was to raise 3*l.* 10*s.* on the plate, or more if she could get it. Fleming said that he wanted some money to go to the Highlands. She accordingly went on the Saturday, in the middle of the day, to a pawnbroker, named Lundie, and borrowed from him 6*l.* 15*s.* on the plate, which she pledged in the name of M'Donald, as suggested by old Fleming. At a quarter to three old Fleming called at her house for the money, and on receiving it offered her 5*l.* for having done the errand. She refused, but took 4*l.* in notes given by the pawnbroker, with which she paid her rent to a Mr. Caldwell. She added, that at that time she had in the house 5*l.* 10*s.* of her own, being the remainder of a sum of 11*l.* 10*s.* given her by her brother some time before. It was true that she pledged the plate at the time, and place, and for the amount stated.

but James Fleming denied totally that part of the evidence which related to him, and several very strong observations occur upon it. If he had intended to steal his son's plate, there could be no possible reason why he should make Mrs. M'Lachlan an accomplice. He had every opportunity of pledging or disposing of it by himself, if he were so inclined. There was no proof at all that he wanted to go to the Highlands. If he had, he would not have given the woman 4*l.* out of 6*l.* 15*s.*, for such a service as pledging the plate; and besides, he had at the time no less than 180*l.* of his own in two banks—150*l.* in one, and 30*l.* in the other; this was proved by the bankers' clerks. It is incredible that under such circumstances he should act in the manner described by the prisoner. There was also strong evidence to show that the prisoner's circumstances at the time in question were not as she represented them to be. It was true that her means were good for a person in her station in life. Her husband made 30*s.* a week, and they had only one child, and her brother was in the habit of giving her money after every voyage that he made; but notwithstanding this, a Mrs. Adams proved that on the forenoon of the Friday the prisoner sent her to pawn a looking-glass for 6*s.*, with which she was to take a cloak out of pawn. This was done, and it is hardly likely that it would have been done if she had had 5*l.* 10*s.* in ready money in the house at the time. Mrs. Adams also proved that on the Saturday the prisoner sent her to another pawnbroker's (Clark's) to get her husband's clothes out of pawn, and gave her 2*l.* for that purpose, of which she paid 1*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*; and that on the Monday she sent her again to Clark's for other clothes, with 16*s.*, of which she paid 15*s.* 9*d.* She also paid her rent, or part of it (it is not stated which, but 4*l.* 19*s.* was due), to a Mr. Railton, on the Saturday, between eleven and twelve. Mr. Railton was sure of the time, because he had to go to the Royal Bank before twelve, and it was paid before he went to the Royal Bank. The result is, that before the Saturday morning her husband's clothes and other articles were in pawn; her own cloak was in pawn, and she had to raise money on a looking-glass to redeem the cloak; and she owed nearly 5*l.* for rent, for which application (though not pressing application) had been made. On the Saturday she took all the things out of pawn, and paid the rent nearly three hours before the time when, according to her statement, old Fleming gave her the 4*l.* She thus paid in the course of the Saturday morning either 7*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* or 6*l.* 12*s.* 3*d.*, according as she paid the whole or only part of the rent, at a time when, according to her own account, she had only 5*l.* 10*s.* in the house. It is hardly possible to draw from all this any other inference than that she was almost destitute on the Friday, stole the plate on the Friday night, and pawned it for her own use on the Saturday. If this be true, it is all but conclusive, especially when it is taken in conjunction with the incredible story about old Fleming.

The evidence, however, goes much beyond this. On the Saturday the prisoner bought a tin box, which she brought away from the shop on

the following Tuesday, and which appears, from the evidence of a great number of witnesses through whose hands it passed, to have been taken to Ayr first, and afterwards to have been brought by the prisoner's husband to Greenock, to the house of Mrs. Reid, his sister. It contained several dresses, which were identified as the property of Jessie M'Pherson, by persons who were well acquainted with them. The prisoner's account of the matter was that Jessie M'Pherson sent her these dresses on the Friday; some to be mended, and others to be dyed. But when she heard of the murder she felt frightened at having the property in her possession, and sent them down first to a Mrs. Darnley, at Ayr, and then by her husband to her sister-in-law, at Greenock, that they might be out of the way. She added that, when her husband heard of her having the clothes, he wished her to go to the procurator-fiscal on the subject, but she was frightened. The whole of this story is highly improbable, though, from the nature of the case, it could not be contradicted by independent evidence. It involves an admission that she had the clothes of the murdered woman in her possession and tried to conceal them.

Besides the evidence as to the clothes of the deceased woman, important evidence was given as to the condition of the clothes of the prisoner. On the Saturday she sent a girl named Sarah Adams (the daughter of the woman who took the goods out of pawn) to the Glasgow station of the Hamilton Railway with a box, which was to be sent to Hamilton, and was sent to Hamilton accordingly, addressed to Mrs. Bain to be left till called for. On the following Tuesday or Wednesday the prisoner called at the Hamilton station, and took the box away in her own name. She then went to the house of a friend named Chassels, remained there for some time, had some tea, and left the house carrying a bundle, which was probably composed of the contents of the box, as she got Mrs. Chassels' son to take the box itself, which was empty, to a saddler's, to be mended. She was seen shortly afterwards by some other witnesses carrying a bundle, on the road to a place called Meikleairnock; and a little girl, called Margaret Gibson, pointed out to her a place called Tommylin Park, where she could get some water to drink. She saw her go in the direction of the park. In the afternoon a little boy, a younger son of Mrs. Chassels, met her returning into Hamilton. He did not see that she was carrying anything, but she gave him a handkerchief, which she said she had picked up, and which was like the one in which the bundle had been wrapped. On the Sunday, Margaret Gibson was in Tommylin Park, and saw some flannel clothing "thrust in at the root of the hedge." She pulled it out, and found it all over blood. She was frightened and ran away, but came back on the Monday with another girl, called Marion Fairlee. She afterwards found some wincey and a number of pieces of coburg. A flannel petticoat was also found in the neighbourhood. These articles were identified by Mrs. Adams as part of the prisoner's clothes. She knew the petticoat from having washed it.

The prisoner's account of the transaction was that she went down to

Hamilton to see a friend, whose name (she had been lately married) she believed to be Bain, but whom she could not find. She did not explain why she took clothes with her; though she owned she did take clothes, but not those that were found. She also denied giving the handkerchief to young Chassels. It is superfluous to point out the lame and unsatisfactory character of this account. It is, indeed, no account at all.

There was a further point about the prisoner's dress. She had a brown merino dress, which had flounces to it. Jessie M'Pherson also had a brown merino dress, which had no flounces. On the Saturday, when Mrs. Rainy got the prisoner's own brown merino dress out of pawn, the prisoner had on another brown merino dress, which she took off, saying she would have it dyed black, and putting on her own dress. She had the other dress dyed black, and it was identified as Jessie M'Pherson's by two witnesses, who were perfectly familiar with her clothes.

The prisoner had also some crinoline wires, which she gave to Mrs. Adams on the Saturday, saying that her child had burnt the petticoat to which they belonged. These wires, on being microscopically examined, were found to be stained with blood.

The only remaining piece of evidence against the prisoner was that when she went out with Mrs. Fraser, on the Friday night, she gave her a glass of rum. Mrs. Campbell, her lodger, saw her go to a press in her (Mrs. Campbell's) kitchen, which contained a bottle and a hand-basket. On the following Monday she missed the bottle, and a bottle of similar size, shape, and colour, and with a smell of rum about it, was found at the house at Sandyford Place after the murder.

It should be added, with regard to the bloody foot-prints on the bedroom floor, that the prisoner had a high instep, and that her feet were about the size of the marks, and might have made them. They could not have been made by the deceased, whose feet were larger, nor by old Fleming, whose feet were not only larger, but also too flat. One of the marks was very perfect, because it was so close to the window that the person who made it must have been standing, and must, therefore, have made a full impression. It should also be borne in mind, that the prisoner knew the house at No. 17, Sandyford Place, as she had been formerly in service there herself.

This was the case against the prisoner. The evidence in her favour consisted entirely of the cross-examination of old Fleming and the facts stated by the witnesses in relation to it and him, and already noticed. There was, however, one exception. A gentleman, named Colin Campbell, deposed that on the Saturday night he saw two women come out of 17, Sandyford Place, by the front door, about half-past eight or a quarter to nine. He saw them well. They stood about five minutes, and one went away, and the other turned back. He added that he heard the door shut, and saw a woman running to shut it. He was quite sure that the prisoner was not one of the women. He was sure of the day, because he posted a letter to his father that night; and he appears to have been sure

THE CASE OF JESSIE M'LACHLAN.

of the house, because he was coming out of No. 18, and they out of No. 17. This, if true, contradicted the whole theory of the prosecution; because, according to old Fleming, there was no living woman in the house on the Saturday evening to shut the door, and no one came to the house that night, except a young man named Darnley, who wanted to see Jessie M'Pherson. The policeman had no motive to tell an untruth, and policemen are very naturally less likely than any other class of men to perjure themselves gratuitously, especially on behalf of accused persons. It is, however, possible, as Lord Deas pointed out in summing up, that Campbell might be mistaken either in the night or in the house. He said that he never thought of the matter till after he heard of the murder; and it is by no means unnatural that, being strongly impressed with it, and remarking the incident of seeing the women at the time or place, he may quite innocently have been led to think that he had seen them at the time and place. When a crime has attracted great attention and strongly excited the imagination of particular people, such mistakes are by no means uncommon.

Laying aside this evidence, the case against the prisoner stands thus. The murder was probably committed by a woman with a foot like hers, on Saturday morning, towards four o'clock, for the sake of stealing the plate and dresses. She was out of her own home all that night. She was next day in possession of the plate and dresses. Her clothes were stained with blood, and she took steps to conceal them. She gave a false account of the way in which her time was spent, a barely credible account of the way in which she got the plate, an improbable account of the way in which she got the clothes, and something which amounted to no account at all of her reasons for disposing as she did of her own clothes. The elaborate evidence given at the trial all condenses itself into this short statement, and no one can be surprised that after a quarter of an hour's consideration she should have been unanimously convicted by the jury of murder and theft.

It might have been expected that here the matter would close; but this is so far from being the case, that the most curious part of the story yet remains to be told. After her conviction and before her sentence, her counsel, by the permission of the Court, read a long paper, which she must have prepared either before or during the trial, in which she professed to give a full account of the whole transaction. It was entirely at variance with her former statement, and flatly contradicted the evidence of the only material witness in her favour—the policeman, Colin Campbell. Her account was in substance as follows:—She went to Sandyford Place about ten on the night in question, and found the old man and Jessie M'Pherson sitting together in the kitchen. They had some words, in the course of which Jessie said, "I have a tongue would frighten somebody if it broke loose." After this, they sent her out to get some whisky, which she tried in vain to get at a shop which she described but did not name. When she came back, the old man let her in, and they went into

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE :

the kitchen. She asked for Jessie ; he went out into the passage, and she looked into the laundry, and saw Jessie lying on the floor, bleeding from a wound on the brow. The old man said it was an accident ; he had not meant to hurt her. She offered to go for the doctor, but he said it was unnecessary. She then got Jessie to bed, having contrived to recover her partially. She sat by her for the greater part of the night ; and in the course of it, Jessie told her that the old man had taken liberties with her one night when he was drunk, that she had threatened to tell his son, and that they had ever since been on bad terms. She gradually got worse, and the prisoner got her into the kitchen, and laid her before the fire. The old man (who was sitting up) swore her on the Bible to secrecy as to the whole transaction ; and, after a time, she insisted on going for a doctor, as her friend was getting worse. She went upstairs for that purpose, and whilst there heard a noise in the kitchen ; and on going down, found the old man chopping the deceased about the head with a cleaver. She died, and he dragged her into her own room. The prisoner and the old man together cleaned up the blood ; he persuaded her that they were both in equal danger from what had passed, and told her to get rid of the dresses by sending them to some address by railway, to be left till called for, and to pawn the plate in a false name. She had got her own gown all draggled and wet, and threw Jessie's gown over her, in order to go home, which she did about nine in the morning.

The judge, in passing sentence, declared that he believed every word of this story to be utterly false, and that he did not think that old Mr. Fleming had anything at all to do with the murder ; and he added that his experience was that persons convicted of serious crimes invariably lied. " I never knew an instance," he said, " in which the statements made by prisoners after their conviction were anything else than, in their substance, falsehoods." an observation which will be endorsed by every one who has had any experience on the subject.

On reviewing the whole case, it certainly does appear that it would be very hard measure indeed to believe old Mr. Fleming to be guilty on the strength of the prisoner's statement. It is full of the most glaring improbabilities. In the first place, she said nothing about Fleming's guilt till after her own conviction ; but, on the contrary, denied all knowledge whatever of the murder, and accounted for her possession of the plate by the incredible story about Fleming's bringing it to her to be pawned. In the next place, it is clear that, according to her own account, she was either a principal in the second degree, or at least an accessory after the fact ; for she not only tried to conceal the crime, but tried to turn it to her own advantage by appropriating the money for which the plate was pawned, and having her friend's dress dyed for her own wear. Thus, taken at the best, the story is the uncorroborated evidence of an accomplice, given under the most suspicious circumstances conceivable. Besides this, the story bears every mark of having been concocted during and after the trial. It accounts for every

fact which was given in evidence, small and great, on none of which had her previous declaration thrown any light whatever. If her story had been true, and if, according to the case now set up for her, she was not in want of money at the time, is it conceivable that she would have run the risk of concealing the murder of her intimate friend, and have gone to great danger to do so, for the sake of 7l.? That a very wicked person might commit a murder for very trifling booty is what daily experience teaches us; but it is hardly conceivable that the unwilling witness of a most brutal murder, committed on her most intimate friend, should coolly undertake the risk and guilt of concealment for such a consideration. The conduct attributed to old Mr. Fleming is as extraordinary as that which the prisoner asserts of herself. If he did commit the murder in the way described, and if he meant to throw the blame on robbers, he would in all probability have taken the first opportunity of discovering the body and sending for the police. He could have done so without producing any suspicion. His not doing so for three whole days is just what might be expected from the sluggishness and torpor of extreme old age, but is utterly inexplicable if he were really guilty. He must have known that when his son came home on the Monday, the body would be found, and that, in the absence of explanation, suspicion would fall on him—a suspicion which would be greatly removed if he made the discovery and gave the alarm at once.

It must, however, be admitted that this sort of speculation is unsatisfactory. If a man of eighty-seven commits a murder, it is very difficult to say what he will or will not do, and no doubt the absence of all steps to find out what had become of the woman may be attributed to conscious guilt as well as to torpid irresolution. The true way of viewing the case is to look at the broad facts, leaving on one side matters which are susceptible of different interpretations. Those broad facts can hardly be said to bear at all upon the man, whilst they all but demonstrate the guilt of the woman.

The circumstances of the case suggest several observations on the general subject of criminal trials. As a matter of course, much was said about circumstantial evidence. The counsel for the prisoner, of course, insisted that such evidence is fallible, and referred to cases in which it had led to wrong convictions. The counsel for the Crown and the judge, equally as a matter of course, observed that circumstantial evidence is often better than direct evidence; that circumstances cannot lie; and that a chain of circumstances, fitting to each other, are more convincing than direct proof. All such remarks are radically wrong. They proceed upon a distinction which is, in the fullest sense, a distinction without a difference. There is no real distinction between circumstantial and direct evidence, and the notion that there is, is derived from a mistake as to the thing to be proved. The thing to be proved in a criminal case is that the prisoner has committed a crime. But what is a crime? Every crime, like every human transaction, is a complicated matter, made up of scores

of actions, and always involving mental as well as visible ingredients. To cut a person's throat is no crime; to break open a house and carry away goods is no crime; to set fire to a rick is no crime; though murder, burglary, and arson are heinous crimes; but there can be no murder without malice, no burglary without a felonious intent, no arson unless the act is unlawful and malicious. Thus the cutting of the throat or the taking of the goods are themselves only circumstances from which the commission of the crime is inferred. Besides this, every action is made up of an innumerable quantity of bodily motions combined into a system. The person who murdered Jessie M'Pherson took up the cleaver, walked across the room, struck many blows, took the plate and the dresses, and (probably) left the house. No one of these acts was in itself the murder. All put together, made it up; though some of them might have been absent without destroying the murderous character of the transaction.

Thus, a murder, like every other crime, and, indeed, every other action, is composed of a great number of circumstances extending over a greater or less length of time, and the proof of it must be circumstantial, that is, it must consist of evidence of some or other of the different circumstances of which the crime is composed. Of course some circumstances are more important than others. If a man is seen to stick a knife into another person's breast, that is a stronger circumstance than if he is seen pulling it out; and this would be stronger than if he were seen standing over the dead man with a bloody knife in his hand; but there is no such distinction between the three cases. Each circumstance is compatible with innocence—neither would in itself be more than evidence of the crime. Hence, it is a mere abuse of language to contrast the force of direct and circumstantial evidence. All that can fairly be said is, that some circumstances are more important than others, and raise a stronger presumption of guilt; but there is no more reason for refusing to infer the existence of the more important links in the chain from the existence of less important, than there is for refusing to draw the converse inference. Intention and malice are inferred from the fact of stabbing. Why may not the fact of stabbing be inferred from the possession of a bloody knife and the property of the murdered man? From seeing a man take a knife out of another's throat, you infer that he put it in: why not infer that he put it in from the facts that it was his knife, that he was in the room with the deceased alone? This may appear to be a mere matter of language, but it is not so in reality. Phrases have a marvellous influence; and the phrase, "What is called circumstantial evidence," uttered with an effective air of contempt, and backed up with one of the stock stories upon the subject (like the man in Hale's *Pleas of the Crown*, who did not murder his nephew), produces at times a considerable effect. It would be a good thing if the phrase were altogether laid aside as useless, which it would be if the true nature of crimes and of evidence were generally understood. Evidence is nothing more than grounds for reasonable guesses, and crimes are collections of circumstances con-

nected together, the proof of any one of which is a reasonable ground for guessing that the others or some of them existed.

A more practical observation arises upon the Scotch practice, exemplified in the present case, of questioning the accused. It is difficult to understand how it can be reasonably objected to. In our own country it is illegal merely by force of habit. In the *State Trials* down to the beginning of the eighteenth century it was constantly practised. Till lately magistrates were bound by Act of Parliament to "take the examination" of the prisoner; and it was held that this Act empowered them to question him, though the practice was not common. They are now forbidden to question him, and are restrained to telling him to say what he likes, after giving him a caution on the subject. The only shadow of a justification for this wilful neglect of the most obvious source of information is a sentimental notion that a prisoner ought to be protected against conviction by every conceivable means. The law seems to think that to catch him in his own lies would be like seething a kid in its mother's milk. When a bill to render prisoners competent witnesses was before the House of Lords, Lord Chelmsford declared with horror that such a measure would double the severity of the criminal law. It did not appear to occur to his lordship that if the "severity of the criminal law" means the chance that criminals will be convicted, it cannot possibly be too severe. Its perfection would be attained when no guilty person had a single chance of escape. If "severity" means "severity of punishment," the two things have no connection. The common answer to this is the old fallacy about the one innocent man and the ten guilty; the objection to which is that our present system is in the habit of occasionally convicting an innocent man that many guilty ones may escape. It is impossible to doubt—and every day's experience shows it—that it is a great advantage to an innocent man to be questioned. Old Mr. Fleming was questioned in the present case, and if he had not been questioned, the suspicion against him would have been stronger. Giving an account of himself and his doings, which was corroborated in various points, he was released. On the other hand, the falsehoods which Mrs. M'Lachlan told under examination were amongst the strongest of the circumstances against her. Why should she not be questioned? What hardship is it upon any one to be asked where they slept on a particular night? Whether or not they pawned particular goods? If so, where they got them? Nine times out of ten an innocent man does not know the strength of his own case, and if he is ignorant as well as innocent, he may by mere stupidity and helplessness allow suspicious circumstances to pass unexplained which he could explain perfectly well.

Our Survey of Literature and Science.

THE completion of *Orley Farm* places in the hands of novel-readers a book to make them happy for a few hours, and, if read aright, to make them better for the rest of their days—a book not only stirring their interest, but enlarging their sympathies by its pictures of life. Original in conception, and sweetly human in its tone, we think it in some respects the finest of Mr. Anthony Trollope's works. Not that our praise must by any means be unaccompanied by objections on points of detail. For example, we think the book badly constructed, there being a large amount of wholly superfluous matter. The extent of his canvas has seduced him into episodes very imperfectly related to the main story, and not sufficiently interesting in themselves to excuse their irrelevancy. The desire to give variety has also led him to introduce characters which we regard as very far from successful—the Moulders, Kantwise, Mrs. Smiley, Martha Biggs, Mary Snow, and Albert Fitzallen; the variety not having the comic gusto which might serve to relieve the more serious interest of the story.* On the other hand the scenes at Noningsby and the Cleeve are touched with grace and cheerfulness. The young men, Peregrine, Lucius, and Augustus, are sketched with great verisimilitude; nor are Madeleine and her mother less felicitously handled. Without concealing our impression of the inequality of this long novel, we must still say that the sustained height of interest and the noble humanizing pathos of the main story leaves our final impression one of grateful admiration. Lady Mason's position is of singular interest, thrilling some of the deeper chords in the heart, and raising many questions respecting the charities of life, which it is well to have frequently brought home to us.

Mr. Anthony Trollope is no painter in black and white. His people are not angels and devils, but human beings, with good and evil strangely intermingled. Novel-readers (and we are sorry to add critics also, but these of the feebler sort) are very inconsequential in their demands. They require that the characters in a fiction should be "true to nature;" and yet unless these characters markedly depart from the known truth of nature, by being either without vices, or without virtues, they pettishly declare that the author has "forfeited their sympathies" by making the hero do this, or the heroine feel that; and upbraid him for endeavouring to confuse their moral judgments "by engaging their sympathies in a man capable of," &c. &c. This impatience of the truth is sometimes excused on the plea that fiction ought to present ideal characters, thus holding up

* It is but fair to add that an able contemporary selects the Moulders and Kantwise for especial commendation.

a higher standard of excellence than erring human nature ever can attain, but which it should strive after. And this plea is well founded at a certain epoch of culture ; nor is it altogether without application at other epochs. We must, however, be consistent. If we require the early literature of Types, let us dismiss the incompatible demand for a literature of Character: the persons must be abstract Virtues and Vices. If we demand the portraiture of human nature, we must insist on its *resemblance* ; only that amount of idealization being added which is necessary for the effect of art.

The two Literatures, which we have respectively named the literature of Types, and the literature of Character, have two distinct offices. The one intends to exalt our aims, to dignify and impress *moral principles* ; the other intends to deepen and extend our *sympathies*. The first teaches a love for goodness and a hatred for wickedness. The second, in teaching a love of goodness, teaches also a pity for the weakness out of which wickedness so often springs ; it makes us feel more keenly a common brotherhood in our common sorrows, sins, and struggles, no less than in our common joys, hopes, and conquests. To move our sympathies and educate our charities it is absolutely necessary that the novelist should be true in his representations. The higher purpose of his art is frustrated by a substitution of faultless human beings, never to be met with on earth, for heroes and heroines such as may be met with ; since by this substitution he directs our sympathies away from reality, and increases our tendency, already too strong, to judge actions by abstract standards. It is only in Rational Mechanics that we can disregard the effects of friction and the imperfections of material ; in Practical Mechanics we are forced accurately to estimate both. And thus it is with life. If we have learned moral maxims, but have not learned the charities which spring from sympathy, we shall make the saddest mistakes in our harsh judgment of men : we shall look at every hero with the eyes of a valet. When we meet with a noble nature stained by some temporary fall, or weakened by some hereditary vice, instead of being educated to recognize these as the shadows of a luminous life, which, however dark, do not prevent the life from being luminous, we gossip about them, emphasize them, grow hot with indignation, and feel the indignation to be virtuous. Alas ! we cannot prevent the existence of friction and imperfect materials, whatever Rational Mechanics may demand. All teaching has gone for nought, unless it has taught us this. In vain have we learned to detest abstract vice, and to love abstract virtue ; these are nowhere brought before us, but instead of these, concrete men and women, developing considerable "friction," and betraying serious imperfection in their materials.

In *Orley Farm* this higher purpose has been effected with unusual felicity. We expected that certain critics would raise the old foolish cry about making guilt interesting ; and our expectations have not been deceived. But the guilt is *not* made interesting ; it is the sinner we pity, not the sin we absolve. Never for a single instant is the reader's moral

judgment in suspense. The author permits himself no sophistication as to the nature of the sin. Not one of the characters—not even the sinner herself—exhibits the least oscillation on this point. But nevertheless the sinner is lovable as a woman, and as a woman she is loved. We estimate the nature of her act; we estimate her temptation; we estimate her character; and the sum total of our judgment is that she sinned where a woman of stronger nature would have resisted temptation, but nevertheless apart from this she is pitiable, lovable. We do not murmur at her punishment, but we feel with her, feel for her. There is no false glare of melodramatic interest, there is none of the prurient curiosity awakened by celebrated criminals; but the feeling she inspires in Mrs. Orme, Sir Peregrine, and Mr. Futnival subtly indicates the charm of a woman in whose nature at least one serious flaw had been discovered. There can be little doubt that we should have been fond of this criminal had we known her in flesh and blood; why then should the novelist shrink from representing what is so true to life? If only as drawing forth the exquisite womanly tenderness of Mrs. Orme, this conception of Lady Mason would claim applause: a woman so firm in her moral judgments, so keen in her appreciation of what is becoming, may without suspicion show us the lesson of charity.

We have endeavoured to rectify a wide-spread prejudice. That this effort was not uncalled for may be seen in the consciousness of Mr. Trollope that he was running a risk. Read this passage from the closing chapter:—"I may, perhaps, be thought to owe an apology to my readers in that I have asked their sympathy for a woman who had so sinned as to have placed her beyond the general sympathy of the world at large. If so, I tender my apology, and perhaps feel that I should confess a fault. But as I have told her story that sympathy has grown upon myself till I have learned to forgive her, and to feel that I too could have regarded her as a friend." Why did not that very fact of his own awakened sympathy enlighten him as to the sympathy he would awaken in others, and thus cause him to strike out such a misplaced apology—an apology which could only be addressed to the very class that would reject it?

A striking illustration of the Literature of Types may be seen in *Les Misérables* by Victor Hugo, of which a poor translation has just been published for the benefit of those who cannot read the original. It has a certain firework splendour, which produces in the reader a feverish excitement, followed by weariness and something like disgust; but it should have been dedicated "To the lovers of fine phrases;" among these it will have immense success, which may compensate the indifference, or worse, of those readers who reflect. It is the work of a poet, and is every now and then irradiated with flashes of genius. But it is also the work of a phrase-maker, who mistakes big words for great thoughts, antitheses and epigrams which startle and glitter, for pictures and descriptions. If its presentation of characters and incidents be considered with reference to life, they will appear silly, extravagant, and wholly wanting in veri-

similitude ; if its preaching be brought to the test of philosophy or common sense, it will appear either childish or preposterous. Such a convict as Valjean, such a "social evil" as Fantine, such a policeman as Javert, are obviously Types created by the caprice of imagination, utterly regardless of human nature. The incidents have no air of probability. The style has a perpetual strut and swagger. We cannot discuss here the social doctrines propounded ; it will be enough to give the measure of the author's capacity for treating great and complex questions, if we exhibit his views on less ambitious subjects. As an advocate of Revolution and Progress, he may be supposed to have formed definite conceptions of these ideas. Here they are : "If you wish to understand what revolution is, call it progress ; and if you wish to understand what progress is, call it to-morrow." And if you wish to understand what Victor Hugo's philosophy is, call it verbiage. Even verbiage is too mild a term, when we find swaggering blasphemy offered us, as in his explanation of Napoleon's fall, "*Il gênait Dieu*" (Mr. Wraxall translates it "on account of God"). Here is a paragraph to which we beg attention ; it is the peroration to his account of Waterloo :—

It was time for this vast man to fall ; his excessive weight in human destiny disturbed the balance. *This individual was of more account than the universal group* ; such plethoras of human vitality concentrated in a single head—the world mounting to one man's brain—would be mortal to civilization if they endured. *The moment had arrived for the incorruptible supreme equity to reflect*, and it is probable that the principles and elements on which the regular gravitations of the moral order, as of the material order, depend, complained. Streaming blood, over-crowded graveyards, mothers in tears, are formidable pleaders. When the earth is suffering from an excessive burden there are mysterious groans from the shadow which the abyss hears. *Napoleon had been denounced in infinitude, and his fall was decided.* Waterloo is not a battle, but [because the French lost it] a transformation of the universe.

And yet, in spite of this transformation of the universe, Victor Hugo remarks, as if greatly surprised at the phenomenon, that the "astonishment" of Frenchmen was not felt in infinitude :—

"Such is Waterloo," he exclaims, "but what does the Infinite care ? All this tempest, all this cloud, this war and then this peace—all this shadow *did not for a moment disturb the flash of that mighty eye* before which a grub leaping from one blade of grass to another equals the eagle flying from tower to tower at Notre Dame."

The book is full of such bombast. We will, however, spare the reader more than this one specimen, taken from the ambitious tirade about the "people" of Paris :—

He is suited for every species of nonchalance, but when there is a glory as the result, he is admirable for every sort of fury. Give him a pike, and he will make August 10 ; give him a musket, and you will have Austerlitz. He is the support of Napoleon and the resource of Danton. If the country is in danger, he enlists ; if liberty is imperilled, he tears up the pavement. *His hair, full of wrath, is epical, his blouse assumes the folds of a chlamys.*

It is quite clear that in writing passages like these—and the whole book is written in this magniloquent style—M. Hugo never troubled himself

about the plain meaning of words. It is equally clear that in his portrayal of character and events he never troubled himself about any resemblance with actual fact. He has allowed his imagination free play, and has combined the images of human life in a perfectly arbitrary manner, composing them into a picture to suit his purposes.

In speaking thus plainly and severely of a remarkable work by a remarkable author, we must not forget that it is a remarkable work, and although one which leaves an unsatisfactory and even unpleasant impression, yet it cannot be classed with the ordinary novels supplied by Mr. Mudie. There is something gigantic about it; gigantic eloquence and bombast, gigantic exaggerations on a vast canvas, gigantic scene-painting. The care and elaboration of every page, the epigrams, the antitheses, the images, and the declamations fatigue the reader, but impress him with a sense of prodigal power. We must be understood as speaking of the original, for in the translation all the faults are intensified and the charm of diction disappears. Mr. Wraxall, in his preface, naively informs us that his "chief anxiety has been to keep himself out of sight;" he must be strangely fond of thrusting himself forward if he imagines that a translation is a fitting arena for such an exhibition; and he must have strange notions of translation if, in attempting "to give the precise meaning of every word as written by the author," he thinks this is effected by such phrases as "Imaginations deified this *thrown* man;" or, "the people, that food for powder, so *amorous of gunners*, sought him;" or that a certain doctrine "is only fitted to produce thin people who think *hollow*." Indeed, the passages we have quoted above will suffice to warn every reader what is to be expected from this translation. We admit that the task was a difficult one; but we cannot think Mr. Wraxall was well advised in attempting a labour for which he was so manifestly unfit. A translator of Victor Hugo should be a master of style; the least to be required of him is a knowledge of the English grammar.

We have another remark to make: unless the translator has had the author's permission to adapt this work to English tastes and prejudices, by the omission of superfluous or offensive passages, there is a breach of literary delicacy in the omissions he has made; and if such a permission has been given, there has been great indiscretion in not using it more thoroughly. Mr. Wraxall affirms that he has made but two omissions, and that "with these two slight omissions, the work is perfect" (*sic*); whereas we can, from memory, name at least two other chapters which have been quietly suppressed, the one entitled *L'onde et l'ombre*, and the other, *Christus nos liberavit*: a chapter of declamation, and a chapter of socialist doctrine. We have not the original at hand to see how many passages have been suppressed; but the statement in the preface admits, we perceive, a laxity of interpretation corresponding with its laxity of syntax.

There are qualities in *Footsteps Behind Him* which force the reader to follow the improbable and scattered scenes through which the writer wanders. The book has no verisimilitude of any kind, nor has it any

originality. But there is a certain *brio* in it, and a distinctness of outline, mostly of caricature, which, if the writer happens to be young, promise future success. When he tries again, however, he will do well either to select a subject which will give free play to his imagination without the inconveniences of attending to reality; or else to be a great deal more attentive to the actual facts of life and character.

The fourth edition of Mr. Grove's *Correlation of the Physical Forces* contains a modest and very justifiable vindication of his claims as the author of the splendid generalization of the mutual convertibility of forces. Because he has been scrupulous in naming the efforts of other labourers in this field, he has been regarded as the historian of the doctrine, rather than as its originator. It is time that justice should be done. Although in this, as in so many other cases, more than one independent inquirer seems to have arrived at similar conclusions very nearly at the same epoch, the unimpeachable evidence of dates decides Mr. Grove's priority, while there is little doubt that the systematic expression of the doctrine was first made generally known in his lectures. Whatever Mayer's merits may be, the facts appear to be these: in January, 1842, Mr. Grove first promulgated his views; in May, 1842, Mayer first published his. In 1843, Mr. Joule not only advanced the dynamical doctrine of heat, but applied it to vital phenomena: an application since carried out by Dr. Carpenter in more detail; as indeed was inevitable; for the most superficial glance could hardly fail to see that vital phenomena were intimately connected with light, heat, electricity, and chemical affinity, and the materialist school of physiologists had long maintained that the so-called "vital forces" were simply light, heat, electricity, and affinity.

The argument advanced by Mr. Grove is, that the physical forces have a reciprocal dependence. No one can abstractedly be said to be the essential cause of the others; but any one may produce, or be convertible into, any of the others. Heat may produce electricity, either mediately or immediately; electricity may produce heat, and so of the rest; each merging itself, or disappearing on the emergence of the force it produces. No force can originate otherwise than by devolution from some pre-existing force. It has been proved experimentally that a given amount of motion will be converted into its equivalent of heat, and *vice versa*. The chemical affinity of oxygen and hydrogen rushing together to form a gallon of water is, by Dr. Tyndall, estimated as equal to the force of a ton falling from a height of 23,757 feet. The heat requisite to raise a pound of water one degree of Fahrenheit is, according to Mr. Joule, precisely equivalent to the force of a fall of 772 lbs. from a height of one foot.

No force is lost; that which seems to be lost disappears, to reappear in other forms; the arrested motion reappears as heat; the arrested heat reappears as electricity. Now that this doctrine is established, it seems as if it might long ago have been deductively inferred. Now that we are enlightened, we can see how it was involved in the idea of the Conservation

of Force, or, to use a better phrase, the Indestructibility of Force, which again was involved in the Indestructibility of Matter, and would have been clearly seen to be so, had not the metaphysical notion of Force as an entity different from and *superadded* to Matter obtained universal credit. The ancients had mastered the idea of the Indestructibility of Matter, and put forth the axiom, "Nothing can come of nothing;" but they missed the idea of the Indestructibility of Force, which lay so near, because instead of regarding Force as the *dynamical condition* of Matter, they regarded it as an accompanying entity. Even when the idea of the Indestructibility of Motion was mastered (and it forms the basis of Dynamics), the idea was not generalized. Heat was still thought to be lost, instead of being transformed, and so of the other forces.

This new edition of Mr. Grove's Essay should be carefully studied by every one interested in the philosophy of science. It contains some questionable matter, which, however, we have no intention of questioning here, and requires very attentive study before its ideas can be thoroughly appropriated; but it is one of the most important works our literature has produced for many years.

- *Bellew's Political Mission to Afghanistan*.—The thoughtful student of history often pauses to consider how events seemingly of a character most adverse to the welfare of a nation or a state, prove, in the sequel, to be most conducive to its real interests. Out of the nettle, Danger, the rose of Safety is plucked. We may not at first understand the real nature of these "blessings in disguise," and we may lament where we ought to rejoice. We see in part, and we prophesy in part, and we are commonly false prophets. But the day comes when we see it all clearly revealed by the light of time, and we thankfully acknowledge that we have been saved by our misfortunes.

Thus when, six years ago, England found herself with a Persian war and a Chinese war on her hands, it was only natural that she should bewail so untoward a combination. But it will not be one of the least interesting tasks to which the future historian of the Great Indian Mutiny of 1857-58 will address himself, to inquire how far these apparently unfortunate events contributed to the salvation of our Eastern Empire. We have to speak in this place only of the Persian war. Most newspaper readers know that just at the right time Outram and Havelock were released from their duties on the Persian coast, and enabled to march their victorious European regiments to the seat of danger in Bengal. But it is not to this that we now refer. It is less known that we owe it, under Providence, mainly to the Persian war that the North-western frontier of India was preserved from the hostile inroads of the Afghans, which would have complicated our troubles to such an extent that it is hardly too much to say that it is at least doubtful whether in such a case we should ever have surmounted them. Persia, it is true, did her best to incite and to foment the hostility of the Mahomedan princes and people of India; but our rupture with the Court of Teheran suggested the expe-

diency of a friendly alliance with Afghanistan; and at the beginning of 1857 a treaty was negotiated with our old enemy, Dost Mahomed, by which we bound ourselves, as the price of his friendly assistance, to supply him with money and arms. The Ameer, who at that time was disturbed by the thought of Persian aggressions in Afghanistan, was as glad of our support as of our money, and he entered heartily into the compact. It was then arranged that a British Mission should visit Dost Mahomed's country. But the chiefs and people generally not being so favourably disposed towards the British as the old Ameer himself, it was settled that our officers should not visit the capital, but should proceed to the court of the heir-apparent at Candahar. The conduct of the Mission was intrusted to Major H. B. Lumsden, the distinguished commandant of the famous Punjaabee Guide Corps. His brother, Lieutenant P. S. Lumsden, and Dr. H. W. Bellew, accompanied him. They started in March, 1857, and two months afterwards all Upper India was in a blaze. The Bengal Army had revolted, and the King of Delhi had been proclaimed Emperor of Hindoostan.

The situation of the Mission then became one of imminent peril. But Lumsden was not a man to be daunted; and we have a profound conviction that to the firmness displayed by him and his associates in that difficult conjuncture, we mainly owe the quiescence of the Afghans under the great temptations which must then have beset them to take advantage of the grievous straits to which their old Feringhee enemy had been reduced. Amidst the terrible excitement of the Indian mutiny little was thought about Lumsden and his Mission. It was, so to speak, a dropped chapter in the history of the times. But it has, happily, now been supplied. Dr. Bellew has become the historian of the Mission, and in a volume full of interest has clearly demonstrated how much the country owes to Lumsden and his associates. Under any circumstances, an account of the first visit since the war in Afghanistan, paid by a party of our countrymen to those regions, would have been interesting and suggestive. Time and circumstance have rendered it doubly so. Major Lumsden and his comrades found the Afghans unchanged; still the same restless, turbulent, vindictive people, only with a fiercer hatred of the English, and a more jealous exclusiveness than of old. But it is not only as a chapter of political history that this volume recommends itself to public attention. It is replete with valuable and, in some respects, novel information relating to the natural resources of the country and the manners and customs of the people. It was said of the Missions to Persia and Afghanistan, under Malcolm and Elphinstone, in the early part of the present century, that if they had no other results, their literary fruits alone were worth the money expended upon them. The same may be said of the Candahar Mission of 1857; for we have had an excellent official report by Major Lumsden, which has been printed for general information, and we have now the exhaustive history, which is the occasion of these remarks. The Indian services which have contributed so

many eminent names to the great muster-roll of English authors now add to the list, in that of Dr. Bellew, one which is entitled to a high place among them.

SCIENCE.

Organic Substances formed from the Inorganic.—It is inevitable that the rapid progress of discovery should be incessantly upsetting our convictions, and dislodging the precipitation with which our liminary boundaries have been erected. Until quite recently there was no position which seemed more firmly established than that which declared the boundary between the inorganic and organic to be absolutely impassable. Although it was known that organic substances were composed of precisely the same elements as those abundantly found in inorganic substances, it was affirmed that a radical distinction existed, and defied the ingenuity of man to obliterate it. We could analyze any organic substance into its elements; but having taken it to pieces, we could not put these elements together again, so as to re-form an organic substance. The utmost we were able to achieve was to re-form organic substances by means of compounds, which were either themselves organic, or were derived from the degradation of some organic matter; and the problem was—How to form an organic compound directly from inorganic elements?

In point of fact, the attempt to re-form organic substance from the inorganic elements into which it had been analyzed, was as idle as it would be to attempt a reconstruction of a printed sentence by throwing together the letters composing that sentence, after the type had been "distributed." The analysis is elementary; the synthesis was not elementary. You may make an elementary analysis of saltpetre—resolving this compound into oxygen, nitrogen, and potassium; but with these elements you cannot directly form saltpetre; you must unite the oxygen with the nitrogen to form nitric acid, and then unite this nitric acid with potass, to form saltpetre. Precisely as you must unite the letters into significant words, and then unite these words into a sentence.

A brilliant French chemist, M. Berthelot, succeeded a few years since in forming several organic compounds, by means of hydrocarbons; but as these hydrocarbons had themselves been obtained by the degradation of organic substances, the old problem remained unsolved; he had formed his sentence out of words, but he had not formed his words out of isolated letters. And now at last he has achieved this. It is but a modest beginning, but at any rate it proves the possibility of a direct synthesis of the inorganic into the organic; he has produced hydrocarbons by the direct union of pure hydrogen and pure carbon. The excessive difficulty of obtaining pure carbon is well known to chemists; but this is not the place for explaining the process adopted by M. Berthelot. We have only to notice the fact that he has, to the entire satisfaction of chemists, succeeded in producing the hydrocarbon named acetylene (the least rich in hydrogen of all the carburets) by direct synthesis of its elements. Further,

by the addition of two equivalents of hydrogen he forms olefiant gas. (The formula of acetylene is $C^4 H^2$; that of olefiant gas $C^4 H^4$.) With olefiant gas he forms alcohol, and thus enters upon the domain of organic chemistry.

The Electric Organ in Fishes.—The hypothesis propounded by Sir John Herschel, and eagerly adopted by many physiologists, that the brain is a voltaic battery of which the nerves are the conductors, was retained as a convenient simile, after the identity of nerve-force and electricity had been generally discredited; and the nerves were then spoken of as *conductors* of the force *generated* in the nerve-centres. Even as a simile, however, this became inadmissible when it was proved* that the nerves were in no sense *conductors*, but possessed their own special force—*Neurility*,—which could operate in complete independence of any centre, and which was to the nerves what *Contractility* was to the muscles, and *Sensibility* to nerve-centres. The hypothesis of the battery, and the hypothesis of nerve-force being electricity, seemed confirmed by the electrical phenomena exhibited in certain fishes, which have justly excited considerable attention from men of science. The fact that the electric organ is connected with the brain by an enormous mass of nerves, and the fact that the discharge is under the control of the animal's will, together with the fact that destruction of the brain on one side destroyed the electrical power on that side—an effect also produced by merely dividing the nerves, so as to cut off the communication with the brain—seemed to establish the hypothesis of the brain being the central battery.

This has now been thoroughly disproved. M. Charles Robin long ago suggested that the electric organ, and not the brain, was the source of the electricity discharged. He declared that the tissue of this organ has the special property of producing electricity, just as the muscular tissue has the special property of contractility; and the influence of the nerve force is similar in both cases—exciting the activity of the electric tissue, as it excites the activity of the muscular tissue. Against this it was maintained that the brain generated the electricity, which passed along the nerves to the electric organ, and was there condensed, and held in reserve. In a *mémoire* recently presented to the Académie des Sciences, M. Moreau brings forward facts which conclusively settle this point. Having divided all the nerves which supplied the electric organ on one side of the fish, thus entirely removing all communication between the brain and the organ, he excited the cut ends of these nerves, and produced electric discharges. This is precisely analogous to the experiment of producing contraction in a muscle removed from all connection with the brain (or indeed in an amputated limb), by exciting its nerve. If the experiment stopped there it would prove nothing. We might say, that the electric organ had a certain amount of electricity condensed in it, and this was discharged when the nerves were irritated; such has been

* *Laws: Reports of the British Association, 1859; and Physiology of Common Life*, ii. 14 sq.

the objection raised in the case of the stimulated muscle. But in neither case does the experiment stop there. Electric fishes, it is notorious, exhaust their electric power after a few shocks, and some repose is necessary before their organ recovers its power. When, therefore, the discharges had ceased, M. Moreau returned his mutilated fish to the water; allowed it a certain time for repose; removed it from the water, and on again irritating the cut ends of the nerves, again produced powerful and reiterated discharges; and these discharges were not appreciably less intense than those produced from the uninjured side! "These experiments," says the Report of the Commission, "conduct to the rigorous conclusion that the brain is only an excitor, a point where the nerves receive a stimulus. The electric organ is related to the brain as the muscles are related to the brain."* Precisely analogous is the case with the muscle when separated from its nerve-centre; repeated irritations of the nerve exhaust its Neurility so that it will no longer cause the muscle to contract; but after a period of repose, under proper conditions, the nerve will again, on being stimulated, cause the muscle to contract. And that this is owing to the nerve having recovered its Neurility, may be proved by this: at a time when a stimulus applied to the nerve causes no contraction in the muscle, certain stimuli applied *directly to the muscle* cause it to contract. Nay, more, at a time when a stimulus applied to a point of the nerve at the distance of one inch from the muscle produces no contraction, this stimulus applied to a point at only half an inch is followed by contraction.

M. Moreau's observations are thus not only valuable as regards the source of the electricity in fishes and the part played by the brain in the electrical phenomena, but also as confirming the existence of a special force (Neurility), in the nerves themselves, a force developed out of the molecular changes of the nerve tissue, and not derived from the brain. The nerves are agents, not passive conductors. That nerves are not simply conductors, but are endowed with a special force of their own, is strikingly seen in Pflüger's empirical law, which is thus stated: "One and the same irritant which is applied successively to two different points of a nerve, does not irritate the muscle in the same degree, but the irritation which is applied at the greater distance from the muscle acts the more powerfully." Pflüger thinks that "the excitation increases in an avalanche-like manner, and this is the more considerable the greater the portion of nerve over which it travels."†

Velocity of Light.—M. Leon Foucault, to whom we owe the physical demonstration of the earth's movement, has just announced a discovery respecting the velocity of light and the sun's parallax, which promises important consequences. By means of a newly-invented instrument of wonderful delicacy, he has ascertained that the velocity of light is notably

* *Comptes Rendus*, 1862, vol. liv. p. 965.

† See *British and Foreign Medical Review*, July, 1862, for an account of Pflüger's discoveries.

less than has been supposed. Instead of a velocity of 308,000,000 of metres in a second, he estimates it as 298,000,000. If this be correct, the sun's parallax is 8.86", instead of 8.57". Thus the mean distance of the sun from our earth is diminished by about $\frac{1}{10}$.

Shooting Stars.—Much attention has of late been drawn to the subject of shooting stars; and a committee of the British Association, with Mr. Glaisher for its chairman, is engaged in their investigation. It will, therefore, be pleasing to such of our readers as take an interest in this subject to learn that the return of the great periodic but intermittent meteor-shower of the 13th of November is predicted by Mr. Herrick, of Newhaven, Connecticut, U.S., one of the most indefatigable observers of meteors, for the year or years 1866-67, and that already signs of its approach have been given by a very marked abundance of them, as observed by himself on the 13th of November last; and it deserves to be remarked, in corroboration of Mr. Herrick's suggestion, which seems, *as such*, to have escaped his notice, that of 134 meteors seen by him and his coadjutors in two hours on that night, about two-thirds emanated as from a point in the constellation Leo, which, so far, agrees with the recorded character of that most wonderful display. This will, of course, engage the attention of meteorologists on the corresponding date now approaching.

A New Stimulant.—Those who have read Mr. Johnston's interesting work, *The Chemistry of Common Life*, will, no doubt, remember the peculiar power there said to be possessed by the leaves of the *Erythroxylon Coca*, either when chewed, like tobacco, or infused, like tea, in sustaining the bodily powers under prolonged fatigue and privation of food and sleep, and that without producing, if used in moderation, and avoiding the intoxication which an over-dose is apt to occasion, any subsequent reaction, or in any way having this, its purely beneficial influence, weakened by frequent repetition. It is somewhat surprising that this extraordinary and most valuable property should have excited so little attention among our medical men, and that, for instance, a committee of the British Association should not have been named to procure authentic specimens of the leaves, and report upon their effects. Such has not been the case abroad, however. The recently published volume of the *Mémoires Couronnées et autres Mémoires* of the Royal Belgian Academy (Bruxelles, 1862) contains an elaborate memoir by Dr. Gosse, of Geneva, in the nature of a monography of this interesting plant; in which so far as testimony collected from a great variety of quarters, and very scrupulously weighed, can be trusted, the effects in question may be considered as fully established, if not to the almost miraculous extent which some of the accounts describe, at least quite sufficiently to prove it a most valuable auxiliary under very extreme circumstances of hard labour and privation of nutriment.

The *Erythroxylon Coca*, *Ypadu*, or *Hayo*, is a shrub of from two to eight feet in height, very abundant in branches and leaves, which is cultivated extensively in many parts of Peru, in the province of Antis east of Cuzco, in that of Huanuco, and in the Yungas of Bolivia, chiefly on the inferior

heights of the Andes, where the mean temperature is about 15° Centig. (59° F.); where the mean temperature exceeds 20° C. (68° F.), though it grows luxuriantly, the quality is inferior. It is unable to support any degree of frost. It requires a moist but well-drained soil, and therefore succeeds best on the slopes of mountains, if not too abrupt. There can be little doubt that its cultivation would succeed in many parts of India—on the Neilgherry hills, for instance, or in Assam—perhaps, too, in the upland region of Jamaica.

Professor Mantegazza, who was in the habit of using it daily for two years, describes its effects, when taken *after* a meal (the dose, from twenty to thirty grains of the leaves, infused in a cup of boiling water, or chewed), as producing in a very short time that state of ease and comfort which accompanies a perfect digestion, so marked that it is impossible for one ever so habitually inattentive to his own sensations, not to be struck with its advantageous effect in accelerating and facilitating this important function. Taken fasting, it seems to destroy the desire of food, not, however, by creating any degree of nausea or depression, but, on the contrary, exciting and sustaining the bodily power so as to render food unnecessary. Instances of its agency in this direction on the Indian labourers, porters, couriers in the Andes, &c. are given in the memoir of Dr. Gosse in great numbers. Thus, to give a single instance, on the authority of Mr. Stevenson, who resided twenty years in South America, where he had abundant occasion to witness its effects, he relates that "the natives of many parts of Peru, especially in the mining districts, chew this leaf while working or on journeys, and such is the nutrition they derive from it, that they often pass four or five days without taking any other nourishment, even while working without interruption. They have often assured me," says Mr. Stevenson, "that, provided with a good supply of Coca, they experience neither hunger, nor thirst, nor fatigue, and that without injury to their health they can remain eight or ten days, and as many nights, without sleep."

Used in moderation, as before observed, for however long a period, it does not appear to exercise any deleterious influence on health. Taken as a stimulant, however, and in over-doses, its use is, no doubt, to be deprecated, as leading to consequences as serious and deplorable as the habitual use of opium, or any other stimulant or narcotic.

The coca leaf has been subjected to chemical analysis by M. Niemann, a pupil of Professor Wöhler, of Göttingen, who succeeded in insulating from it a peculiar alkaloid, to which he has given the name of "cocaine," crystallizable, colourless, and inodorous, little soluble in water, more easily in alcohol, and readily in ether. Its solution is alkaline and bitter. Placed on the tongue, the part to which it is applied loses its sensibility for several minutes. It neutralizes acids, but its salts, with exception of the hydrochlorate, are little susceptible of crystallization.

Roundabout Papers.—No. XXV.

ON A PEAR-TREE.



GRACIOUS reader no doubt has remarked that these humble sermons have for subjects some little event which happens at the preacher's own gate, or which falls under his peculiar cognizance. Once, you may remember, we discoursed about a chalk-mark on the door. This morning Betsy, the housemaid, comes with a frightened look, and says, "Law, mum! there's three bricks taken out of the garden-wall, and the branches broke, and all the pears taken off the pear-tree!"

Poor peaceful suburban pear-tree! Gaol-birds have hopped about thy branches, and robbed them of their smoky fruit. But those bricks removed; that ladder evidently prepared, by which unknown marauders may enter and depart from my little Englishman's castle; is not this a subject of thrilling interest, and may it not be continued in a future number?—that is the terrible question. Suppose, having escalated the outer wall, the miscreants take a fancy to storm the castle? Well—well! we are armed; we are numerous; we are men of tremendous courage, who will defend our spoons with our lives; and there are barracks close by (thank goodness!) whence, at the noise of our shouts and firing, at least a thousand bayonets will bristle to our rescue.

What sound is yonder? A church bell. I might go myself, but how listen to the sermon? I am thinking of those thieves who have made a ladder of my wall, and a prey of my pear-tree. They may be walking to church at this moment, neatly shaved, in clean linen, with every outward appearance of virtue. If I went, I know I should be watching the congregation, and thinking, "Is that one of the fellows who came over my wall?" If, after the reading of the eighth Commandment, a nian sang out with par-

ticular energy, "Incline our hearts to keep this law," I should think, "Aha, Master Basso, did you have pears for breakfast this morning?" Crime is walking round me, that is clear. Who is the perpetrator? * * What a changed aspect the world has, since these last few lines were written! I have been walking round about my premises, and in consultation with a gentleman in a single-breasted blue coat, with pewter buttons, and a tape ornament on the collar. He has looked at the holes in the wall, and the amputated tree. We have formed our plan of defence—*perhaps of attack*. Perhaps some day you may read in the papers, "DARING ATTEMPT AT BURGLARY—HEROIC VICTORY OVER THE VILLAINS," &c. &c. Rascals as yet unknown! perhaps you, too, may read these words, and may be induced to pause in your fatal intention. Take the advice of a sincere friend, and keep off. To find a man writhing in my man-trap, another mayhap impaled in my ditch, to pick off another from my tree (scoundrel! as though he were a pear) will give me no pleasure; but such things may happen. Be warned in time, villains! Or, if you *must* pursue your calling as cracksmen, have the goodness to try some other shutters. Enough! subside into your darkness, children of night! Thieves! we seek not to have *you* hanged—you are but as pegs whereon to hang others.

I may have said before, that if I were going to be hanged myself, I think I should take an accurate note of my sensations, request to stop at some public-house on the road to Tyburn, and be provided with a private room and writing materials, and give an account of my state of mind. Then, gee up, carter! I beg your reverence to continue your apposite, though not novel, remarks on my situation;—and so we drive up to Tyburn turnpike, where an expectant crowd, the obliging sheriffs, and the dexterous and rapid Mr. Ketch are already in waiting.

A number of labouring people are sauntering about our streets and taking their rest on this holyday—fellows who have no more stolen my pears than they have robbed the crown jewels out of the Tower—and I say I cannot help thinking in my own mind, "Are you the rascal who got over my wall last night?" Is the suspicion haunting my mind written on my countenance? I trust not. What if one man after another were to come up to me and say, "How dare you, sir, suspect me in your mind of stealing your fruit? Go be hanged, you and your jargonels!" You rascal thief! it is not merely three halfp'orth of sooty fruit you rob me of, it is my peace of mind—my artless innocence and trust in my fellow-creatures, my child like belief that everything they say is true. How can I hold out the hand of friendship in this condition, when my first impression is, "My good sir, I strongly suspect that you were up my pear-tree last night?" It is a dreadful state of mind. The core is black; the death-stricken fruit drops on the bough, and a great worm is within—fattening, and feasting, and wriggling! Who stole the pears? I say. Is it you, brother? Is it you, madam? Come! are you ready to answer—*respondere parati et cantare pares?* (O shame! shame!)

Will the villains ever be discovered and punished who stole my fruit? Some unlucky rascals who rob orchards are caught up the tree at once. Some rob through life with impunity. If I, for my part, were to try and get up the smallest tree, on the darkest night, in the most remote orchard, I wager any money I should be found out—be caught by the leg in a man-trap, or have Towler fastening on me. I always am found out; have been; shall be. It's my luck. Other men will carry off bushels of fruit, and get away undetected, unsuspected; whereas I know woe and punishment would fall upon me were I to lay my hand on the smallest pippin. So be it. A man who has this precious self-knowledge will surely keep his hands from picking and stealing, and his feet upon the paths of virtue.

I will assume, my benevolent friend and present reader, that you yourself are virtuous, not from a fear of punishment, but from a sheer love of good: but as you and I walk through life, consider what hundreds of thousands of rascals we must have met, who have not been found out at all. In high places and low, in Clubs and on 'Change, at church or the balls and routs of the nobility and gentry, how dreadful it is for benevolent beings like you and me to have to think these undiscovered though not unsuspected scoundrels are swarming! What is the difference between you and a galley-slave? Is yonder poor wretch at the hulks not a man and a brother too? Have you ever forged, my dear sir? Have you ever cheated your neighbour? Have you ever ridden to Hounslow Heath and robbed the mail? Have you ever entered a first-class railway carriage, where an old gentleman sate alone in a sweet sleep, daintily murdered him, taken his pocket-book, and got out at the next station? You know that this circumstance occurred in France a few months since. If we have travelled in France this autumn we may have met the ingenious gentleman who perpetrated this daring and successful *coup*. We may have found him a well-informed and agreeable man. I have been acquainted with two or three gentlemen who have been discovered after—after the performance of illegal actions. What? That agreeable rattling fellow we met was the celebrated Mr. John Sheppard? Was that aimable quiet gentleman in spectacles the well-known Mr. Fauntleroy? In Hazlitt's admirable paper, "Going to a Fight," he describes a dashing sporting fellow who was in the coach, and who was no less a man than the eminent destroyer of Mr. William Weare. Don't tell me that you would not like to have met (out of business) Captain Sheppard, the Reverend Doctor Dodd, or others rendered famous by their actions and misfortunes, by their lives and their deaths. They are the subjects of ballads, the heroes of romance. A friend of mine had the house in May Fair, out of which poor Doctor Dodd was taken handcuffed. There was the paved hall over which he stepped. That little room at the side was, no doubt, the study where he composed his elegant sermons. Two years since I had the good fortune to partake of some admirable dinners in Tyburnia—magnificent dinners indeed; but rendered doubly interesting from the fact that the house was that occupied by the late Mr. Sudleir.

One night the late Mr. Sadleir took tea in that dining-room, and, to the surprise of his butler, went out, having put into his pocket his own cream-jug. The next morning, you know, he was found dead on Hampstead Heath, with the cream-jug lying by him, into which he had poured the poison by which he died. The idea of the ghost of the late gentleman sitting about the room gave a strange interest to the banquet. Can you fancy him taking his tea alone in the dining-room? He empties that cream-jug and puts it in his pocket; and then he opens yonder door, through which he is never to pass again. Now he crosses the hall: and hark! the hall-door shuts upon him, and his steps die away. They are gone into the night. They traverse the sleeping city. They lead him into the fields, where the grey morning is beginning to glimmer. He pours something from a bottle into a little silver jug. It touches his lips, the lying lips. Do they quiver a prayer ere that awful draught is swallowed? When the sun rises they are dumb.

I neither knew this unhappy man, nor his countryman—Laertes let us call him—who is at present in exile, having been compelled to fly from remorseless creditors. Laertes fled to America, where he earned his bread by his pen. I own to having a kindly feeling towards this scapegrace, because, though an exile, he did not abuse the country whence he fled. I have heard that he went away taking no spoil with him, penniless almost; and on his voyage he made acquaintance with a certain Jew; and when he fell sick, at New York, this Jew befriended him, and gave him help and money out of his own store, which was but small. Now, after they had been awhile in the strange city, it happened that the poor Jew spent all his little money, and he too fell ill, and was in great penury. And now it was Laertes who befriended that Ebrew Jew. He fed doctors; he fed and tended the sick and hungry. Go to, Laertes! I know thee not. It may be thou art justly *exul patriæ*. But the Jew shall intercede for thee, thou not, let us trust, hopeless Christian sinner.

Another exile to the same shore I knew: who did not? Julius Cæsar hardly owed more money than Cucedicus: and, gracious powers! Cucedicus, how did you manage to spend and owe so much?—All day he was at work for his clients; at night he was occupied in the Public Council. He neither had wife nor children. The rewards which he received from his orations were enough to maintain twenty rhetoricians. Night after night I have seen him eating his frugal meal, consisting but of a fish, a small portion of mutton, and a small measure of Iberian or Trinacrian wine, largely diluted with the sparkling waters of Rhenish Gaul. And this was all he had; and this man earned and paid away talents, upon talents; and fled, owing who knows how many more! Does a man earn fifteen thousand pounds a year, toiling by day, talking by night, having horrible unrest in his bed, ghastly terrors at waking, seeing an officer lurking at every corner, a sword of justice for ever hanging over his head—and have for his sole diversion a newspaper, a lonely mutton-chop, and a little sherry and seltzer-water? In the German stories we read how

men sell themselves to—a certain Personage, and that Personage cheats them. He gives them wealth; yes, but the gold pieces turn into worthless leaves. He sets them before splendid banquets; yes, but what an awful grin that black footman has who lifts up the dish-cover; and don't you smell a peculiar sulphurous odour in the dish? Fugh! take it away; I can't eat. He promises them splendours and triumphs. The conqueror's car rolls glittering through the city, the multitudes shout and huzzah. Drive on, coachman. Yes, but who is ~~that~~ hanging on behind the carriage? Is this the reward of eloquence, talents, industry? Is this the end of a life's labour? Don't you remember how, when the dragon was infesting the neighbourhood of Babylon, the citizens used to walk dismally out of evenings, and look at the vallies round about strewn with the bones of the victims whom the monster had devoured? O insatiate brute, and most disgusting, brazen, and scaly reptile! Let us be thankful, children, that it has not gobbled us up too. Quick. Let us turn away, and pray that we may be kept out of the reach of his horrible maw, jaw, claw!

When I first came up to London, as innocent as Monsieur Gil Blas, I also fell in with some pretty acquaintances, found my way into several caverns, and delivered my purse to more than one gallant gentleman of the road. One I remember especially—one who never eased me personally of a single maravedi—one than whom I never met a bandit more gallant, courteous, and amiable. Rob me? Rolando feasted me; treated me to his dinner and his wine; kept a generous table for his friends, and I know was most liberal to many of them. How well I remember one of his speculations! It was a great plan for smuggling tobacco. Revenue officers were to be bought off; silent ships were to ply on the Thames; cunning depôts were to be established, and hundreds of thousands of pounds to be made by the *coup*. How his eyes kindled as he propounded the scheme to me! How easy and certain it seemed! It might have succeeded: I can't say; but the bold and merry, the hearty and kindly Rolando came to grief—a little matter of imitated signatures occasioned a Bank persecution of Rolando the Brave. He walked about armed, and vowed he would never be taken alive: but taken he was; tried, condemned, sentenced to perpetual banishment; and I heard that for some time he was universally popular in the colony which had the honour to possess him. What a song he could sing! 'Twas when the cup was sparkling before us, and heaven gave a portion of its blue, boys, blue, that I remember the song of Roland at the Old Piazza Coffee-house. And now where is the Old Piazza Coffee-house? Where is Thebes? where is Troy? where is the Colossus of Rhodes? Ah, Rolando, Rolando! thou wert a gallant captain, a cheery, a handsome, a merry. At me thou never presentedst pistol. Thou badest the bumper of Burgundy fill, fill for me, giving those who preferred it champagne. *Celum non animum*, &c. Do you think he has reformed now that he has crossed the sea, and changed the air? I have my own opinion. Howbeit, Rolando, thou wert

a most kindly and hospitable bandit. And I love not to think of thee with a chain at thy shin.

Do you know how all these memories of unfortunate men have come upon me? When they came to frighten me this morning by speaking of my robbed peers, my perforated garden wall, I was reading an article in the *Saturday Review* about Rupilius. I have sate near that young man at a public dinner, and beheld him in a gilded uniform. But yesterday he lived in splendour, had long hair, a flowing beard, a jewel at his neck, and a smart surtout. So attired, he stood but yesterday in court; and to-day he sits over a bowl of prison cocoa, with a shaved head, and in a felon's jerkin.

That beard and head shaved, that gaudy deputy-lieutenant's coat exchanged for felon uniform, and your daily bottle of champagne for prison cocoa, my poor Rupilius, what a comfort it must be to have the business brought to an end! Champagne was the honourable gentleman's drink in the House of Commons dining-room, as I am informed. What uncommonly dry champagne that must have been! When we saw him outwardly happy, how miserable he must have been! when we thought him prosperous, how dismally poor! When the great Mr. Harker, at the public dinners, called out—"Gentlemen, charge your glasses, and please silence for the honourable Member for Lambeth!" how that honourable Member must have writhed inwardly! One day, when there was a talk of a gentleman's honour being questioned, Rupilius said, "If any man doubted mine, I would knock him down." But that speech was in the way of business. The Spartan boy, who stole the fox, smiled while the beast was gnawing him under his cloak: I promise you Rupilius had some sharp fangs gnashing under his. We have sate at the same feast, I say: we have paid our contribution to the same charity. Ah! when I ask this day for my daily bread, I pray not to be led into temptation, and to be delivered from evil.



The Fainted Record

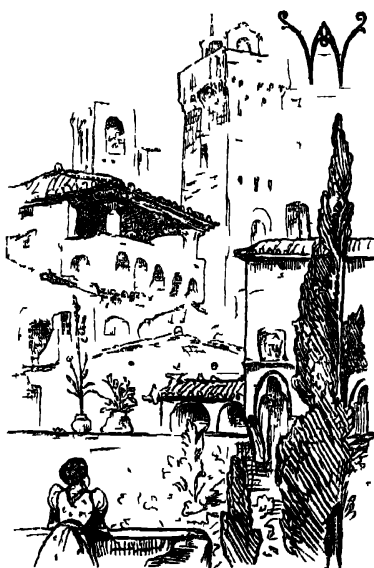
THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1862.

Romola.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE YOUNG WIFE.



WHILE Tito was hastening across the bridge with the new-bought armour under his mantle, Romola was pacing up and down the old library, thinking of him and longing for his return.

It was but a few fair faces that had not looked forth from windows that day to see the entrance of the French king and his nobles. One of the few was Romola's. She had been present at no festivities since her father had died—died quite suddenly in his chair, three months before.

"Is not Tito coming to write?" he had said, when the bell had long ago sounded the usual hour in the evening. He had not asked before, from dread of a negative; but Romola had seen by his listening

face and restless movements that nothing else was in his mind.

"No, father, he had to go to a supper at the cardinal's: you know he is wanted so much by every one," she answered, in a tone of gentle excuse.

"Ah! then perhaps he will bring some positive word about the library; the cardinal promised last week," said Bardo, apparently pacified by this hope.

He was silent a little while; then, suddenly flushing, he said,—

"I must go on without him, Romola. Get the pen. He has brought me no new text to comment on; but I must say what I want to say about the New Platonists. I shall die and nothing will have been done. Make haste, my Romola."

"I am ready, father," she said, the next minute, holding the pen in her hand.

But there was silence. Romola took no note of this for a little while, accustomed to pauses in dictation; and when at last she looked round inquiringly, there was no change of attitude.

"I am quite ready, father!"

Still Bardo was silent, and his silence was never again broken.

Romola looked back on that hour with some indignation against herself, because even with the first outburst of her sorrow there had mingled the irrepressible thought, "Perhaps my life with Tito will be more perfect now."

For the dream of a triple life with an undivided sum of happiness had not been quite fulfilled. The rainbow-tinted shower of sweets, to have been perfectly typical, should have had some invisible seeds of bitterness mingled with them; the crowned Ariadne, under the snowing roses, had felt more and more the presence of unexpected thorns. It was not Tito's fault, Romola had continually assured herself. He was still all gentleness to her, and to her father also. But it was in the nature of things—she saw it clearly now—it was in the nature of things that no one but herself could go on month after month, and year after year, fulfilling patiently all her father's monotonous exacting demands. Even she, whose sympathy with her father had made all the passion and religion of her young years, had not always been patient, had been inwardly very rebellious. It was true that before their marriage, and even for some time after, Tito had seemed more unwearied than herself; but then, of course, the effort had the ease of novelty. We assume a load with confident readiness, and up to a certain point the growing irksomeness of pressure is tolerable; but at last the desire for relief can no longer be resisted. Romola said to herself that she had been very foolish and ignorant in her girlish time: she was wiser now, and would make no unfair demands on the man to whom she had given her best woman's love and worship. The breath of sadness that still cleaved to her lot while she saw her father month after month sink from elation into new disappointment as Tito gave him less and less of his time, and made bland excuses for not continuing his own share of the joint work—that sadness was no fault of Tito's, she said, but rather of their inevitable destiny. If he stayed less and less with her, why, that was because they could hardly ever be alone. His caresses were no less tender: if she pleaded timidly on any one evening that he should stay with her father instead of going to another engagement which was not peremptory, he excused himself with such charming gaiety, he

seemed to linger about her with such fond playfulness before he could quit her, that she could only feel a little heartache in the midst of her love, and then go to her father and try to soften his vexation and disappointment, while inwardly her imagination was busy trying to see how Tito could be as good as she had thought he was, and yet find it impossible to sacrifice those pleasures of society which were necessarily more vivid to a bright creature like him than to the common run of men. She herself would have liked more gaiety, more admiration: it was true, she gave it up willingly for her father's sake—she would have given up much more than that for the sake even of a slight wish on Tito's part. It was clear that their natures differed widely; but perhaps it was no more than the inherent difference between man and woman, that made her affections more absorbing. If there were any other difference she tried to persuade herself that the inferiority was on her side. Tito was really kinder than she was, better tempered, less proud and resentful; he had no angry retorts, he met all complaints with perfect sweetness; he only escaped as quietly as he could from things that were unpleasant.

It belongs to every large nature, when it is not under the immediate power of some strong unquestioning emotion, to suspect itself, and doubt the truth of its own impressions, conscious of possibilities beyond its own horizon. And Romola was urged to doubt herself the more by the necessity of interpreting her disappointment in her life with Tito, so as to satisfy at once her love and her pride. Disappointment? Yes, there was no other milder word that would tell the truth. Perhaps all women had to suffer the disappointment of ignorant hopes, if she only knew their experience. Still, there had been something peculiar in her lot: her relation to her father had claimed unusual sacrifices from her husband. Tito had once thought that his love would make those sacrifices easy; his love had not been great enough for that. She was not justified in resenting a self-delusion. No! resentment must not rise: all endurance seemed easy to Romola rather than a state of mind in which she would admit to herself that Tito acted unworthily. If she had felt a new heartache, in the solitary hours with her father through the last months of his life, it had been by no inexcusable fault of her husband's; and now—it was a hope that would make its presence felt even in the first moments when her father's place was empty—there was no longer any importunate claim to divide her from Tito; their young lives would flow in one current, and their true marriage would begin.

But the sense of something like guilt towards her father, in a hope that grew out of his death, gave all the more force to the anxiety with which she dwelt on the means of fulfilling his supreme wish. That piety towards his memory was all the atonement she could make now for a thought that seemed akin to joy at his loss. The laborious simple life, pure from vulgar corrupting ambitions, embittered by the frustration of

the dearest hopes, imprisoned at last in total darkness—a long seed-time without a harvest—was at an end now, and all that remained of it besides the tablet in Santa Croce and the unfinished manuscript, long rambling commentary on Tito's text, was the collection of manuscripts and antiquities, fruit of half a century's toil and frugality. The fulfilment of her father's life-long ambition about this library was a sacramental obligation for Romola.

The precious relic was safe from creditors, for when the deficit towards their payment had been ascertained, Bernardo del Nero, though he was far from being among the wealthiest Florentines, had advanced the necessary sum of about a thousand florins—a large sum in those days—accepting a lien on the collection as a security.

"The State will repay me," he had said to Romola, making light of the service which had really cost him some inconvenience. "If the cardinal finds a building, as he seems to say he will, our Signoria may consent to do the rest. I have no children, I can afford the risk."

But within the last ten days all hopes in the Medici had come to an end: and the famous Mediccan collections in the Via Larga were themselves in danger of dispersion. French agents had already begun to see that such very fine antique gems as Lorenzo had collected belonged by right to the first nation in Europe; and the Florentine State, which had got possession of the Mediccan library, was likely to be glad of a customer for it. With a war to recover Pisa hanging over it, and with the certainty of having to pay large subsidies to the French king, the State was likely to prefer money to manuscripts.

To Romola these grave political changes had gathered their chief interest from their bearing on the fulfilment of her father's wish. She had been brought up in learned seclusion from the interests of actual life, and had been accustomed to think of heroic deeds and great principles as something antithetic to the vulgar present, of the Pryx and the Forum as something more worthy of attention than the councils of living Florentine men. And now the expulsion of the Medici meant little more for her than the extinction of her best hope about her father's library. The times, she knew, were unpleasant for friends of the Medici, like her godfather and Tito: superstitious shopkeepers, and the stupid rabble, were full of suspicions; but her new keen interest in public events, in the outbreak of war, in the issue of the French king's visit, in the changes that were likely to happen in the State, was kindled solely by the sense of love and duty to her father's memory. All Romola's ardour had been concentrated in her affections. Her father's learning had remained for her a pedantry that was tolerable for his sake; and Tito's more airy brilliant faculty had no attraction for her that was not merged in the deeper sympathies that belong to young love and trust. Romola had had contact with no mind that could stir the larger possibilities of her nature; they lay folded and crushed like embryonic wings, making no element in her consciousness beyond an occasional vague uneasiness.

But this new personal interest of hers in public affairs had made her care at last to understand precisely what influence Fra Girolamo's preaching was likely to have on the turn of events. Changes in the form of the State were talked of, and all she could learn from Tito, whose secretaryship and serviceable talents carried him into the heart of public business, made her only the more eager to fill out her lonely day by going to hear for herself what it was that was just now leading all Florence by the ears. This morning, for the first time, she had been to hear one of the Advent sermons in the Duomo. When Tito had left her, she had formed a sudden resolution, and after visiting the spot where her father was buried in Santa Croce, had walked on to the Duomo. The memory of that last scene with Dino was still vivid within her whenever she recalled it, but it had receded behind the experience and anxieties of her married life. The new sensibilities and questions which it had half awakened in her were quieted again by that subjection to her husband's mind which is felt by every wife who loves her husband with passionate devotedness and full reliance. She remembered the effect of Fra Girolamo's voice and presence on her as a ground for expecting that his sermon might move her in spite of his being a narrow-minded monk. But the sermon did no more than slightly deepen her previous impression, that this fanatical preacher of tribulations was after all a man towards whom it might be possible for her to feel personal regard and reverence. The denunciations and exhortations simply arrested her attention. She felt no terror, no pangs of conscience : it was the roll of distant thunder, that seemed grand, but could not shake her. But when she heard Savonarola invoke martyrdom, she sobbed with the rest : she felt herself penetrated with a new sensation—a strange sympathy with something apart from all the definable interests of her life. It was not altogether unlike the thrill which had accompanied certain rare heroic touches in history and poetry ; but the resemblance was as that between the memory of music, and the sense of being possessed by actual vibrating harmonies.

But that transient emotion, strong as it was, seemed to lie quite outside the inner chamber and sanctuary of her life. She was not thinking of Fra Girolamo now ; she was listening anxiously for the step of her husband. During these three months of their double solitude she had thought of each day as an epoch in which their union might begin to be more perfect. She was conscious of being sometimes a little too sad or too urgent about what concerned her father's memory—a little too critical or coldly silent when Tito narrated the things that were said and done in the world he frequented—a little too hasty in suggesting that by living quite simply as her father had done, they might become rich enough to pay Bernardo del Nero, and reduce the difficulties about the library. It was not possible that Tito could feel so strongly on this last point as she did, and it was asking a great deal from him to give up luxuries for which he really laboured. The next time Tito came home she would be careful to suppress all those promptings that seemed to isolate her from

him. Romola was labouring, as every loving woman must, to subdue her nature to her husband's. The great need of her heart compelled her to strangle, with desperate resolution, every rising impulse of suspicion, pride, and resentment; she felt equal to any self-infliction that would save her from ceasing to love. That would have been like the hideous nightmare in which the world had seemed to break away all round her, and leave her feet overhanging the darkness. Romola had never distinctly imagined such a future for herself; she was only beginning to feel the presence of effort in that clinging trust which had once been mere repose.

She waited and listened long, for Tito had not come straight home after leaving Niccolò Caparra, and it was more than two hours after the time when he was crossing the Ponte Rubaconte that Romola heard the great door of the court turning on its hinges, and hastened to the head of the stone steps. There was a lamp hanging over the stairs, and they could see each other distinctly as he ascended. The eighteen months had produced a more definable change in Romola's face than in Tito's: the expression was more subdued, less cold, and more beseeching, and, as the pink flush overspread her face now, in her joy that the long waiting was at an end, she was much lovelier than on the day when Tito had first seen her. On that day, any on-looker would have said that Romola's nature was made to command, and Tito's to bend; yet now Romola's mouth was quivering a little, and there was some timidity in her glance.

He made an effort to smile, as she said,

"My Tito, you are tired; it has been a fatiguing day: is it not true?"

Maso was there, and no more was said until they had crossed the ante-chamber and closed the door of the library behind them. The wood was burning brightly on the great dogs; that was one welcome for Tito, late as he was, and Romola's gentle voice was another.

He just turned and kissed her, when she took off his mantle, then went towards a high-backed chair placed for him near the fire, threw himself into it, and flung away his cap, saying, not peevishly, but in a fatigued tone of remonstrance, as he gave a slight shudder,

"Romola, I wish you would give up sitting in this library. Surely our own rooms are pleasanter in this chill weather."

Romola felt hurt. She had never seen Tito so indifferent in his manner; he was usually full of lively solicitous attention. And she had thought so much of his return to her after the long day's absence! He must be very weary.

"I wonder you have forgotten, Tito," she answered, looking at him, anxiously, as if she wanted to read an excuse for him in the signs of bodily fatigue. "You know I am making the catalogue on the new plan that my father wished for; you have not time to help me, so I must work at it closely."

Tito, instead of meeting Romola's glance, closed his eyes and rubbed his hands over his face and hair. He felt he was behaving unlike



Corru e morte

himself, but he would make amends to-morrow. The terrible resurrection of secret fears, which, if Romola had known them, would have alienated her from him for ever, caused him to feel an alienation already begun between them—caused him to feel a certain repulsion towards a woman from whose mind he was in danger. The feeling had taken hold of him unawares, and he was vexed with himself for behaving in this new cold way to her. He could not suddenly command any affectionate looks or words; he could only exert himself to say what might serve as an excuse.

"I am not well, Romola; you must not be surprised if I am peevish."

"Ah, you have had so much to tire you to-day," said Romola, kneeling down close to him, and laying her arm on his chest while she put his hair back caressingly.

Suddenly she drew her arm away with a start, and a gaze of alarmed inquiry.

"What have you got on under your tunic, Tito? Something as hard as iron."

"It is iron—it is chain armour," he said at once. He was prepared for the surprise and the question, and he spoke quietly, as of something that he was not hurried to explain.

"There was some unexpected danger to-day, then?" said Romola, in a tone of conjecture. "You had it lent to you for the procession?"

"No; it is my own. I shall be obliged to wear it constantly, for some time."

"What is it that threatens you, my Tito?" said Romola, looking terrified, and clinging to him again.

"Every one is threatened in these times, who is not a rabid enemy of the Medici. Don't look distressed, my Romola—this armour will make me safe against covert attacks."

Tito put his hand on her neck and smiled. This little dialogue about the armour had broken through the new crust, and made a channel for the old sweet habit of kindness.

"But my godfather, then," said Romola; "is not he, too, in danger? And he takes no precautions—ought he not? since he must surely be in more danger than you, who have so little influence compared with him."

"It is just because I am less important that I am in more danger," said Tito, readily. "I am suspected constantly of being an envoy. And men like Messer Bernardo are protected by their position and their extended family connections, which spread among all parties, while I am a Greek that nobody would avenge."

"But, Tito, is it a fear of some particular person, or only a vague sense of danger that has made you think of wearing this?" Romola was unable to repel the idea of a degrading fear in Tito, which mingled itself with her anxiety.

"I have had special threats," said Tito, "but I must beg you to be silent on the subject, my Romola. I shall consider that you have broken my confidence, if you mention it to your godfather."

"Assuredly I will not mention it," said Romola, flushing, "if you wish it to be a secret. But, dearest Tito," she added, after a moment's pause, in a tone of loving anxiety, "it will make you very wretched."

"What will make me wretched?" he said, with a scarcely perceptible movement across his face, as from some darting sensation.

"This fear—this heavy armour. I can't help shuddering as I feel it under my arm. I could fancy it a story of enchantment—that some malignant fiend had changed your sensitive human skin into a hard shell. It seems so unlike my bright, light-hearted Tito!"

"Then you would rather have your husband exposed to danger, when he leaves you?" said Tito, smiling. "If you don't mind my being poniarded or shot, why need I mind? I will give up the armour—shall I?"

"No, Tito, no. I am fanciful. Do not heed what I have said. But such crimes are surely not common in Florence? I have always heard my father and godfather say so. Have they become frequent lately?"

"It is not unlikely they will become frequent, with the bitter hatreds that are being bred continually."

Romola was silent a few moments. She shrink from insisting further on the subject of the armour. She tried to shake it off.

"Tell me what has happened to-day," she said, in a cheerful tone. "Has all gone off well?"

"Excellently well. First of all, the rain came and put an end to Luca Corsini's oration, which nobody wanted to hear, and a ready-tongued personage—some say it was Gaddi, some say it was Melema, but really it was done so quickly no one knows who it was—had the honour of giving the Cristianissimo the briefest possible welcome in bad French."

"Tito, it was you, I know," said Romola, smiling brightly, and kissing him. "How is it you never care about claiming anything? And after that?"

"Oh! after that, there was a show of armour, and jewels, and trappings, such as you saw at the last Florentine *giostra*, only a great deal more of them. There was strutting, and prancing, and confusion, and scrambling, and the people shouted, and the Cristianissimo smiled from ear to ear. And after that there was a great deal of flattery, and eating, and play. I was at Tornabuoni's. I will tell you about it to-morrow."

"Yes, dearest—never mind now. But is there any more hope that things will end peaceably for Florence—that the Republic will not get into fresh troubles?"

Tito gave a shrug. "Florence will have no peace but what it pays well for—that is clear."

Romola's face saddened, but she checked herself, and said, cheerfully, "You would not guess where I went to-day, Tito. I went to the Duomo, to hear Fra Girolamo."

Tito looked startled; he had immediately thought of Baldassarre's entrance into the Duomo: but Romola gave his look another meaning.

"You are surprised, are you not? It was a sudden thought. I want to know all about the public affairs now, and I determined to hear for myself what the Frate promised the people about this French invasion."

"Well, and what did you think of the prophet?"

"He certainly has a very mysterious power, that man. A great deal of his sermon was what I expected; but once I was strangely moved—I sobbed with the rest."

"Take care, Romola," said Tito, playfully, feeling relieved that she had said nothing about Baldassarre; "you have a touch of fanaticism in you. I shall have you seeing visions, like your brother."

"No; it was the same with every one else. He carried them all with him; unless it were that gross Delfo Spini, whom I saw there making grimaces. There was even a wretched-looking man, with a rope round his neck—an escaped prisoner, I should think, who had run in for shelter—a very wild-eyed old man: I saw him with great tears rolling down his cheeks, as he looked and listened quite eagerly."

There was a slight pause before Tito spoke.

"I saw the man," he said, "the prisoner. I was outside the Duomo with Lorenzo Tornabuoni when he ran in. He had escaped from a French soldier. Did you see him when you came out?"

"No, he went out with our good old Piero di Cosimo. I saw Piero come in and cut off his rope, and take him out of the church. But you want rest, Tito? You feel ill?"

"Yes," said Tito, rising. The horrible sense that he must live in continual dread of what Baldassarre had said or done pressed upon him like a cold weight.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PAINTED RECORD.

Four days later, Romola was on her way to the house of Piero di Cosimo, in the Via Gualfonda. Some of the streets through which she had to pass were lined with Frenchmen who were gazing at Florence, and with Florentines who were gazing at the French, and the gaze was not on either side entirely friendly and admiring. The first nation in Europe, of necessity finding itself, when out of its own country, in the presence of general inferiority, naturally assumed an air of conscious pre-eminence; and the Florentines, who had taken such pains to play the host amiably, were getting into the worst humour with their too superior guests.

For after the first smiling compliments and festivities were over—after wondrous Mysteries with unrivalled machinery of floating clouds

and angels had been presented in churches—after the royal guest had honoured Florentine dames with much of his Most Christian ogling at balls and suppers, and business had begun to be talked of—it appeared that the new Charlemagne regarded Florence as a conquered city, inasmuch as he had entered it with his lance in rest, talked of leaving his viceroy behind him, and had thoughts of bringing back the Medici. Singular logic this appeared to be on the part of an elect instrument of God! since the policy of Piero de' Medici, disowned by the people, had been the only offence of Florence against the majesty of France. And Florence was determined not to submit. The determination was being expressed very strongly in consultations of citizens inside the Old Palace, and it was beginning to show itself on the broad flags of the streets and piazze wherever there was an opportunity of flouting an insolent Frenchman. Under these circumstances the streets were not altogether a pleasant promenade for well-born women; but Romola, shrouded in her black veil and mantle, and with old Maso by her side, felt secure enough from impertinent observation.

And she was impatient to visit Piero di Cosimo. A copy of her father's portrait as Edipus, which he had long ago undertaken to make for her, was not yet finished; and Piero was so uncertain in his work—sometimes, when the demand was not peremptory, laying aside a picture for months; sometimes thrusting it into a corner or coffer, where it was likely to be utterly forgotten—that she felt it necessary to watch over his progress. She was a favourite with the painter, and he was inclined to fulfil any wish of hers, but no general inclination could be trusted as a safeguard against his sudden whims. He had told her the week before that the picture would perhaps be finished by this time; and Romola was nervously anxious to have in her possession a copy of the only portrait existing of her father in the days of his blindness, lest his image should grow dim in her mind. The sense of defect in her devotedness to him made her cling with all the force of compunction as well as affection to the duties of memory. Love does not aim simply at the conscious good of the beloved object; it is not satisfied without perfect loyalty of heart; it aims at its own completeness.

Romola, by special favour, was allowed to intrude on the painter without previous notice. She lifted the iron slide and called Piero in a flute-like tone, as the little maiden with the eggs had done in Tito's presence. Piero was quick in answering, but when he opened the door he accounted for his quickness in a manner that was not complimentary.

"Ah, Madonna Romola, it is you. I thought my eggs were come; I wanted them."

"I have brought you something better than hard eggs, Piero. Maso has got a little basket full of cakes and *confetti* for you," said Romola, smiling, as she put back her veil. She took the basket from Maso, and stepping into the house, said,

"I know you like these things when you can have them without trouble. Confess you do."

"Yes, when they come to me as easily as the light does," said Piero, folding his arms and looking down at the sweetmeats as Romola uncovered them and glanced at him archly. "And they are come along with the light now," he added, lifting his eyes to her face and hair with a painter's admiration, as her hood, dragged by the weight of her veil, fell backward.

"But I know what the sweetmeats are for," he went on; "they are to stop my mouth while you scold me. Well, go on into the next room, and you will see I've done something to the picture since you saw it, though it's not finished yet. But I didn't promise, you know: I take care not to promise:

*'Chi promette e non mantiene
L'anima sua non va mai bene.'*"

The door opening on the wild garden was closed now, and the painter was at work. Not at Romola's picture, however. That was standing on the floor, propped against the wall, and Piero stooped to lift it, that he might carry it into the proper light. But in lifting away this picture, he had disclosed another—the oil-sketch of Tito, to which he had made an important addition within the last few days. It was so much smaller than the other picture that it stood far within it, and Piero, apt to forget where he had placed anything, was not aware of what he had revealed as, peering at some detail in the painting which he held in his hands, he went to place it on an easel. But Romola exclaimed, flushing with astonishment,

"That is Tito!"

Piero looked round, and gave a silent shrug. He was vexed at his own forgetfulness.

She was still looking at the sketch in astonishment; but presently she turned towards the painter, and said with puzzled alarm,

"What a strange picture! When did you paint it? What does it mean?"

"A mere fancy of mine," said Piero, lifting off his skull-cap, scratching his head, and making the usual grimace by which he avoided the betrayal of any feeling. "I wanted a handsome young face for it, and your husband's was just the thing."

He went forward, stooped down to the picture, and lifting it away with its back to Romola, pretended to be giving it a passing examination, before putting it aside as a thing not good enough to show.

But Romola, who had the fact of the armour in her mind, and was penetrated by this strange coincidence of things which associated Tito with the idea of fear, went to his elbow and said,—

"Don't put it away; let me look again. That man with the rope round his neck—I saw him—I saw you come to him in the Duomo. What was it that made you put him into a picture with Tito?"

Piero saw no better resource than to tell part of the truth.

"It was a mere accident. The man was running away—running up the steps, and caught hold of your husband: I suppose he had stumbled. I happened to be there, and saw it, and I thought the savage-looking old fellow was a good subject. But it's worth nothing—it's only a freakish daub of mine," Piero ended, contemptuously, moving the sketch away with an air of decision, and putting it on a high shelf. "Come and look at the *Cedipus*."

He had shown a little too much anxiety in putting the sketch out of her sight, and had produced the very impression he had sought to prevent—that there was really something unpleasant, something disadvantageous to Tito, in the circumstances out of which the picture arose. But this impression silenced her: her pride and delicacy shrank from questioning further, where questions might seem to imply that she could entertain even a slight suspicion against her husband. She merely said, in as quiet a tone as she could,

"He was a strange piteous-looking man, that prisoner. Do you know anything more of him?"

"No more: I showed him the way to the hospital, that's all. See now, the face of *Cedipus* is pretty nearly finished; tell me what you think of it."

Romola now gave her whole attention to her father's portrait, standing in long silence before it.

"Ah!" she said at last, "you have done what I wanted. You have given it more of the listening look. My good Piero"—she turned towards him with bright moist eyes—"I am very grateful to you."

"Now, that's what I can't bear in you women," said Piero, turning impatiently, and kicking aside the objects that littered the floor—"you are always pouring out feelings where there's no call for them. Why should you be grateful to me for a picture you pay me for, especially when I make you wait for it? And if I paint a picture, I suppose it's for my own pleasure and credit to paint it well, eh? Are you to thank a man for not being a rogue or a noodle? It's enough if he himself thanks Messer Domeneddio, who has made him neither the one nor the other. But women think walls are held together with honey."

"You crusty Piero! I forgot how snappish you are. Here, put this nice sweetmeat in your mouth," said Romola, smiling through her tears, and taking something very crisp and sweet from the little basket.

Piero accepted it very much as that proverbial bear that dreams of pears might accept an exceedingly mellow "swan-egg"—really liking the gift, but accustomed to have his pleasures and pains concealed under a shaggy coat.

"It's good, Madonna Antigone," said Piero, putting his fingers in the basket for another. He had eaten nothing but hard eggs for a fortnight. Romola stood opposite him, feeling her new anxiety suspended for a little while by the sight of this naïve enjoyment.

"Good-by, Piero," she said, presently, setting down the basket. "I promise not to thank you if you finish the portrait soon and well. I will tell you, you were bound to do it for your own credit."

"Good," said Piero, curtly, helping her to fold her mantle and veil round her with much deftness.

"I'm glad she asked no more questions about that sketch," he thought, when he had closed the door behind her. "I should be sorry for her to guess that I thought her fine husband a good model for a coward. But I made light of it; she'll not think of it again."

Piero was too sanguine, as open-hearted men are apt to be when they attempt a little clever simulation. The thought of the picture pressed more and more on Romola as she walked homeward. She could not help putting together the two facts of the chain armour and the encounter mentioned by Piero, between her husband and the prisoner, which had happened on the morning of the day when the armour was adopted. That look of terror which the painter had given Tito, had he seen it? What could it all mean?

"It means nothing," she tried to assure herself. "It was a mere coincidence. Shall I ask Tito about it?" Her mind said at last, "No: I will not question him about anything he did not tell me spontaneously. It is an offence against the trust I owe him." Her heart said, "I dare not ask him." There was a terrible flaw in the trust: she was afraid of any hasty movement, as men are who hold something precious and want to believe that it is not broken.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A MOMENT OF TRIUMPH.

"The old fellow has vanished; went on towards Arezzo the next morning; not liking the smell of the French, I suppose, after being their prisoner. I went to the hospital to inquire after him; I wanted to know if those broth-making monks had found out whether he was in his right mind or not. However, they said he showed no signs of madness—only took no notice of questions, and seemed to be planting a vine twenty miles off. He was a mysterious old tiger. I should have liked to know something more about him."

It was in Nello's shop that Piero di Cosimo was speaking, on the twenty-fourth of November, just a week after the entrance of the French. There was a party of six or seven assembled at the rather unusual hour of three in the afternoon; for it was a day on which all Florence was excited by the prospect of some decisive political event. Every lounging-place was full, and every shopkeeper who had no wife or deputy to leave in charge stood at his door with his thumbs in his belt; while the streets were constantly sprinkled with artisans pausing or passing lazily like

floating splinters, ready to rush forward impetuously if any object attracted them.

Nello had been thrumming the lute as he half sat on the board against the shop window, and kept an outlook towards the piazza.

"Ah," he said, laying down the lute, with emphasis, "I would not for a gold florin have missed that sight of the French soldiers waddling in their broad shoes after their runaway prisoners! That comes of leaving my shop to slave magnificent chins. It is always so: if ever I quit this navel of the earth something takes the opportunity of happening in my piazza."

"Yes, you ought to have been there," said Piero, in his biting way, "just to see your favourite Greek look as frightened as if Satanasso had laid hold of him. I like to see your ready smiling *Messeri* caught in a sudden wind and obliged to show their lining in spite of themselves. What colour do you think a man's liver is, who looks like a bleached deer as soon as a chance stranger lays hold of him suddenly?"

"Piero, keep that vinegar of thine as sauce to thy own eggs! Suffocation! What is it against my *bel erudito* that he looked startled when he felt a pair of claws upon him and saw an unchained madman at his elbow? Your scholar is not like those beastly Swiss and Germans, whose heads are fit for nothing but battering-rams, and who have such large appetites that they think nothing of taking a cannon-ball before breakfast. We Florentines count some other qualities in a man besides that vulgar stuff called bravery, which is to be got by hiring dunderheads at so much per dozen. I tell you, as soon as men found out they had more brains than oxen they set the oxen to draw for them, and when we Florentines found out that we had more brains than other men we set them to fight for us."

"Treason, Nello!" a voice called out from the inner sanctum, "that is not the doctrine of the State. Florence is grinding its weapons; and the last well-authenticated vision announced by the Frate was Mars standing on the Palazzo Vecchio with his arm on the shoulder of San Giovanni Battista, who was offering him a piece of honeycomb."

"It is well, Francesco," said Nello. "Florence has a few thicker skulls that may do to bombard Pisa with; there will still be the finer spirits left at home to do the thinking and the shaving. And, as for our Piero here, if he makes such a point of valour, let him carry his biggest brush for a weapon and his palette for a shield, and challenge the widest-mouthed Swiss he can see in the Prato to a single combat."

"Va, Nello," growled Piero, "thy tongue runs on as usual, like a mill when the Arno's full—whether there's grist or not."

"Excellent grist, I tell thee. For it would be as reasonable to expect a grizzled painter like thee to be fond of getting a javelin inside thee as to expect a man whose wits have been sharpened on the classics to like having his handsome face clawed by a wild beast."

"There you go, supposing you'll get people to put their legs into a

sack because you call it a pair of hosen," said Piero. "Who said anything about a wild beast, or about an unarmed man rushing on battle? Fighting is a trade, and it's not my trade. I should be a fool to run after danger, but I could face it if it came to me."

"How is it you're so afraid of the thunder then, my Piero?" said Nello, determined to chase down the accuser. "You ought to be able to understand why one man is shaken by a thing that seems a trifle to others—you who hide yourself with the rats as soon as a storm comes on."

"That is because I have a particular sensibility to loud sounds; it has nothing to do with my courage or my conscience."

"Well, and Tito Melena may have a peculiar sensibility to being laid hold of unexpectedly by prisoners who have run away from French soldiers. Men are born with antipathies; I myself can't abide the smell of mint. Tito was born with an antipathy to old prisoners who stumble and clutch. Ecco!"

There was a general laugh at Nello's defence, and it was clear that Piero's disinclination towards Tito was not shared by the company. The painter, with his undecipherable grimace, took the tow from his scarsella and stuffed his ears, as a sign of indignant contempt, while Nello went on triumphantly, —

"No, my Piero, I can't afford to have my *bel erudito* decried; and Florence can't afford it either, with her scholars moulting off her at the early age of forty. Our Phœnix Pico just gone straight to Paradise, as the Frate has informed us; and the incomparable Poliziano, not two months since, gone to—well, well, let us hope he is not gone to the eminent scholars in the Malebolge."

"By the way," said Francesco Cei, "have you heard that Camilla Rucellai has outdone the Frate in her prophecies? She prophesied two years ago that Pico would die in the time of lilies. He has died in November. 'Not at all the time of lilies,' said the scorners. 'Go to!' says Camilla; 'it is the lilies of France I meant, and it seems to me they are close enough under your nostrils.' I say, 'Euge, Camilla!' If the Frate can prove that any one of his visions has been as well fulfilled, I'll declare myself a *piagnone* to-morrow."

"You are something too slippant about the Frate, Francesco," said Pietro Cennini, the scholarly. "We are all indebted to him in these weeks for preaching peace and quietness, and the laying aside of party quarrels. They are men of small discernment who would be glad to see the people slipping the Frate's leash just now. And if the Most Christian King is obstinate about the treaty to-day, and will not sign what is fair and honourable to Florence, Fra Girolamo is the man we must trust in to bring him to reason."

"You speak truth, Messer Pietro," said Nello, "the Frate is one of the firmest nails Florence has to hang on—at least, that is the opinion of the most respectable chins I have the honour of shaving. But young

Messer Niccolò was saying here the other morning—and, doubtless, Francesco means the same thing—there is as wonderful a power of stretching in the meaning of visions as in Dido's bull's hide. A dream may mean whatever comes after it, *mi pare*. As our Franco Sacchetti says, a woman dreams over-night of a serpent biting her, breaks a drinking-cup the next day, and cries out, 'Look you, I thought something would happen—it's plain now what the serpent meant.'"

"But the Frate's visions are not of that sort," said Cronaca. "He not only says what will happen—that the Church will be scourged and renovated, and the heathens converted—he says it shall happen quickly. He is no slippery pretender who provides loopholes for himself, he is——"

"What is this? what is this?" exclaimed Nello, jumping off the *desco*, and putting his head out at the door. "Here are people streaming into the piazza, and shouting. Something must have happened in the Via Larga. Ahia!" he burst forth with delighted astonishment, stepping out, laughing, and waving his cap.

All the rest of the company hastened to the door. News from the Via Larga was just what they had been waiting for. But if the news had come into the piazza, they were not a little surprised at the form of its advent. Carried above the shoulders of the people, on a bench apparently snatched up in the street, sat Tito Melema, in smiling amusement at the compulsion he was under. His cap had slipped off his head, and hung by the *becchetto* which was wound loosely round his neck; and as he saw the group at Nello's door he lifted up his fingers in beckoning recognition. The next minute he had leaped from the bench on to a cart filled with bales, that stood in the broad space between the Baptistery and the steps of the Duomo, while the people swarmed round him with the noisy eagerness of poultry expecting to be fed. But there was silence when he began to speak, in his clear mellow voice—

"Citizens of Florence! I have no warrant to tell the news except your will. But the news is good, and will harm no man in the telling. The Most Christian King is signing a treaty that is honourable to Florence. But you owe it to one of your citizens, who spoke a word worthy of the ancient Romans—you owe it to Piero Capponi!"

Immediately there was a roar of voices.

"Capponi! Capponi! What said our Piero?" "Ah! he wouldn't stand being sent from Herod to Pilate!" "We knew Piero!" "Orsù! Tell us, what did he say?"

When the roar of insistance had subsided a little, Tito began again—

"The Most Christian King demanded a little too much—was obstinate—said at last, 'I shall order my trumpets to sound.' Then, Florentine citizens! your Piero Capponi, speaking with the voice of a free city, said, 'If you sound your trumpets, we will ring our bells!' He snatched the copy of the dishonouring conditions from the hands of the secretary, tore it in pieces, and turned to leave the royal presence."

Again there were loud shouts—and again impatient demands for more.

"Then, Florentines, the high majesty of France felt, perhaps for the first time, all the majesty of a free city. And the Most Christian King himself hastened from his place to call Piero Capponi back. The great spirit of your Florentine city did its work by a great word, without need of the great actions that lay ready behind it. And the King has consented to sign the treaty, which preserves the honour, as well as the safety, of Florence. The banner of France will float over every Florentine galley in sign of amity and common privilege, but above that banner will be written the word 'Liberty!'

"That is all the news I have to tell; is it not enough?—since it is for the glory of every one of you, citizens of Florence, that you have a fellow-citizen who knows how to speak your will."

As the shouts rose again, Tito looked round with inward amusement at the various crowd, each of whom was elated with the notion that Piero Capponi had somehow represented him—that he was the mind of which Capponi was the mouthpiece. He enjoyed the humour of the incident, which had suddenly transformed him, an alien and a friend of the Medici, into an orator who tickled the ears of the people blatant for some unknown good which they called liberty. He felt quite glad that he had been laid hold of and hurried along by the crowd as he was coming out of the palace in the *Via Larga* with a commission to the Signoria. It was very easy, very pleasant, this exercise of speaking to the general satisfaction: a man who knew how to persuade need never be in danger from any party; he could convince each that he was signing with all the others. The gestures and faces of weavers and dyers were certainly amusing when looked at from above in this way. Tito was beginning to get easier in his armour, and at this moment was quite unconscious of it. He stood with one hand holding his recovered cap, and with the other at his belt, the light of a complacent smile in his long lustrous eyes, as he made a parting reverence to his audience, before springing down from the bales—when suddenly his glance met that of a man who had not at all the amusing aspect of the exulting weavers, dyers, and wool-carders. The face of this man was clean shaven, his hair close-clipped, and he wore a decent felt hat. A single glance would hardly have sufficed to assure any one but Tito that this was the face of the escaped prisoner who had laid hold of him on the steps. But to Tito it came not simply as the face of the escaped prisoner, but as a face with which he had been familiar long, long years before.

It seemed all compressed into a second—the sight of Baldassarre looking at him, the sensation shooting through him like a fiery arrow, and the act of leaping from the cart. He would have leaped down in the same instant, whether he had seen Baldassarre or not, for he was in a hurry to be gone to the Palazzo Vecchio: this time he had not betrayed himself by look or movement, and he said inwardly that he should not be taken by surprise again; he should be prepared to see this face rise up continually like the intermittent blotch that comes in diseased vision. But this reappearance of Baldassarre so much more in his own likeness,

tightened the pressure of dread: the idea of his madness lost its likelihood now he was shaven and clad like a decent though poor citizen. Certainly, there was a great change in his face; but how could it be otherwise? And yet, if he were perfectly sane—in possession of all his powers and all his learning—why was he lingering in this way before making known his identity? It must be for the sake of making his scheme of vengeance more complete. But he did linger: that at least gave an opportunity for flight. And Tito began to think that flight was his only resource.

But while he, with his back turned on the Piazza del Duomo, had lost the recollection of the new part he had been playing, and was no longer thinking of the many things which a ready brain and tongue made easy, but of a few things which destiny had somehow made very difficult, the enthusiasm which he had fed contemptuously was creating a scene in that Piazza in grand contrast with the inward drama of self-centered fear which he had carried away from it.

The crowd, on Tito's disappearance, had begun to turn their faces towards the outlets of the Piazza in the direction of the Via Larga, when the sight of *Mazzieri*, or mace-bearers, entering from the Via de' Martelli, announced the approach of dignitaries. They must be the syndics, or commissioners, charged with the effecting of the treaty; the treaty must be already signed, and they had come away from the royal presence. Piero Capponi was coming—the brave heart that had known how to speak for Florence. The effect on the crowd was remarkable; they parted with softening, dropping voices, subsiding into silence,—and the silence became so perfect that the tread of the syndics on the broad pavement, and the rustle of their black silk garments, could be heard, like rain in the night. There were four of them; but it was not the two learned doctors of law, Messer Guidantonio Vespucci and Messer Domenico Bonsi, that the crowd waited for; it was not Francesco Valori, popular as he had become in these late days. The moment belonged to another man, of firm presence, as little inclined to humour the people as to humour any other unreasonable claimants—loving order, like one who by force of fortune had been made a merchant, and by force of nature had become a soldier. It was not till he was seen at the entrance of the piazza that the silence was broken, and then one loud shout of "Capponi, Capponi! Well done, Capponi!" rang through the piazza.

The simple, resolute man looked round him with grave joy. His fellow-citizens gave him a great funeral two years later, when he had died in fight: there were torches carried by all the magistracy, and torches again, and trains of banners. But it is not known that he felt any joy in the oration that was delivered in his praise, as the banners waved over his bier. Let us be glad that he got some thanks and praise while he lived.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE AVENGER'S SECRET.

It was the first time that Baldassarre had been in the Piazza del Duomo since his escape. He had a strong desire to hear the remarkable monk preach again, but he had shrunk from reappearing in the same spot where he had been seen half-naked, with neglected hair, with a rope round his neck—in the same spot where he had been called a madman. The feeling, in its freshness, was too strong to be overcome by any trust he had in the change he had made in his appearance; for when the words "some madman, surely," had fallen from Tito's lips, it was not their baseness and cruelty only that had made their viper sting—it was Baldassarre's instantaneous bitter consciousness that he might be unable to prove the words false. Along with the passionate desire for vengeance that possessed him had arisen the keen sense that his power of achieving the vengeance was doubtful. It was as if Tito had been helped by some diabolical prompter, who had whispered Baldassarre's saddest secret in the traitor's ear. He was not mad; for he carried within him that piteous stamp of sanity—the clear consciousness of shattered faculties: he measured his own feebleness. With the first movements of vindictive rage awoke a vague caution, like that of a wild beast that is fierce but feeble—or like that of an insect whose little fragment of earth has given way, and made it pause in a palsy of distrust. It was this distrust, this determination to take no step which might betray anything concerning himself, that had made Baldassarre reject Piero di Cosimo's friendly advances.

He had been equally cautious at the hospital, only telling, in answer to the questions of the brethren there, that he had been made a prisoner by the French on his way from Genoa. But his age, and the indications in his speech and manner that he was of a different class from the ordinary mendicants and poor travellers who were entertained in the hospital, had induced the monks to offer him extra charity—a coarse woollen tunic to protect him from the cold, a pair of peasant's shoes, and a few *danari*, smallest of Florentine coins, to help him on his way. He had gone on the road to Arezzo early in the morning; but he had paused at the first little town, and had used a couple of his *danari* to get himself shaved, and to have his circle of hair clipped short, in his former fashion. The barber there had a little hand-mirror of bright steel: it was a long while, it was years, since Baldassarre had looked at himself, and now, as his eyes fell on that hand-mirror, a new thought shot through his mind. "Was he so changed that Tito really did not know him?" The thought was such a sudden arrest of impetuous currents, that it was a painful shock to him: his hand shook like a leaf, as he put away

the barber's arm and asked for the mirror. He wished to see himself before he was shaved. The barber, noticing his tremulousness, held the mirror for him.

No, he was not so changed as that. He himself had known the wrinkles as they had been three years ago; they were only deeper now: there was the same rough, clumsy skin, making little superficial bosses on the brow, like so many cipher marks; the skin was only yellower, only looked more like a lifeless rind. That shaggy white beard—it was no disguise to eyes that had looked closely at him for sixteen years—to eyes that ought to have searched for him with the expectation of finding him changed, as men search for the beloved among the bodies cast up by the waters. There was something different in his glance, but it was a difference that should only have made the recognition of him the more startling; for is not a known voice all the more thrilling when it is heard as a cry? But the doubt was folly: he had felt that Tito knew him. He put out his hand and pushed the mirror away. The strong currents were rushing on again, and the energies of hatred and vengeance were active once more.

He went back on the way towards Florence again, but he did not wish to enter the city till dusk; so he turned aside from the high-road, and sat down by a little pool shadowed on one side by alder-bushes still sprinkled with yellow leaves. It was a calm November day, and he no sooner saw the pool than he thought its still surface might be a mirror for him. He wanted to contemplate himself slowly, as he had not dared to do in the presence of the barber. He sat down on the edge of the pool, and bent forward to look earnestly at the image of himself.

Was there something wandering and imbecile in his face—something like what he felt in his mind?

Not now; not when he was examining himself with a look of eager inquiry: on the contrary, there was an intense purpose in his eyes. But at other times? Yes, it must be so: in the long hours when he had the vague aching of an unremembered past within him—when he seemed to sit in dark loneliness, visited by whispers which died out mockingly as he strained his ear after them, and by forms that seemed to approach him and float away as he thrust out his hand to grasp them—in those hours, doubtless, there must be continual frustration and amazement in his glance. And, more horrible still, when the thick cloud parted for a moment, and, as he sprang forward with hope, rolled together again, and left him helpless as before; doubtless then, there was a blank confusion in his face, as of a man suddenly smitten with blindness.

Could he prove anything? Could he even begin to allege anything, with the confidence that the links of thought would not break away? Would any believe that he had ever had a mind filled with rare knowledge, busy with close thoughts, ready with various speech? It had all slipped away from him—that laboriously gathered store. Was it utterly and for ever gone from him, like the waters from an urn lost in the wide

ocean? Or, was it still within him, imprisoned by some obstruction that might one day break asunder?

It might be so; he tried to keep his grasp on that hope. For, since the day when he had first walked feebly from his couch of straw, and had felt a new darkness within him under the sunlight, his mind had undergone changes, partly gradual and persistent, partly sudden and fleeting. As he had recovered his strength of body, he had recovered his self-command and the energy of his will; he had recovered the memory of all that part of his life which was closely inwrought with his emotions; and he had felt more and more constantly and painfully the uneasy sense of lost knowledge. But more than that—once or twice, when he had been strongly excited, he had seemed momentarily to be in entire possession of his past self, as old men doze for an instant, and get back the consciousness of their youth: he seemed again to see Greek pages and understand them, again to feel his mind moving unbenumbed among familiar ideas. It had been but a flash, and the darkness closing in again seemed the more horrible; but might not the same thing happen again for longer periods? If it would only come and stay long enough for him to achieve a revenge—devise an exquisite suffering, such as a mere right arm could never inflict!

He raised himself from his stooping attitude, and, folding his arms, attempted to concentrate all his mental force on the plan he must immediately pursue. He had to wait for knowledge and opportunity, and while he waited he must have the means of living without beggary. What he dreaded of all things now was, that any one should think him a foolish, helpless old man. No one must know that half his memory was gone: the lost strength might come again; and if it were only for a little while, that might be enough.

He knew how to begin to get the information he wanted about Tito. He had repeated the words *Bratti Ferravecchj* so constantly after they had been uttered to him, that they never slipped from him for long together. A man at Genoa, on whose finger he had seen Tito's ring, had told him that he bought that ring at Florence, of a young Greek, well dressed, and with a handsome dark face, in the shop of a *rigattiere* called *Bratti Ferravecchj*, in the street also called *Ferravecchj*. This discovery had caused a violent agitation in Baldassarre. Until then he had clung with all the tenacity of his fervid nature to his faith in Tito, and had not for a moment believed himself to be wilfully forsaken. At first he had said, "My bit of parchment has never reached him; that is why I am still toiling at Antioch. But he is searching: he knows where I was lost; he will trace me out, and find me at last." Then, when he was taken to Corinth, he induced his owners, by the assurance that he should be sought out and ransomed, to provide securely against the failure of any inquiries that might be made about him at Antioch; and at Corinth he thought joyfully, "Here, at last, he must find me. Here he is sure to touch, whichever way he goes." But before another year had passed the illness

had come from which he had risen with body and mind so shattered that he was worse than worthless to his owners except for the sake of the ransom that did not come. Then, as he sat helpless in the morning sunlight, he began to think, "Tito has been drowned, or they have made *him* a prisoner too. I shall see him no more. He set out after me, but misfortune overtook him. I shall see his face no more." Sitting in his new feebleness and despair, supporting his head between his hands, with blank eyes and lips that moved uncertainly, he looked so much like a hopelessly imbecile old man, that his owners were contented to be rid of him, and allowed a Genoese merchant, who had compassion on him as an Italian, to take him on board his galley. In a voyage of many months in the Archipelago and along the sea-board of Asia Minor, Baldassarre had recovered his bodily strength, but on landing at Genoa he had so weary a sense of his desolateness that he almost wished he had died of that illness at Corinth. There was just one possibility that hindered the wish from being decided: it was that Tito might not be dead, but living in a state of imprisonment or destitution; and if he lived, there was still a hope for Baldassarre—faint, perhaps, and likely to be long deferred, but still a hope, that he might find his child, his cherished son again; might yet again clasp hands and meet face to face with the one being who remembered him as he had been before his mind was broken.

In this state of feeling he had chanced to meet the stranger who wore Tito's onyx ring, and though Baldassarre would have been unable to describe the ring beforehand, the sight of it stirred the dormant fibres, and he recognized it. That Tito nearly a year after his father had been parted from him should have been living in apparent prosperity at Florence, selling the gem which he ought not to have sold till the last extremity, was a fact that Baldassarre shrunk from trying to account for; he was glad to be stunned and bewildered by it, rather than to have any distinct thought; he tried to feel nothing but joy that he should behold Tito again. Perhaps Tito had thought that his father was dead; somehow the mystery would be explained. "But at least I shall meet eyes that will remember me; I am not alone in the world."

And now again Baldassarre said, "I am not alone in the world; I shall never be alone, for my revenge is with me."

It was as the instrument of that revenge, as something merely external and subservient to his true life, that he bent down again to examine himself with hard curiosity—not, he thought, because he had any care for a withered, forsaken old man, whom nobody loved, whose soul was like a deserted home, where the ashes were cold upon the hearth, and the walls were bare of all but the marks of what had been. It is in the nature of all human passion, the lowest as well as the highest, that there is a point at which it ceases to be properly egoistic, and is like a fire kindled within our being to which everything else in us is mere fuel.

He looked at the pale black-browed image in the water till he identified it with that self from which his revenge seemed to be a thing

apart ; and he felt as if the image too heard the silent language of his thought.

"I was a loving fool—I worshipped a woman once, and believed she could care for me ; and then I took a helpless child and fostered him ; and I watched him as he grew, to see if he would care for me only a little—care for *me* over and above the good he got from me. I ~~would~~ have torn open my breast to warm him with my life-blood if I could only have seen him care a little for the pain of my wound. I have laboured, I have strained to crush out of this hard life one drop of unselfish love. Fool ! men love their own delights—there is no delight to be had in me. And yet I watched till I believed I saw what I watched for. When he was a child he lifted soft eyes towards me, and held my hand willingly : I thought, this boy will surely love me a little : because I give my life to him and strive that he shall know no sorrow, he will care a little when I am thirsty—the drop he lays on my parched lips will be a joy to him. . . . Curses on him ! I wish I may see him lie with those red lips white and dry as ashes, and when he looks for pity I wish he may see my face rejoicing in his pain. It is all a lie—this world is a lie—there is no goodness but in hate. Fool ! not one drop of love came with all your striving—life has not given you one drop. But there are deep draughts in this world for hatred and revenge. I have memory left for that, and there is strength in my arm—there is strength in my will—and if I can do nothing but kill him——"

But Baldassarre's mind rejected the thought of that brief punishment. His whole soul had been thrilled into immediate unreasoning belief in that eternity of vengeance where he, an undying hate, might clutch for ever an undying traitor, and hear that fair smiling hardness cry and moan with anguish. But the primary need and hope was to see a slow revenge under the same sky and on the same earth where he himself had been forsaken and had fainted with despair. And as soon as he tried to concentrate his mind on the means of attaining his end, the sense of his weakness pressed upon him like a frosty ache. This despised body, which was to be the instrument of a sublime vengeance, must be nourished and decently clad. If he had to wait he must labour, and his labour must be of a humble sort, for he had no skill. He wondered whether the sight of written characters would so stimulate his faculties that he might venture to try and find work as a copyist : *that* might win him some credence for his past scholarship. But no ! he dared trust neither hand nor brain. He must be content to do the work that was most like that of a beast of burden : in this mercantile city many porters must be wanted, and he could at least carry weights. Thanks to the justice that struggled in this confused world in behalf of vengeance, his limbs had got back some of their old sturdiness. He was stripped of all else that men would give coin for.

But the new urgency of this habitual thought brought a new suggestion. There was something hanging by a cord round his bare neck ;

something apparently so paltry that the piety of Turks and Frenchmen had spared it—a tiny parchment bag blackened with age. It had hung round his neck as a precious charm when he was a boy, and he had kept it carefully on his breast, not believing that it contained anything but a tiny scroll of parchment rolled up hard. He might long ago have thrown it away as a relic of his dead mother's superstition; but he had thought of it as a relic of her love, and had kept it. It was part of the piety associated with such *brevi*, that they should never be opened, and at any previous moment in his life Baldassarre would have said that no sort of thirst would prevail upon him to open this little bag for the chance of finding that it contained, not parchment, but an engraved amulet which would be worth money. But now a thirst had come like that which makes men open their own veins to satisfy it, and the thought of the possible amulet no sooner crossed Baldassarre's mind than with nervous fingers he snatched the *breve* from his neck. It all rushed through his mind—the long years he had worn it, the far-off sunny balcony at Naples looking towards the blue waters, where he had leaned against his mother's knee; but it made no moment of hesitation: all piety now was transmuted into a just revenge. He bit and tore till the doubles of parchment were laid open, and then—it was a sight that made him pant—there *was* an amulet. It was very small, but it was as blue as those far-off waters; it was an engraved sapphire, which must be worth some gold ducats. Baldassarre no sooner saw those possible ducats than he saw some of them exchanged for a poniard. He did not want to use the poniard yet, but he longed to possess it. If he could grasp its handle and feel its edge, that blank in his mind—that past which fell away continually—would not make him feel so cruelly helpless: the sharp steel that despised talents and eluded strength would be at his side, as the unfailing friend of feeble justice. There was a sparkling triumph under Baldassarre's black eyebrows as he replaced the little sapphire inside the bits of parchment and wound the string tightly round them.

It was nearly dusk now, and he rose to walk back towards Florence. With his *danari* to buy him some bread, he felt rich: he could lie out in the open air, as he found plenty more doing in all corners of Florence. And in the next few days he had sold his sapphire, had added to his clothing, had bought a bright dagger, and had still a pair of gold florins left. But he meant to hoard that treasure carefully: his lodging was an outhouse with a heap of straw in it, in a thinly-inhabited part of Oltrarno, and he thought of looking about for work as a porter

He had bought his dagger at Bratti's. Paying his meditated visit there one evening at dusk, he had found that singular rag-merchant just returned from one of his rounds, emptying out his basketful of broken glass and old iron amongst his handsome show of heterogeneous second-hand goods. As Baldassarre entered the shop, and looked towards the smart pieces of apparel, the musical instruments, and weapons, that were

displayed in the broadest light of the window, his eye at once singled out a dagger that hung up high against a red scarf. By buying that dagger he could not only satisfy a strong desire; he could open his original errand in a more indirect manner than by speaking of the onyx ring. In the course of bargaining for the weapon he let drop, with cautious carelessness, that he came from Genoa, and had been directed to Bratti's shop by an acquaintance in that city who had bought a very valuable ring there. Had the respectable trader any more such rings?

Whereupon Bratti had much to say as to the unlikelihood of such rings being within reach of many people, with much vaunting of his own rare connections, due to his known wisdom and honesty. It might be true that he was a pedlar—he chose to be a pedlar; though he was rich enough to kick his heels in his shop all day. But those who thought they had said all there was to be said about Bratti, when they had called him a pedlar, were a good deal further off the truth than the other side of Pisa. How was it that he could put that ring in a stranger's way? It was, because he had a very particular knowledge of a handsome young signor, who did not look quite so fine a feathered bird when Bratti first set eyes on him as he did at the present time. And by a question or two Baldassarre extracted, without any trouble, such a rough and rambling account of Tito's life as the pedlar could give, since the time when he had found him sleeping under the Loggia de' Cerchi. It never occurred to Bratti that the decent man (who was rather deaf, apparently, asking him to say many things twice over) had any curiosity about Tito; the curiosity was doubtless about himself, as a truly remarkable pedlar.

And Baldassarre left Bratti's shop, not only with the dagger at his side, but with a general knowledge of Tito's conduct and position—of his early sale of the jewels, his immediate quiet settlement of himself at Florence, his marriage, and his great prosperity.

"What story had he told about his previous life—about his father?"

That was a question to which it would be difficult for Baldassarre to discover the answer. Meanwhile, he wanted to learn all he could about Florence. But he found, to his acute distress, that of the new details he learned he could only retain a few, and those only by continual repetition; and he began to be afraid of listening to any new discourse, lest it should obliterate what he was already striving to remember.

The day he was discerned by Tito in the Piazza del Duomo, he had the fresh anguish of this consciousness in his mind, and Tito's ready speech fell upon him like the mockery of a glib, defying demon.

As he went home to his heap of straw, and passed by the booksellers' shops in the Via del Garbo, he paused to look at the volumes spread open. Could he by long gazing at one of those books lay hold of the slippery threads of memory? Could he by striving get a firm grasp somewhere, and lift himself above these waters that flowed over him?

He was tempted, and bought the cheapest Greek book he could see. He carried it home and sat on his heap of straw, looking at the characters

by the light of the small window; but no inward light arose on them. Soon the evening darkness came; but it made little difference to Baldassarre. His strained eyes seemed still to see the white pages with the unintelligible black marks upon them.

CHAPTER XXX

FRUIT IS SEED.

"My Romola," said Tito, the second morning after he had made his speech in the Piazza del Duomo, "I am to receive grand visitors to-day; the Milanese Count is coming again, and the Seneschal de Beaucaire, the great favourite of the Cristianissimo. I know you don't care to go through smiling ceremonies with these rustling magnates, whom we are not likely to see again; and as they will want to look at the antiquities and the library, perhaps you had better give up your work to-day, and go to see your cousin Brigida."

Romola discerned a wish in this intimation, and immediately assented. But presently, coming back in her hood and mantle, she said, "Oh, what a long breath Florence will take when the gates are flung open, and the last Frenchman is walking out of them! Even you are getting tired, with all your patience, my Tito; confess it. Ah, your head is hot."

He was leaning over his desk, writing, and she had laid her hand on his head, meaning to give a parting caress. The attitude had been a frequent one, and Tito was accustomed, when he felt her hand there, to raise his head, throw himself a little backward, and look up at her. But he felt now as unable to raise his head as if her hand had been a leaden cowl. He spoke instead, in a light tone, as his pen still ran along.

"The French are as ready to go from Florence as the wasps to leave a ripe pear when they have just fastened on it."

Romola, keenly sensitive to the absence of the usual response, took away her hand and said, "I am going, Tito."

"Farewell, my sweet one. I must wait at home. Take Maso with you."

Still Tito did not look up, and Romola went out without saying any more. Very slight things make epochs in married life, and this morning for the first time she admitted to herself not only that Tito had changed, but that he had changed towards her. Did the reason lie in herself? She might perhaps have thought so, if there had not been the facts of the armour and the picture to suggest some external event which was an entire mystery to her.

But Tito no sooner believed that Romola was out of the house than he laid down his pen and looked up, in delightful security from seeing anything else than parchment and broken marble. He was rather disgusted

with himself that he had not been able to look up at Romola and behave to her just as usual. He would have chosen, if he could, to be even more than usually kind; but he could not, on a sudden, master an involuntary shrinking from her, which, by a subtle relation, depended on those very characteristics in him that made him desire not to fail in his marks of affection. He was about to take a step which he knew would arouse her deep indignation: he would have to encounter much that was unpleasant before he could win her forgiveness. And Tito could never find it easy to face displeasure and anger; his nature was one of those most remote from defiance or impudence, and all his inclinations leaned towards preserving Romola's tenderness. He was not tormented by sentimental scruples which, as he had demonstrated to himself by a very rapid course of argument, had no relation to solid utility; but his freedom from scruples did not release him from the dread of what was disagreeable. Unscrupulousness gets rid of much, but not of toothache, or wounded vanity, or the sense of loneliness, against which, as the world at present stands, there is no security but a thoroughly healthy jaw, and a just, loving soul. And Tito was feeling intensely at this moment that no devices could save him from pain in the impending collision with Romola; no persuasive blandness could cushion him against the shock towards which he was being driven like a timid animal urged to a desperate leap by the terror of the tooth and the claw that are close behind it.

The secret feeling he had previously had that the tenacious adherence to Bardo's wishes about the library had become under existing difficulties a piece of sentimental folly, which deprived himself and Romola of substantial advantages, might perhaps never have wrought itself into action but for the events of the past week, which had brought at once the pressure of a new motive and the outlet of a rare opportunity. Nay, it was not till his dread had been aggravated by the sight of Baldassarre looking more like his sane self, not until he had begun to feel that he might be compelled to flee from Florence, that he had brought himself to resolve on using his legal right to sell the library before the great opportunity offered by French and Milanese bidders slipped through his fingers. For if he had to leave Florence he did not want to leave it as a destitute wanderer. He had been used to an agreeable existence, and he wished to carry with him all the means at hand for retaining the same agreeable conditions. He wished among other things to carry Romola with him, and *not*, if possible, to carry any infamy. Success had given him a growing appetite for all the pleasures that depend on an advantageous social position, and at no moment could it look like a temptation to him, but only like a hideous alternative, to decamp under dishonour, even with a bag of diamonds, and incur the life of an adventurer. It was not possible for him to make himself independent even of those Florentines who only greeted him with regard; still less was it possible for him to make himself independent of Romola. She was the wife of his first love—he loved her still; she belonged to that furniture of life which he shrank

from parting with. He winced under her judgment, he felt uncertain how far the revulsion of her feeling towards him might go; and all that sense of power over a wife which makes a husband risk betrayals that a lover never ventures on, would not suffice to counteract Tito's uneasiness. This was the leaden weight which had been too strong for his will, and kept him from raising his head to meet her eyes. Their pure light brought too near him the prospect of a coming struggle. But it was not to be helped: if they had to leave Florence, they must have money; indeed, Tito could not arrange life at all to his mind without a considerable sum of money. And that problem of arranging life to his mind had been the source of all his misdoing. He would have been equal to any sacrifice that was not unpleasant.

The rustling magnates came and went, the bargains had been concluded, and Romola returned home; but nothing grave was said that night. Tito was only gay and chatty, pouring forth to her, as he had not done before, stories and descriptions of what he had witnessed during the French visit. Romola thought she discerned an effort in his liveliness, and, attributing it to the consciousness in him that she had been wounded in the morning, accepted the effort as an act of penitence, inwardly aching a little at that sign of growing distance between them—that there was an offence about which neither of them dared to speak.

The next day Tito remained away from home until late at night. It was a marked day to Romola, for Piero di Cosimo, stimulated to greater industry on her behalf by the fear that he might have been the cause of pain to her in the past week, had sent home her father's portrait. She had propped it against the back of his old chair, and had been looking at it for some time, when the door opened behind her, and Bernardo del Nero came in.

"It is you, godfather! How I wish you had come sooner: it is getting a little dusk," said Romola, going towards him.

"I have just looked in to tell you the good news, for I know Tito is not come yet," said Bernardo. "The French king moves off to-morrow; not before it is high time. There has been another tussle between our people and his soldiers this morning. But there's a chance now of the city getting into order once more and trade going on."

"That is joyful," said Romola. "But it is sudden, is it not? Tito seemed to think yesterday that there was little prospect of the king's going soon."

"He has been well barked at, that's the reason," said Bernardo, smiling. "His own generals opened their throats pretty well, and at last our Signoria sent the mastiff of the city, Fra Girolamo. The Cristianissimo was frightened at that thunder, and has given the order to move. I'm afraid there'll be small agreement among us when he's gone, but, at any rate, all parties are agreed in being glad not to have Florence stifled with soldiery any longer, and the Frate has barked this time to

some purpose. Ah, what is this?" he added, as Romola, clasping him by the arm, led him in front of the picture. "Let us see."

He began to unwind his long scarf while she placed a seat for him.

"Don't you want your spectacles, godfather?" said Romola, in anxiety that he should see just what she saw.

"No, child, no," said Bernardo, uncovering his grey head, as he seated himself with firm erectness. "For seeing at this distance, my old eyes are perhaps better than your young ones. Old men's eyes are like old men's memories; they are strongest for things a long way off."

"It is better than having no portrait," said Romola, apologetically, after Bernardo had been silent a little while. "It is less like him now than the image I have in my mind, but then that might fade with the years." She rested her arm on the old man's shoulder as she spoke, drawn towards him strongly by their common interest in the dead.

"I don't know," said Bernardo. "I almost think I see Bardo as he was when he was young, better than that picture shows him to me as he was when he was old. Your father had a great deal of fire in his eyes when he was young. It was what I could never understand, that he, with his fiery spirit, which seemed much more impatient than mine, could hang over the books and live with shadows all his life. However, he had put his heart into that."

Bernardo gave a slight shrug as he spoke the last words, but Romola discerned in his voice a feeling that accorded with her own.

"And he was disappointed to the last," she said, involuntarily. But immediately fearing lest her words should be taken to imply an accusation against Tito, she went on almost hurriedly, "If we could only see his longest, dearest wish fulfilled just to his mind!"

"Well, so we may," said Bernardo, kindly, rising and putting on his cap. "The times are cloudy now, but fish are caught by waiting. Who knows? When the wheel has turned often enough, I may be Gonfaloniere yet before I die; and no creditor can touch these things." He looked round as he spoke. Then, turning to her, and patting her cheek, said, "And you need not be afraid of my dying; my ghost will claim nothing. I've taken care of that in my will."

Romola seized the hand that was against her cheek, and put it to her lips in silence.

"Haven't you been scolding your husband for keeping away from home so much lately? I see him everywhere but here," said Bernardo, willing to change the subject.

She felt the flush spread over her neck and face as she said, "He has been very much wanted; you know he speaks so well. I am glad to know that his value is understood."

"You are contented, then, Madonna Orgogliosa?" said Bernardo, smiling as he moved to the door.

"Assuredly."

Poor Romola! There was one thing that would have made the pang

of disappointment in her husband harder to bear: it was, that any one should know he gave her cause for disappointment. This might be a woman's weakness, but it is closely allied to a woman's nobleness. She who willingly lifts up the veil of her married life has profaned it from a sanctuary into a vulgar place.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A REVELATION.

THE next day Romola, like every other Florentine, was excited about the departure of the French. Besides her other reasons for gladness, she had a dim hope, which she was conscious was half superstitious, that those new anxieties about Tito, having come with the burdensome guests, might perhaps vanish with them. The French had been in Florence hardly eleven days, but in that space she had felt more acute unhappiness than she had known in her life before. Tito had adopted the hateful armour on the day of their arrival, and though she could frame no distinct notion why their departure should remove the cause of his fear—though, when she thought of that cause, the image of the prisoner grasping him, as she had seen it in Piero's sketch, urged itself before her and excluded every other—still, when the French were gone, she would be rid of something that was strongly associated with her pain.

Wrapped in her mantle she waited under the loggia at the top of the house, and watched for the glimpses of the troops and the royal retinue passing the bridges on their way to the Porta San Piero, that looks towards Siena and Rome. She even returned to her station when the gates had been closed, that she might feel herself vibrating with the great peal of the bells. It was dusk then, and when at last she descended into the library, she lit her lamp, with the resolution that she would overcome the agitation that had made her idle all day, and sit down to work at her copying of the catalogue. Tito had left home early in the morning, and she did not expect him yet. Before he came she intended to leave the library, and sit in the pretty saloon, with the dancing nymphs and the birds. She had done so every evening since he had objected to the library as chill and gloomy.

To her great surprise, she had not been at work long before Tito entered. Her first thought was, how cheerless he would feel the wide darkness of this great room, with one little oil-lamp burning at the farther end, and the fire nearly out. She almost ran towards him.

"Tito, dearest, I did not know you would come so soon," she said, nervously putting up her white arms to unwind his *becchetto*.

"I am not welcome then?" he said, with one of his brightest smiles, clasping her, but playfully holding his head back from her.

"Tito!" She uttered the word in a tone of pretty, loving reproach, and

then he kissed her fondly, stroked her hair, as his manner was, and seemed not to mind about taking off his mantle yet. Romola quivered with delight. All the emotions of the day had been preparing in her a keener sensitiveness to the return of this habitual manner. "It will come back," she was saying to herself, "the old happiness will perhaps come back. He is like himself again."

Tito was taking great pains to be like himself; his heart was palpitating with anxiety.

"If I had expected you so soon," said Romola, as she at last helped him to take off his wrappings, "I would have had a little festival prepared to this joyful ringing of the bells. I did not mean to be here in the library when you came home."

"Never mind, sweet," he said, carelessly. "Do not think about the fire. Come—come and sit down."

There was a low stool against Tito's chair, and that was Romola's habitual seat when they were talking together. She rested her arm on his knee, as she used to do on her father's, and looked up at him while he spoke. He had never yet noticed the presence of the portrait, and she had not mentioned it—thinking of it all the more.

"I have been enjoying the clang of the bells for the first time, Tito," she began. "I liked being shaken and deafened by them: I fancied I was something like a Bacchante possessed by a divine rage. Are not the people looking very joyful to-night?"

"Joyful after a sour and pious fashion," said Tito, with a shrug. "But, in truth, those who are left behind in Florence have little cause to be joyful; it seems to me, the most reasonable ground of gladness would be to have got out of Florence."

Tito had sounded the desired key-note without any trouble, or appearance of premeditation. He spoke with no emphasis, but he looked grave enough to make Romola ask rather anxiously,

"Why, Tito? Are there fresh troubles?"

"No need of fresh ones, my Romola. There are three strong parties in the city, all ready to fly at each other's throats. And if the Frate's party is strong enough to frighten the other two into silence, as seems most likely, life will be as pleasant and amusing as a funeral. They have the plan of a great Council simmering already; and if they get it, the man who sings sacred lauds the loudest will be the most eligible for office. And besides that, the city will be so drained by the payment of this great subsidy to the French king, and by the war to get back Pisa, that the prospect would be dismal enough without the rule of fanatics. On the whole, Florence will be a delightful place for those worthies who entertain themselves in the evening by going into crypts and lashing themselves; but for everything else, the exiles have the best of it. For my own part, I have been thinking seriously that we should be wise to quit Florence, my Romola."

She started. "Tito, how could we leave Florence? Surely you do

not think I could leave it—at least, not yet—not for a long while.” She had turned cold and trembling, and did not find it quite easy to speak. Tito must know the reasons she had in her mind.

“That is all a fabric of your own imagination, my sweet one. Your secluded life has made you lay such false stress on a few things. You know I used to tell you, before we were married, that I wished we were somewhere else than in Florence. If you had seen more places and more people, you would know what I mean when I say that there is something in the Florentines that reminds me of their cutting spring winds. I like people who take life less eagerly; and it would be good for my Romola, too, to see a new life. I should like to dip her a little in the soft waters of forgetfulness.”

He leaned forward and kissed her brow, and laid his hand on her fair hair again; but she felt his caress no more than if he had kissed a mask. She was too much agitated by the sense of the distance between their minds to be conscious that his lips touched her.

“Tito, it is not because I suppose Florence is the pleasantest place in the world that I desire not to quit it. It is because I—because we have to see my father’s wish fulfilled. My godfather is old—he is seventy-one—we could not leave it to him.”

“It is precisely those superstitions which hang about your mind like bedimmed clouds, my Romola, that make one great reason why I could wish we were two hundred leagues from Florence. I am obliged to take care of you in opposition to your own will: if those dear eyes, that look so tender, see falsely, I must see for them, and save my wife from wasting her life in disappointing herself by impracticable dreams.”

Romola sat silent and motionless: she could not blind herself to the direction in which Tito’s words pointed: he wanted to persuade her that they might get the library deposited in some monastery, or make some other ready means to rid themselves of a task, and a tie to Florence; and she was determined never to submit her mind to his judgment on this question of duty to her father; she was inwardly prepared to encounter any sort of pain in resistance. But the determination was kept latent in these first moments by the heart-crushing sense that now at last she and Tito must be confessedly divided in their wishes. He was glad of her silence, for, much as he had feared the strength of her feeling, it was impossible for him, shut up in the narrowness that hedges in all merely clever, unimpassioned men, not to over-estimate the persuasiveness of his own arguments. His conduct did not look ugly to himself, and his imagination did not suffice to show him exactly how it would look to Romola. He went on in the same gentle, remonstrating tone.

“You know, dearest—your own clear judgment always showed you—that the notion of isolating a collection of books and antiquities, and attaching a single name to them for ever, was one that had no valid, substantial good for its object: and yet more, one that was liable to be defeated in a thousand ways. See what has become of the Medici collections! And, for my

part, I consider it even blameworthy to entertain those petty views of appropriation: why should any one be reasonably glad that Florence should possess the benefits of learned research and taste more than any other city? I understand your feeling about the wishes of the dead; but wisdom puts a limit to these sentiments, else lives might be continually wasted in that sort of futile devotion—like praising deaf gods for ever. You gave your life to your father while he lived; why should you demand more of yourself?"

"Because it was a trust," said Romola, in a low but distinct voice. "He trusted me, he trusted you, Tito. I did not expect you to feel anything else about it—to feel as I do—but I did expect you to feel that."

"Yes, dearest, of course I should feel it on a point where your father's real welfare or happiness was concerned; but there is no question of that now. If we believed in purgatory, I should be as anxious as you to have masses said; and if I believed it could pain your father to see his library preserved and used in a rather different way from what he had set his mind on, I should share the strictness of your views. But a little philosophy should teach us to rid ourselves of those air-woven fetters that mortals hang round themselves, spending their lives in misery under the mere imagination of weight. Your mind, which seizes ideas so readily, my Romola, is able to discriminate between substantial good and these brain-wrought fantasies. Ask yourself, dearest, what possible good can these books and antiquities do stowed together under your father's name in Florence, more than they would do if they were divided or carried elsewhere? Nay, is not the very dispersion of such things in hands that know how to value them one means of extending their usefulness? This rivalry of Italian cities is very petty and illiberal. The loss of Constantinople was the gain of the whole civilized world."

Romola was still too thoroughly under the painful pressure of the new revelation Tito was making of himself, for her resistance to find any strong vent. As that fluent talk fell on her ears there was a rising contempt within her, which only made her more conscious of her bruised despairing love, her love for the Tito she had married and believed in. Her nature, possessed with the energies of strong emotion, recoiled from this hopelessly shallow readiness which professed to appropriate the widest sympathies and had no pulse for the nearest. She still spoke like one who was restrained from showing all she felt. She had only drawn away her arm from his knee and sat with her hands clasped before her, cold and motionless as locked waters.

"You talk of substantial good, Tito! Are faithfulness, and love, and sweet grateful memories, no good? Is it no good that we should keep our silent promises on which others build because they believe in our love and truth? Is it no good that a just life should be justly honoured? Or, is it good that we should harden our hearts against all the wants and hopes of those who have depended on us? What good can belong to men who have such souls? To talk cleverly, perhaps, and find soft

couches for themselves, and live and die with their base selves as their best companions."

Her voice had gradually risen till there was a ring of scorn in the last words; she made a slight pause, but he saw there were other words quivering on her lips, and he chose to let them come.

"I know of no good for cities or the world if they are to be made up of such beings. But I am not thinking of other Italian cities and the whole civilized world—I am thinking of my father, and of my love and sorrow for him, and of his just claims on us. I would give up anything else, Tito,—I would leave Florence,—what else did I live for but for him and you? But I will not give up that duty. What have I to do with your arguments? It was a yearning of *his* heart, and therefore it is a yearning of mine."

Her voice, from having been tremulous, had become full and firm. She felt that she had been urged on to say all that it was needful for her to say. She thought, poor thing, there was nothing harder to come than this struggle against Tito's suggestions as against the meaner part of herself.

He had begun to see clearly that he could not persuade her into assent: he must take another course, and show her that the time for resistance was past. That, at least, would put an end to further struggle; and if the disclosure were not made by himself to-night, to-morrow it must be made in another way. That necessity nerved his courage; and his experience of her affectionateness and unexpected submissiveness, ever since their marriage until now, encouraged him to hope that, at last, she would accommodate herself to what had been his will.

"I am sorry to hear you speak in that spirit of blind persistence, my Romola," he said, quietly, "because it obliges me to give you pain. But I partly foresaw your opposition, and as a prompt decision was necessary, I avoided that obstacle, and decided without consulting you. The very care of a husband for his wife's interest compels him to that separate action sometimes—even when he has such a wife as you, my Romola."

She turned her eyes on him in breathless inquiry.

"I mean," he said, answering her look, "that I have arranged for the transfer, both of the books and antiquities, where they will find the highest use and value. The books have been bought for the Duke of Milan, the marbles and bronzes and the rest are going to France: and both will be protected by the stability of a great Power, instead of remaining in a city which is exposed to ruin."

Before he had finished speaking, Romola had started from her seat, and stood up looking down at him, with tightened hands falling before her, and, for the first time in her life, with a flash of fierceness in her scorn and anger.

"You have *sold* them?" she asked, as if she distrusted her ears.

"I have," said Tito, quailing a little. The scene was unpleasant—the descending scorn already scorched him.

"You are a treacherous man!" she said, with something grating in her voice, as she looked down at him.

She was silent for a minute, and he sat still, feeling that ingenuity was powerless just now. Suddenly she turned away, and said, in an agitated tone, "It may be hindered—I am going to my godfather."

In an instant Tito started up, went to the door, locked it, and took out the key. It was time for all the masculine predominance that was latent in him to show itself. But he was not angry; he only felt that the moment was eminently unpleasant, and that when this scene was at an end he should be glad to keep away from Romola for a little while. But it was absolutely necessary first that she should be reduced to passiveness.

"Try to calm yourself a little, Romola," he said, leaning in the easiest attitude possible against a pedestal under the bust of a grim old Roman. Not that he was inwardly easy: his heart palpitated a little with a moral dread, against which no chain-armour could be found. He had locked in his wife's anger and scorn, but he had been obliged to lock himself in with it; and his blood did not rise with contest—his olive cheek was perceptibly paled.

Romola had paused and turned her eyes on him as she saw him take his stand and lodge the key in his scarsella. Her eyes were flashing, and her whole frame seemed to be possessed by impetuous force that wanted to leap out in some deed. All the crushing pain of disappointment in her husband, which had made the strongest part of her consciousness a few minutes before, was annihilated by the vehemence of her indignation. She could not care in this moment that the man she was despising as he leaned there in his loathsome beauty—she could not care that he was her husband; she could only feel that she despised him. The pride and fierceness of the old Bardi blood had been thoroughly awaked in her for the first time.

"Try at least to understand the fact," said Tito, "and do not seek to take futile steps which may be fatal. It is of no use for you to go to your godfather. Messer Bernardo cannot reverse what I have done. Only sit down. You would hardly wish, if you were quite yourself, to make known to any third person what passes between us in private."

Tito knew that he had touched the right fibre there. But she did not sit down; she was too unconscious of her body voluntarily to change her attitude.

"Why can it not be reversed?" she said, after a pause. "Nothing is moved yet."

"Simply because the sale has been concluded by written agreement; the purchasers have left Florence, and I hold the bonds for the purchase-money."

"If my father had suspected you of being a faithless man," said Romola, in a tone of bitter scorn, which insisted on darting out before she could say anything else, "he would have placed the library safely out of your power. But death overtook him too soon, and when you were sure

his ear was deaf, and his hand stiff, you robbed him." She paused an instant, and then said, with gathered passion, "Have you robbed somebody else, who is *not* dead? Is that the reason you wear armour?"

Romola had been driven to utter the words as men are driven to use the lash of the horsewhip. At first, Tito felt horribly cowed; it seemed to him that the disgrace he had been dreading would be worse than he had imagined it. But soon there was a reaction: such power of dislike and resistance as there was within him was beginning to rise against a wife whose voice seemed like the herald of a retributive fate. Her, at least, his quick mind told him that he might master.

"It is useless," he said, coolly, "to answer the words of madness, Romola. Your peculiar feeling about your father has made you mad at this moment. Any rational person looking at the case from a due distance will see that I have taken the wisest course. Apart from the influence of your exaggerated feelings on him, I am convinced that Messer Bernardo would be of that opinion."

"He would not!" said Romola. "He lives in the hope of seeing my father's wish exactly fulfilled. We spoke of it together only yesterday. He will help me yet. Who are these men to whom you have sold my father's property?"

"There is no reason why you should not be told, except that it signifies little. The Count di San Severino and the Seneschal de Beaucaire are now on their way with the king to Siena."

"They may be overtaken and persuaded to give up their purchase," said Romola, eagerly, her anger beginning to be surmounted by anxious thought.

"No, they may not," said Tito, with cool decision.

"Why?"

"Because I do not choose that they should."

"But if you were paid the money?—we will pay you the money," said Romola. No words could have disclosed more fully her sense of alienation from Tito; but they were spoken with less of bitterness than of anxious pleading. And he felt stronger, for he saw that the first impulse of fury was past.

"No, my Romola. Understand that such thoughts as these are impracticable. You would not, in a reasonable moment, ask your godfather to bury three thousand florins in addition to what he has already paid on the library. I think your pride and delicacy would shrink from that."

She began to tremble and turn cold again with discouragement, and sank down on the carved chest near which she was standing. He went on in a clear voice, under which she shuddered, as if it had been a narrow cold stream coursing over a hot cheek.

"Moreover, it is not my will that Messer Bernardo should advance the money, even if the project were not an utterly wild one. And I beg you to consider, before you take any step or utter any word on the subject,

what will be the consequences of your placing yourself in opposition to me, and trying to exhibit your husband in the odious light which your own distempered feelings cast over him. What object will you serve by injuring me with Messer Bernardo? The event is irrevocable, the library is sold, and you are my wife."

Every word was spoken for the sake of a calculated effect, for his intellect was urged into the utmost activity by the danger of the crisis. He knew that Romola's mind would take in rapidly enough all the wide meaning of his speech. He waited and watched her in silence.

She had turned her eyes from him and was looking on the ground, and in that way she sat for several minutes. When she spoke, her voice was quite altered,—it was quiet and cold.

"I have one thing to ask."

"Ask anything that I can do without injuring us both, Romola."

"That you will give me that portion of the money which belongs to my godfather, and let me pay him."

"I must have some assurance from you, first, of the attitude you intend to take towards me."

"Do you believe in assurances, Tito?" she said, with a tinge of returning bitterness.

"From you, I do."

"I will do you no harm. I shall disclose nothing. I will say nothing to pain him or you. You say truly, the event is irrevocable."

"Then I will do what you desire to-morrow morning."

"To-night, if possible," said Romola, "that we may not speak of it again."

"It is possible," he said, moving towards the lamp, while she sat still, looking away from him with absent eyes.

Presently he came and bent down over her, to put a piece of paper into her hand. "You will receive something in return, you are aware, my Romola?" he said, gently, not minding so much what had passed, now he was secure; and feeling able to try and propitiate her.

"Yes," she said, taking the paper, without looking at him, "I understand."

"And you will forgive me, my Romola, when you have had time to reflect." He just touched her brow with his lips, but she took no notice, and seemed really unconscious of the act.

She was aware that he unlocked the door and went out. She moved her head and listened. The great door of the court opened and shut again. She started up as if some sudden freedom had come, and going to her father's chair where his picture was propped, fell on her knees before it, and burst into sobs.

Campaigning with General Pope.

IN August, 1862, I—a “special correspondent”—was sent to join the army of General Pope, then concentrating in the Piedmont region of Virginia, and in the county of Fauquier.

I waited upon the Chief of Staff, at the General's city quarters, on the morning of my arrival in Washington. A plain brick residence, with shady side-walk, guarded by a volunteer soldier in slovenly blouse and breeches, and constantly beset by aids, waggoners, and sutlers, had been allotted to the commander of the “Army of Virginia,” and in the upper story I found him in civil dress, smoking a cigar. Tall, corpulent, and athletic, with keen dark eyes, and beard and hair black as midnight, General John Pope had all the air of a commander.

Vain, imprudent, and not proverbially truthful; but shrewd, active, and skilled in the rules of warfare, Pope could be great and little too. He was clothed with scrupulous neatness, his hair and beard were carefully dressed, his cigars exquisite in flavour. He spoke much and rapidly, chiefly of himself; swore roundly at intervals, was petulant at trifles, and sanguine of impending success. I remember that some one asked him, incidentally, where he should make his final head-quarters? “In the saddle, sir,” said Pope, bending his dark eyes upon the questioner.

I found no trouble in securing military passes and railroad transportation for myself and horse. Others were less fortunate; and some, whose claim was that of love, duty, or charity, were coldly rebuffed. Two women for example, wives of private soldiers, had come from the remote State of Maine to see their sick husbands in the hospital at Fredericksburg. They were weak, pretty creatures, and looked strangely out of place among the rough soldiery that thronged the inspector's office. A dozen rude glances discomposed them, as they made application; and at the contemptuous refusal, they turned their heads and wept silently. A great burly cavalry-man, whose awkward honesty I shall never forget, so far forgot his position as to condemn most lustily the discipline that obstructed such gentle missions. He was at once put under arrest, and the poor wives were removed from the office.

The morning was bright and young when I strapped blankets and baggage upon the back of my pony, and went at an easy trot across the Long Bridge, towards Alexandria. The clear sky, peculiar to American rivers, shone bright over the Potomac, and the countless forts that cluster upon Arlington Heights looked down through thousands of tents upon the transports that crowded mistily about the distant wharves. Arlington House, the stately residence of the Confederate General Lee, stood

amidst thick pines and cedars, with batteries planted upon the lawn and a signal look-out upon the roof. Dark masses of horsemen could be seen moving over the heights, and the Federal flag floated everywhere.

Midway on the bridge a train surprised me, and the frightened colt that I bestrode very nearly finished my part of the campaign. In respect to horses, I had been unfortunate from the first. My original quadruped would go at all only when spurred, and if spurred invariably ran away. My second had an antipathy to newspapers, and refused to eat his oats if close to any paper whatsoever. I tied him ultimately to a waggon-wheel at Harrison's Bar, and have had a curious impression ever since that he is still spinning round.

The present animal was young, nervous, and full of blood and sinew. I did not feel quite safe with him upon ordinary occasions; but at the crack of musketry, the roll of a drum, or the gleaming of standards, sabres, and bayonets, he grew positively wild, and several times drew vituperations from officers and men whom he had almost trampled.

The feeling that my vocation had somewhat of peril about it gave tone and spirit to my ride. When I had climbed Arlington Cliffs I turned a moment to regard the city, whose colossal buildings glistened and glistened in the sunlight. The Capitol sat enthroned on the right; the long façade of the Treasury building in the centre, and on the left, the stern, severe outlines of the President's mansion. Between, lay the city, incongruously built, and down by the slope of the river the broken shaft of the monument to Washington.

In that Capitol lay the heart of the Federal people; and to preserve it inviolate they had piled fort upon fort, added battalion to battalion, and cannon to cannon. There was no approach to the city that could not be commanded by a hundred guns.

Alexandria, a prim Virginian town, overrun with infantry in blue, cavalry in yellow, and artillerymen in red, looked very sombre as I rode up its main avenue. The old race of Alexandrians had moved away, and the Hebrews were installed in their ancient shops. A few women of the former régime sat lonesomely at their windows, but others, of a widely different character, flaunted in rouge and silk through groups of soldiers on the side-paths. There were drinking-dens set up in famous homesteads, spruce modern mansions were turned into barracks and hospitals, and army cattle browsed in quiet domestic grass-yards and gardens. In the suburbs many houses had been gutted in pure hate and wantonness. I saw, among others, the residence of a Confederate colonel that had been twice fired, and its noble lawn with its maple-trees given over to axe and cattle. I rode through a gap in the broken fence, splashing mud at every hoof, and my horse put his head through a rent in the dwelling. Not Hun or Goth could have done more to destroy. The floors were broken; lascivious pencillings profaned the hospitable chambers; the cellar was full of rain-water; and carrion had been tossed into the well.

I stopped at the Marshall House, where rash young Ellsworth perished, and found that the stairways stained with his blood had been broken up by the new proprietor—a brutal-looking Zouave—and sold, piece by piece, to relic-hunters. The City Hotel, an antique building, where Washington and his contemporaries were wont to feast and dance, accommodated me with a bed. The waiters were surly negroes, disposed to somnolence at inopportune times, and absolutely deaf to bells and halloos. On my way next morning to the railway depôt, I passed the slave-pen, a barbarous place, enclosed by a spiked wall. Here refractory negroes were confined of old, and those about to be sent to Southern markets. Manacles and chains were said to have been found here.

With some trouble I got my colt into a cattle-car, and my pass having been countersigned by a Government agent, I secured a seat in an open carriage, among recruits, convalescents, and civilians, all bound for Warrenton. Without a moment's delay, we were being whirled due south, through a country depopulated and ravaged, past negro huts where loitering soldiers sunned themselves, and hill-top dwellings where red-garbed Zouaves flitted by the broken doors like bloody apparitions. The corn-fields of a summer gone by lay rotting on the slopes; there were the remains of camps in all the valleys; sentries lurked in glens and copses; long lines of supply-teams laboured up cross-road ruts; and guns frowned down from the tall hills, commanding the track for miles. We left Fairfax Court-house on our right, and tugging up steep grades, whistling through patches of forest, crossing gorges and rivulets, came at last to Bull Run, consecrated by the first great struggle of the war, and to be again made memorable.

With strange emotions I beheld the deep and turgid waters of this creek—about as wide as the Dee at Chester, or the Thames at Oxford—flowing sluggishly through a rocky defile, the crests on either side perhaps two hundred feet from the water, and shut in by thick woods of pine, oak, and chestnut. The valley had a gaunt and ancient look; and as the scream of the engine reverberated along its borders, hybrid mules, that were drinking at a ford, raised up their heads and brayed. Two miles farther on we reached Manassas Junction, formerly the head-quarters of Beauregard, and the winter quarters until recently of the Southern army. As the train stopped close to a rough depôt and engine-house, I perceived a man, a little distance off, sighting a cannon directly at the car in which I was seated. With considerable agitation I leaped to the ground, but as both figure and piece remained motionless I ventured to approach. The affair proved to be a log, or "Quaker gun," mounted upon waggon-wheels, and the gunner some stuffed clothing, crowned with an old hat.

If the world contains any place particularly appropriate for a battle site, it is the plain of Manassas. A high, broad, table-land, with Bull Run forming in front an almost impassable defence, reaches, in the far distance, to the Blue Ridge. Through a narrow cleft in the mountains comes the Manassas Gap Railway from the Shenandoah Valley, uniting at the junc-

tion with the Range and Alexandria Railway, direct from Richmond and Charlottesville. By the former, the troops of Johnston, through the feebleness of the Federal leader Patterson, came to the rescue of the Confederates, and redeemed their fortunes. They marched from the junction to the field, column upon column, and every whistle of their locomotives carried terror to the Federal hearts. The Confederate ramparts will remain for centuries. They are built chiefly of barrels of earth, covered with mould, securely ditched, and protected by abattis. An old barn to the left of the railway is thus entrenched, and its walls pierced for sharpshooters. An orchard and house close by are similarly defended, and every elevation, as far as the eye can see, in the direction of Washington, is marked by a redan, a lunette, a stockade, a breastwork, or a rifle-pit. The house where Beauregard abode had been turned into a commissary depôt. A dozen rude structures for sutlers' stores adjoined the railway, and these were fancifully inscribed "New England House," "Fire Zouave's Delight," "Davis' Head," &c. Heaps of shell and ball stood here and there; down a medley of sidings Government locomotives were hauling ponderous freights; regimental mail-messengers came and went through swarms of pie-women, newspaper-boys, pea-nut vendors, guides, gossips, and loiterers; while beyond there, the Blue Ridge curled huge and misty, the dumb witness of a score of battles, past and to come. The whole region hereabout is desolate, and the few hulks of dwellings that remain stand bare, unenclosed, and open to wind and rain—their great windowy eyes seeming to reveal chapters of change and misery. "Catlett's," subsequently commemorated by a dashing cavalry raid, is simply a white frame-house and station, at a crossing about eight miles from Manassas. The railroad here, as elsewhere, goes through fields and forests, and is nowhere fenced or enclosed. Wild pigs started from coverts as the train went whooping by, and carrion vultures by thousands wheeled aloft.

Switching off to the right, at Warrenton Junction, we reached Warrenton at three o'clock, one of the pleasantest hamlets in Virginia, and in its palmy days populated by about two thousand people. Here General McDowell, the Federal leader at Bull Run, had his quarters, and the town was garrisoned by the 9th New York regiment. Other regiments had encampments on adjacent knolls and spurs of the Blue Ridge, and the depôt close by the town bristled with daily reinforcements of men, muskets, and ammunition. The Federals had certainly spared no expenditure to supply the army of Pope with all essentials of warfare. I was struck particularly with the railway arrangements. Locomotives and cars were branded "United States Military Railroads," for the Government had seized all the roads in the land. Campaigning over so great a country is futile without rail facilities, and the Confederates have but to burn a bridge to delay their adversaries for weeks.

At the terminus, flour-barrels were heaped by acres. A great pound adjoined, where quartermasters' horses were kept. Hams, army pork, and barrels of beef were piled in mountainous heaps, and of pilot-bread or

camp-biscuit there seemed no end. Teamsters and teams innumerable surrounded the train as it came to its destination. Idle officers elbowed hither and thither, and horsemen that seemed to have nothing to do rode recklessly into motley crowds of citizens, negroes, and soldiers. Warrenton was, in a word, a cozy, sleepy village that had, unwittingly, become a *dépôt* for a great army. The innocent burghers who planned its railroad had, in the act, made their streets highways, and their homes shelters, for the countless tribes of the North.

There was something mournfully embarrassed in the faces of the residents. Their sons were in the Southern army, their daughters at home, and they, a few old men, among thousands of armed and hostile strangers. Their court-house, a cumbrous old edifice, had passed into the hands of the town provost-marshal. Their seminary—a new modern pile—was set apart for General Pope, soon to arrive. Their churches had been transformed into hospitals for the Federal army, and many of their shops and residences had been seized for military purposes. Their negroes, emboldened by the presence of “*de Nawdeners*,” had refused to work, and hundreds became servants to Federal officers. They were prohibited from leaving the village, and sutlers were forbidden to trade with them. More than all, an order had been issued that those who should not take the oath of allegiance before a specified day should be removed beyond the Federal lines. They gathered of afternoons at the “*Warren Green*,” a village inn, and talked in undertones. They went to their homes humbly, as if doubtful of their right to own anything, and a small favour from a Federal was accepted in mute astonishment. They read the papers, doubtful what to reject, what to believe. They made sales of butter and milk, and were paid in Federal money, which they regarded dolorously. They introduced spruce officers to their daughters, but trembled lest the rashness of the young ladies should bring insult upon both.

It is due to the Federals to say that they were generally scrupulous and respectful. It must be said of the young ladies and their papas, that, when their fears had been allayed, both became very bold. After a time, “*Dixie*” and the “*Bonnie Blue Flag*” were heard of evenings, and commentaries upon Yankee courage and character ventured of afternoons. It then came out that many residents of the place had been in the Confederate service, and among them the commander of the famous “*Black Horse Cavalry*,” which made panic at Bull Run. I saw and spoke with the latter—a slight severe person, who was a little boastful—and also with a youth named Bragg, who said that he “*was at Fahfax, suh. Yes, suh! By G—d, I was at Fahfax, when Tompkins chawged, with his smart hossmen, suh! We fawmed in awdaw across the main street, and it would have wawmed yoh hawt, suh, to see them tumble!*” As the gentleman made this observation in the presence of some twenty Federals, I thought either that he was very bold, or they very forbearing.

Good order generally prevailed in the village. There was some little drunkenness among teamsters, but the provost-marshal had a keen scent for spirits, and many hundred casks were dragged to light and emptied. I don't know why, but I particularly remember the village pump—a staunch old sentry—surrounded by cavalry-men watering their nags. Of evenings I sat upon the upper portico of the inn, smoking my cigar, and heard the ringing challenge of the patrols below. In the graveyard, at the edge of the town, slept two hundred Confederates slain at Bull Run. Strolling among the graves, each marked with a wooden slab, I came upon the inscription, "Two Union Soldiers." It was a beautiful tribute from foe to foe.

After a week passed actively at Warrenton, I received an invitation from General McDowell's staff officers to spend a night at White Sulphur Springs, their new head-quarters, seven miles on the way to Culpepper. Pope had meantime arrived at Warrenton; the locomotive that accompanied him was dressed with flags. Truly, he was the vainest of the vain!

On a clear still evening I resumed my journey, in the company of three intelligent officers. Our way toward the Springs lay over a broad stone turnpike; through wood and ford; past deserted toll-houses and military despatch stations, where fleet horses stood saddled in the moonlight; up and down hills; by military paths cut through grass-fields; and corduroy roads that led across swamps and quicksands. We broke upon camps concealed in copses, and saw the blaze of sabres as dark horsemen sonorously challenged. Couriers galloped by in the imperfect light, and vanished like spectres. We heard serenades floating from far-off head-quarters, and bugles that echoed sadly in the distance. At last the great hotel of the Springs appeared, and riding through dark avenues of trees and cottages, we came upon the broad park or lawn. The General's tent was pointed out to me, pitched under an elm. He was writing by candle-light.

Harsh, disappointed, ambitious, McDowell was kind to few and little beloved. He was unpopular with many of his aides, and regarded by the Confederates as at heart favourable to their cause. I believed him to be a better soldier than McClellan, and quite as faithful.

Giving our horses to negro attendants, we adjourned to a cottage close to the spring, for many years the summer abode of Chief Justice Taney. Coffee and savoury beef formed the staple of our meal, and pipes and raw whisky found us seated on the piazza long after the hush of midnight. A few of McDowell's aides belonged to the regular United States army, but there were several foreigners, and among them Count St. Alb, an Austrian adventurer. As I lay on the floor that night, wrapped in a blanket, I little thought that the ancient hotel was soon to be consigned to the flames, and the road by which I came to be marked with brand and blood.

Taking an early sulphur-bath, I made my respects to General McDowell

next morning, and had crossed the North Rappahannock or Hedgemain River, before ten o'clock, on the way to Culpepper. The country was cool, woody, and high, bordered by mountains. The tenements were a mile or more apart, and the settlements few and paltry. I passed some regiments marching towards Culpepper, and the waggon-trains reached for miles continuously. At most farmhouse-gates white flags were hung out, signifying neutrality; but there was much straggling from regiments, and under pretences of thirst and fatigue many soldiers troubled the women and children. The German troops of Generals Blenker and Carl Schurz were renowned for thieving. They frequently cut the throats of sheep and cattle in pure wantonness.

At two o'clock I crossed Hazel River, by a covered bridge, and lunched at a secluded place on its shores. For dessert I swam to the other side. At four o'clock I entered Culpepper, the rendezvous of McDowell's corps, a petty village, containing a stone court-house, where I found staples and chains in the prisoners' dock. The direct railroad between Alexandria and Richmond passes by the place, and twenty miles below Culpepper bridges, the river Rapidan, or South Rappahannock, on whose banks lay the Confederate army of Stonewall Jackson.

A town so sombre as Culpepper I have never known. The shops were all closed. The clergymen had all retired save one, and as he continued to pray publicly for Jefferson Davis, he was warned to desist. There was not a single able-bodied man remaining out of a population of twelve hundred; and the women were unusually outspoken and mischievous. Coffee was worth six shillings a pound, whisky thirty shillings a gallon. Absolute starvation prevailed among the residents; and I have given as much as a shilling for an ear of green (Indian) corn. A wretched meal might be had at one of the hotels for four shillings, and board at five guineas a week. The table, at meals, was kept cool by a series of fans, pendent from the ceiling, put in motion by a small black boy, who pulled a string at the far end of the room. Said boy, fond of sleep, fell into frequent relapses, and was brought to consciousness only when a knife was flung angrily at him. Cavalry skirmishes were of frequent occurrence in the neighbourhood of the town, and prisoners were daily brought into Culpepper. From these I gleaned an estimate of the Confederate strength; they evidently outnumbered the Federals. For the first time the idea struck me that Pope's advance was intended to divert attention from McClellan, while the latter should evacuate the peninsula. Apprised of the weakness of the invaders, the Confederates, doubtless, fathomed their design. Jackson concluded to cross the Rapidan and assume the offensive, expecting, before McClellan should reinforce Pope, to cripple or capture the latter's command, and dash into Maryland and Washington. He was to be followed by the whole Confederate army, probably two hundred thousand strong.

We received the first tidings of his advance, incredulously, at Culpepper. A body of New Jersey cavalry came pell-mell into town on a Friday afternoon, reporting the rebels at Barrett's Ford, with immense adjuncts

of cannon and cavalry. Pope ordered them under arrest, and the ridiculous spectacle was witnessed of eight or ten provost-officers escorting a whole regiment of disarmed cavalry to head-quarters.

If the news should be true, it would be most inopportune. Banks's command was mainly at Little Washington, thirty miles distant, and Sigel's at Sperryville, quite as far. The remaining corps, that of McDowell, consisted of two divisions; but a large portion of one was stationed at Fredericksburgh, where also were General Burnside's troops. Word was at once telegraphed for Sigel and Banks to come up in light equipment; and with all speed Crawford's brigade was thrown out toward Gordonsville, followed by McDowell's command, as a reserve.

I mounted my horse at three o'clock, and galloped excitedly out upon the Orange turnpike, hoping to overtake Crawford before dusk. The roads in every direction were marked by multitudinous hoofs, and I took the wrong course. After riding at high speed for an hour, I came upon a farm-house. Two men, in butternut suits, were chopping wood in the side yard, and I called out,

"Has Crawford's brigade passed this way?"

"Who's Crawford?"

"Have no troops gone by to-day?"

"None since yester mornin'—the Prince William Cavalry."

"Isn't this the way to the Rapidan?"

"Rapidan! You're set straight for Richmond, and ole Stonewall ain't two miles ahead."

I needed no further intelligence, but galloped as if winged, some miles to the rear, and came up with Crawford at five o'clock.

To see an army marching to the battle-field is strangely pleasant; but those who imagine a dress-parade have something to learn. So far as my experience goes, a march is a very disorderly affair. One of Crawford's regiments was resting under arms; lying flat in the road, sitting bow-legged under hedges, playing cards in the shade of trees, searching in hollows of fields for cool water, clubbing green apples in orchards, smoking briar-wood pipes, imbibing from long-necked bottles; and many were fast asleep. Two regiments were moving on; the field-officers lazily walking their horses; the ammunition-waggon, laden with knapsacks, bringing up the rear; the troops in body, but each keeping step as he chose, and disposing of his musket as he liked.

I was a subject of fruitful commentary to the wags in the ranks.

"Our special artist!" says one, significantly.

"Give the 55th a good puff!" says another.

"Bully boy reporter!" yells a third.

A number of those on the march roared staves of songs. A full regiment sang with stentorian lungs:—

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,—
His soul's marching on!
Glory, Hallelujah!

"Hollo, Jim Smith! carry some o' my crackers!" "Billy, boy, is you after ole Jeff?" "Ay, ay! boh! That's so Roachy!" "Hyip! Hyip! Hooroar!" "Tig-r-r-r!" Such were the medley exclamations that broke from men soon to stand within the grip of death. A few had anxious faces, thinking perhaps of home. A few were manfully silent, conscious of impending hazards, but firm and courageous; but the mass were going to their graves in procession, thoughtless, flippant, and hardened. At odd times, the drum corps beat "The girl I left behind me," when hundreds began to jig and to amble. Brave drummer boys! I have seen a corps of them, not one of them above fourteen years of age, serenely making music when corpses lay thickly around them, and the shock of battalions made the earth tremble.

As we advanced, regiments of cavalry returning reported that the enemy was hard by. The infantry at once broke into prolonged cheer-, and the brigade band commenced, "Hail Columbia!" Much of the Federal cavalry was wretchedly made up; but there was a Maine regiment of broad, long-armed swordsmen, whose equals I have never seen. In this regiment, the horses of each company were of a distinct colour. There was a regiment of lancers, likewise, whose pennons gave them a picturesque appearance. They were noted mainly for tumbling from their saddles. Ambulances followed the brigade; and many a cheek paled in contemplation of these sombre vehicles.

When about five miles out of Culpepper, we came to the base of Cedar, or Slaughter's Mountain. Ambulances were here wheeled into a field, batteries unlimbered and advanced, and infantry formed in double line across the country, with skirmishers thrown out in front. Disorder ceased; discipline prevailed. The sun set upon four thousand men, lying vigilantly upon their arms, and all looking through the twilight at a point on the mountain, where, from the roof of a white house, floated a speck of canvas—the Southern flag.

I ventured to a neighbouring dwelling, and, bursting the bolts of a granary, fed my horse with corn. Some Indian bread and a lump of pork formed my own supper; and wrapping a blanket about me, I laid my head upon my saddle and slept through a chilly and fretful night. The fog had risen from Cedar Mountain when I woke, and the flag still waved defiantly over Slaughter's house. My attention was called to a battery half-way up the ascent, and I made out with the glass a signal station on the peak.

A little in the rear of the Federal advance ran a tiny creek, and a tinier tributary trickled down a ravine from the hills. Between these streams, in a great corn-field, rested the Federal infantry; to the right, in an old wheatfield, the field-pieces were planted; and skirmishers deployed still farther to the right, in a field of stone-heaps and brush. Profiting by the pause before the battle, I rode back to Culpepper, and found the troops of Banks and Sigel coming into town, having been in motion all night. The little village was crowded with dragoons, supply waggons,

and ambulances. Regiments unending poured in solid order through the main street, wild with ardour and enthusiasm. Full bands intermingled their peals, quartermasters cursed their teamsters, and teamsters cursed their mules. Standards blended—now the Shamrock with the Red, White, and Blue; now the Highland Thistle with the regulation colours. Teutons in long array came close upon thousands of Celts, followed by the tall, angular Yankee, and the stalwart lumbermen from the Alleghanies and the Adirondacks. I recognized, at two o'clock, surrounded by his staff, the feverish, emaciated face of Franz Siegel—the idol of the German Americans, who boast that he never lost a battle.

At three o'clock, we heard the first gun. Every heart leaped up. I realized at that time the wonderful fidelity of Byron's battle picture, at Waterloo, in my own impressions, as well as in the scenes enacted around me. There was truly mounting in hot haste. Horses pricked up their ears and vigorously neighed. Women, with pale lips, sat at windows, waiting for the next peal. The negroes exclaimed, lugubriously, "De Lord a' massa!" Regiments broke into double quick, as if fearful that they would be too late for the fray. If any absolute cowardice existed among the Federal troops that day, I did not see it. For my part, full of the fever of the hour, I threw myself upon my wearied horse, and spurred him at a mad pace in the direction of the field.

To describe the battle of Cedar Mountain I do not pretend. The affair opened in due manner by sharp skirmishing. Banks finally advanced a brigade to clear a corner of wood where skirmishers were concealed; the effort was resisted; and at four o'clock ten thousand men on each side were engaged. The irregular "rat-tat-tat" of file-firing was alternated at intervals by the roar of a volley. Cannon pealed incessantly. The Confederate batteries, four hundred feet high on the hills, threw shell with fearful accuracy, and the Federals made three desperate efforts to take them with the bayonet. Profiting by their repulse and confusion, the adversary moved forward through thick woods, and from edges of timber poured dreadful volleys of musketry. Night put an end to the contest, but the Federals had lost ground, and twelve hundred of their dead and wounded were in the enemy's hands. The spot where I slept the previous night was now covered with mangled and slain.

I had laboured vainly all day to get some idea of movements, but in the hurry, the din, and the confusion, nothing was clear. The tired and disheartened regiments fell back at nightfall, their places supplied by fresh troops, and I found them resting in a clover-field, talking over the events of the day. The brigades of General Banks alone had been engaged, and they charged McDowell with their loss, he having failed to bring up his strong reserves. Banks himself had been ubiquitous, and at length, thrown from his horse, a whole battalion of cavalry had ridden over him. Calm, indomitable, courageous, the best of the political generals remounted and rode hither and thither, encouraging his men though bruised and bleeding himself. That they loved him I did not wonder.

The adjutants were calling the rolls, and feeble responses came from the thin, spare ranks.

"Jones!"

No answer.

"Who knows anything of Jones?"

"Jones was killed at the first charge, sir!" responded a bareheaded lad.

"Jukes!"

"Jim is in the ambulance, sir; werry badly knocked up. Got his thigh shot."

So the day's accounts ran, and awful replies provoked the usual laugh. Some of the men were already fast asleep; the field-officers lay moodily in the damp grass; some privates had imprudently lit fires to heat their coffee. I removed my nag's saddle and bridle, tied him to a rail, and spread my camp-bed upon the ground beside a favourite regiment. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed before shells fell fast among us. A battery had been moved to the brow of a hill, not a half mile distant, and by the blaze of the guns we could see the enemy's horses and gunners. Our fires were capital targets, and the scream of many a poor fellow disembowelled told how fearfully accurate was the practice. Panic seized upon all. Horses broke their fastenings and plunged wildly through the fields. Artillerymen galloped down roads where the wounded were groping. Those who had been firm under fire were now panic-stricken. In the twinkling of an eye the clover-field was vacated, and I found myself almost alone.

My horse, trembling and terrified, leaped and struggled at the scream of every missile. I tried to untie his halter, but he threatened to trample me. I resolved to cut it, but my knife was missing. I soothed and stroked him in vain. Before, behind, above, the air shrieked and howled. A deathly fear came over me. My heart seemed to have leaped to my throat and stuck there, choking me. A shell at that instant passing so close that I could have touched it, struck the ground just ahead and exploded, fire, iron, and earth. I seized my bed, took to my heels, and left steed and saddle to their fate.

Dashing through a corn-field, somersaulting a hedge, tumbling into a ditch, my being bound up in the single purpose of life, life, life, I heard close behind me something that sounded like the snort and rattle of a steam-engine. My poor horse, the rail trailing between his feet, had instinctively followed me. I seized him at once by the nostrils, wrenched the halter from his head, and leaped astride him. In a few minutes we reached the high road, and falling in with the stream of fugitives, were borne swiftly towards Culpepper. I recollect the ambulances groaning under fearful weights; the staggering pace of the slightly maimed; the lies of the skulkers who plead wounds and bruises; the columns of provost-guards who drove back the fugitives; the tramp of reinforcements coming swiftly up; the moonlit fields over which couriers and aides galloped

recklessly, and the creek where thousands of parched lips bent down to drink, dropping blood into the waters. And I remember the tavern porch in the shady street of Culpepper, where, with a silent and grateful prayer, I threw myself at midnight, and slept till day had far advanced.

The quiet village had been transformed into a Golgotha. Every house had death in it. I found, grouped around me, men with broken arms, splintered legs, severed fingers, shorn ears and noses, eyes shot out, bullets in backs, bullets in thighs, bullets in breasts. They lay closely packed, upon pavement and porch—fever in their eyes, fever in their hearts. I picked my way to the second-story, and entered my own room. Two men lay on my bed, eight on my floor.

The shops of tradesmen, the parlours and halls of spinsters and widows, the warehouses, the churches, were crowded with wounded. They underwent amputations in the shade of side-walks and in the porches of dwellings. Nakedness and blood, wounds and suffering, made the sunlight hideous. In a house not far off, lay General Geary, with a shattered arm. Close beside, lay General Augur, with a wound in the side. Colonel Donnelly was dying in the hall of the hotel, and a host of others bled in neighbouring dwellings. Every hour the ambulances came wearily into town with fresh burdens.

I heard, at eleven o'clock, that a cessation of hostilities had been agreed upon, to allow a burial of the dead. Procuring saddle and bridle, I took my way anew to the field, and passing the landmarks of the previous night, soon reached the *Aceldama*.

I was at first struck with the great number of knapsacks, haversacks, jackets, cartridge-boxes, belts, caps, knives, canteens, and muskets, thrown away in the stampede. Turning into a field, I reached the site of the battery that had so alarmed us. A splintered wheel, a blackened caisson, and eight dead horses, lay heaped together. A Federal battery had done thus much with a single shell. Resuming the road, I came at intervals upon a dead horse or a pool of blood; and at last emerging upon a corn-field, with Cedar Mountain frowning in front, I saw prone in one of the furrows the corpse of a Northern soldier: a dreadful sight! The day was insufferably hot. The dead became more numerous as I approached Cedar Creek, and in one place, where two fences met at an oblique angle, I counted eighteen bodies in the space of ten yards square. Their blue uniforms had faded to a dusky purple; the gold ornaments of officers were tarnished; the boots in almost every case removed from the feet. Numbers had fallen into the creek in the act of leaping across, and had crawled, dying, upon the bank. Behind a stone-heap I found one kneeling, his dull eye fixed at the breech of his musket: a ball through the forehead had transfixed him in the deed. Another lay with a bayonet driven through brow and eye, evidently the work of a musket ball. Those slain by shell or cannon ball were frightfully mangled; and some few that had died by bayonet thrusts preserved even in disfigurement the agony of the pang. Ambulances were busily engaged in removing the

wounded, some of whom were so weak, or so shattered in nerve, that they could not speak. Fatigue-parties were burying the bodies. Only a few favourite officers were allowed separate graves, the mass being thrown into trenches by dozens and scores, and covered with a single foot of clay. In the edges of the wood, where the Federals charged, the antagonists lay close together, and I came upon a secluded place where a whole company had stacked muskets, and afterwards run away. A few log-houses close to the field were bored and broken by balls; and in one I found an entire family that had fled to the cellar during the battle, and remained there eighteen hours in cold and terror. The tops of the corn were cut off for acres as by a great knife, and an old-fashioned Virginia plough that I came upon, close to a spring, had been splintered by a solid shot.

On a fallen gum-tree—the slain stretched around them—sat the officers of the parley: upon one side, the Confederate cavalry leader, Stuart, and General Earley; upon the other, Generals Hartsuff and Roberts. Stuart was lithe, grey-eyed, and tall; of an intense countenance, nervous, impulsive manner, and clad in grey, with a soft black hat. He was embellished with rosettes, cockades, gold-lace, and a large ostrich feather. He wore, curiously enough, United States buttons; and his sword, which he exhibited, was made in Philadelphia. Earley was a quiet, severe North Carolinian, who wore a homespun civil suit, with a brigadier's star in his shoulder bar. The Federal General Hartsuff was burly and good-humoured; Roberts, silent and sage, with white beard, and a distrustful eye. The former had been a classmate of the cavalry man; and he said, boyishly, "Stuart, old fellow, how d'e do?"

"God bless my soul, Hartsuff," replied the other: "it warms my heart to see you!" And they took a turn together, arm in arm.

A young Marylander, aide to General Stuart, led me within the Confederate lines, and produced a flask of apple whisky. He was pompously familiar, and so were most of his friends; but they regarded me as a cosmopolitan, and I hardly think would have treated me as a prisoner, if I had charged into their lines.

The interment went on all day. I made up a fearful list of names of killed and wounded, and, full of "incident," returned to New York to write of what I had seen.

I shall not further prolong this article. Suffice it to say, that I went back on the eve of the second battle of Bull Run, and witnessed new and more terrible slaughters. Typhus fever, the relic of certain experiences before Richmond, seized upon me again; and wearying of the horrible spectacles of the field, I renounced the army and the press.

Roundabout Papers.—No. XXVI.

DESSEIN'S.



ARRIVED by the night-mail packet from Dover. The passage had been rough, and the usual consequences had ensued. I was disinclined to travel farther that night on my road to Paris, and knew the Calais Hotel of old as one of the cleanest, one of the dearest, one of the most comfortable hotels on the continent of Europe. There is no town more French than Calais. That charming old Hôtel Dessein, with its court, its gardens, its lordly kitchen, its princely waiter—a gentleman of the old school, who has welcomed the finest company in Europe—have long been known to me. I have read complaints in *The Times*, more than once I think, that the Dessein bills are dear. A bottle of soda-water certainly

costs—well, never mind how much. I remember as a boy, at the Ship at Dover (imperante Carolo Decimo), when, my place to London being paid, I had but 12s. left after a certain little Paris excursion (about which my benighted parents never knew anything), ordering for dinner a whiting, a beef-steak, and a glass of negus, and the bill was, dinner 7s., glass of negus 2s., waiter 6d., and only half-a-crown left, as I was a sinner, for the guard and coachman on the way to London! And I *was* a sinner. I had gone without leave. What a long, dreary, guilty, forty hours' journey it was from Paris to Calais, I remember! How did I come to think of this escapade, which occurred in the Easter vacation of the year 1830? I always think of it when I am crossing to Calais. Guilt, sir, guilt remains stamped on the memory, and I feel easier in my mind now that

it is liberated of this old peccadillo. I met my college tutor only yesterday. We were travelling, and stopped at the same hotel. He had the very next room to mine. After he had gone into his apartment, having shaken me quite kindly by the hand, I felt inclined to knock at his door, and say, "Doctor Bentley, I beg your pardon, but do you remember, when I was going down at the Easter vacation in 1830, you asked me where I was going to spend my vacation? And I said, with my friend Slingsby, in Huntingdonshire. Well, sir, I grieve to have to confess that I told you a fib. I had got 20*l.* and was going for a lark to Paris, where my friend Edwards was staying." There, it is out. The Doctor will read it, for I did not wake him up after all to make my confession, but protest he shall have a copy of this Roundabout sent to him when he returns to his lodge.

They gave me a bed-room there; a very neat room on the first floor, looking into the pretty garden. The hotel must look pretty much as it did a hundred years ago when he visited it. I wonder whether he paid his bill? Yes: his journey was just begun. He had borrowed or got the money somehow. Such a man would spend it liberally enough when he had it, give generously—nay, drop a tear over the fate of the poor fellow whom he relieved. I don't believe a word he says, but I never accused him of stinginess about money. That is a fault of much more virtuous people than he. Mr. Laurence is ready enough with his purse when there are anybody's guineas in it. Still, when I went to bed in the room, in *his* room; when I think how I admire, dislike, and have abused him, a certain dim feeling of apprehension filled my mind at the midnight hour. What if I should see his lean figure in the black satin breeches, his sinister smile, his long thin finger pointing to me in the moonlight (for I am in bed, and have popped my candle out), and he should say, "You mistrust me, you hate me, do you? And you, don't you know how Jack, Tom, and Harry, your brother authors, hate *you*?" I grin and laugh in the moonlight, in the midnight, in the silence. "O you ghost in black satin breeches and a wig! I like to be hated by some men," I say. "I know men whose lives are a scheme, whose laughter is a conspiracy, whose smile means something else, whose hatred is a cloak, and I had rather these men should hate me than not."

"My good sir," says he, with a ghastly grin on his lean face, "you have your wish."

"*Après?*" I say. "Please let me go to sleep. I shan't sleep any the worse because ——"

"Because there are insects in the bed, and they sting you?" (This is only by way of illustration, my good sir; the animals don't bite me now. All the house at present seems to me excellently clean.) "Tis absurd to affect this indifference. If you are thin skinned, and the reptiles bite, they keep you from sleep."

"There are some men who cry out at a flea-bite as loud as if they were torn by a vulture," I growl.

"Men of the *genus irritabile*, my worthy good gentleman!—and you are one."

"Yes, sir, I am of the profession, as you say; and I daresay make a great shouting and crying at a small hurt."

"You are ashamed of that quality by which you earn your subsistence, and such reputation as you have? Your sensibility is your livelihood, my worthy friend. You feel a pang of pleasure or pain? It is noted in your memory, and some day or other makes its appearance in your manuscript. Why, in your last Roundabout rubbish you mention reading your first novel on the day when King George IV. was crowned. I remember him in his cradle at St. James's, a lovely little babe; a gilt Chinese railing was before him, and I dropped the tear of sensibility as I gazed on the sleeping cherub."

"A tear—a fiddlestick, Mr. STERNE," I growled out, for of course I knew my friend in the wig and satin breeches to be no other than the notorious, nay, celebrated Mr. Laurence Sterne.

"Does not the sight of a beautiful infant charm and melt you, *mon ami*? If not, I pity you. Yes, he was beautiful. I was in London the year he was born. I used to breakfast at the Mount Coffee-house. I did not become the fashion until two years later, when my "*Tristram*" made his appearance, who has held his own for a hundred years. By the way, *mon bon monsieur*, how many authors of your present time will last till the next century? Do you think Brown will?"

I laughed with scorn as I lay in my bed (and so did the ghost give a ghastly snigger).

"Brown!" I roared. "One of the most over-rated men that ever put pen to paper!"

"What do you think of Jones?"

I grew indignant with this old cynic. "As a reasonable ghost, come out of the other world, you don't mean," I said, "to ask me a serious opinion of Mr. Jones? His books may be very good reading for maid-servants and school-boys, but you don't ask *me* to read them? As a scholar yourself you must know that ——"

"Well, then, Robinson?"

"Robinson, I am told, has merit. I daresay; I never have been able to read his books, and can't, therefore, form any opinion about Mr. Robinson. At least you will allow that I am not speaking in a prejudiced manner about *him*."

"Ah! I see you men of letters have your cabals and jealousies, as we had in my time. There was an Irish fellow by the name of Gouldsmith, who used to abuse me; but he went into no genteel company—and faith! it mattered little, his praise or abuse. I never was more surprised than when I heard that Mr. Irving, an American gentleman of parts and elegance, had wrote the fellow's life. To make a hero of that man, my dear sir, 'twas ridiculous! You followed in the fashion, I hear, and chose to lay a wreath before this queer little idol. Preposterous! A

pretty writer, who has turned some neat couplets. Buh! I have no patience with Master Posterity, that has chosen to take up this fellow, and make a hero of him! And there was another gentleman of my time, Mr. Thieftatcher Fielding, forsooth! a fellow with the strength, and the tastes, and the manners of a porter! What madness has possessed you all to bow before that Calvert Butt of a man?—a creature without elegance or sensibility! The dog had spirits, certainly. I remember my Lord Bathurst praising them: but as for reading his books—*ma foi*, I would as lief go and dive for tripe in a cellar. The man's vulgarity stifles me. He wafts me whiffs of gin. Tobacco and onions are in his great coarse laugh, which choke me, *pardi*; and I don't think much better of the other fellow—the Scots' gallipot purveyor—Peregrine Clinker, Humphrey Random—how did the fellow call his rubbish? Neither of these men had the *bel air*, the *bon ton*, the *je ne sçais quoy*. Pah! If I meet them in my walks by our Stygian river, I give them a wide berth, as that hybrid apothecary fellow would say. An ounce of civet, good apothecary; horrible, horrible! The mere thought of the coarseness of those men gives me the *chair de poule*. Mr. Fielding, especially, has no more sensibility than a butcher in Fleet Market. He takes his heroes out of ale-house kitchens, or worse places still. And this is the person whom Posterity has chosen to honour along with me—*me*! Faith, Monsieur Posterity, you have put me in pretty company, and I see you are no wiser than we were in our time. Mr. Fielding, forsooth! Mr. Tripe and Onions! Mr. Cowheel and Gin! Thank you for nothing, Monsieur Posterity!"

"And so," thought I, "even among these Stygians this envy and quarrelsomeness (if you will permit me the word) survive. What a pitiful meanness! To be sure, I can understand this feeling to a certain extent; a sense of justice will prompt it. In my own case, I often feel myself forced to protest against the absurd praises lavished on contemporaries. Yesterday, for instance, Lady Jones was good enough to praise one of my works. *Très bien*. But in the very next minute she began, with quite as great enthusiasm, to praise Miss Hobson's last romance. My good creature, what is that woman's praise worth who absolutely admires the writings of Miss Hobson? I offer a friend a bottle of '44 claret, fit for a pontifical supper. "This is capital wine," says he; "and now we have finished the bottle, will you give me a bottle of that ordinaire we drank the other day?" Very well, my good man. You are a good judge—of ordinaire, I daresay. Nothing so provokes my anger, and rouses my sense of justice, as to hear other men undeservedly praised. In a word, if you wish to remain friends with me, don't praise anybody. You tell me that the Venus de' Medici is beautiful, or Jacob Omnium is tall. *Que diable!* Can't I judge for myself? Haven't I eyes and a foot-rule? I don't think the Venus is so handsome, since you press me. She is pretty, but she has no expression. And as for Mr. Omnium, I can see much taller men in a fair for twopence."

"And so," I said, turning round to Mr. Sterne, "you are actually jealous of Mr. Fielding? O you men of letters, you men of letters! Is not the world (your world, I mean) big enough for all of you?"

I often travel in my sleep. I often of a night find myself walking in my night-gown about the grey streets. It is awkward at first, but somehow nobody makes any remark. I glide along over the ground with my naked feet. The mud does not wet them. The passers-by do not tread on them. I am wafted over the ground, down the stairs, through the doors. This sort of travelling, dear friends, I am sure you have all of you indulged.

Well, on the night in question (and, if you wish to know the precise date, it was the 31st of September last), after having some little conversation with Mr. Sterne in our bed-room, I must have got up, though I protest I don't know how, and come downstairs with him into the coffee-room of the Hôtel Dessein, where the moon was shining, and a cold supper was laid out. I forget what we had—"vol au vent d'œufs de Phénix—agneau aux pistaches à la Barnécide,"—what matters what we had? As regards supper this is certain, the less you have of it the better.

That is what one of the guests remarked,—a shabby old man, in a wig, and such a dirty, ragged, disreputable dressing-gown that I should have been quite surprised at him, only one never *is* surprised in dr—under certain circumstances.

"I can't eat 'em now," said the greasy man (with his false old teeth, I wonder he could eat anything). "I remember Alvanley eating three suppers once at Carlton House—one night *de petite comité*."

"*Petit comité*, sir," said Mr. Sterne.

"Damn, sir, let me tell my own story my own way. I say, one night at Carlton House, playing at blind hockey with York, Wales, Tom Raikes, Prince Boothby, and Dutch Sam the boxer, Alvanley ate three suppers, and won three and twenty hundred pounds in ponies. Never saw a fellow with such an appetite except Wales in his *good* time. But he destroyed the finest digestion a man ever had with maraschino, by Jove—always at it."

"Try mine," said Mr. Sterne.

"What a doosid queer box," says Mr. Brummell.

"I had it from a Capuchin friar in this town. The box is but a horn one; but to the nose of sensibility Araby's perfume is not more delicate."

"I call it doosid stale old rappee," says Mr. Brummell—(as for me I declare I could not smell anything at all in either of the boxes). "Old boy in smockfrock, take a pinch?"

The old boy in the smockfrock, as Mr. Brummell called him, was a very old man, with long white beard, wearing, not a smockfrock, but a shirt; and he had actually nothing else save a rope round his neck, which hung behind his chair in the queerest way.

"Fair sir," he said, turning to Mr. Brummell, "when the Prince of Wales and his father laid siege to our town——"

"What nonsense are you talking, old cock?" says Mr. Brummell; "Wales was never here. His late Majesty George IV. passed through on his way to Hanover. My good man, you don't seem to know what's up at all. What is he talkin' about the siege of Calais? I lived here fifteen years! Ought to know. What's his old name?"

"I am Master Eustace, of Saint Peter," said the old gentleman in the shirt. "When my Lord King Edward laid siege to this city——"

"Laid siege to Jericho!" cries Mr. Brummell. "The old man is cracked—cracked, sir!"

"——Laid siege to this city," continued the old man, "I and five more promised Messire Gautier de Mauny that we would give ourselves up as ransom for the place. And we came before our Lord King Edward, attired as you see, and the fair queen begged our lives out of her gramercy."

"Queen, nonsense! you mean the Princess of Wales—pretty woman, *petit nez retroussi*, grew monstrous stout?" suggested Mr. Brummell, whose reading was evidently not extensive. "Sir Sidney Smith was a fine fellow, great talker, hook nose, so has Lord Cochrane, so has Lord Wellington. She was very sweet on Sir Sidney."

"Your acquaintance with the history of Calais does not seem to be considerable," said Mr. Sterne to Mr. Brummell, with a shrug.

"Don't it, bishop?—for I conclude you are a bishop by your wig. I know Calais as well as any man. I lived here for years before I took that confounded consulate at Caen. Lived in this hotel, then at Leleux's. People used to stop here. Good fellows used to ask for poor George Brummell; Hertford did, so did the Duchess of Devonshire. Not know Calais indeed! That is a good joke. Had many a good dinner here: sorry I ever left it."

"My Lord King Edward," chirped the queer old gentleman in the shirt, "colonized the place with his English, after we had yielded it up to him. I have heard tell they kept it for nigh three hundred years, till my Lord de Guise took it from a fair Queen, Mary of blessed memory, a holy woman. Eh, but Sire Gautier of Mauny was a good knight, a valiant captain, gentle and courteous withal! Do you remember his ransoming the ——"

"What is the old fellow twaddlin' about?" cries Brummell. He is talking about some knight?—I never spoke to a knight, and very seldom to a baronet. Firkins, my buttermilk, was a knight—a knight and alderman. Wales knighted him once on going into the city."

"I am not surprised that the gentleman should not understand Messire Eustace of St. Peter's," said the ghostly individual addressed as Mr. Sterne. "Your reading doubtless has not been very extensive?"

"Dammy, sir, speak for yourself!" cries Mr. Brummell, testily. "I never professed to be a reading man, but I was as good as my neighbours. Wales wasn't a reading man; York wasn't a reading man; Clarence wasn't a reading man; Sussex was, but he wasn't a man in society. I

remember reading your *Sentimental Journey*, old boy : read it to the duchess at Beauvoir, I recollect, and she cried over it. Doosid clever amusing book, and does you great credit. Birron wrote doosid clever books, too ; so did Monk Lewis. George Spencer was an elegant poet, and my dear Duchess of Devonshire, if she had not been a grande dame, would have beat 'em all, by George. Wales couldn't write : he could sing, but he couldn't spell."

"Ah, you know the great world ? so did I in my time, Mr. Brummell. I have had the visiting tickets of half the nobility at my lodgings in Bond Street. But they left me there no more cared for than last year's calendar," sighed Mr. Sterne. "I wonder who is the mode in London now ? One of our late arrivals, my Lord Macaulay, has prodigious merit and learning, and, faith, his histories are more amusing than any novels, my own included."

"Don't know, I'm sure ; not in my line. Pick this bone of chicken," says Mr. Brummell, trifling with a skeleton bird before him.

"I remember in this city of Calais worse fare than you bird," said old Mr. Eustace, of Saint Peter. "Marry, sirs, when my Lord King Edward laid siege to us, lucky was he who could get a slice of horse for his breakfast, and a rat was sold at the price of a hare."

"Hare is coarse food, never tasted rat," remarked the Beau. *Table-d'hôte* poor fare enough for a man like me, who has been accustomed to the best of cookery. But rat—stifle me ! I couldn't swallow that : never could bear hardship at all."

"We had to bear enough when my Lord of England pressed us. 'Twas pitiful to see the faces of our women as the siege went on, and hear the little ones asking for dinner."

"Always a bore, children. At dessert, they are bad enough, but at dinner they're the deuce and all," remarked Mr. Brummell.

Messire Eustace, of St. Peter, did not seem to pay much attention to the Beau's remarks, but continued his own train of thought as old men will do.

"I hear," said he, "that there has actually been no war between us of France and you men of England for well nigh fifty year. Ours has ever been a nation of warriors. And besides her regular found men-at-arms, 'tis said the English of the present time have more than a hundred thousand of archers with weapons that will carry for half a mile. And a multitude have come amongst us of late from a great Western country, never so much as heard of in my time—valiant men and great drawers of the long-bow, and they say they have ships in armour that no shot can penetrate. Is it so ? Wonderful ; wonderful ! The best armour, gossips, is a stout heart."

"And if ever manly heart beat under shirt-frill, thine is that heart, Sir Eustace !" cried Mr. Sterne, enthusiastically.

"We, of France, were never accused of lack of courage, sir, in so far as I know," said Messire Eustace. "We have shown as much in a

thousand wars with you English by sea and land; and sometimes we conquered, and sometimes, as is the fortune of war, we were discomfited. And notably in a great sea-fight which befel off Ushant on the first of June—— Our amiral, Messire Villaret de Joyeuse, on board his galleon named the *Vengeur*, being sore pressed by an English bombard, rather than yield the crew of his ship to mercy, determined to go down with all on board of her: and, to the cry of *Vive la Répub*——or, I would say, of *Notre Dame à la Rescousse*, he and his crew all sank to an immortal grave——”

“Sir,” said I, looking with amazement at the old gentleman, “surely, surely, there is some mistake in your statement. Permit me to observe that the action of the first of June took place five hundred years after your time, and——”

“Perhaps I am confusing my dates,” said the old gentleman, with a faint blush. “You say I am mixing up the transactions of my time on earth with the story of my successors? It may be so. We take no count of a few centuries more or less in our dwelling by the darkling Stygian river. Of late, there came amongst us a good knight, Messire de Cambronne, who fought against you English in the country of Flanders, being captain of the guard of my Lord the King of France, in a famous battle where you English would have been utterly routed but for the succour of the Prussian heathen. This Messire de Cambronne, when bidden to yield by you of England, answered this, ‘The guard dies but never surrenders;’ and fought a long time afterwards, as became a good knight. In our wars with you of England it may have pleased the Fates to give you the greater success, but on our side, also, there has been no lack of brave deeds performed by brave men.”

“King Edward may have been the victor, sir, as being the strongest, but you are the hero of the siege of Calais!” cried Mr. Sterne. “Your story is sacred, and your name has been blessed for five hundred years. Wherever men speak of patriotism and sacrifice, Eustace, of Saint Pierre, shall be beloved and remembered. I prostrate myself before the bare feet which stood before King Edward. What collar of chivalry is to be compared to that glorious order which you wear? Think, sir, how out of the myriad millions of our race, you, and some few more, stand forth as exemplars of duty and honour. *Fortunati nimium!*”

“Sir,” said the old gentleman, “I did but my duty at a painful moment; and ’tis matter of wonder to me that men talk still, and glorify such a trifling matter. By our Lady’s grace, in the fair kingdom of France, there are scores of thousands of men, gentle and simple, who would do as I did. Does not every sentinel at his post, does not every archer in the front of battle, brave it, and die where his captain bids him? Who am I that I should be chosen out of all France to be an example of fortitude? I braved no tortures, though these I trust I would have endured with a good heart. I was subject to threats only. Who was the Roman knight of whom the Latin clerk Horatius tells?”

"A Latin clerk? Faith, I forget my Latin," says Mr. Brummell. "Ask the parson here."

"Messire Regulus, I remember, was his name. Taken prisoner by the Saracens, he gave his knightly word, and was permitted to go seek a ransom among his own people. Being unable to raise the sum that was a fitting ransom for such a knight, he returned to Afric, and cheerfully submitted to the tortures which the Paynims inflicted. And 'tis said he took leave of his friends as gaily as though he were going to a village kermes, or riding to his garden house in the suburb of the city."

"Great, good, glorious man!" cried Mr. Sterne, very much moved. "Let me embrace that gallant hand, and bedew it with my tears! As long as honour lasts thy name shall be remembered. See this dew-drop twinkling on my cheek! 'Tis the sparkling tribute that Sensibility pays to Valour. Though in my life and practice I may turn from Virtue, believe me, I never have ceased to honour her! Ah, Virtue! Ah, Sensibility! Oh——"

Here Mr. Sterne was interrupted by a monk of the Order of St. Francis who stepped into the room, and begged us all to take a pinch of his famous old rappee. I suppose the snuff was very pungent, for, with a great start, I woke up; and now perceived that I must have been dreaming altogether. Dessein's of nowadays is not the Dessein's which Mr. Sterne, and Mr. Brummell, and I recollect in the good old times. The town of Calais has bought the old hotel, and Dessein has gone over to Quillacq's. And I was there yesterday. And I remember old diligences, and old postilions in pig-tails and jack-boots, who were once as alive as I am, and whose cracking whips I have heard in the midnight many and many a time. Now, where are they? Behold, they have been ferried over Styx, and have passed away into limbo.

I wonder what time does my boat go? Ah! Here comes the waiter bringing me my little bill.

The Small House at Allington.

CHAPTER X.

MRS. LUPEX AND AMELIA ROPER.



SHOULD simply mislead a confiding reader if I were to tell him that Mrs. Lupex was an amiable woman. Perhaps the fact that she was not amiable is the one great fault that should be laid to her charge; but that fault had spread itself so widely, and had cropped forth in so many different places of her life, like a strong rank plant that will show itself all over a garden, that it may almost be said that it made her odious in every branch of life, and detestable alike to those who knew her little and to those who knew her much. If a searcher could have got

at the inside spirit of the woman, that searcher would have found that she wished to go right,—that she did make, or at any rate promise to herself that she would make, certain struggles to attain decency and propriety. But it was so natural to her to torment those whose misfortune brought them near to her, and especially that wretched man who in an evil day had taken her to his bosom as his wife, that decency fled from her and propriety would not live in her quarters.

Mrs. Lupex was, as I have already described her, a woman not without some feminine attraction in the eyes of those who like morning negligence and evening finery, and do not object to a long nose somewhat on one side. She was clever in her way, and could say smart things. She could flatter also, though her very flattery had always in it something that



Mr. Chadell, your hand," said Lupex

was disagreeable. And she must have had some power of will, as otherwise her husband would have escaped from her before the days of which I am writing. Otherwise, also, she could hardly have obtained her footing and kept it in Mrs. Roper's drawing-room. For though the hundred pounds a year, either paid or promised to be paid, was matter with Mrs. Roper of vast consideration, nevertheless the first three months of Mrs. Lupex's sojourn in Burton Crescent were not over before the landlady of that house was most anxiously desirous of getting herself quit of her married boarders.

I shall perhaps best describe a little incident that had occurred in Burton Crescent during the absence of our friend Eames, and the manner in which things were going on in that locality, by giving at length two letters which Johnny received by post at Guestwick on the morning after Mrs. Dale's party. One was from his friend Cradell, and the other from the devoted Amelia. In this instance I will give that from the gentleman first, presuming that I shall best consult my readers' wishes by keeping the greater delicacy till the last.

"Income-Tax Office, September, 186-.

"MY DEAR JOHNNY,—We have had a terrible affair in the Crescent; and I really hardly know how to tell you; and yet I must do it, for I want your advice. You know the sort of standing that I was on with Mrs. Lupex, and perhaps you remember what we were saying on the platform at the station. I have, no doubt, been fond of her society, as I might be of that of any other friend. I knew, of course, that she was a fine woman; and if her husband chose to be jealous, I couldn't help that. But I never intended anything wrong; and, if it was necessary couldn't I call you as a witness to prove it? I never spoke a word to her out of Mrs. Roper's drawing-room; and Miss Spruce, or Mrs. Roper, or somebody has always been there. You know he drinks horribly sometimes, but I do not think he ever gets downright drunk. Well, he came home last night about nine o'clock after one of these bouts. From what *Jemima* says" [*Jemima* was Mrs. Roper's parlour-maid], "I believe he had been at it down at the theatre for three days. We hadn't seen him since Tuesday. He went straight into the parlour and sent up *Jemima* to me, to say that he wanted to see me. Mrs. Lupex was in the room and heard the girl summon me, and, jumping up, she declared that if there was going to be blood shed she would leave the house. There was nobody else in the room but Miss Spruce, and she didn't say a word, but took her candle and went upstairs. You must own it looked very uncomfortable. What was I to do with a drunken man down in the parlour? However, she seemed to think I ought to go. 'If he comes up here,' said she, 'I shall be the victim. You little know of what that man is capable when his wrath has been inflamed by wine?' Now, I think you are aware that I am not likely to be very much afraid of any man; but why was I to be got into a row in such a way as this? I hadn't done anything. And then, if there was to be a quarrel, and anything was to come of it, as she seemed to expect,—like bloodshed, I mean, or a fight, or if he were to knock me on the head with the poker, where should I be at my office? A man in a public office, as you and I are, can't quarrel like anybody else. It was this that I felt so much at the moment. 'Go down to him,' said she, 'unless you wish to see me murdered at your feet.' Fisher says, that if what I say is true, they must have arranged it all between them. I don't think that; for I do believe that she really is fond of me. And then everybody knows that they never do agree about anything. But she certainly did implore me to go down to him. Well, I went down; and, as I got to the bottom of the stairs, where I found *Jemima*, I heard him walking up and down the

parlour. 'Take care of yourself, Mr. Cradell,' said the girl; and I could see by her face that she was in a terrible fright.

"At that moment I happened to see my hat on the hall table, and it occurred to me that I ought to put myself into the hands of a friend. Of course, I was not afraid of that man in the dining-room; but should I have been justified in engaging in a struggle, perhaps for dear life, in Mrs. Roper's house? I was bound to think of her interests. So I took up my hat, and deliberately walked out of the front door. 'Tell him,' said I to Jemima, 'that I'm not at home.' And so I went away direct to Fisher's, meaning to send him back to Lupex as my friend; but Fisher was at his chess-club.

"As I thought there was no time to be lost on such an occasion as this, I went down to the club and called him out. You know what a cool fellow Fisher is. I don't suppose anything would ever excite him. When I told him the story, he said that he would sleep upon it; and I had to walk up and down before the club while he finished his game. Fisher seemed to think that I might go back to Burton Crescent; but, of course, I knew that that would be out of the question. So it ended in my going home and sleeping on his sofa, and sending for some of my things in the morning. I wanted him to get up and see Lupex before going to the office this morning. But he seemed to think it would be better to put it off, and so he will call upon him at the theatre immediately after office hours.

"I want you to write to me at once, saying what you know about the matter. I ask you, as I don't want to lug in any of the other people at Roper's. It is very uncomfortable, as I can't exactly leave her at once because of last quarter's money, otherwise I should cut and run; for the house is not the sort of place either for you or me. You may take my word for that, Master Johnny. And I could tell you something, too, about A. R., only I don't want to make mischief. But do you write immediately. And now I think of it, you had better write to Fisher, so that he can show your letter to Lupex,—just saying, that to the best of your belief there had never been anything between her and me but mere friendship; and that, of course, you, as my friend, must have known everything. Whether I shall go back to Roper's to-night will depend on what Fisher says after the interview.

"Good-by, old fellow! I hope you are enjoying yourself, and that L. D. is quite well.—Your sincere friend,
JOSEPH CRADELL."

John Eames read this letter over twice before he opened that from Amelia. He had never yet received a letter from Mrs. Roper; and felt very little of that ardour for its perusal which young men generally experience on the receipt of a first letter from a young lady. The memory of Amelia was at the present moment distasteful to him; and he would have thrown the letter unopened into the fire, had he not felt it might be dangerous to do so. As regarded his friend Cradell, he could not but feel ashamed of him,—ashamed of him, not for running away from Mr. Lupex, but for excusing his escape on false pretences.

And then, at last, he opened the letter from Amelia. "Dearest John," it began; and as he read the words, he crumpled the paper up between his fingers. It was written in a fair female hand, with sharp points instead of curves to the letters, but still very legible, and looking as though there were a decided purport in every word of it.

"DEAREST JOHN,—It feels so strange to me to write to you in such language as this. And yet you are dearest, and have I not a right to call you so? And are you not my own, and am not I yours?" [Again he crunched the paper up in his hand, and, as he did so, he muttered words which I need not repeat at length. But still he went on with his letter.] "I know that we understand each other perfectly, and when that is the case,

heart should be allowed to speak openly to heart. Those are my feelings, and I believe that you will find them reciprocal in your own bosom. Is it not sweet to be loved? I find it so. And, dearest John, let me assure you, with open candour, that there is no room for jealousy in this breast with regard to you. I have too much confidence for that, I can assure you, both in your honor and in my own—I would say *charms*, only you would call me vain. You must not suppose that I meant what I said about L. D. Of course, you will be glad to see the friends of your childhood; and it would be far from your Amelia's heart to begrudge you such delightful pleasure. Your friends will, I hope, some day be my friends." [Another crunch.] "And if there be any one among them, any real L. D. whom you have specially liked, I will receive her to my heart, specially, also." [This assurance on the part of his Amelia was too much for him, and he threw the letter from him, thinking whence he might get relief—whether from suicide or from the colonies; but presently he took it up again, and drained the bitter cup to the bottom.] "And if I seemed petulant to you before you went away, you must forgive your own Amelia. I had nothing before me but misery for the month of your absence. There is no one here congenial to my feelings,—of course not. And you would not wish me to be happy in your absence,—would you? I can assure you, let your wishes be what they may, I never can be happy again unless you are with me. Write to me one little line, and tell me that you are grateful to me for my devotion.

"And now, I must tell you that we have had a sad affair in the house; and I do not think that your friend Mr. Cradell has behaved at all well. You remember how he has been always going on with Mrs. Lupex. Mother was quite unhappy about it, though she didn't like to say anything. Of course, when a lady's name is concerned, it is particular. But Lupex has become dreadful jealous during the last week; and we all knew that something was coming. She is an artful woman, but I don't think she meant anything bad,—only to drive her husband to desperation. He came here yesterday in one of his tantrums, and wanted to see Cradell; but he got frightened, and took his hat and went off. Now, that wasn't quite right. If he was innocent, why didn't he stand his ground and explain the mistake. As mother says, it gives the house such a name. Lupex swore last night that he'd be off to the Income-tax Office this morning, and have Cradell out before all the commissioners, and clerks, and everybody. If he does that, it will get into the papers, and all London will be full of it. She would like it, I know; for all she cares for is to be talked about; but only think what it will be for mother's house. I wish you were here; for your high prudence and courage would set everything right at once,—at least, I think so.

"I shall count the minutes till I get an answer to this, and shall envy the postman who will have your letter before it will reach me. Do write at once. If I do not hear by Monday morning I shall think that something is the matter. Even though you are among your dear old friends, surely you can find a moment to write to your own Amelia.

"Mother is very unhappy about this affair of the Lupexes. She says that if you were here to advise her she should not mind it so much. It is very hard upon her, for she does strive to make the house respectable and comfortable for everybody. I would send my duty and love to your dear mamma, if I only knew her, as I hope I shall do one day, and to your sister, and to L. D. also, if you like to tell her how we are situated together. So, now, no more from your

"Always affectionate sweetheart,

"AMELIA ROPER."

Poor Eames did not feel the least gratified by any part of this fond letter; but the last paragraph of it was the worst. Was it to be endured by him that this woman should send her love to his mother and to his sister, and even to Lily Dale! He felt that there was a pollution in the very mention of Lily's name by such an one as Amelia Roper. And yet

Amelia Roper was, as she had assured him,—his own. Much as he disliked her at the present moment, he did believe that he was,—her own. He did feel that she had obtained a certain property in him, and that his destiny in life would tie him to her. He had said very few words of love to her at any time,—very few, at least, that were themselves of any moment; but among those few there had undoubtedly been one or two in which he had told her that he loved her. And he had written to her that fatal note! Upon the whole, would it not be as well for him to go out to the great reservoir behind Guestwick, by which the Hamersham Canal was fed with its waters, and put an end to his miserable existence?

On that same day he did write a letter to Fisher, and he wrote also to Cradell. As to those letters he felt no difficulty. To Fisher he declared his belief that Cradell was innocent as he was himself as regarded Mrs. Lupex. "I don't think he is the sort of man to make up to a married woman," he said, somewhat to Cradell's displeasure, when the letter reached the Income-tax Office; for that gentleman was not averse to the reputation for success in love which the little adventure was, as he thought, calculated to give him among his brother clerks. At the first bursting of the shell, when that desperately jealous man was raging in the parlour, incensed by the fumes both of wine and love, Cradell had felt that the affair was disagreeably painful. But on the morning of the third day,—for he had passed two nights on his friend Fisher's sofa,—he had begun to be somewhat proud of it, and did not dislike to hear Mrs. Lupex's name in the mouths of the other clerks. When, therefore, Fisher read to him the letter from Guestwick, he hardly was pleased with his friend's tone. "Ha, ha, ha," said he, laughing. "That's just what I wanted him to say. Make up to a married woman, indeed. No; I'm the last man in London to do that sort of thing."

"Upon my word, Caudle, I think you are," said Fisher; "the very last man."

And then poor Cradell was not happy. On that afternoon he boldly went to Burton Crescent, and eat his dinner there. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Lupex were to be seen, nor were their names mentioned to him by Mrs. Roper. In the course of the evening he did pluck up courage to ask Miss Spruce where they were; but that ancient lady merely shook her head solemnly, and declared that she knew nothing about such goings on;—no, not she.

But what was John Eames to do as to that letter from Amelia Roper? He felt that any answer to it would be very dangerous, and yet that he could not safely leave it unanswered. He walked off by himself across Guestwick Common, and through the woods of Guestwick Manor, up by the big avenue of elms in Lord De Guest's park, trying to resolve how he might rescue himself from this scrape. Here, over the same ground, he had wandered scores of times in his earlier years, when he knew nothing beyond the innocency of his country home, thinking of Lily Dale and swearing to himself that she should be his wife. Here he had strung

together his rhymes, and fed his ambition with high hopes, building gorgeous castles in the air, in all of which Lillian reigned as a queen; and though in those days he had known himself to be awkward, poor, uncared for by any in the world except his mother and his sister, yet he had been happy in his hopes,—happy in his hopes even though he had never taught himself really to believe that they would be realized. But now there was nothing in his hopes or thoughts to make him happy. Everything was black, and wretched, and ruinous. What would it matter, after all, even if he should marry Amelia Roper, seeing that Lily was to be given to another? But then the idea of Amelia as he had seen her that night through the chink in the door came upon his memory, and he confessed to himself that life with such a wife as that would be a living death.

At one moment he thought that he would tell his mother everything, and leave her to write an answer to Amelia's letter. Should the worst come to the worst, the Ropers could not absolutely destroy him. That they could bring an action against him, and have him locked up for a term of years, and dismissed from his office, and exposed in all the newspapers, he seemed to know. That might all, however, be endured, if only the gauntlet could be thrown down for him by some one else. The one thing which he felt that he could not do was, to write to a girl whom he had professed to love, and tell her that he did not love her. He knew that he could not himself form such words upon the paper; nor, as he was well aware, could he himself find the courage to tell her to her face that he had changed his mind. He knew that he must become the victim of his Amelia, unless he could find some friendly knight to do battle in his favour: and then again he thought of his mother.

But when he returned home he was as far as ever from any resolve to tell her how he was situated. I may say that his walk had done him no good, and that he had not made up his mind to anything. He had been building those pernicious castles in the air during more than half the time; not castles in the building of which he could make himself happy, as he had done in the old days, but black castles, with cruel dungeons, into which hardly a ray of life could find its way. In all these edifices his imagination pictured to him Lily as the wife of Mr. Crosbie. He accepted that as a fact, and then went to work in his misery, making her as wretched as himself, through the misconduct and harshness of her husband. He tried to think, and to resolve what he would do; but there is no task so hard as that of thinking, when the mind has an objection to the matter brought before it. The mind, under such circumstances, is like a horse that is brought to the water but refuses to drink. So Johnny returned to his home, still doubting whether or no he would answer Amelia's letter. And if he did not answer it, how would he conduct himself on his return to Burton Crescent?

I need hardly say that Miss Roper, in writing her letter, had been aware of all this, and that Johnny's position had been carefully prepared for him by——his affectionate sweetheart.

CHAPTER XI.

SOCIAL LIFE.

Mr. and Mrs. LUPEX had eaten a sweetbread together in much connubial bliss on that day which had seen Cradell returning to Mrs. Roper's hospitable board. They had together eaten a sweetbread, with some other delicacies of the season, in the neighbourhood of the theatre, and had washed down all unkindness with bitter beer and brandy-and-water. But of this reconciliation Cradell had not heard; and when he saw them come together into the drawing-room, a few minutes after the question he had addressed to Miss Spruce, he was certainly surprised.

Lupex was not an ill-natured man, nor one naturally savage by disposition. He was a man fond of sweetbread and little dinners, and one to whom hot brandy-and-water was too dear. Had the wife of his bosom been a good helpmate to him, he might have gone through the world, if not respectably, at any rate without open disgrace. But she was a woman who left a man no solace except that to be found in brandy-and-water. For eight years they had been man and wife; and sometimes—I grieve to say it—he had been driven almost to hope that she would commit a married woman's last sin, and leave him. In his misery, any mode of escape would have been welcome to him. Had his energy been sufficient he would have taken his scene-painting capabilities off to Australia,—or to the farthest shifting of scenes known on the world's stage. But he was an easy, listless, self-indulgent man; and at any moment, let his misery be as keen as might be, a little dinner, a few soft words, and a glass of brandy-and-water would bring him round. The second glass would make him the fondest husband living; but the third would restore to him the memory of all his wrongs, and give him courage against his wife or all the world,—even to the detriment of the furniture around him, should a stray poker chance to meet his hand. All these peculiarities of his character were not, however, known to Cradell; and when our friend saw him enter the drawing-room with his wife on his arm, he was astonished.

"Mr. Cradell, your hand," said Lupex, who had advanced as far as the second glass of brandy-and-water, but had not been allowed to go beyond it. "There has been a misunderstanding between us; let it be forgotten."

"Mr. Cradell, if I know him," said the lady, "is too much the gentleman to bear any anger when a gentleman has offered him his hand."

"Oh, I'm sure," said Cradell, "I'm quite——indeed, I'm delighted to find there's nothing wrong after all." And then he shook hands with both of them; whereupon Miss Spruce got up, curtsied low, and also shook hands with the husband and wife.

"You're not a married man, Mr. Cradell," said Lupex, "and, therefore, you cannot understand the workings of a husband's heart. There

have been moments when my regard for that woman has been too much for me."

"Now, Lupex, don't," said she, playfully tapping him with an old parasol which she still held.

"And I do not hesitate to say that my regard for her was too much for me on that night when I sent for you to the dining-room."

"I'm glad it's all put right now," said Cradell.

"Very glad, indeed," said Miss Spruce.

"And, therefore, we need not say any more about it," said Mrs. Lupex.

"One word," said Lupex, waving his hand. "Mr. Cradell, I greatly rejoice that you did not obey my summons on that night. Had you done so,—I confess it now,—had you done so, blood would have been the consequence. I was mistaken. I acknowledge my mistake;—but blood would have been the consequence."

"Dear, dear, dear," said Miss Spruce.

"Miss Spruce," continued Lupex, "there are moments when the heart becomes too strong for a man."

"I dare say," said Miss Spruce.

"Now, Lupex, that will do," said his wife.

"Yes; that will do. But I think it right to tell Mr. Cradell that I am glad he did not come to me. Your friend, Mr. Cradell, did me the honour of calling on me at the theatre yesterday, at half-past four; but I was in the slings then, and could not very well come down to him. I shall be happy to see you both any day at five, and to bury all unkindness with a chop and glass at the Pot and Poker, in Bow-street."

"I'm sure you're very kind," said Cradell.

"And Mrs. Lupex will join us. There's a delightful little snuggerly upstairs at the Pot and Poker; and if Miss Spruce will condescend to——"

"Oh, I'm an old woman, sir."

"No—no—no," said Lupex, "I deny that. Come, Cradell, what do you say?—just a snug little dinner for four, you know."

It was, no doubt, pleasant to see Mr. Lupex in his present mood,—much pleasanter than in that other mood of which blood would have been the consequence; but pleasant as he now was, it was, nevertheless, apparent that he was not quite sober. Cradell, therefore, did not settle the day for the little dinner; but merely remarked that he should be very happy at some future day.

"And now, Lupex, suppose you get off to bed," said his wife. "You've had a very trying day, you know."

"And you, ducky?"

"I shall come presently. Now don't be making a fool of yourself, but get yourself off. Come—" and she stood close up against the open door, waiting for him to pass.

"I rather think I shall remain where I am, and have a glass of something hot," said he.

"Lupex, do you want to aggravate me again?" said the lady, and she

looked at him with a glance of her eye which he thoroughly understood. He was not in a humour for fighting, nor was he at present desirous of blood; so he resolved to go. But as he went he prepared himself for new battles. "I shall do something desperate, I am sure; I know I shall," he said, as he pulled off his boots.

"Oh, Mr. Cradell," said Mrs. Lupex as soon as she had closed the door behind her retreating husband, "how am I ever to look you in the face again after the events of these last memorable days?" And then she seated herself on the sofa, and hid her face in a cambric handkerchief.

"As for that," said Cradell, "what does it signify,—among friends like us, you know?"

"But that it should be known at your office,—as of course it is, because of the gentleman that went down to him at the theatre!—I don't think I shall ever survive it."

"You see I was obliged to send somebody, Mrs. Lupex."

"I'm not finding fault, Mr. Cradell. I know very well that in my melancholy position I have no right to find fault, and I don't pretend to understand gentlemen's feelings towards each other. But to have had my name mentioned up with yours in that way is—— Oh! Mr. Cradell, I don't know how I'm ever to look you in the face again." And again she buried hers in her pocket-handkerchief.

"Handsome is as handsome does," said Miss Spruce; and there was that in her tone of voice which seemed to convey much hidden meaning.

"Exactly so, Miss Spruce," said Mrs. Lupex; "and that's my only comfort at the present moment. Mr. Cradell is a gentleman who would scorn to take advantage—I'm quite sure of that." And then she did contrive to look at him over the edge of the hand which held the handkerchief.

"That I wouldn't, I'm sure," said Cradell. "That is to say——" And then he paused. He did not wish to get into a scrape about Mrs. Lupex. He was by no means anxious to encounter her husband in one of his fits of jealousy. But he did like the idea of being talked of as the admirer of a married woman, and he did like the brightness of the lady's eyes. When the unfortunate moth in his semi-blindness whisks himself and his wings within the flame of the candle, and finds himself mutilated and tortured, he even then will not take the lesson, but returns again and again till he is destroyed. Such a moth was poor Cradell. There was no warmth to be got by him from that flame. There was no beauty in the light,—not even the false brilliance of unhallowed love. Injury might come to him,—a pernicious clipping of the wings, which might destroy all power of future flight; injury, and not improbably destruction, if he should persevere. But one may say that no single hour of happiness could accrue to him from his intimacy with Mrs. Lupex. He felt for her no love. He was afraid of her, and, in many respects, disliked her. But to him, in his moth-like weakness, ignorance, and

blindness, it seemed to be a great thing that he should be allowed to fly near the candle. Oh ! my friends, if you will but think of it, how many of you have been moths, and are now going about ungracefully with wings more or less burnt off, and with bodies sadly scorched !

But before Mr. Cradell could make up his mind whether or no he would take advantage of the present opportunity for another dip into the flame of the candle,—in regard to which proceeding, however, he could not but feel that the presence of Miss Spruce was objectionable,—the door of the room was opened, and Amelia Roper joined the party.

"Oh, indeed ; Mrs. Lupex," she said. "And Mr. Cradell !"

"And Miss Spruce, my dear," said Mrs. Lupex, pointing to the ancient lady.

"I'm only an old woman," said Miss Spruce.

"Oh, yes ; I see Miss Spruce," said Amelia. "I was not hinting at anything, I can assure you."

"I should think not, my dear," said Mrs. Lupex.

"Only I didn't know that you two were quite—— That is, when last I heard about it, I fancied—— But if the quarrel's made up, there's nobody more rejoiced than I am."

"The quarrel is made up," said Cradell.

"If Mr. Lupex is satisfied, I'm sure I am," said Amelia.

"Mr. Lupex is satisfied," said Mrs. Lupex ; "and let me tell you, my dear, seeing that you are expecting to get married yourself——"

"Mrs. Lupex, I'm not expecting to get married,—not particularly, by any means."

"Oh, I thought you were. And let me tell you, that when you've got a husband of your own, you won't find it so easy to keep everything straight. That's the worst of these lodgings, if there is any little thing, everybody knows it. Don't they, Miss Spruce ?"

"Lodgings is so much more comfortable than housekeeping," said Miss Spruce, who lived rather in fear of her relatives, the Ropers.

"Everybody knows it ; does he ?" said Amelia. "Why, if a gentleman will come home at night tipsy and threaten to murder another gentleman in the same house ; and if a lady——" And then Amelia paused, for she knew that the line-of-battle-ship which she was preparing to encounter had within her much power of fighting.

"Well, miss," said Mrs. Lupex, getting on her feet, "and what of the lady ?"

Now we may say that the battle had begun, and that the two ships were pledged by the general laws of courage and naval warfare to maintain the contest till one of them should be absolutely disabled, if not blown up or sunk. And at this moment it might be difficult for a bystander to say with which of the combatants rested the better chance of permanent success. Mrs. Lupex had doubtless on her side more matured power, a habit of fighting which had given her infinite skill, a courage which deadened her to the feeling of all wounds while the heat of the

battle should last, and a recklessness which made her almost indifferent whether she sank or swam. But then Amelia carried the greater guns, and was able to pour in heavier metal than her enemy could use; and she, too, swam in her own waters. Should they absolutely come to grappling and boarding, Amelia would no doubt have the best of it; but Mrs. Lupex would probably be too crafty to permit such a proceeding as that. She was, however, ready for the occasion, and greedy for the fight.

"And what of the lady?" said she, in a tone of voice that admitted of no pacific rejoinder.

"A lady, if she is a lady," said Amelia, "will know how to behave herself."

"And you're going to teach me, are you, Miss Roper? I'm sure I'm ever so much obliged to you. It's Manchester manners, I suppose that you prefer?"

"I prefer honest manners, Mrs. Lupex, and decent manners, and manners that won't shock a whole house full of people; and I don't care whether they come from Manchester or London."

"Milliner's manners, I suppose?"

"I don't care whether they are milliner's manners or theatrical, Mrs. Lupex, as long as they're not downright bad manners—as yours are, Mrs. Lupex. And now you've got it. What are you going on for in this way with that young man, till you'll drive your husband into a madhouse with drink and jealousy?"

"Miss Roper! Miss Roper!" said Cradell; "now really——"

"Don't mind her, Mr. Cradell," said Mrs. Lupex; "she's not worthy for you to speak to. And as to that poor fellow Eames, if you've any friendship for him, you'll let him know what she is. My dear, how's Mr. Juniper, of Grogan's house, at Salford? I know all about you, and so shall John Eames, too—poor unfortunate fool of a fellow! Telling me of drink and jealousy, indeed!"

"Yes, telling you! And now you've mentioned Mr. Juniper's name, Mr. Eames, and Mr. Cradell too, may know the whole of it. There's been nothing about Mr. Juniper that I'm ashamed of."

"It would be difficult to make you ashamed of anything, I believe."

"But let me tell you this, Mrs. Lupex, you're not going to destroy the respectability of this house by your goings on."

"It was a bad day for me when I let Lupex bring me into it."

"Then pay your bill, and walk out of it," said Amelia, waving her hand towards the door. "I'll undertake to say there shan't be any notice required. Only you pay mother what you owe, and you're free to go at once."

"I shall go just when I please, and not one hour before. Who are you, you gipsy, to speak to me in this way?"

"And as for going, go you shall, if we have to call in the police to make you."

Amelia, as at this period of the fight she stood fronting her foe with

her arms akimbo, certainly seemed to have the best of the battle. But the bitterness of Mrs. Lupex's tongue had hardly yet produced its greatest results. I am inclined to think that the married lady would have silenced her who was single, had the fight been allowed to rage,—always presuming that no resort to grappling-irons took place. But at this moment Mrs. Roper entered the room, accompanied by her son, and both the combatants for a moment retreated.

"Amelia, what's all this?" said Mrs. Roper, trying to assume a look of agonized amazement.

"Ask Mrs. Lupex," said Amelia.

"And Mrs. Lupex will answer," said that lady. "Your daughter has come in here, and attacked me—in such language—before Mr. Cradell, too——"

"Why doesn't she pay what she owes, and leave the house?" said Amelia.

"Hold your tongue," said her brother. "What she owes is no affair of yours."

"But it's an affair of mine, when I'm insulted by such a creature as that."

"Creature!" said Mrs. Lupex. "I'd like to know which is most like a creature! But I'll tell you what it is, Amelia Roper——"

Here, however, her eloquence was stopped, for Amelia had disappeared through the door, having been pushed out of the room by her brother. Whereupon Mrs. Lupex, having found a sofa convenient for the service, betook herself to hysterics. There for the moment we will leave her, hoping that poor Mrs. Roper was not kept late out of her bed.

"What a deuce of a mess Eames will make of it, if he marries that girl!" Such was Cradell's reflection as he betook himself to his own room. But of his own part in the night's transactions he was rather proud than otherwise, feeling that the married lady's regard for him had been the cause of the battle which had raged. So, likewise, did Paris derive much gratification from the ten years' siege of Troy.

CHAPTER XII.

LILIAN DALE BECOMES A BUTTERFLY.

AND now we will go back to Allington. The same morning that brought to John Eames the two letters which were given in the last chapter but one, brought to the Great House, among others, the following epistle for Adolphus Crosbie. It was from a countess, and was written on pink paper, beautifully creamlaid and scented, ornamented with a coronet and certain singularly-entwined initials. Altogether, the letter was very fashionable and attractive, and Adolphus Crosbie was by no means sorry to receive it.

"Courcy Castle, September, 186-.

"MY DEAR MR. CROSBIE,—We have heard of you from the Gazebees, who have come down to us, and who tell us that you are rustivating at a charming little village, in which, among other attractions, there are wood nymphs and water nymphs, to whom much of your time is devoted. As this is just the thing for your taste, I would not for worlds disturb you ; but, if you should ever tear yourself away from the groves and fountains of Allington, we shall be delighted to welcome you here, through you will find us very unromantic, after your late Elysium.

"Lady Dumbello is coming to us, who I know is a favourite of yours. Or is it the other way, and are you a favourite of hers ? I did ask Lady Hartletop, but she cannot get away from the poor marquis, who is, you know, so very infirm. The duke isn't at Gatherum at present, but, of course, I don't mean that that has anything to do with dear Lady Hartletop's not coming to us. I believe we shall have the house full, and shall not want for nymphs either, though I fear they will not be of the wood and water kind. Margaretta and Alexandrina particularly want you to come, as they say you are so clever at making a houseful of people go off well. If you can give us a week before you go back to manage the affairs of the nation, pray do.

"Yours very sincerely,

"ROSINA DE COURCEY."

The Countess De Courcy was a very old friend of Mr. Crosbie's; that is to say, as old friends go in the world in which he had been living. He had known her for the last six or seven years, and had been in the habit of going to all her London balls, and dancing with her daughters everywhere, in a most good-natured and affable way. He had been intimate, from old family relations, with Mr. Mortimer Gazebee, who, though only an attorney of the more distinguished kind, had married the countess's eldest daughter, and now sat in Parliament for the city of Barchester, near to which Courcy Castle was situated. And, to tell the truth honestly at once, Mr. Crosbie had been on terms of great friendship with Lady De Courcy's daughters, the Ladies Margaretta and Alexandrina, —perhaps especially so with the latter, though I would not have my readers suppose by my saying so that anything more tender than friendship had ever existed between them.

Crosbie said nothing about the letter on that morning ; but during the day, or, perhaps, as he thought over the matter in bed, he made up his mind that he would accept Lady De Courcy's invitation. It was not only that he would be glad to see the Gazebees, or glad to stay in the same house with that great master in the high art of fashionable life, Lady Dumbello, or glad to renew his friendship with the Ladies Margaretta and Alexandrina. Had he felt that the circumstances of his engagement with Lily made it expedient for him to stay with her till the end of his holidays, he could have thrown over the De Courcys without a struggle. But he told himself that it would be well for him now to tear himself away from Lily ; or perhaps he said that it would be well for Lily that he should be torn away. He must not teach her to think that they were to live only in the sunlight of each other's eyes during those months, or perhaps years, which must elapse before their engagement could be carried out. Nor must he allow her to suppose that either he or she were to depend solely upon the other for the amusements and employ-

ments of life. In this way he argued the matter very sensibly within his own mind, and resolved, without much difficulty, that he would go to Courcy Castle, and bask for a week in the sunlight of the fashion which would be collected there. The quiet humdrum of his own fireside would come upon him soon enough!

"I think I shall leave you on Wednesday, sir," Crosbie said to the squire at breakfast on Sunday morning.

"Leave us on Wednesday!" said the squire, who had an old-fashioned idea that people who were engaged to marry each other should remain together as long as circumstances could be made to admit of their doing so. "Nothing wrong, is there?"

"O dear, no! But everything must come to an end some day; and as I must make one or two short visits before I get back to town, I might as well go on Wednesday. Indeed, I have made it as late as I possibly could."

"Where do you go from here?" asked Bernard.

"Well, as it happens, only into the next county,—to Courcy Castle." And then there was nothing more said about the matter at that breakfast-table.

It had become their habit to meet together on the Sunday mornings before church, on the lawn belonging to the Small House, and on this day the three gentlemen walked down together, and found Lily and Bell already waiting for them. They generally had some few minutes to spare on those occasions before Mrs. Dale summoned them to pass through the house to church, and such was the case at present. The squire at these times would stand in the middle of the grass-plot, surveying his grounds, and taking stock of the shrubs, and flowers, and fruit-trees round him; for he never forgot that it was all his own, and would thus use this opportunity, as he seldom came down to see the spot on other days. Mrs. Dale, as she would see him from her own window while she was tying on her bonnet, would feel that she knew what was passing through his mind, and would regret that circumstances had forced her to be beholden to him for such assistance. But, in truth, she did not know all that he thought at such times. "It is mine," he would say to himself, as he looked around on the pleasant place. "But it is well for me that they should enjoy it. She is my brother's widow, and she is welcome;—very welcome." I think that if those two persons had known more than they did of each other's hearts and minds they might have loved each other better.

And then Crosbie told Lily of his intention. "On Wednesday!" she said, turning almost pale with emotion as she heard this news. He had told her abruptly, not thinking, probably, that such tidings would affect her so strongly.

"Well, yes. I have written to Lady De Courcy and said Wednesday. It wouldn't do for me exactly to drop everybody, and perhaps ——"

"Oh, no! And, Adolphus, you don't suppose I begrudge your going. Only it does seem so sudden; does it not?"

"You see, I've been here over six weeks."

"Yes; you've been very good. When I think of it, what a six weeks it has been! I wonder whether the difference seems to you as great as it does to me. I've left off being a grub, and begun to be a butterfly."

"But you mustn't be a butterfly when you're married, Lily."

"No; not in that sense. But I meant that my real position in the world,—that for which I would fain hope that I was created,—opened to me only when I knew you and knew that you loved me. But mamma is calling us, and we must go through to church. Going on Wednesday! There are only three days more, then!"

"Yes, just three days," he said, as he took her on his arm and passed through the house on to the road.

"And when are we to see you again?" she asked, as they reached the churchyard.

"Ah, who is to say that yet? We must ask the Chairman of Committees when he will let me go again." Then there was nothing more said, and they all followed the squire through the little porch and up to the big family-pew in which they all sat. Here the squire took his place in one special corner which he had occupied ever since his father's death, and from which he read the responses loudly and plainly,—so loudly and plainly, that the parish clerk could by no means equal him, though with emulous voice he still made the attempt. "T' squire 'd like to be squire, and parson, and clerk, and everything; so a would," the poor clerk would say, when complaining of the ill-usage which he suffered.

If Lily's prayers were interrupted by her new sorrow, I think that her fault in that respect would be forgiven. Of course she had known that Crosbie was not going to remain at Allington much longer. She knew quite as well as he did the exact day on which his leave of absence came to its end, and the hour at which it behoved him to walk into his room at the General Committee Office. She had taught herself to think that he would remain with them up to the end of his vacation, and now she felt as a schoolboy would feel who was told suddenly, a day or two before the time, that the last week of his holidays was to be taken from him. The grievance would have been slight had she known it from the first; but what schoolboy could stand such a shock, when the loss amounted to two-thirds of his remaining wealth? Lily did not blame her lover. She did not even think that he ought to stay. She would not allow herself to suppose that he could propose anything that was unkind. But she felt her loss, and more than once, as she knelt at her prayers, she wiped a hidden tear from her eyes.

Crosbie also was thinking of his departure more than he should have done during Mr. Boyce's sermon. "It's easy listening to him," Mrs. Hearn used to say of her husband's successor. "It don't give one much trouble following him into his arguments." Mr. Crosbie perhaps found the diffi-

culty greater than did Mrs. Hearn, and would have devoted his mind more perfectly to the discourse had the argument been deeper. It is very hard, that necessity of listening to a man who says nothing. On this occasion Crosbie ignored the necessity altogether, and gave up his mind to the consideration of what it might be expedient that he should say to Lily before he went. He remembered well those few words which he had spoken in the first ardour of his love, pleading that an early day might be fixed for their marriage. And he remembered, also, how prettily Lily had yielded to him. "Only do not let it be too soon," she had said. Now he must unsay what he had then said. He must plead against his own pleadings, and explain to her that he desired to postpone the marriage rather than to hasten it—a task which, I presume, must always be an unpleasant one for any man engaged to be married. "I might as well do it at once," he said to himself, as he bobbed his head forward into his hands by way of returning thanks for the termination of Mr. Boyce's sermon.

As he had only three days left, it was certainly as well that he should do this at once. Seeing that Lily had no fortune, she could not in justice complain of a prolonged engagement. That was the argument which he used in his own mind. But he as often told himself that she would have very great ground of complaint if she were left for a day unnecessarily in doubt as to this matter. Why had he rashly spoken those hasty words to her in his love, betraying himself into all manner of scrapes, as a school-boy might do, or with a one as Johnny Eames? What an ass he had been not to have remembered himself and to have been collected,—not to have bethought himself on the occasion of all that might be due to Adolphus Crosbie! And then the idea came upon him whether he had not altogether made himself an ass in this matter. And as he gave his arm to Lily outside the church-door, he shrugged his shoulders while making that reflection. "It is too late now," he said to himself; and then turned round and made some sweet little loving speech to her. Adolphus Crosbie was a clever man; and he meant also to be a true man,—if only the temptations to falsehood might not be too great for him.

"Lily," he said to her, "will you walk in the fields after lunch?"

Walk in the fields with him! Of course she would. There were only three days left, and would she not give up to him every moment of her time, if he would accept of all her moments? And then they lunched at the Small House, Mrs. Dale having promised to join the dinner-party at the squire's table. The squire did not eat any lunch, excusing himself on the plea that lunch in itself was a bad thing. "He can eat lunch at his own house," Mrs. Dale afterwards said to Bell. "And I've often seen him take a glass of sherry." While thinking of this, Mrs. Dale made her own dinner. If her brother-in-law would not eat at her board, neither would she eat at his.

And then in a few minutes Lily had on her hat, in place of that

decorous, church-going bonnet which Crosbie was wont to abuse with a lover's privilege, feeling well assured that he might say what he liked of the bonnet as long as he would praise the hat. "Only three days," she said, as she walked down with him across the lawn at a quick pace. But she said it in a voice which made no complaint,—which seemed to say simply this,—that as the good time was to be so short, they must make the most of it. And what compliment could be paid to a man so sweet as that? What flattery could be more gratifying? All my earthly heaven is with you; and now, for the delight of these immediately present months or so, there are left to me but three days of this heaven! Come, then; I will make the most of what happiness is given to me. Crosbie felt it all as she felt it, and recognized the extent of the debt he owed her. "I'll come down to them for a day at Christmas, though it be only for a day," he said to himself. Then he reflected that as such was his intention, it might be well for him to open his present conversation with a promise to that effect.

"Yes, Lily; there are only three days left now. But I wonder whether—— I suppose you'll all be at home at Christmas?"

"At home at Christmas?—of course we shall be at home. You don't mean to say you'll come to us!"

"Well; I think I will, if you'll have me."

"Oh! that will make such a difference. Let me see. That will only be three months. And to have you here on Christmas Day! I would sooner have you then than on any other day in the year."

"It will only be for one day, Lily. I shall come to dinner on Christmas Eve, and must go away the day after."

"But you will come direct to our house!"

"If you can spare me a room."

"Of course we can. So we could now. Only when you came, you know——" Then she looked up into his face and smiled.

"When I came, I was the squire's friend and your cousin's, rather than yours. But that's all changed now."

"Yes; you're my friend now,—mine specially. I'm to be now and always your own special, dearest friend;—ch, Adolphus?" And then she exacted from him the repetition of the promise which he had so often given her.

By this time they had passed through the grounds of the Great House and were in the fields. "Lily," said he, speaking rather suddenly, and making her feel by his manner that something of importance was to be said; "I want to say a few words to you about,—business." And he gave a little laugh as he spoke the last word, making her fully understand that he was not quite at his ease.

"Of course I'll listen. And, Adolphus, pray don't be afraid about me. What I mean is, don't think that I can't bear cares and troubles. I can bear anything as long as you love me. I say that because I'm afraid I seemed to complain about your going. I didn't mean to."

"I never thought you complained, dearest. Nothing can be better than you are at all times and in every way. A man would be very hard to please if you didn't please him."

"If I can only please you——"

"You do please me, in everything. Dear Lily, I think I found an angel when I found you. But now about this business. Perhaps I'd better tell you everything."

"Oh, yes! tell me everything."

"But then you mustn't misunderstand me. And if I talk about money, you mustn't suppose that it has anything to do with my love for you."

"I wish for your sake that I wasn't such a little pauper."

"What I mean to say is this, that if I seem to be anxious about money, you must not suppose that that anxiety bears any reference whatever to my affection for you. I should love you just the same, and look forward just as much to my happiness in marrying you, whether you were rich or poor. You understand that?"

She did not quite understand him; but she merely pressed his arm, so as to encourage him to go on. She presumed that he intended to tell her something as to their future mode of life—something which he supposed it might not be pleasant for her to hear, and she was determined to show him that she would receive it pleasantly.

"You know," said he, "how anxious I have been that our marriage should not be delayed. To me, of course, it must be everything now to call you my own as soon as possible." In answer to which little declaration of love, she merely pressed his arm again, the subject being one on which she had not herself much to say.

"Of course I must be very anxious, but I find it not so easy as I expected."

"You know what I said, Adolphus. I said that I thought we had better wait. I'm sure mamma thinks so. And if we can only see you now and then——"

"That will be a matter of course. But, as I was saying—— Let me see. Yes,—all that waiting will be intolerable to me. It is such a bore for a man when he has made up his mind on such a matter as marriage, not to make the change at once, especially when he is going to take to himself such a little angel as you are," and as he spoke these loving words, his arm was again put round her waist; "but——" and then he stopped. He wanted to make her understand that this change of intention on his part was caused by the unexpected misconduct of her uncle. He desired that she should know exactly how the matter stood; that he had been led to suppose that her uncle would give her some small fortune; that he had been disappointed, and had a right to feel the disappointment keenly; and that in consequence of this blow to his expectations, he must put off his marriage. But he wished her also to understand at the same time that this did not in the least mar his love for her; that he did not join her at all in her uncle's fault. All this he was

anxious to convey to her, but he did not know how to get it said in a manner that would not be offensive to her personally, and that should not appear to accuse himself of sordid motives. He had begun by declaring that he would tell her all; but sometimes it is not easy, that task of telling a person everything. There are things which will not get themselves told.

"You mean, dearest," said she, "that you cannot afford to marry at once."

"Yes; that is it. I had expected that I should be able, but ——"

Did any man in love ever yet find himself able to tell the lady whom he loved that he was very much disappointed on discovering that she had got no money? If so, his courage, I should say, was greater than his love. Crosbie found himself unable to do it, and thought himself cruelly used because of the difficulty. The delay to which he intended to subject her was occasioned, as he felt, by the squire, and not by himself. He was ready to do his part, if only the squire had been willing to do the part which properly belonged to him. The squire would not; and, therefore, neither could he,—not as yet. Justice demanded that all this should be understood; but when he came to the telling of it, he found that the story would not form itself properly. He must let the thing go, and bear the injustice, consoling himself as best he might by the reflection that he at least was behaving well in the matter.

"It won't make me unhappy, Adolphus."

"Will it not?" said he. "As regards myself, I own that I cannot bear the delay with so much indifference."

"Nay, my love; but you should not misunderstand me," she said, stopping and facing him on the path in which they were walking. "I suppose I ought to protest, according to the common rules, that I would rather wait. Young ladies are expected to say so. If you were pressing me to marry at once, I should say so, no doubt. But now, as it is, I will be more honest. I have only one wish in the world, and that is, to be your wife,—to be able to share everything with you. The sooner we can be together the better it will be,—at any rate, for me. There; will that satisfy you?"

"My own, own Lily!"

"Yes, your own Lily. You shall have no cause to doubt me, dearest. But I do not expect that I am to have everything exactly as I want it. I say again, that I shall not be unhappy in waiting. How can I be unhappy while I feel certain of your love? I was disappointed just now when you said that you were going so soon; and I am afraid I showed it. But those little things are more unendurable than the big things."

"Yes; that's very true."

"But there are three more days, and I mean to enjoy them so much! And then you will write to me: and you will come at Christmas. And next year, when you have your holiday, you will come down to us again; will you not?"

"You may be quite sure of that."

"And so the time will go by till it suits you to come and take me. I shall not be unhappy."

"I, at any rate, shall be impatient."

"Ah, men always are impatient. It is one of their privileges, I suppose. And I don't think that a man ever has the same positive and complete satisfaction in knowing that he is loved, which a girl feels. You are my bird that I have shot with my own gun; and the assurance of my success is sufficient for my happiness."

"You have bowled me over, and know that I can't get up again."

"I don't know about can't. I would let you up quick enough, if you wished it."

How he made his loving assurance that he did not wish it, never would or could wish it, the reader will readily understand. And then he considered that he might as well leave all those money questions as they now stood. His real object had been to convince her that their joint circumstances did not admit of an immediate marriage; and as to that she completely understood him. Perhaps, during the next three days, some opportunity might arise for explaining the whole matter to Mrs. Dale. At any rate, he had declared his own purpose honestly, and no one could complain of him.

On the following day they all rode over to Guestwick together,—the all consisting of the two girls, with Bernard and Crosbie. Their object was to pay two visits,—one to their very noble and highly exalted ally, the Lady Julia De Guest; and the other to their much humbler and better known friend, Mrs. Eames. As Guestwick Manor lay on their road into the town, they performed the grander ceremony the first. The present Earl De Guest, brother of that Lady Fanny who ran away with Major Dale, was an unmarried nobleman, who devoted himself chiefly to the breeding of cattle. And as he bred very good cattle, taking infinite satisfaction in the employment, devoting all his energies thereto, and abstaining from all prominently evil courses, it should be acknowledged that he was not a bad member of society. He was a thorough-going old Tory, whose proxy was always in the hand of the leader of his party; and who seldom himself went near the metropolis, unless called thither by some occasion of cattle-showing. He was a short, stumpy man, with red cheeks and a round face; who was usually to be seen till dinner-time dressed in a very old shooting coat, with breeches, gaiters, and very thick shoes. He lived generally out of doors, and was almost as great in the preserving of game as in the breeding of oxen. He knew every acre of his own estate, and every tree upon it, as thoroughly as a lady knows the ornaments in her drawing-room. There was no gap in a fence of which he did not remember the exact bearings, no path hither or thither as to which he could not tell the why and the wherefore. He had been in his earlier years a poor man as regarded his income,—very poor, seeing that he was an earl. But he was not at present by any means an impoverished man,

having been taught a lesson by the miseries of his father and grandfather, and having learned to live within his means. Now, as he was going down the vale of years, men said that he was becoming rich, and that he had ready money to spend,—a position in which no Lord De Guest had found himself for many generations back. His father and grandfather had been known as spendthrifts; and now men said that this earl was a miser.

There was not much of nobility in his appearance; but they greatly mistook Lord De Guest who conceived that on that account his pride of place was not dear to his soul. His peerage dated back to the time of King John, and there were but three lords in England whose patents had been conferred before his own. He knew what privileges were due to him on behalf of his blood, and was not disposed to abate one jot of them. He was not loud in demanding them. As he went through the world he sent no trumpeters to the right or left, proclaiming that the Earl De Guest was coming. When he spread his board for his friends, which he did but on rare occasions, he entertained them simply, with a mild, tedious, old-fashioned courtesy. We may say that, if properly treated, the earl never walked over anybody. But he could, if ill-treated, be grandly indignant; and if attacked, could hold his own against all the world. He knew himself to be every inch an earl, pottering about after his oxen with his muddy gaiters and red cheeks, as much as though he were glittering with stars in courtly royal ceremonies among his peers at Westminster;—ay, more an earl than any of those who use their nobility for pageant purposes. Woe be to him who should mistake that old coat for a badge of rural degradation! Now and again some unlucky wight did make such mistake, and had to do his penance very uncomfortably.

With the earl lived a maiden sister, the Lady Julia. Bernard Dale's father had, in early life, run away with one sister, but no suitor had been fortunate enough to induce the Lady Julia to run with him. Therefore she still lived, in maiden blessedness, as mistress of Guestwick Manor; and as such had no mean opinion of the high position which destiny had called upon her to fill. She was a tedious, dull, virtuous old woman, who gave herself infinite credit for having remained all her days in the home of her youth, probably forgetting, in her present advanced years, that her temptations to leave it had not been strong or numerous. She generally spoke of her sister Fanny with some little contempt, as though that poor lady had degraded herself in marrying a younger brother. She was as proud of her own position as was the earl her brother, but her pride was maintained with more of outward show and less of inward nobility. It was hardly enough for her that the world should know that she was a De Guest, and therefore she had assumed little pompous ways and certain airs of condescension which did not make her popular with her neighbours.

The intercourse between Guestwick Manor and Allington was not very frequent or very cordial. Soon after the running away of the Lady

Fanny, the two families had agreed to acknowledge their connection with each other, and to let it be known by the world that they were on friendly terms. Either that course was necessary to them, or the other course, of letting it be known that they were enemies. Friendship was the less troublesome, and therefore the two families called on each other from time to time, and gave each other dinners about once a year. The earl regarded the squire as a man who had deserted his politics, and had thereby forfeited the respect due to him as an hereditary land magnate; and the squire was wont to be-little the earl as one who understood nothing of the outer world. At Guestwick Manor Bernard was to some extent a favourite. He was actually a relative, having in his veins blood of the De Guests, and was not the less a favourite because he was the heir to Allington, and because the blood of the Dales was older even than that of the noble family to which he was allied. When Bernard should come to be the squire, then indeed there might be cordial relations between Guestwick Manor and Allington; unless, indeed, the earl's heir and the squire's heir should have some fresh cause of ill-will between themselves.

They found Lady Julia sitting in her drawing-room alone, and introduced to her Mr. Crosbie in due form. The fact of Lily's engagement was of course known at the manor, and it was quite understood that her intended husband was now brought over that he might be looked at and approved. Lady Julia made a very elaborate curtsy, and expressed a hope that her young friend might be made happy in that sphere of life to which it had pleased God to call her.

"I hope I shall, Lady Julia," said Lily, with a little laugh; "at any rate I mean to try."

"We all try, my dear, but many of us fail to try with sufficient energy of purpose. It is only by doing our duty that we can hope to be happy, whether in single life or in married."

"Miss Dale means to be a dragon of perfection in the performance of hers," said Crosbie.

"A dragon!" said Lady Julia. "No; I hope Miss Lily Dale will never become a dragon." And then she turned to her nephew. It may be as well to say at once that she never forgave Mr. Crosbie the freedom of the expression which he had used. He had been in the drawing-room of Guestwick Manor for two minutes only, and it did not become him to talk about dragons. "Bernard," she said, "I heard from your mother yesterday. I am afraid she does not seem to be very strong." And then there was a little conversation, not very interesting in its nature, between the aunt and the nephew as to the general health of Lady Fanny.

"I didn't know my aunt was so unwell," said Bell.

"She isn't ill," said Bernard. "She never is ill; but then she is never well."

"Your aunt," said Lady Julia, seeming to put a touch of sarcasm into the tone of her voice as she repeated the word—"your aunt has

never enjoyed good health since she left this house; but that is a long time ago."

"A very long time," said Crosbie, who was not accustomed to be left in his chair silent. "You, Dale, at any rate, can hardly remember it."

"But I can remember it," said Lady Julia, gathering herself up. "I can remember when my sister Fanny was recognized as the beauty of the country. It is a dangerous gift, that of beauty."

"Very dangerous," said Crosbie. Then Lily laughed again, and Lady Julia became more angry than ever. What odious man was this whom her neighbours were going to take into their very bosom! But she had heard of Mr. Crosbie before, and Mr. Crosbie also had heard of her.

"By-the-by, Lady Julia," said he, "I think I know some very dear friends of yours."

"Very dear friends is a very strong word. I have not many very dear friends."

"I mean the Gazebees. I have heard Mortimer Gazebee and Lady Amelia speak of you."

Whereupon, Lady Julia confessed that she did know the Gazebees. Mr. Gazebee, she said, was a man who in early life had wanted many advantages, but still he was a very estimable person. He was now in Parliament, and she understood that he was making himself useful. She had not quite approved of Lady Amelia's marriage at the time, and so she had told her very old friend Lady De Courcy; but—— And then Lady Julia said many words in praise of Mr. Gazebee, which seemed to amount to this; that he was an excellent sort of man, with a full conviction of the too great honour done to him by the earl's daughter who had married him, and a complete consciousness that even that marriage had not put him on a par with his wife's relations, or even with his wife. And then it came out that Lady Julia in the course of the next week was going to meet the Gazebees at Courcy Castle.

"I am delighted to think that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you there," said Crosbie.

"Indeed!" said Lady Julia.

"I am going to Courcy on Wednesday. That, I fear, will be too early to allow of my being of any service to your ladyship."

Lady Julia drew herself up, and declined the escort which Mr. Crosbie had seemed to offer. It grieved her to find that Lily Dale's future husband was an intimate friend of her friend's, and it especially grieved her to find that he was now going to that friend's house. It was a grief to her, and she showed that it was. It also grieved Crosbie to find that Lady Julia was to be a fellow guest with himself at Courcy Castle; but he did not show it. He expressed nothing but smiles and civil self-congratulation on the matter, pretending that he would have much delight in again meeting Lady Julia; but, in truth, he would have given much could he

have invented any manœuvre by which her ladyship might have been kept at home.

"What a horrid old woman she is," said Lily, as they rode back down the avenue. "I beg your pardon, Bernard; for, of course, she is your aunt."

"Yes; she is my aunt; and though I am not very fond of her, I deny that she is a horrid old woman. She never murdered anybody, or robbed anybody, or stole away any other woman's lover."

"I should think not," said Lily.

"She says her prayers earnestly, I have no doubt," continued Bernard, "and gives away money to the poor, and would sacrifice to-morrow any desire of her own to her brother's wish. I acknowledge that she is ugly, and pompous, and that, being a woman, she ought not to have such a long black beard on her upper lip."

"I don't care a bit about her beard," said Lily. "But why did she tell me to do my duty? I didn't go there to have a sermon preached to me."

"And why did she talk about beauty being dangerous?" said Bell. "Of course, we all knew what she meant."

"I didn't know at all what she meant," said Lily; "and I don't know now."

"I think she's a charming woman, and I shall be especially civil to her at Lady De Courcy's," said Crosbie.

And in this way, saying hard things of the poor old spinster whom they had left, they made their way into Guestwick, and again dismounted at Mrs. Eames's door.

Reflections on My Daughter's Marriage.

NEVER shall I read love-stories with satisfaction any more : at last I know why in these later days they have had for me a suspicious, a fretful interest at best. The writers are partial, thoughtless, unkind. They are all in a league with the lovers ; and if only *they* bring the pleasing miseries, the timely *contretemps*, the dear doubts, the bracing difficulties of courtship to a terminus at the altar, and the settlements are good, and fair-haired consequences are foreseen, riding on ponies at a date reasonably subsequent—all's well in the world.

And so no doubt it is—for the young people ; but we are not all young at one time, and that is what I am thinking of at present. As Love and Youth roll along on the homeward way from church, I do not deny that the Fates are visibly harnessed to the wedding coach : it is a triumph, and a triumph which nobody grudges them—no, not the curmudgeonest of men. There may be some difference of view between them and us, who also have ridden in the car, and have alighted in the mire, and are now as much accustomed to the harness as to the coach-box (taking our turn in them with the Fates, in fact), but it is not that which makes a man so serious on his daughter's wedding-day. Of course he scans her future anxiously, near and far as he may ; but there is nowhere anything to dread, perhaps—nowhere anything but assurance or hope. It is all the same—he is as serious as ever. His thoughts are “long, long thoughts,” and many, and full of pain. The marriage-ceremony is as solemn a thing to him as to the bride herself—as solemn, as significant, and very sad besides ; and yet who thinks of *his* part in it ? He is no more considered than his grandfather's portrait is, smiling unconcerned from the wall. Papa is old and grave, grey and silent : his time is past. What has he to do but to give the bride away, and (if necessary) get a nice comfortable old housekeeper to fill her place ? This is an affair of love and youth : does he understand them even ? It seems not. Opinion is against any such presumption. The young, who are authoritative on the subject, are more than sceptical—they are saucy in their hearts ; and of all the story-tellers whom I have read, not one has ever deemed it worth while to consider what an old fellow's thoughts and sentiments may be when his daughter has kissed him farewell and is gone from his house.

We do, indeed, meet a sentence or two sometimes, in the last hurried page of a story, about “the blank that is left in the old man's heart,” or how it was long before he could reconcile himself to the loss of that bright being whose presence added warmth to his hearth and light to his dwelling. But this is all, and it is all heartless. Such poor phrases as these are the

hackneys of people who feel that there is something to be said, and know and care not what: like the returns of killed and wounded in a victorious despatch, they are tagged on at the end rather to glorify the winning than in sympathy with the losing party. Not the sufferings, but the success is illustrated.

The blank in the old man's heart? the light that is gone from his dwelling? these lovers and novelists are very shallow. That is much, but it is not all—not more than can be seen or imagined by the most casual observer. The blank is easily filled at once by the image of those rosy prospective consequences—the light that is lost with a daughter's presence is very well restored by the reflection of her own home happiness. Is it not always so with people who have come to the time of grey hair and wrinkled visages? All their joy is a reflected light—from their youth which is past, from the life around them which is not theirs, from the world which is as near to them now, though far away, as this. There is nothing new or strange, then, in such comfort. But yet when I think upon the hoarded years of the little girl whom I gave away yesterday—the years which, as one by one they were added to her life, and made space for her growth, and ripened her beauty, and gave their successive seasons of sun and rain for her thoughts and affections to flourish in. I took as gifts bestowed on *me*—when I count them over and see that now she is gone, carrying them all and their fruits away, I do repine somewhat on that account indeed. The blank is there—I certainly feel it. Suppose the pony does trot up to my door one day, and a little lady with my eyes under her brows runs in to hug me: well, her mother was once more mine than a grandchild can be, and the story is only to be repeated when ma'nselle grows up to be twenty. Then it will be Master Jack's turn, who has got my girl; and I hope I shall be there to comfort him. And I hope I shall be comfortable: only by that time I shall have gone down into another generation, and shall probably care for Jack's feelings no more than he now cares for mine. Every man of us, we are several creatures in this one life: the seasons are not so various: there's nothing so much unlike a cat as a kitten. Once I was a day-old husband like Jack. By-and-by he will be as I am: and then I shall be like my grandfather's portrait on the wall (if I live), smiling over my granddaughter's wedding-table (if I am invited thereto) with small concern. Nobody cares for me now that it is my turn—I shan't care for anybody when that it is *his*. Not that the prospect gives me comfort—it rather weights my mind with that *triste* old Shakspearian burden, "So runs the world away." I wish sometimes the world had other courses, and could learn to be eccentric in certain particulars: but we wish, and wish, and what do we know? Suppose we *were* all young together, fathers, daughters, uncles, cousins—would that profit us? Suppose our mothers could keep the freshness, and innocence, and beauty of their youth for their sons to see when they in their turn come to twenty years: it would indeed be a delightful wholesome dispensation for the

sons, but for the daughters it would be a different thing, wouldn't it? We must be content, whether or not, and be as much, and love as much, as we can, in every stage of life to which it pleases God to call us.

Such conclusions, however—reasonable and religious as they may be—do not fill the blank in papa's forsaken bosom. Not that there is really a vacuum there after all. Turn to the woods, they are haunted by dryads and hamadryads yet: only when you put your spectacles on to look for them, they are gone. And so when I search the place which my little girl filled so long, there is nothing; my household goddess has left an utter blank behind. But if the too-eagerly inquiring thought is put aside only for a moment, a troop of living memories come in, a pleasant company of ghosts, every one with the same sweet face—as it is, as it was in a hundred times and places which I wonder are not forgotten. I daresay these visitors will keep the old nest warm enough, though the bird has flown to build a new one. At any rate, I'll take care not to stare at them to drive them away. They are my progeny, too—these memories, these ghosts; they are my love children, the fruit of my love for her, of hers for me. There are husbands so fond of their wives, that as long as those larger darlings live they seem to take account of the little ones they bring only as so many accidental blessings that adorn *her*; as proofs, as pledges, as superfluous household bounties (who heeds the wine that overbrims the cup?); as gifts of fortune above measure, which may wait to be enjoyed. But when the wife dies, then the husband, turning to the children, finds how dear they are, and how busy they have been all their little lives weaving webs of love about him to keep his heart whole at this very time. And now I know how that may be. This shadowy progeny of mine, I took no note of them at their birth, nor guessed what they might be to me one day, long after they had been forgotten. Observations of a babe's "pretty ways," the surprise of some child-wise saying, simple nursery scenes translated into poems at the moment and forthwith jostled out of mind by others, holidays, times of sickness, birthnight rejoicings, apparitions in joyful new frocks, and so forth, these things were little more to me when they happened than the varying light that marks the progress of the day. Accompanied by so much emotion, glad or sorry, they came and went, and were never heeded more than the delights and disappointments of a garden, which every day is sure to renew. But now that there is no more light and the garden itself is conveyed away—now that I am dispossessed of her who was the spring and centre of all these circumstances, the change arrives. Mamma is dead, and the children come flocking round my knees—into my mind, I mean. The pen I flourished yesterday in St. James's vestry was an enchanter's wand, bringing a thousand departed memories to life again—invoking the many sweet ghosts of her which came into existence as year by year she put on a new life, and which henceforth are to be my best companions.

St. James's officiating clergyman is potent; behold what he has done

for me already. But he cannot lay these spirits in any sea if he tries; and besides being mostly under age, they are for other good reasons not marriageable. From any Jack who would carry *them* off, the Lord deliver me; but I am in no danger. That was provided for from the beginning by Him who disdains not to make enchanter's wands of goose-quills for distressed parents; who, unsuspected of the very hearts in which they are stored, treasures up past joys and sorrows for our future good. And the wonderful, though ever so well-known thing about that is, that the joys and sorrows grow alike in the interval: the joys are none without a touch of sadness, the sting has perished in the sorrows. Of both the lees are thrown down; they are no longer clouded with the muddy emotions of our natural clay, and have grown by age into a clear, pure, true vintage of life.

Well, then, perhaps I am better off with my shadows than with the realities? And what are realities? When my son-in-law took Margaret home, no doubt he fancied *he* had got a reality; but I believe her existence to him, as a fact, altogether depends upon the existence of the Idea of her in his mind. That is what the metaphysicians would say. The young man feels that he possesses her, because he hears her say now and then, "Dear Jack, I am yours," and because he sees her every day sitting at his fireside. But eyes and ears are mere mechanical apparatus; the impression they convey is the thing: and if the impression remains, it matters little whether it was made an hour or a year ago, I suppose. These two young people cannot always be together; and when they are apart, that happy sense of belonging to each other which makes them so paradisaical just now, depends for existence on ideas, images, memories not much stronger, perhaps, than mine olden ones, brought out, as they are, like "invisible ink" by fire. Margaret sits by John's hearth: this is entirely an affair between her and the fireplace. Margaret sitting by the hearth is to anybody else nothing but an idea, an image, a conception of Margaret existing in the mind. Now my mind is possessed with a hundred such conceptions, as vivid as if they were only an hour old, but mellowed, deeper: conceptions of Margaret *mine*. And so I hope I have satisfied myself on philosophical principles that I have not really lost my daughter at all. On the contrary, I have found a series of daughters, whom I had forgotten till the last of the line, a grown woman, came to a termination at the altar.

Imprimis. A baby-daughter: an exquisite mysterious possession, not at all included in yesterday's marriage articles. It remains mine. I dare say the copyright will be infringed, and for that there is no remedy; only in such an event I shall take care to point out to my son-in-law in what particulars his copy is a piracy, and inferior to the original: as copies are sure to be. At any rate, nobody but myself knows now what the original was; and so a little disparagement, the taking down of Master Jack a peg or two in another hour of triumph, will be safe as well as sweet. What it *was* did I say? *Is!* Let me not lose hold upon the metaphysical persuasion by which I prove my company of ghosts and memories to be living things, real possessions of to-day. The child *is*. There it still lies

where I first beheld it, bundled high up on mamma's pillow, and mamma gazing up to it with strangely clear though weary eyes, and seeing in that contented little red face beauties which it certainly gave every prospect of developing—in due course. It lies in my arms (why not? sense is only the vehicle of sensation), and I am melted and moved so strangely that I think of the pool of Bethesda and the angels troubling it! Is *this* little one to bring healing and sweetness to the turgid shallows of my life? Too much disturbed, I give baby back, saying, "I wonder whether it will grow to be very clever and good!" Says mamma, in her pretty feeble voice, "I think her hair will curl!"

That is one of them.

Then there is that other one—not a baby now—whom I met on Cowes pier one day, and wondered whether she belonged to me. Because I had not seen my child for three months; and this one was too miraculously beautiful; and a huge, common, commonest seaman carried her, with as much tenderness and admiration as if she had been *his* Margaret, his pearl—the prize of some piratical expedition to I know not what Angelic Islands. But she was mine: there was her nurse (talking to a gentleman with rings in his ears hard by) to prove it, as well as her own half-remembering eyes, as she looked and looked, and knew me at last, blushing! I think it must have been that blush, little one! so perplexingly like and so unlike a woman's, which has kept you alive in my heart as you then were, to this day: a separate being, a complete delight. Timidly stretching out those round white arms, you surprised my love in its deepest, most secret place; and there you have been shut in with it ever since, inaccessible to the changes of time.

Then there is the little maid, two or three years older than the above, who used to pretend that the sthmoke came into her eyes (when there was no smoke) whenever I told her stories of poor blackamoors, and how cold their tropical toes get as they go begging about in our bitter winter weather. Why was this four-year-old female stoic ashamed of her sympathetic tears?

Then there is the young lady who, at seven, fell in love with Robert Poltimore (on the occasion of his being breeched), and who loved him so dear that, when he went away to school, she cried for fifteen minutes under the apple-tree where they parted. The ghosts that have come back to me from that period are two: one with the child's flushed and tearful face as she banged at the boughs for an apple for Robert to carry away with him (as he did, in his unsentimental trousers-pocket); the other, a little figure that stood at my study table next day, gravely and anxiously dictating a letter for her lover. The language of that serious *billet* is all written down in my memory, and I can call the pretty figure to table, and hear her all over again whenever I please.

Then have I also a dear Little Dorrit of a daughter, who, while I thought her still a child, came out as an old woman. That was when somebody died who was precious to both of us. And she who then

suppressed the grief of her young heart lest it should give a greater grief to me—who smoothed down her hair to look like a woman's, and took thought, and kept our humble household in order till she could conveniently break down, too (in a quiet way)—this one is the dearest daughter of the whole series, and neither is *she* included in the marriage contract. The saintly child and the devoted woman are different beings; the former almost surely becomes the latter, but the process is not to be reversed; and, by your leave, son-in-law, the child remains mine. And were the wife to turn out ever so wicked hereafter, it is my opinion that the daughter, *that* daughter, ought to go to heaven. Can no philosopher make a theory which will provide for her translation in this wise? Why may I not carry her thither myself—if I am only good enough to secure that prerogative—taking my heart, in which she is treasured, in my hand, and saying, “Here is an angel indeed, who cannot be gainsaid!”

Already I have written down a half-dozen sweet spirits, and recalled a hundred living memories; why should those of a later time be added which are too near to be altogether unmixed with a consciously selfish pain? But I am getting better. I'm not so morose now as I was when I found my girl weeping at her window in the dark, because that young man had thought proper to enliven existence by quarrelling with her; nor do I so much resent the time when, instead of playing me Beethoven's symphonies or Mozart's Requiem after dinner, she persisted in *lieder ohne worte*, and Weber's love-laden waltzes. *Did* she play them to me, I wonder? I could not believe it at the time, for an excellent reason. When I fell asleep over my favourite Beethoven the player used to cease; when I pretended to slumber over the *lieder*, she went on all the same. I knew how it was then; those maundering *pianissimo* touches were all addressed to Another, who was not in the room even. Well, he was as truly there with her, perhaps, as my Little Dorrit is with me, and Jack is welcome to as much of her as is his. I have shown (and it is enough), that there is not necessarily a blank in papa's heart after the wedding, and if that's what the novelist's sympathy is confined to, his emotions may be spared in all good honest cases where sympathy is deserved.

What I wish is, that a little more account were taken of an old fellow's present feelings and position on his girl's marriage day. Blank or no blank, it is for him a time inexpressibly solemn, and moving, and tender; as his hour of dissolution must be, even though he is sure of going straight to paradise. And is not *this* in some sort an hour of dissolution too?—an hour when a life well loved as his own is parting from him—when its days and its nights pass before his eyes in a long procession to this last, and its many joys and fears, its painful and its hopeful memories rise up together as if they also were about to bid farewell to the heart that bred them? Well, the victim need not trouble himself in that hour to hide his face, for nobody guesses or cares what may be dying within. It is unkind, I say. Why, if you had but a little spring which one day you found bubbling up in your garden newly, and it became first a wilful,

bright brook, and broadened year by year into a deep, and stately, and thoughtful stream; and you went down and found it all flowing away with a glad noise, leaving you nothing but the channel for your contemplation, I should say there was something pathetic in that, if you had loved the stream as familiar brooks are often loved. And your neighbours would take the trouble to ponder your loss, and to consider what sympathy was due to you in such a case. But if the fountain wells up in the garden of your life, *another* life, and the brook was a child, and the stream is a beautiful, thoughtful woman, that is another thing, it seems. The gentleman into whose grounds the stream is running away is an object of universal interest; but as for you, you are regarded less than the impressive parson who ratifies the transfer.

Oh, this tyranny of youth! The world is all for it—all joys but money-getting are for young men and maidens. Beauty, poetry, love, day-dreaming—how absurd are we to talk of what they alone understand, and which is theirs only! Beauty with *our* leathern visages! Poetry?—yes, Milton perhaps, but not Byron—not the stars, the woods, the moonlit hill, the sounding sea? Love? we know no more about it now than Dead Sea apes, who also have a certain memory of the passion; and in our dreams we snore fatally.

It is not now as it has been of yere :
Turn wheresoe'er we may
By night or day,
The things which we have seen we now can see no more.

No doubt there is some truth in this; but there is little justice and no humanity whatever in turning it into triumph, or using it in neglect or contempt of us oldsters. Other affections there are besides the tender ones, so called—other love besides the grand passion, as true, perhaps, and as dear. But what then?—the one was made for sacrifice, the other for exaltation and enjoyment.

I should like to have said what I *could* have said when I had to make my speech yesterday. But what can a man do who is done to death by bridesmaids—who has been hustled by whispers and smiles out of the circle which Love and Youth mark round them on such occasions? I believe my little girl would willingly have come out to me, but, somehow, dare not; nor did I, somehow, dare to break in upon her. It was as well so, after all, perhaps: and as well that I did not make the speech I might have made. Speech! I wonder it was not a string of nursery-rhymes; for I thought of a good many as I glanced down on the pretty blushing creature pretending to eat chicken at my side. She looked so much like a child again! "Pussy cat, pussy cat with a white foot, When is your wedding, that I may come to't?" This was one of the rhymes. When is her wedding? Obviously now; and the time is come for me to give thanks therefor. I do so. I tell my audience that I speak with unmingled feelings, and I look happy. There is quite a radiance above me as I bid

the young people run off with each other, and take my love with them all the way.

They are gone—that is certain; and already I have begun to fall in love with another glass of wine after dinner. That is significant of much which is unsuspected by joyful brides and bridegrooms. Eagerly they start on the new stage of life, nor reflect that papa at home begins another, too, and that his *last*.

On either side of a hill lies a cradle and a grave. The ascending eastern slope, which is trodden by childhood and youth, is gentle and long; it is ever bright with the morning sun; the vines and the flowers are all there, and woods of dreamy rest, and nooks where nymph-like fancies bathe, and where thought is surprised. Higher as we ascend, the balmy mists through which we passed below roll away, the sunshine glows, the vines ripen—it is happiness to see and breathe alone. To look back, all is beauty—upward: all is hope, and as yet there is no hurry. We may dream in the woods when we will, slumber in every fancy-haunted nook, bathe in every stream where thought reposes.

The hill is climbed, and we stand on the borders of a wide table-land—men and women. Here, if flowers are fewer, fruits are more abundant, and the fiercer sun that ripens them gives us strength and ripeness too. And the eastern slope is still in view—it is possible to steal back to it after the labours of the day, and cool the heats of passion in its innocence and peace. The farther we go, the harder it is to do that; but if you have a little daughter, you must perforce turn your face often to the ascent up which she has to come also, and share its beauty still, if not its surprises. But by the time she has come to the brow of the hill, the hitherward slope is hidden from you: the waning afternoon finds you growing weary at the farther edge of the broad level where the work of the world is done. The descent is at hand. The western slope, gray, sudden, barren and more barren as it dips into the valley, must be entered too; and one day you feel that it is begun. That time for me is to-day. My dear little maid kept me on the sunny table-land till now (had I not to watch over her there?); but she has chosen another companion from among the young men around her: I go on alone. My back is turned to the hill, my feet rustle in autumnal leaves, a cool wind blows up from the valley: to-night I must gather a few sticks, I think.

This is what my young bride, and my young bridegroom, and the whole bevy of bridespeople, never gave a thought to. And after all, why should they? I have had my day; and now that the evening is come, I'll do as I have said: I'll even light a faggot of old memories to keep me in good cheer.

The Prisoner of Spezzia.

THANK God for Spezzia's prison gloom !
 'This dim world, as it onward rolls,
 Needeth the light of martyr-souls,
 Clear shining in their hour of doom.

The hurry of our daily life,
 The battle for our daily bread,
 The struggles of the heart and head,
 Both often wounded in the strife ;

The selfishness of little aims,
 The mean things of our fear and hope
 (As if our being's horoscope
 Ended with this life's lower claims) ;

The petty cares of weary years,
 The selfish pleasures that beset,
 Till scarce our souls a glimpse can get
 Of nobler hopes—sublimar fears ;—

These are the things that downward press,
 That almost close our heavy eyes
 To the great truth that sacrifice
 Is the sure road to blessedness.

Therefore, when martyr-spirits rise,
 And shed on us their calm, strong light,
 Our souls grow stronger at the sight,
 And with a start of glad surprise,

We—for the time at least—are great ;
 Heroic thoughts our bosoms fill,
 We feel a sympathetic thrill,
 And almost envy them their fate.

Thus shining in his prison-night,
 The Star of Italy displays
 Unconsciously its lustrous rays,
 In quiet majesty and might.

Sore wounded by Italian hands,
His ardent wishes all betrayed,
A prisoner of the king he made,—
Grandest in adverse hour he stands.

No laurel crowns, no victor flowers,
No acclamations rend the air,
But failure that suggests despair,
While treason's charge above him lowers.

And yet more grandly Hero now
Than e'er the sword hath made or can,
We own the kingship of the MAN,
And to his royal nature bow.

Courageous patience, calmest strength,
A passionate, deep tenderness,
And truth, devotion, faith, are his,
And these shall overcome at length.

Fear not ! for Truth doth still abide ;
Her sword is heavenly and unseen,
And aye her victor hour hath been,
When men have deemed her crucified.

E. B. P.

October 3rd, 1862.

The Story of Elizabeth.

PART IV.

AND so she had left all behind, Elizabeth thought. Paris, the old house, mother, stepfather, and pasteur, the courtyard, the familiar wearisome life, the dull days breaking one by one, John Dampier, her hopeless hopes, and her foolish fancies—she had left them all on the other side of the sea for a time, and come away with kind Miss Dampier.

Here, in England, whither her good friend had brought her to get well, the air is damp with sea breezes; the atmosphere is not keen and exciting as it is abroad, the sky is more often gray than blue; it rarely dazzles and bewilders you with its brilliance; there is humidity and vegetation, a certain placidity, and denseness, and moisture of which some people complain. To Elizabeth—nervous, eager, excitable—this quiet green country, these autumn mists were new life. Day by day she gained strength, and flesh, and tone, and health, and good spirits.

But it was only by slow degrees that this good change was effected; weaknesses, faintnesses, relapses,—who does not know the wearisome course of a long convalescence.

To-night, though she is by way of being a strong woman again, she feels as if she was a very, very old one, somehow, as she sits at the window of a great hotel looking out at the sunset. It seems to her as if it was never to rise again. There it goes sinking, glorying over the sea, blazing yellow in the west. The place grows dark; in the next room through the open door her white bed gleams chilly; she shudders as she looks at it, and thinks of the death-bed from which she has scarce risen. There are hours, especially when people are still weak and exhausted by sickness, when life seems unbearable, when death appears terrible, and when the spirit is so weary that it seems as if no sleep could be deep enough to give it rest. "When I am dead," thought Elizabeth; "ah me! my body will be at rest, but I myself, shall I have forgotten—do I want to forget —"

Meanwhile Miss Dampier, wrapped in her gray cloak, is taking a brisk solitary little walk upon the wooden pier which Elly sees reflected black against the sea. Aunt Jean is serenely happy about her charge; delighted to have carried her off against all opposition; determined that somehow or other she shall never go back; that she shall be made happy one day.

It is late in the autumn. Tourists are flocking home; a little procession of battered ladies and gentlemen carrying all sorts of bundles, and bags, and



parcels, disembarks every day; and then another procession of ladies and gentlemen goes to see them land. Any moment you may chance to encounter some wan sea-sick friend staggering along with the rest of the sufferers, who are more or less other peoples' friends. The waves wash up and down, painted yellow by the sunset. There is no wind, but it has been blowing hard for a day or two, and the sea is not yet calm. How pleasant it is, Miss Dampier thinks; chill, fresh, wholesome. This good air is the very thing for Elly. Along the cliffs the old lady can see the people walking against the sky like little specks. There are plenty of fishing-boats out and about. There is the west still blazing yellow, and then a long gray bank of clouds; and with a hiss and a shrill clamour here comes the tossing, dark-shadowed steamer across the black and golden water. All the passengers are crowding on deck and feebly gathering their belongings together; here the *Frederick William* comes close alongside, and as everybody else rushes along the pier to inspect the new comers, good old Jean trots off too to see what is what. In a few minutes the passengers appear, slowly rising through a trap like the ghost in the *Corsican Brothers*.

First, a lilac gentleman, then a mouldy green gentleman (evidently a foreigner), then an orange lady.

Then a ghostly blue gentleman, then a deadly white lady, then a pale lemon-coloured gentleman, with a red nose.

Then a stout lady, black in the face, then a faltering lady's maid, with a band-box.

Then a gentleman with an umbrella.

Jean Dampier is in luck to-night, as, indeed, she deserves to be: a more kindly, tender-hearted, unselfish old woman does not exist—if that is a reason for being lucky—however, she has been my good friend for many a long year, and it is not to-day that I am going to begin to pay her compliments.

I was saying she is in luck, and she finds a nephew among the passengers—it is the gentleman with the umbrella; and there they are greeting one another in the most affectionate manner.

The Nephew.—"Let me get my portmanteau, and then I will come and talk to you as much as you like."

The Aunt.—"Never mind your portmanteau, the porter will look after it. Where have you been, Will? Where do you come from? I am at the 'Flag Hotel,' close by."

The Nephew.—"So I hear."

The Aunt.—"Who told you that."

The Nephew.—"A sour-faced woman at Paris. I asked for you at Meurice's, and they sent me to this Madame Turneur. She told me all about you. What business is it of yours to go about nursing mad girls."

Aunt Jean.—"Elly is not mad. You have heard me talk of her a hundred times. I do believe I saved her life, Will; it was my business, if anybody's, to care for her. Her heart was nearly broken."

The Nephew.—"John nearly broke her heart, did he? I don't believe a word of it" (*smiling very sweetly*). "You are always running away with one idea after another, you silly old woman. Young ladies' hearts are made of india-rubber, and Lady Dampier says this one is an artful—designing—horrible—abominable——"

Aunt Jean (sadly).—"Elly nearly died, that is all. You are like all men, Will——"

The Nephew (interrupting).—"Don't! Consider, I'm just out of the hands of the steward. Let me have something to eat before we enter into any sentimental discussion. Here (*to a porter*), bring my portmanteau to the hotel.—Nonsense (*to a flyman*), what should I do with your carriage?"

Will Dampier was a member of the Alpine Club, and went year by year to scramble his holiday away up and down mountain sides. He was a clergyman, comfortably installed in a family living. He was something like his cousin in appearance, but, to my mind, better looking, browner, broader, with bright blue eyes and a charming smile. He looked like a gentleman. He wore a clerical waistcoat. He had been very much complimented upon his good sense; and he liked giving advice, and took pains about it, as he was anxious not to lose his reputation. Now and then, however, he did foolish things, but he did them sensibly, which is a very different thing from doing sensible things foolishly. It seems to me that is just the difference between men and women.

Will was Miss Dampier's ideal of what a nephew should be. They walked back to the hotel together, chattering away very comfortably. He went into the coffee-room and ordered his dinner, and then he came back to his aunt who was walking on the lawn outside. Meanwhile the sun went on setting, the windows lighted up one by one. It was that comfortable hour when people sit down in little friendly groups and break bread, and take their ease, the business of the day being over. Will Dampier and his aunt took one or two turns along the gravel path facing the sea; he had twenty minutes to wait, and he thought they might be well employed in giving good counsel.

"It seems to me a very wild scheme of yours, carrying off this unruly young woman," he began; "she will have to go home sooner or later. What good will you have done?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," says Miss Dampier, meekly; "a holiday is good for us at all times. Haven't you enjoyed yours, Will?"

"I should rather think I had. You never saw anything so pretty as Berne the other morning as I was coming away. I came home by the Rhine, you know. I saw aunt Dampier and Tishy for an hour or two."

"And did you see John at Paris?"

"No; he was down at V——, staying with the M——'s. And now tell me about the young lady with the heart. Is she upstairs tearing her hair?" Aunt Dampier was furious.

"So she had heard of it?" said Miss Dampier, thoughtfully. And then she added rather sharply, "You can tell her that the young lady is quite

getting over her fancy. In fact, John doesn't deserve that she should remember him. Now listen, Will, I am going to tell you a story." And then, in her quiet, pleasant, old-fashioned way, she told him her version of all that had been happening.

Will listened and laughed, and said, "You will think me a brute, but I agree with aunt Dampier. Your young woman has behaved as badly as possible; she has made a dead set at poor John, who is so vain that any woman can get him into her clutches."

"What do you mean?" cries the aunt, quite angry.

"If she had really cared for him, would she have forgotten all about him already? I warn you, aunt Jenny; I don't approve of your heroine."

"I must go and look after my heroine," says Miss Dampier, drily. "I dare say your dinner is ready."

But Will Dampier, whose curiosity at all events was excited, followed his aunt upstairs and along the passage, and went in after her as she opened a door; went into a dim chill room, with two wide-set windows, through which the last yellow streaks of the sunset were fading, and the fresh evening blast blew in with a gust as they entered. It was dark, and nothing could be seen distinctly, only something white seemed crouching in a chair, and as the door opened they heard a low sobbing sigh, which seemed to come out of the gloom; and then it was all very silent.

"Elly, my dear child," said Miss Dampier, "what is the matter?"

There was no answer.

"Why don't you speak?" said the kind old lady, groping about, and running up against chairs and tables.

"Because I can't speak without crying," gasps Elly, beginning to cry. "And it's so ungrateful——"

"You are tired, dear," says aunt Jean, "and cold"—taking her hand; and then turning round and seeing that her nephew had come in with her, she said, "Ring the bell, Will, and go to your dinner. If you will tell them downstairs to send up some tea directly I shall be obliged to you." William Dampier did as he was bid, and walked away considerably mollified towards poor Elly. "One is so apt to find fault with people," he was thinking. "And there she was crying upstairs all the time, poor wretch."

He could never bear to see a woman cry. His parishioners—the women, I mean—had found this out, and used to shed a great many tears when he came to see them. He had found them out—he knew that they had found him out, and yet as sure as the apron-corner went up, the half-crown came out of the pocket.

9.30.—*Reading Room, Flag Hotel, Boatstown.*—Mr. William Dampier writing at a side-table to a married sister in India. Three old gentlemen come creaking in; select limp newspapers, and take their places. A young man who is going to town by the 10.30 train lies down on the sofa and falls asleep, and snores gently. A soothing silence. Mr. Dampier's blunt pen travels along the thin paper. . . . "What a dear

old woman aunt Jenny is. How well she tells a story. Lady Dampier was telling me the same story the other day. I was very much bored. I thought each one person more selfish and disagreeable than the other. Now aunt Jenny takes up the tale. The personages all brighten under her friendly old spectacles, and become good, gentle-hearted, romantic, and heroic all at once—as she is herself. I was a good deal struck by her report of poor John's sentimental imbroglio. I drank tea with the imbroglio this evening, and I can't help rather liking her. She has a sweet pretty face, and her voice, when she talks, pipes and thrills like a musical snuff-box. Aunt Jenny wants her for a niece, that is certain, and says that a man ought to marry the wife he likes best. You are sure to agree to that; I wonder what Miles says. But she's torn with sympathy, poor old dear, and first cries over one girl, and then over the other. She says John came to her one day at Paris in a great state of mind, declared he was quite determined to finish with all his uncertainty, and that he had made up his mind to break with Lætitia, and to marry Elizabeth, if she was still in her old way of thinking. Aunt Jean got frightened, refused to interfere, carried off the young lady, and has not spoken to her on the subject. John, who is really behaving very foolishly, is still at Paris, and has not followed them, as I know my aunt hoped he would have done. I can't help being very sorry for him. Lady Dampier has heard of his goings on. A Frenchman told some people, who told some people who—— you know how things get about. Some day when I don't wish it, you will hear all about me, and write me a thundering letter all the way from Lucknow. There is no doubt about the matter. It would be a thousand pities if John were to break off with Lætitia, to speak nothing of the cruelty and the insult to the poor child, who is, I believe, sincerely attached to him.

"This Miss Gilmour certainly made a dead set at him, and we all know that poor John is not the man to resist any attack upon his vanity. Tishy knows nothing of all this, and to tell the truth did not object to a little quiet flirtation in her intended's absence. She is just as nice as ever, silent, unaffected, simple, gentle; perhaps it is a shame to say that she seems to want a little heart and tenderness.

"And so Rosey and Posey are coming home. I am right sorry for their poor papa and mamma. I hope you have sometimes talked to my nieces about their respectable uncle Will. They are sure to be looked after and happy with aunt Jenny, but how you will be breaking your hearts after them! Miles is safe to be ordered home in a year or two, and that is a great consolation. A priest ought perhaps to talk to you of one other consolation more certain and more efficacious. But I have always found my dear Prue a better Christian than myself, and I have no need to preach to her."

Will Dampier wrote a close straight little handwriting; only one side of his paper was full, but he did not care to write any more that night: he put up his letter in his case, and walked out into the garden.

It was a great starlight night. The sea gloomed vast and black on the horizon. A few other people were walking in the garden, and they talked in hushed yet distinct voices. Many of the windows were open and alight. Will looked up at the window of the room where he had been to see his aunt. That was alight and open, too, and some one was sitting with clasped hands, looking at the sky. Dampier lit a cigar, and he, too, walked along gazing at the stars, and thinking of Prue's kind face as he went along. Other constellations clustered above her head, he thought; between them lay miles of land and sea, great countries, oceans rushing, plains arid and unknown; vast jungles, deserted cities, crumbling in a broiling sun; it gave him a little vertigo to try and realize what hundreds of miles of distance stretched between their two beating hearts. Distance so great, and yet so little; for he could love his sister, and think of her, and see her, and talk to her, as if she was in the next room. What was that distance which could be measured by miles, compared to the immeasurable gulf that separates each one of us from the nearest and dearest whose hands we may hold in our own?

Will walked on, his mind full of dim thoughts, such as come to most people on starlit nights; when constellations are blazing, and the living soul gazes with awe-stricken wonder at the great living universe, in the midst of which it waits, and trembles, and adores. "The world all about has faded away," he thought, "and lies dark and dim, and indistinct. People are lying like dead people stretched out, unconscious on their beds, heedless, unknowing. Here and there in the houses, a few dead people are lying like the sleepers. Are they as unconscious as the living?" He goes to the end of the garden, and stands looking upward, until he cannot think longer of things so far above him. It seems to him that his brain is like the string of an instrument, which will break under the passionate vibration of harmonies so far beyond his powers to render. He goes back into the house. Everything suddenly grows strangely real and familiar, and yet it seemed, but a moment ago, as if to-day and its cares had passed away for ever.

Elly had a little Indian box that her father had once given to her. It served her for a work-box and a treasure casket. She kept her scissors in it and her ruby ring; some lavender, a gold thimble, and her father's picture. And then in a lower tray were some cottons and tapes, one or two letters, a pencil, and a broken silver chain. She had a childish habit of playing with it still, sometimes, and setting it to rights. It was lying on the breakfast-table next morning when Will Dampier came in to see his aunt. Miss Dampier, who liked order, begged Elly to take it off, and Dampier politely, to save her the trouble, set it down somewhere else, and then came to the table and asked for some tea. The fishes had had no luck that morning, he told them; he had been out in a boat since seven o'clock, and brought back a basketful. The sea air made them hungry, no doubt, for they came by dozens—little feeble whiting—and rabbled at the bait. "I wish you would come," he said to his aunt;

"the boat bobs up and down in the sunshine, and the breeze is delightfully fresh, and the people come down on the beech and stare at you through telescopes." As he talked to his aunt he glanced at Elly, who was pouring out his tea; he said to himself that she was certainly an uncommonly pretty girl; and then he began to speculate about an odd soft look in her eyes. "When I see people with that expression," he wrote to his sister, "I always ask myself what it means? I have seen it in the glass, sometimes, when I have been shaving. Miss Gilmour was not looking at me, but at the muffins and tea-cups. She was nicely dressed in blue calico; she was smiling; her hair trim and shiny. I could hardly believe it was my wailing banshee of the previous night." (What follows is to the purpose, so I may as well transcribe a little more of Will's letter.) "When she had poured out my tea, she took up her hat and said she should go down to the station, and get *The Times* for my aunt. I should have offered my services, but aunt Jean made me a sign to stay. What for, do you think? To show me a letter she had received in the morning from that absurd John, who cannot make up his mind. Here it is before me. I will send you a piece of the rodomontade: 'Have you sounded her as to the state of her feelings?' he writes. 'I do not wish to talk her into a partiality for me, but if she is still unhappy, if she still cares for me, I am determined to come after you, and to ask her to be my wife. I do not, as I tell you, want to talk poor Elly into a *grande passion*. But if her feelings are unchanged, I will marry her to-morrow, if she chooses; and I daresay she will not break her heart. Perhaps you will all think me a fool for my pains; but I shall not be alone in the world. What was poor little Elly herself when she cried for the moon?'

"Aunt Jean said very sensibly that she was very much puzzled, that she could not quite understand what was going on in his mind; it seemed to her after all that he was not really in love with anybody, but that he sincerely wished to do what was right.

"I cannot be so charitable as she is, I said (as I wrote to you last night); I thought he was behaving very strangely. I was very sorry for him, but there was no doubt as to whom he ought to marry. He was bound in honour by every possible promise to Tishy, whereas he was not in the least bound to Miss Gilmour; he was not even desperately in love with her. She had accepted her position—it was laid upon her, but it would be ten thousand times harder for Lætitia.

" 'And yet, won't it be hard for Lætitia,' says my aunt, 'if he marries her, liking Elizabeth best?'

"There was truth in that. 'He mustn't like her best,' said I. 'Miss Gilmour will get over her fancy for him, and he must get over his for her. If he had only behaved like a man and married her right off two years ago, and never hankered after the flesh-pots of Egypt, or if he had only left her alone to settle down with her French pasteur—'

" 'If—if,' said my aunt, impatiently—you know her way—he has

done wrong and been sorry for it, Will, which of us can do more? I doubt whether you would have behaved a bit better in his place.'

"I daresay not; but that had nothing to do with the question, and I begged her to write to John and tell him why she had not showed Miss Gilmour his note—my advice was not good, but it seemed to me the best under the circumstances. They were not good either."

This bit of Mr. Will's letter was written at his aunt's writing-book immediately after their little talk. Elly came in rosy from her walk, and Will went on diligently, looking up every now and then with the sense of *bien-être* which a bachelor experiences when he suddenly finds himself domesticated and at home with kind women.

Miss Dampier was sitting in the window. She had got *The Times* in her hand and was trying to read. Every now and then she looked up at her nephew with his curly head bent over his writing, at Elly leaning lazily back in her chair, sewing idly at a little shred of work. Her hair was clipped, the colour had faded out of her cheeks, her eyes gleamed. Pretty as she was, still she was changed—how changed from the Elizabeth of eighteen months ago whom Miss Dampier could remember! The old lady went on with her paper, trying to read. She turned to the French correspondent, and saw something about the Chamber, the Emperor, about Italy; about M X—the rich banker, having resolved to terminate his existence, when fortunately his servant enters the room at the precise moment when he was preparing to precipitate himself "The servant to precipitate the window the poor Tishy! At my age I did think I should have done with sentimental troubles. Heigho! he likes Elly best, I do believe, and perhaps Elly cares most for him. I vow it is a good thing to be old and to be in love with one's dinner and one's arm-chair. I can keep to them both in all honour. But this poor nephew Jack will have to give up one bundle of hay, and I am an old donkey myself to fash so much about it."

Elly wanted some thread, and rose with a soft rustle and got her box and came back to her easy-chair. Out of the window they could see all the pleasant idle business of the little sea-port going on, the people strolling in the garden, or sitting in all sorts of queer corners, the boats, the mariners (I do believe they are hired to stand about in blue shirts and shake their battered old noses as they prose for hours together.) The waiter came and took away the breakfast, William went on with his letter, and Miss Dampier, with John's little note in her pocket, was, as I say, reading the most extraordinary things in *The Times* all about her own private concerns. Nobody spoke for some ten minutes, when suddenly came a little gasp, a little sigh from Elly's low chair, and the girl said "Aunt Jean! look here," almost crying, and held out something in her thin hand.

"What is it, my dear?" said Miss Dampier, looking up hastily and pulling off her spectacles; they were dim somehow and wanted wiping.

"Poor dear, dearest Tishy," cried Elly in her odd impetuous way. "Why does he not go to her? Aunt Jean, look here, I found it in my box—only look here," and she put a little note into Miss Dampier's hand.

Will looked up curiously from his writing. Elly had forgotten all about him. Miss Dampier took the letter, and when she had read what was written, and then turned over the page, she took off her glasses again with a click and said, "What nonsense!"

And so it was nonsense, and yet the nonsense touched Elizabeth and brought tears into her eyes. They came faster and faster, and then suddenly remembering that she was not alone, and ashamed that Dampier should see her cry again, she jumped up with a shining blushing tear-dimmed tender face, and ran away out of the room. Aunt Jean looked at Will doubtfully, then hesitated, and gave him the little shabby letter that had brought these bright tears into the girl's eyes. Dear old soul, she made a sort of confessor of her nephew.

The confessor saw a few foolish words which Lætitia must have written days ago, never thinking that her poor little words were to be scanned by stranger eyes—written perhaps unconsciously on a stray sheet of paper. There was, "John. Dear John! Dear, dearest! I am so hap. . . . John and Lætitia. John my jo. Goose and gander." And then, by some odd chance, she must have folded the blotted sheet together and forgotten what she had written, and sent it off to Elly Gilmour with a little careless note about Schlangenbad, and "more fortunate next time," on the other side.

"Poor little Letty! And I who called her indifferent and cold-hearted! What fools we are at times—at all times, I mean," thought Dampier, as he doubled it up and put it back into the lavender-box.

"All the same, Elly ought to know that he would marry her if she wishes it," said Miss Dampier, going back to the charge.

"There is always time enough to tell her so, said Dampier, thoughtfully. "When you have heard from John again——"

As he spoke the door opened and Miss Gilmour came back into the room. She had dried her eyes, she had fastened on her grey shawl. She picked up her hat, which was lying on the floor, and began pulling on two very formidable-looking gauntlets over her slim white hands. "I am going for a little walk," she said, to Miss Dampier. "Will you"—hesitating and blushing—"direct that little note of Lætitia's to Sir John? I am going along the cliff towards that pretty little bay."

Will was quite melted and touched. Was this the scheming young woman against whom he had been warned? the woman who had entangled his cousin with her wiles? Here was one of the foolish unexpected things he sometimes did. After making up his mind and talking everybody over to his own way of thinking, he undoes it all by a single stroke.

"Aunt Jenny," he says, "are you going to tell her why John Dampier does not go to Lætitia?"

"Why does he not go?" Elly repeats, losing her colour a little.

"He says that if you would like him to stay, he thinks he ought not to go," says Jean Dampier, hesitating, and tearing corners off *The Times* newspaper.

Will Dampier turned his broad back and looked out of window. There was a moment's silence. They could hear the tinkling of bells, the whistling of the sea, the voices of the men calling to each other in the port: the sunshine streamed in: Elly was standing in it, and seemed girt with a golden background. She ought to have held a palm in her hand, poor little martyr!

It seemed a long time, it was only a minute, and then she spoke; a sweet honest blush came deepening into Elizabeth's pale cheeks: "I don't want to marry him because I care for him," she said, in a thrilling pathetic voice. "Why should Lætitia, who is so fond of him, suffer because I behaved so badly?" The tears once more came welling up into her eyes. "I shall think I ought to have died instead of getting well," she said. "Aunt Jean, send him the little note; make him go, dear aunt Jean."

Miss Dampier gave Elly a kiss; she did not know what to say; she could not influence her one way or another.

She wrote to John that morning, taking good care to look at the back of her paper first.

Flag Hotel, Boatstown, Nov. 15th.

MY DEAR JACK, — I had great doubts about communicating your letter to Elizabeth. It seemed to me that the path you had determined upon was one full of thorns and difficulties, for her, for you, and for my niece Lætitia. But although Elly is of far too affectionate a nature ever to give up caring for any of her friends let me assure you that her feelings are now only those of friendly regard and deep interest in your welfare. When I mentioned to her the contents of your letter (I think it best to speak plainly), she said, with her eyes full of tears, that she did not want to marry you—that she felt you were bound to return to Lætitia. She had been much affected by discovering the enclosed little note from your cousin. I must say that the part which concerns you interested me much, more so than her letter to her old friend. But she was evidently preoccupied at the time, and Elly, far from feeling neglected, actually began to cry, she was so touched by this somewhat singular discovery. Girls' tears are easily dried. If it lies in my power she shall yet be made happy.

There is nothing now, as you see, that need prevent your fulfilling your engagements. You are all very good children, on the whole, and I trust that your troubles are but fleeting clouds that will soon pass away. That you and Lætitia may enjoy all prosperity is the sincere hope and desire of your

Affectionate old aunt,
J. M. DAMPIER.

Miss Dampier having determined that she had written a perfectly impartial letter, put it up in an envelope, rang the bell, and desired a waiter to post it.

Number twenty-three's bell rang at the same moment; so did number fifteen; immediately after a quantity of people poured in by the eleven o'clock train; the waiter flung the letter down on his pantry table, and rushed off to attend to half-a-dozen things at once, of which posting the note was not one.

About three o'clock that afternoon Miss Dampier in her close bonnet was standing in the passage talking to a tall young man with a black waistcoat and wide-awake.

"What are you going to do?" he said. "Couldn't we go for a drive somewhere?"

"I have ordered a carriage at three," said Miss Dampier, smiling. "We are going up on the hills. You might come, too, if you liked it." And when the carriage drove up to the door there he was, waiting to hand her in.

He had always, until he saw her, imagined Elly a little flirting person, quite different from the tall young lady in the broad hat, with the long cloak falling from her shoulders, who was prepared to accompany them. She had gone away a little, and his aunt sent him to fetch her. She was standing against the railing, looking out at the sea with her sad eyes. There was the lawn, there was the sea, there was Elly. A pretty young lady always makes a pretty picture; but out of doors in the sunshine she looks a prettier young lady than anywhere else, thought Mr. Will, as Elizabeth walked across the grass. He was not alone in his opinion; more than one person looked up as she passed. He began to think that far from doing a foolish thing his aunt had shown her usual good sense in taking such good care of this sad, charming, beautiful young woman. It was no use trying to think ill of her. With such a face as hers she has a right to fall in love with anybody she pleases, he thought; and so, as they were walking towards the carriage, Will Dampier, thinking that this was a good opportunity for a little confidential communication, said, somewhat in his professional manner, "You seem out of spirits, Miss Gilmour. I hope that you do not regret your decision of this morning."

"Yes, I do regret it," said poor Elly, and two great tears came dribbling down her cheeks. "Do you think that when a girl gives up what she likes best in the world she is not sorry? I am horribly sorry."

Will was very much puzzled how to answer this unexpected confidence. He said, looking rather foolish, "One is so apt to ask unnecessary questions. But, take my word for it, you have done quite right, and some day you will be more glad than you are now."

I must confess that my heroine here got exceedingly cross.

"Ah, that is what people say who do not know of what they are talking. What business of yours is my poor unlucky bruised and broken fancy?" she said. "Ah! Why were you ever told? What am I? What is it to you?"

All the way she sat silent and dull, staring out at the landscape as they went along; suffering, in truth, poor child, more than either of her companions could tell: saying good-by to the dearest hope of her youth, tearing herself away from the familiar and the well-loved dreams. Dreams do I say? They had been the Realities to her, poor child, for many a day. And the realities had seemed to be the dreams.

They drove along a straight road, and came at last to some delightful

fresh downs, with the sea sparkling in the distance, and a sort of autumnal glow on the hills all about. The breeze came in fresh gusts, the carriage jogged on, still up hill, and Will Dampier walked alongside, well pleased with the entertainment, and making endless jokes at his aunt. She rather liked being laughed at; but Elly never looked up once, or heeded what they said. They were going towards a brown church, that was standing on the top of a hill. It must have been built by the Danes a thousand years ago. There it stood, looking out at the sea, brown, grim solitary, with its grave-yard on the hillside. Trees were clustering down in a valley below; but here, up above, it was all bleak, bare, and solitary, only tinted and painted by the brown and purple sunshine.

They stopped the carriage a little way off, and got out and passed through a gate, and walked up the hill top. Elly went first, Will followed, and Miss Dampier came slowly after. As Elly reached the top of the hill she turned round, and stood against the landscape, like a picture with a background, and looked back and said—

“Do you hear?”

The organ inside the church was playing a chaunt, and presently some voices began chaunting to the playing of the organ. Elly went across the grave-yard, and leant against the porch, listening. Five minutes went by; her anger was melting away. It was exquisitely clear, peaceful, and tranquil here, up on this hill where the dead people were lying among the grass and daisies. All the bitterness went away out of her heart, somehow, in the golden glow. She said to herself that she felt now, suddenly, for the first time, as if she could bury her fancy and leave it behind her in this quiet place. As the chaunt went on, her whole heart uttered in harmony with it, though her lips were silent. She did not say to herself, what a small thing it was that had troubled her: what vast combinations were here to make her happy; hills, vales, light, with its wondrous refractions, harmony, colour; the great ocean, the great world, rolling on amid the greater worlds beyond!

But she felt it somehow. The voices ceased, and all was very silent.

“Oh, give thanks,” the Psalm began again; and Elly felt that she could indeed give thanks for mercies that were more than she had ever deserved. When she was at home with her mother she thought—just now the thought of returning there scarce gave her a pang—she should remember to-day all the good hopes, good prayers, and aspirations which had come to her in this peaceful grave-yard up among the hills. She had been selfish, discontented, and ungrateful all her life, angry and chafed but an hour ago, and here was peace, hers for the moment, here was tranquil happiness. The mad, rash delight she had felt when she had been with John Dampier was nothing compared to this great natural peace and calm. A sort of veil seemed lifted from her eyes, and she felt, for the first time, that she could be happy though what she had wished for most was never to be hers—that there was other happiness than that which she had once fancied part of life itself. Did she ever regret the decision she had

made? Did she ever see occasion to think differently from this? If, in after times, she may have felt a little sad, a little lonely now and then, if she may have thought with a moment's regret of those days that were now already past and over for ever, still she knew she had done rightly when she determined to bury the past, with all kindness, with reverent hands. Somehow, in some strange and mysterious manner, the bitterness of her silly troubles had left her—left her a better girl than she had been ever before. She was more good, more happy, more old, more wise, now, and, in truth, there was kindness in store for her, there were suns yet to shine, friendly words to be spoken, troubles yet to be endured, other than those sentimental griefs which had racked her youth so fiercely.

While they were all on the hill top the steamer came into the port earlier than on the day when Will Dampier arrived. One of the passengers walked up to the hotel and desired a waiter to show him to Miss Dampier's room. It was empty, of course; chairs pushed about, windows open, work and books on the table. The paper was lying on the floor—the passenger noticed that a corner had been torn off; a little box was open on the table, a ruby ring glittering in the tray. "How careless," he thought, and then went and flung himself into a great arm-chair.

So! she had been here a minute ago. There was a glove lying on a chair; there were writing materials on a side-table—a blotting-book open, pens with the ink scarcely dry; and in this room, in this place, he was going to decide his fate—rightly or wrongly he could not tell. Lætitia is a cold-blooded little creature, he kept saying to himself: this girl, with all her faults, with all her impulses, has a heart to break or to mend. My mother will learn too late that I cannot submit to such dictation. By Jove, what a letter it is! He pulled it out of his pocket, read it once more, and crumpled it up and threw it into the fire-place. It was certainly not a very wise composition—long, vicious, wiry tails and flourishes. "John, words cannot," &c. &c. "What Lady Tomsey," &c. &c. "How horror-struck Major Potterton," &c. &c.; and finally concluded with a command that he should instantly return to Schlagenbad; or, failing this, an announcement that she should immediately join him, *wherever* he might be!

So Sir John, in a rage, packed up and came off to Boatstown—his mother can follow him or not, as she chooses; and here is walking up and down the room, while Elly, driving over the hills, is saying farewell, farewell, good-by to her old love for ever.

As Miss Dampier said, he could not have really cared for anybody; for, by some strange contradiction, now that the die is cast, now that after all these long doubts and mistrusts he had made up his mind, somehow new doubts arise. He wonders whether he and Elly will be happy together? He pictures stormy scenes; he intuitively shrinks from the idea of her unconventionalities, her eagerness, her enthusiasm. He is a man who likes a quiet life, who would appreciate a sober, happy home—a gentle, equable companion, to greet him quietly, to care for his tastes

and his ways, to sympathize, to befriend him. Whereas now it is he who will have to study his companion all the rest of his life; if he thwarts her she will fall ill of sorrow, if he satisfies her she will ask more and more, if he neglect her—being busy, or weary, or what not—she will die of grief, if he wants sympathy and common sense she will only adore him. Poor Elly! it is hard upon her that he should make such a bugbear of her poor little love. His courage is oozing out at his finger ends. He is in a rage with her, and with himself, and with his mother, and with his aunt. He and everybody else are in a league to behave as badly as possible. He will try and do his duty, he thinks, for all that, for my hero is an honest-hearted man though a weak one. It is not Lady Dampier's letter that shall influence him one way or another; if Elly is breaking her heart to have him, and if Letty doesn't care one way or the other, as is likely enough, well then he will marry Elizabeth, he cries with a stout desperation, and he dashes up and down the room in a fury.

And just at this minute the waiter comes in, and says Miss Dampier has gone out for a drive, and will not be back for some time. Mr. Dampier is staying in the house, but he has gone out with her, and who shall he say? And Sir John, looking up, gives his name and says he will wait.

Upon which the waiter suddenly remembers the letter he left in his panty, and, feeling rather guilty, proposes to fetch it. And by this time Elly, and Will, and Miss Dampier have got into the carriage again and are driving homewards.

There was a certain humility about Elly, with all her ill-humours and varieties, which seemed to sweeten her whole nature. Will Dampier, who was rather angry with her for her peevishness, could not help forgiving her, when, as he helped her out of the carriage in the courtyard, she said,—

"I don't quite know how to say it—but I was very rude just now. I was very unhappy, and I hope you will forgive me," and she looked up. The light from the hills was still in her face.

"It was I who was rude," says Will, good-naturedly holding out his hand; and of course he forgave her.

The band was playing, the garden was full of people; but Aunt Jenny was cold, and glad to get home. The ladies went upstairs: Will remained down below, strolling up and down in the garden with the rest of the people; but at five o'clock the indefatigable bell began to ring once more; the afternoon boat was getting up its steam, and making its preparations to cross over to the other side.

Will met a friend of his, who was going over in it, and he walked down with him to see him off. He went on board with him, shook hands, and turned to come away. At that minute some one happened to look round, and Will, to his immense surprise, recognized his cousin. That was John; those were his mutton-chop whiskers; there was no doubt about it.

He sprang forward and called him by name, "John," he said, "you here?"

"Well!" said John, smiling a little, "why not me, as well as you? are you coming across?"

"Are you going across?" said Will, doubtfully,

"Yes," the other answered; "I came over on business; don't say anything of my having been here. Pray remember this. I have a particular reason."

"I shall say nothing," said Will. "I am glad you are going, John," he added, stupidly. "I think I know your reason—a very nice, pretty reason too."

"So those women have been telling you all about my private affairs," said Sir John, speaking quick, and looking very black.

"Your mother told me first," Will said. "I saw her the other day. For all sakes I am glad you are giving up all thoughts of Elly Gilmour."

"Are you?" said John, dryly. They waited for a minute in awkward silence, but as they were shaking hands and saying "Good-by," suddenly John melted, and said, "Look here, Will, I should like to see her once more. Could you manage this for me. I don't want her to know, you know; but could you bring her to the end of the pier. I am going back to Letty, as you see, so I don't think she need object."

Will nodded, and went up the ladder and turned towards the house without a word, walking quickly and hurrying along. The band in the garden burst out into a pretty melancholy dance tune. The sun went down peg by peg into the sea; the steamer still whistled and puffed as it got up its steam.

Elly was sitting alone. She had lighted a candle, and was writing home. Her hat was lying on a chair beside her. The music had set her dreaming; her thoughts were far away, in the dismal old home again, with Françoise, and Anthony, and the rest of them. She was beginning to live the new life she had been picturing to herself; trying to imagine herself good and contented in the hateful old home; it seemed almost endurable just at this minute, when suddenly the door burst open, and Will Dampier came in with his hat on.

"I want you to come out a little way with me," he said. "I want you to come and see the boat off. There's no time to lose."

"Thank you," said Elly, "but I'm busy."

"It won't take you five minutes," he said.

She laughed. "I am lazy, and rather tired."

Will could not give up. He persisted: he knew he had a knack of persuading his old women at home; he tried it on Miss Gilmour.

"I see you have not forgiven me," he said; "you won't trust yourself with me."

"Yes, indeed," said Elly; "I am only lazy."

The time was going. He looked at his watch; there were but five minutes—but five minutes for John to take leave of his love of many a year: but five minutes and it would be too late. He grew impatient.

"Pray, come," he said. "I shall look upon it as a sign that you have

forgiven me. Will you do me this favour—will you come? I assure you I shall not be ungrateful."

Elly thought it odd, and still hesitated; but it seemed unkind to refuse. She got up, fetched her hat and cloak, and in a minute he was hurrying her along across the lawn, along the side of the dock, out to the pier's end.

They were only just in time. "You are very mysterious," said Elly. "Why do you care so much to see the boat go out? How chilly it is. Are you not glad to be here on this side of the water? Ah! how soon it will be time for me to go back?"

Will did not answer, he was so busy watching the people moving about on board. Puff! puff! Cannot you imagine the great boat passing close at their feet, going out in the night into the open sea; the streaks of light in the west; Elly, with flushed, rosy-red cheeks, like the sunset, standing under the lighthouse, and talking in her gentle voice, and looking out, saying it would be fine to-morrow?

Can't you fancy poor Sir John leaning against a pile of baggage, smoking a cigar, and looking up wistfully. As he slid past he actually caught the tone of her voice. Like a drowning man who can see in one instant years of his past life flashing before him, Sir John saw Elly—a woman with lines of care in her face,—there, standing in the light of the lamp, with the red streams of sunset beyond, and the night closing in all round about; and then he saw her as he had seen her once—a happy, unconscious girl, brightening, smiling at his coming: and as the picture travelled on, a sad girl, meeting him in the street by chance—a desperate, almost broken-hearted woman, looking up greyly into his face in the theatre. Puff! puff!—it was all over, she was still smiling before his eyes. One last glimpse of the two, and they had disappeared. He slipped away right out of her existence, and she did not even guess that he had been near. She stood unwitting for an instant, watching the boat as it tossed out to sea, and then said, "Now we will go home." A sudden gloom and depression seemed to have come over her. She walked along quite silently, and did not seem to heed the presence of her companion.

How Prior Richard of Dunstable ruled his Monks and Tenants, and how he treated his Neighbours.

THE great Roman road known in modern times by the name of the Watling Street, and another Roman road also traversing the island, and called the Ikenield Street, crossed, on a steep elevation, in the centre of an amphitheatre of chalk hills in the south of Bedfordshire, but close upon the borders of Hertfordshire. At the point of intersection, the Romans built a town, which they called *Magiovinum*, and its site and the land round it became afterwards a manor of the Anglo-Saxon kings, who appear to have had here a house named Kingsbury. But, at the commencement of the Norman period, this had apparently been abandoned as a residence, and the ruins of the Roman town were overgrown with trees and brushwood, which were the haunt of outlaws and robbers to such a degree that in the reign of Henry I. this important line of road had become almost impassable. The evil had, indeed, become so great, that King Henry found it necessary to interfere personally, and he caused the ground to be cleared, and built himself a mansion at Kingsbury with an inclosure of nine acres of land. This seems, however, to have proved but a partial check on the depredations of the robbers, and the king subsequently adopted a more effectual plan of protection against them, by establishing a town at the junction of the old roads. According to a practice which was then not uncommon among the feudal princes and barons of the Continent, Henry caused proclamation to be made throughout his kingdom, about the year 1115, that all men who would come to live in his new town should be allowed to purchase there land for building at the rate of twelve pennies an acre, and should enjoy as freemen of the town all liberties and immunities throughout all parts of England which the city of London or any other borough in the kingdom had enjoyed from old time. So people came together from all parts, and, taking the point of crossing as a centre, built their houses along the roads, so as eventually to form four streets branching from it. The town thus established was created by the king a free borough, and received the name of Dunstable.

For seventeen years and a half the new town went on flourishingly. The townsmen had assured to them their free rights as burghers, their free municipal government by twelve jurats, a market twice a week, an annual fair during the first three days of the month of August, and, not the least important privilege considering the origin of the borough, a free gallows (*liberas furcas*) for hanging thieves, at a place outside the town called Edescote. The king, as feudal or manorial lord, reserved to himself certain rights and royalties, and both Henry and his successors

appear to have held this town in great favour; for they not unfrequently visited it, and several rather celebrated tournaments were held in it. At the end of the period above named, however, King Henry appears to have had a sudden fit of piety, and perhaps out of love for the town (in which case it proved a mistaken sentiment) he resolved to build a monastic establishment at Dunstable. He accordingly founded a priory of canons regular, with a church dedicated to St. Peter, to which he gave all the rights he had previously reserved to himself in the town, with the lands he held there, excepting only his mansion at Kingsbury, because the conventual buildings were not then sufficiently large to receive the court when the king went to visit them. The king's charter to the townsmen had been, as was usual, expressed rather generally, and perhaps rather vaguely, and no doubt many of their rights were implied or held by custom. Their charter allowed them, in general terms, to hold rights which were held by other corporate towns; but as the canons also received from the king a general grant of his rights, plenty of room was left for dispute, of which the ecclesiastics never lost an opportunity of taking advantage, and they gradually usurped to a very considerable extent the rights of the townsmen.

The names of the two first priors of Dunstable are not known, but early in the reign of John, in the year 1202, the third prior, Thomas, became in some way or other incapable of performing his duties, for he was succeeded in the autumn of that year—though he did not die until 1205—by a young canon of Merton, named Richard de Morins. Richard must have been young, because he had only yet reached the grade of deacon; but he appears to have distinguished himself by some qualities—hardly pious ones—which had gained him the good opinion of King John, for we cannot doubt that it was to the king's favour he owed his promotion, when we find that he had no sooner taken possession of his new dignities than, at the beginning of the year 1203, he was sent by the king on a mission to Rome. The political character of this mission is revealed by the circumstance that, on Prior Richard's return towards the end of July, he brought with him a papal legate, who was instructed to labour for the establishment of peace between the kings of England and France, and who had been so entirely gained over to the interests of the former, that, when he was obliged to return without success, he laid an interdict upon France. There can be no doubt, indeed, that the profession for which Richard de Morins was best fitted was law rather than divinity; that he was a clever man of the world; and that he had two great objects constantly in view—the aggrandisement, at all risks, of the monastic establishment with which he was now identified, and the gratification of his own pride and vainglory. The evidence to his character has been left to us under his own hand, for no sooner had he become prior of Dunstable than he began two records which appear not to have existed in the priory before: one, a chartulary, or register of the charters and legal proceedings of the house; the other a chronicle; and the grand

object of both was to record the actions of Richard the Prior. They are his only literary works. Both begin with himself; but subsequent priors have continued them, or caused them to be continued, to a later period. The chronicle, it is true, professes to begin with the commencement of the Christian era; but the earlier part is a mere collection of notes of useful historical dates, and it is only when we come to the announcement that in the year 1202 Richard de Morins was "made" prior of Dunstable that we learn that it has any relation to that place. From that date it becomes little more than a record of Prior Richard's doings, of his labours for the interests of the priory, and, above all, of his continual lawsuits; for, with laymen or ecclesiastics, Prior Richard was always at law. It is from his own records of his own acts that we shall now proceed to show what were, in the middle ages, the relations between the inmates of a monastic house with the world out of doors; and it will be seen that they did not always consist in showing charity to people in the flesh, and praying gratuitously for the good of their souls.

It is clear from Prior Richard's own account that he was in favour at court. Immediately after his return from Rome, he obtained from the king a grant of lands and of a fair to be held in the month of May; and in the following year, 1204, King John gave to the priory the buildings and gardens of Kingsbury, which his predecessors had retained in their own lands. Many other gifts did Richard obtain for his priory from the crown and from individuals, and greatly did he increase its landed possessions and revenues. He appears to have acted a politic part during the troubles in which England was soon involved, so as to save his monastery from any serious injury. He went to Rome again to attend the Lateran Council in 1215, and on his way home he remained a whole year in Paris, attending the divinity schools. He was thus absent at the time of King John's death and the commencement of the new reign. Court favour seems now to have deserted Prior Richard, for during the reign of Henry III. he became involved in many troubles, and was less uniformly successful in his lawsuits. To some of these we will now call attention.

At the very commencement of his rule, we find Prior Richard in relations with the Jews, of what kind is not very clear, but he probably found them useful in his money affairs, and from the sequel there is reason for suspecting that his predecessor, Prior Thomas, had been an improvident ruler, and had left the priory in debt. By what must have been one of the earliest of his acts as prior, he gave licence to Fleming, the Jew of London, and his son Leo, with their families and servants, "to go, come, and dwell in the town of Dunstable, at their ease and peace, untroubled and honourably," and there "to pursue their lucre faithfully according to the custom of the Jews;" and he promised to maintain them in the town according to reason as though they were his own tenants. This licence was granted to them for their lives, and they were to pay for it annually two silver spoons, each weighing twelve pennies. The business these Jews followed was, just as in all modern times, that of pawnbrokers: they

lent money upon securities of all kinds; and apparently very soon after this licence was given, we find these two Jews, with others, engaged in a very curious affair of this description. To make this transaction better understood, it will be necessary to explain that among the various ways in which the monastic bodies obtained property, one was the sale of what were called *corrodies*. A corrody was simply a monk's allowance of provisions; and any individual who had sufficient of land or of money which he was willing to give to the religious house, might obtain for it an engagement to supply him daily during his whole life and wherever he might be dwelling with bread and drink and other provisions in the same quantity and quality as was supplied to the monks at their regular meals. It was equivalent to buying an annuity, with this difference, which was no doubt paid well for, that the holder obtained at the same time a share in the prayers of the monks and in the merits of their good actions—in fact, they undertook to feed him as long as he lived, and to send him to paradise when he died. Thus the individual who held a corrody gained thereby a place at the table of the monks, and was placed on the footing of a lay brother, and he was sometimes allowed to have lodgings also in the monastery. It was natural that the monks of the house had that kindly feeling towards the holders of *corrodies* to wish them the enjoyment of that part of what they had bargained for which was most to be desired for themselves and which cost the monastery least, and it was remarked that often the monks seemed more anxious to send their guest into paradise than to keep him long at their table, and that *corrodies* were not long lasting in this world. As it is evident that the value of the place in paradise could not easily be estimated in money, the monks do not appear to have fixed an exact price upon the *corrodies*, but obtained as much for them as they could. A man who had got an estate, small or large, saved himself the annual trouble of turning it to profit, by giving it to the monastery, and taking in return his place at the monks' table. Among other transactions of this kind, the prior of Dunstable had, during the time of which we have been speaking, granted a corrody in the priory to one William de Husborn, and William, being in want of money, had pawned this corrody to five Jews—Fleming and Leo above mentioned, and Bendin, Aaron, and Jacob—for the sum of seventy marks. As it was felt to be a scandal to the Church that such a document as a grant of a canon's corrody should be in the hands of unbelievers, Prior Richard interfered, and, with the advice of his diocesan, William de Blois, Bishop of Lincoln, he redeemed it, but he appears to have compelled the Jews to give it up for the comparatively small sum of thirteen marks. The corrody was considered as having been forfeited by the original holder, who relinquished his claim to it to the prior and convent by a formal deed, and they thereupon gave it to another individual who had advanced the thirteen marks for its redemption.

It was not because Prior Richard had any friendly feeling towards the Jews that he encouraged them to settle in Dunstable. On the contrary,

he seems to have indulged a saintly hatred towards them; and, while overlooking much more important occurrences, he carefully notes in his Chronicle any persecutions they underwent, in a way which shows that it was to him a subject of exultation. It appears, however, that the priory itself was rather deeply involved in debt, and Jews were probably troublesome to Prior Richard on this account, though he succeeded in keeping them quiet during the reign of John and the earlier years of that of Henry III. But in the year 1221, Moses, the son of Brun the Jew, commenced proceedings at law against the prior and convent to recover the large sum of seven hundred pounds, which he had lent them in the time of Prior Thomas. The cause was tried before the king's justices. We do not know whether, in the thirteenth century, a Jew was ever known to obtain justice against a Christian in an English court, but it is certain that in this case judgment was given rather summarily against the Jew, for the judges pronounced Prior Thomas's written acknowledgment to be a forgery,—alleging that, while that document was drawn up in the name of Thomas, the seal attached to it bore the name of Richard—that the deed had been “washed” (*lotr*)—and that it contained false grammar. If bad grammar be a proof of forgery, we fear that it would go hard with a considerable number of mediæval documents, and suspicions of unfair play in another quarter might be raised by the curious discrepancy between the seal and the text. Perhaps the Jew was the victim in this transaction. At all events it proved a serious affair for Moses the son of Brun, for he was now transferred from the civil to the criminal side, and was only saved from the gallows by the devotion of his fellow Jews, who subscribed money to defend him, and gave the king a mark of gold to defer judgment, and then, after he had been more than a year in prison, and judgment could be deferred no longer, they gave a hundred pounds more to the king, and obtained the commutation of the sentence from hanging to banishment for life. So Moses abjured the country; and Prior Richard hardly conceals his grief and disappointment that he got off so easy, although he takes some consolation in placing on record the circumstance that, if Moses, son of Brun, escaped, one Jew was hanged that year, who had been convicted of the murder of his own wife. It would take more space than we can spare to enumerate all the law-suits of the priory recorded by Prior Richard, but it may be remarked that there are few of them which do not reveal some act of extortion or trespass committed by the prior against his neighbours.

Prior Richard was on no more peaceful terms with the neighbouring clergy than with the laity. He was frequently engaged in litigation with the prior of Woburn; and he took advantage of a convenient excuse for persecuting the parish priests, who still in England yielded only gradually and with great reluctance to the Romish principle of ecclesiastical celibacy. Many of these priests had female companions, who are not unfrequently called their wives, but who are more commonly described in Latin by the name of *focarie*, which may, perhaps, be translated by hearth-side

women, and these they refused to abandon. Ecclesiastical laws were frequently renewed, enjoining the priests to separate from their *focaria*, but with little effect, for those whose duty it was to enforce these laws seem in general to have had little inclination to interfere. Early in the time of Prior Richard of Dunstable, some of the "vicars" of parishes, belonging to the abbey of St. Albans and to the priory of Woburn, had given him offence, and, at his instance, a bull was addressed by Pope Innocent III. to the superiors of those two monastic houses requiring them to proceed against such vicars of theirs as were known publicly to keep in their houses women who are described in the papal document by epithets which are not very gallant, and who paid no attention to the admonitions which had been repeatedly addressed to them. Not long afterwards, about the year 1214, Robert, the parson, and Willrun and Henry, the vicars, of Bradburn, had offended Prior Richard by their opposition to some designs he had upon that church. Prior Richard immediately sent a complaint to the Pope, setting forth that Robert, the parson, was the son of Godfrey, the parson, who had held the same church before him; that Henry was, in the same way, the son of the preceding vicar John; and that both imitated the incontinence of their fathers—that is, they had wives; while William, the vicar, kept a *focaria* publicly, as well as dogs for hunting. We might have given Prior Richard more credit for his zeal against clerical incontinence, if it had not so evidently been the result of a personal quarrel.

A new cause of discontent was given to the canons of Dunstable a few years after Prior Richard's death, when, in 1259, they were obliged, unwillingly, to let the Franciscans, or Friars Preachers, establish themselves in the town. Great jealousy continued to exist between these two religious establishments as long as we know anything of their history. It is recorded in the chronicle of the priory, that one day—it was in the year 1282—a certain woman of Dunstable was buried in the cemetery of the Friars Preachers, but for some reason, not explained, the corpse was carried first to the Priory Church, and there the mass was performed, and the oblation and eight wax tapers were given. The canon, who wrote this part of the chronicle, boasts that they only gave two tapers to the friars and two to the sisters—for the Franciscan establishment included monks and nuns—and that they kept "all the rest." In 1287, the canons learnt that the friars intended to enlarge their buildings, and the prior gave his porter money to buy, in his name, the house adjoining to the court of the friars, so that he might have the power of preventing them from enlarging their buildings!

But the most formidable antagonists of the prior and canons of Dunstable were the townsmen. There can be no doubt that, when Henry I. built and endowed the priory, he left the municipal rights of the townsmen not well protected; and there can be no doubt, also, that the prior and canons were continually trespassing upon them, while in ecclesiastical matters the people of Dunstable were entirely at the prior's mercy. Now, one of

the great subjects of dispute, between Prior Richard and the people of Dunstable, was the tithes. In the middle ages the Romish clergy tithed much more extensively than they have been accustomed to do in more recent times, for they took the tenths, not only of farming produce, but of people's earnings; and cases are known in which they extorted even from unfortunate women a tenth part of the wages of prostitution. Now, we learn from Prior Richard's own statements that he claimed from the inhabitants of Dunstable tithes of every individual, male or female, on all negotiations on this side of the sea or the other; so that if a Dunstable man went into France or Germany, and there, by a commercial or other transaction, gained money or goods, he was required on his return to Dunstable to give one-tenth of his gain to the Church. It may be supposed that it would be a difficult matter to ascertain the exact amount of tithe thus due from each individual, and to enforce the payment; but the clergy had their own means of meeting this difficulty, and, so long as people's minds were kept in ignorance, a very effectual one. The inhabitants were expected every Sunday to attend at high mass in the Priory Church, and, at the conclusion of the service, each individual was required to place on the altar the tenth part of his gains and earnings during the previous week. Those who chanced to be absent from home during one or more Sundays were to pay the whole arrears on the first Sunday after their return. If any one had defrauded the Church of any part of the tithes thus claimed, he was called upon to make it good at the following Lent, on pain of eternal damnation, for a general sentence of excommunication was then uttered against all defaulters. This tyranny met with little resistance in the rural districts: in fact, it was not so much felt there, inasmuch as there were few traders or manufacturers to tithe; but where the ecclesiastics came into relation with the free inhabitants of a town, and had the opportunity of exercising it there, it led to scenes of violent tumult. Such was the case in Dunstable.

During the earlier years of Prior Richard's government we hear of no great quarrel with the townsmen; perhaps they had been treated with tolerable indulgence, or, perhaps, they had not yet gathered the courage or resolution to resist. But in the year 1221 a violent dispute arose on this same question of tithes, and on other claims of the Church, such as the oblations at marriages, births, purifications, burials, &c.; and the question was settled by judgment of the archdeacon of Bedford, approved and confirmed by the Pope, which was therefore, as might be expected, all on the side of the prior. It was decided that the men of Dunstable should be tithed in the manner described above, and that there should be three separate excommunications at three different periods of the year against secret defaulters. It was ordered that "the old and good custom" should be observed in regard to oblations. The wording of this judgment, which is preserved in Prior Richard's register, required that people "should not in future give to the priest frivolous or derisory oblations, but money, or candles, or some other thing approved by the good custom

of the Church ;" but if any one happened to have no money, then he might give his ring or any similar object as a pledge to be redeemed. The burgesses were compelled to submit to this judgment, and the hostile parties were (outwardly) reconciled, and exchanged the kiss of peace.

Whatever discontent may have continued to exist after this settlement has not been recorded, but two years afterwards a tumult arose in the town from a different cause, though the feeling of irritation between laymen and clergy—town and gown—was probably no stranger to it. Among the endowments of Henry I., when he established the town, was a school, which he afterwards made over to the priory, and which became a rather celebrated place of learning in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The scholars, it may be supposed, would be likely to make common cause with the monks against the townsmen. In the spring or summer of the year 1223 there was a great fight between the scholars and the townsmen, in which many were wounded on both sides, and one of the latter died of the injuries he had received in the encounter. One of the party of the scholars, Robert the cleric of Sirinctone, whom the widow of the deceased accused of the slaughter, fled before he could be taken ; but there appear to have been no further proceedings, and the man who was then regent or master of the schools soon afterwards became a canon of the priory.

For several years, however the hostility between the townsmen may have shown itself in trifling quarrels, Prior Richard has not recorded them, but it appears that in 1227 the provostship (*præpositura*) of the town was, for some unexplained reason—perhaps in consequence of the death of the chief municipal officer during his year of office—in the hands of the prior, and then arose on the one side the attempt of the ecclesiastics to tyrannize over the townsmen, and on the other, the resolution of the townsmen to resist. The prior states the grounds of the dispute very briefly, but it appears from his own account that he sought to raise money by levying heavy amercements upon persons convicted of offences in the municipal court, whereas the townsmen asserted that the prior had no right to demand in any case more than four pennies ; that he had attempted to exercise an undue influence by introducing foreigners, that is, men not belonging to the town, as jurors, for the burgesses insisted against him that no foreigner could be placed on an inquest concerning any freeman of the town ; and that he had sought to enforce the judgments he had thus obtained in a violent and tyrannical manner, for they alleged further, that the prior had no right to distrain the goods or chattels of the burgesses in the public street within the town. There were also some other points of dispute, upon all which the burgesses proceeded at law against the prior, and the cause was brought before the justices itinerant in their circuit, but they found so many difficulties in it that they referred it to the Court of King's Bench. Meanwhile, a robber named Henry having fallen into the hands of justice, and accused four burgesses of Dunstable of complicity in his crime, these were indicted

before the county, where they pleaded that it was one of their franchises that no foreigner could interfere in the borough, and that they could only be tried in their own borough court. Thereupon both the prior and burgesses of Dunstable were cited before the Court of the King's Bench to show by what authority they claimed this right. The prior appeared in court, and pleaded that he had never claimed such a right—in fact, his own aggressive policy was in contradiction to it; but the townsmen seem to have acted obstinately and imprudently, and neglected to appear; in consequence of which four and twenty of the principal burgesses were arrested and committed to Bedford jail, where they were kept until they gave sufficient bond for their appearance on a certain day in the Court of King's Bench. There the only warrant they could show was old custom (it was the old custom of the town, unchartered municipal law, but intended to be allowed by the general terms of their charter, upon which the prior and his canons were deliberately trespassing); and the justiciary, the celebrated Hubert de Burgh, decided against them, and amerced them to the amount of twenty marks, "besides other private gifts which both he and others received from them." Corruption was at this time predominant, and the prior and canons purchased from the king (Henry III.) a confirmation of their charter with a new clause, which was sufficiently indefinite to give them a wide range for oppressing the burgesses. "We grant to the said prior and canons," said the king in this charter, "that they have and hold for ever the borough of Dunstable and the burgesses of the said town, as freely and fully, in all aids, amercements, suits, services, and customs, as we or our heirs should have or hold them if the aforesaid borough of Dunstable and the said burgesses were ours and in our hand;" and it was to be no obstacle to the prior and canons exercising any right they claimed, if they had never claimed or used that right before. For this very oppressive clause, the monks gave the king the then large sum of a hundred pounds, and they actually extorted from the burgesses an aid of a hundred marks towards the purchase-money of a document which was intended to be used in destroying their liberties. Moreover, the prior caused the rate appointed for this purpose to be collected by his own bailiffs. As might be expected, these met with considerable resistance, which led to some acts of violence, for many of the burgesses appear to have refused to pay the rate, and to have let the collectors distrain their goods. Thus the prior's bailiffs, John de Flite and John de Cateby, seized the wheat of two of the burgesses, named Duc and Young, who resisted, and as they were immediately joined by others of their fellow-townsmen, the consequence was a sort of pitched battle, in which many were wounded on either side; but Prior Richard boasts that his servants gained the victory, and that they brought a cart half full of wheat into the court of the priory in spite of their adversaries. Actions for assault were brought on both sides, but when brought before the justices itinerant, they all fell to the ground.

It is evident from Prior Richard's own chronicle of these events that

he lost no time in taking advantage of the latitude given him by the new charter, and the burgesses, defeated for a time in their attempt to assert their civil rights, resolved to retaliate in ecclesiastical matters. According to the prior's account, ten of the burgesses conspired next year to deprive the Church of its oblations, and they resolved that in weddings, purifications, or funerals, "two persons only should follow the principal person." The prior excommunicated the ten burgesses, but the townsmen set the excommunication at defiance, and not only continued to hold communication with the excommunicated persons as before (which virtually subjected them all to the same sentence), but accompanied them into the church during divine service. Thereupon, both the prior and the parish priest closed their churches, and performed their services privately in the chapel of the infirmary during more than two months. Then the Bishop of Lincoln came to Dunstable with "a multitude" of his clergy, and, having ascended the pulpit of the priory church, solemnly excommunicated the ten burgesses who had begun the dispute, as well as all who held any communication with them, all who held back oblations of any kind, and all who should in future cause dispute or ill-feeling between the townsmen and the canons.

Such was the state of things toward the end of the year 1228. In the month of May of the year following, King Henry passed through Dunstable, and was lodged at the priory. This was an opportunity not to be overlooked by Prior Richard, who "humbly supplicated" his royal guest that he would take the priory under his especial care, and that he would interpose to restore peace between the canons and burgesses. The king accordingly, with the advice of Hubert de Burgh and others of his ministers, enjoined a certain form of pacification, to which the townsmen submitted as long as he was present, but which they rejected immediately after his departure. The burgesses were now, at the suit of the prior, summoned before the Court of King's Bench, where a more formal judgment was given, by which the prior was authorized, at whatever time the king taxed his burgesses, to tax the borough of Dunstable, "by his (the king's) special mandate." Some other points, such as the limitation of the prior's amercements to four pennies, were decided in favour of the burgesses. This judgment was embodied in a writ from the king to the sheriff of Bedfordshire, and Prior Richard was proceeding to act upon it immediately when he was met by a protest on the part of the burgesses that by the terms of the writ he had no right to tax them at any time without the king's "special mandate." The prior had to give more money to obtain a new writ from the king to relieve him from this difficulty, but the burgesses also sought the king and obtained a writ, which limited the right of taxation on the part of the prior to such of the townsmen only as were his tenants in chief. Prior Richard found himself to a certain degree outwitted, and, yielding to circumstances, he accepted this limitation, and appointed twelve of what he calls "the more faithful of the burgesses," who took an oath to assess the tax "reasonably,"

not acting unfavourably to their opponents, or favouring their friends. Prior Richard appears to have reckoned upon a large sum of money from this tax, and he was very indignant, and accused the assessors of "manifest perjury," when they fixed the whole amount of the rate at no more than sixty-three shillings, and rated the richest of the inhabitants at only three shillings. New hostilities arose, in which, says the prior, "the fury of the people became so great, that out of hatred to the Church they withdrew both tithes and oblations." Prior Richard now complains that the townsmen uttered "blasphemics" and threats against the canons and their servants, and that they laid false crimes to their charge which caused them to be defamed "throughout all England." They attacked these ecclesiastics in their worldly interests in a still more sensitive quarter. They went into the church, and there publicly proclaimed that no burgess should take his corn to grind at the prior's mill, thus depriving the priory of a large source of income. They destroyed the wheat which the prior had sown on what had formerly been common land. In all these acts of resistance and retaliation, the townsmen appear to have been backed by the bailiffs of the great landholders in the neighbourhood, who had, no doubt, all their particular grievances against the priory, but who are accused by the prior of having been corrupted by bribes. It happened that in the midst of these commotions the king's chancellor and the chief justice, Stephen de Segrave, passed through Dunstable, and the prior says that they "seemed" to be angry, and threatened the burgesses, but after their departure matters went no better: when the sheriff proceeded to distrain those who had been rated and had not paid, the whole population of the town, man, woman, and child, rose and drove the sheriff's officers away. The prior then again called in the assistance of the Bishop of Lincoln, who ordered the townsmen to be publicly excommunicated in all the burghs and deaneries around; but the burgesses of Dunstable had by this time been so goaded into resistance, that they said aloud that they were excommunicated already and cared nothing for it, for they had resolved "to descend into hell all together," rather than submit to the prior's claim to the right of arbitrary taxation. It was, indeed, an insupportable tyranny, when the prior, in addition to many other ways of extorting money from the people of Dunstable, claimed, in his ecclesiastical capacity, one-tenth of all their gains, and also, as their lay sovereign, the right of taxing them at will; and the burgesses were only fighting the same battle which the people of England had at a subsequent period to fight against the pretensions of the crown. The burgesses now evidently acted with great resolution and with well-considered policy, and they entered into negotiation with a secular baron, William de Cantilupe, for forty acres of his land in the neighbourhood of the town, intending, if the struggle was continued and threatened to go against them, to remove thither and live under tents, where they would be no longer liable to the prior for either tax or toll; and Prior Richard complains that both civil and ecclesiastical courts had become so weary of

his appeals that they would no longer interfere. "At this moment," he says, "God visited the spirit of Master John, Archdeacon of Bedford," and the prior, baffled in all his attempts to conquer the townsmen, was very glad to submit to his friendly arbitration. The decision was decidedly in favour of the burgesses, for, by a "final concord," duly drawn up in the king's court at Westminster, at the end of June, 1229, they having pleaded that by their old liberties and customs they owed no tax or aid to the prior, that he had no right to take more than four pennies for an amercement in any case, and that they were not liable to him in any of the other customs and services which he had sought to exact from them, Prior Richard absolutely abandoned all these claims, requiring only that amends should be made for the damages which he and the priory had sustained during this protracted dispute. For these concessions, the burgesses gave the prior sixty pounds sterling, and promised to allow all the rights and customs which the priory had held previously to this attempt at arbitrary taxation. It was further agreed that, in case of future quarrels, all questions should be referred to the Court of King's Bench, before any act of violence had been on either side.

Thus ended this great quarrel. The burgesses and the ecclesiastics exchanged the kiss of peace, the excommunications were withdrawn, and we hear of no more disputes of any importance between the town and the priory during the life of Prior Richard. He had received a lesson which was not easily to be forgotten. Richard de Morins died on the 9th of April, 1242, after presiding over the canons of Dunstable nearly forty years. He was evidently a skilful, and, at the same time, a thrifty ruler; and, in spite of the costs of his innumerable lawsuits, he contrived to increase greatly the property of the priory. In his Chronicle he has carefully recorded every new bit of land, every increase of ecclesiastical patronage or power, every tax or fine, in fact, every temporal advantage of whatever description which he had gained for himself or for his monks; but he has not handed down to posterity the memory of a single act of piety or charity, nor do his annals contain the record of any one circumstance that could lead us to suppose that they related to a body incorporated for religious purposes. All these circumstances we ought, perhaps, to ascribe as much to the principle of the institution to which he belonged as to his personal character; and it is certain that, as we run over the pages of his continuators, we find that his successors in office were equally overbearing and selfish, that they were almost as often engaged in lawsuits, and that they laboured as much to oppress the townsmen as Prior Richard de Morins.

Our Survey of Literature and Science.



WINTER has come :

The wind is his whip,
One choppy finger is laid on his lip.

For the sake of all, but, above all, for the sake of the poor, let us hope it may not be severe. To those rich enough for Literature, the prospect is not so drear. What if without there be a wash of rain, a curtain of fog, a carpet of snow (coldly beautiful on trees and high-roads, dirty and unpoetical in streets of towns), and a swirling of bitter wind; what if the fallen leaves are trodden into the mud, suggesting pensive thoughts

of the fast lapsing years, suggesting with their yellow our grey; what if this and more be seen without? within there may be cheeriness and active thought. *Labuntur anni*; but love and hope endure for ever. The flowers are gone, alas; but books are come. Draw the curtains, and stir the fire. Books are the flowers of winter. They, too, charm the eye,



kindle the imagination, unseal the fountains of hidden suggestion, awaken the activities of thought. Publishers are not "frozen out gardeners." Winter is their summer, and they are said to irrigate from Pactolus (but *that* perhaps is a fable). Their flowers are not all beautiful; but the garden-plot (the Row) is varied, and you choose where you will. Sometimes an unsuspected thorn pricks to anger; sometimes an odour, stronger, but not sweeter, than that of the rose, excites repugnance. What thorns, what odour, will be felt in Bishop Colenso's book, which "everybody" is handling and sniffing, it is not for us to say. We pass it by. Here is something more in our way: *Shakspeare's Song and Sonnets, Illustrated by John Gilbert*; from which, by the publisher's courtesy, we have taken the glimpses of winter on the preceding page. Are they not delightfully wintry? How cold and drear! How the wind whistles through those leafless branches, and the shepherd's cloak! The very dog is cold, in spite of his fur. But there is companionship; and by the taggot which the boy carries home imagination warms itself.

Among gift-books this deserves special mention. The task of illustrating Shakspeare is not a grateful task, for every reader has already formed pictures in his own mind, and cannot consent to accept the pictures of another. Ariel, for instance, is an impossible subject. Nor do we think Mr. Gilbert has been happily inspired in his treatment of it. Puck is, perhaps, more manageable, and Mr. Gilbert's image of the quaint little imp is as good as we have seen.



Some of the illustrations are very good, but others are precisely what Shakspeare is not—commonplace, conventional, unimaginative. The getting up of the book is irreproachable.

For a dainty book to lie upon the drawing-room table, what can surpass the *Early English Poems*? Here, indeed, Pactolus has been

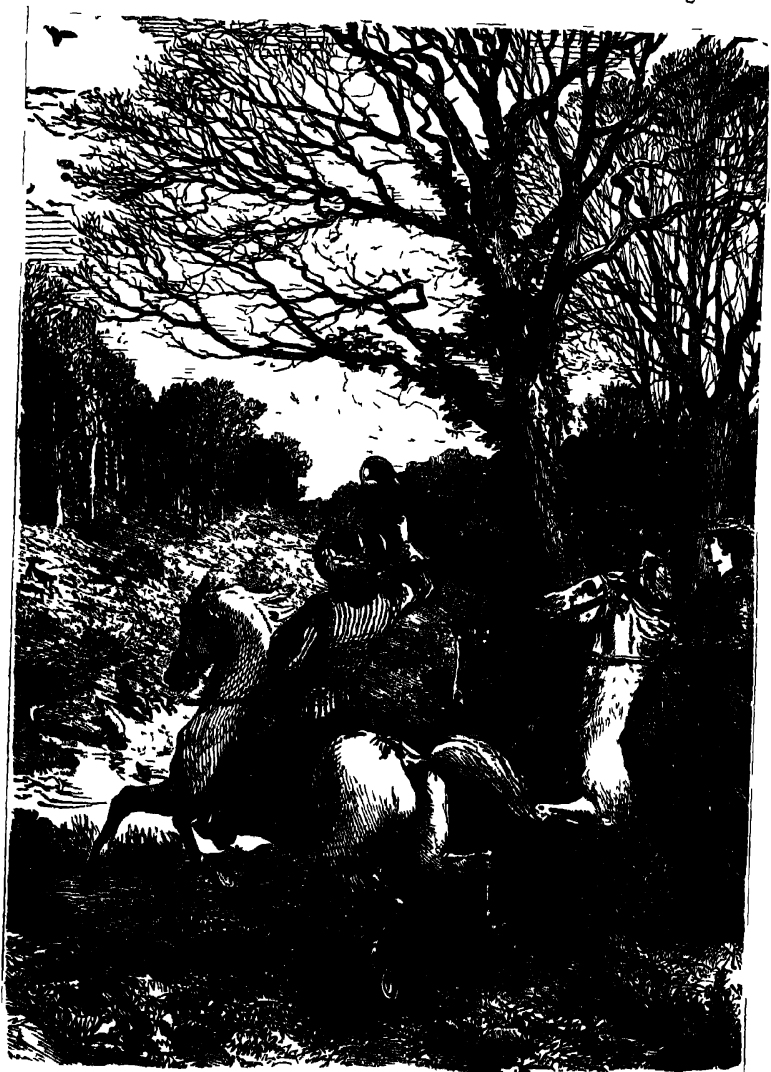
employed in irrigation, and has flowed over the very binding in golden waves; the cost of producing such a volume must have been considerable. But it is not wholly, nor even chiefly, by external splendour that the book claims a place among the ornaments of a table. Art allures us under the form of poems, designs, and woodcuts to feast the eye and mind. Last year the same publishers issued a volume of *Favourite English Poems from Thomson to Tennyson*, which included the most various styles, from Gray's Elegy to Burns' Cotter's Saturday Night, from the Deserted Village to John Gilpin, from the Eve of St. Agnes to the Battle of Blenheim, from the Ancient Mariner to the Lay of the Last Minstrel, from the Farmer's Boy to the Ode to a Skylark, from Poor Jack to the May Queen: poems to be read at any time and always turned over with the pleasure of remembered zest. These were illustrated by more than two hundred engravings from designs by Creswick, Webster, Horsley, Birket Foster, Wehnert, George Thomas, Harrison Weir, Cope, Tayler, Townsend, Duncan, E. V. B., and others, presenting a variety of styles not less interesting than the variety of the poems. They were not all good, and some of the figures were open to stringent criticism; but they were all remarkable specimens of book-illustration, and some of the landscapes were perfectly ravishing. The success must have been great, or the publishers would not have ventured to repeat the experiment this year, by a companion volume on the *Early English Poems*. The purchasers of the first volume will hardly abstain from adding this one to it; for with similar attractions in externals, there is a further, or let us say, a different order of attraction, in the fact that the poems are less familiar; and many a reader who would hesitate before attacking Chaucer's poems in an edition of Chaucer, will be beguiled into reading the admirable prologue to the Canterbury Tales in this seductive form. The illustrations will allure him into reading a few lines in order to understand them; and, having made this beginning, he will find that Chaucer is very intelligible, when the few obsolete words are explained as they are in the foot-notes. Spenser, Wyatt, Surrey, Sidney, Greene, Marlow, Harrington, Raleigh, Bamfield, Daniel, Drayton, Denham, Sedley, Pomfret, Roscommon, and others, may then become something more than empty names to many. The pictures which form the primary attraction of such works are of various merit. Here, as elsewhere, the figures are the least successful, probably because within the limits of engraving it is so much more difficult to pourtray the human face divine, than the face of nature. The infinite varieties of mood and character are less easily fixed by lines of black and white, than the, to us, less varied aspects of streams, uplands, mountains, and forests. The inevitable suggestion of lines leads the mind away to other types than those the artist has endeavoured to present; an irregularity on the bark of a tree or the slope of a hill suggests nothing but one of the thousand irregularities with which the eye is familiar; but in the face or form of a human being this irregularity may suggest a vulgarity, or a mood totally unlike that which the artist wishes to convey. Thus the

artist has not only to contend with the difficulty of portraying the human face and form in all the subtle varieties of emotion—which difficulty becomes all the greater from our greater familiarity with the details of individual life than with the details of inanimate nature—but he has the further difficulty that every line and shadow inevitably suggests some detail to the mind, and this suggestion may be wholly misleading. A rivulet, or an avenue of trees, may be very unfaithfully represented, and we may recognise its want of truth, but its suggestions will generally be that of rivulets or avenues; whereas a group of peasants may by some infelicity of detail suggest the stage and thus wear an air of untruth; or the drawing-room, and thus wear an air of artificiality; or the streets, and thus wear an air of vulgarity.



Making all due allowances we must still say that it is the landscapes, and the pictures in which landscape predominates, that the illustrations achieve the highest success. And these are fortunately the most numerous. As a specimen, not the best, but one suited to our purpose, consider the above illustration of Sir Philip Sidney's "With how sad steps, O moon!"

All the suggestions here are poetical. The mind wanders through the distant misty valleys, or pauses beside the moonlit stream. Broken memories of other scenes and other times vaguely rise before us ; thoughts may be led away by such a picture, but cannot be misled into vulgarities



or unrealities. Then again with the scene above : the figures are in such subordination to the landscape as to aid in the general effect by their suggestions. We cannot borrow more from this beautiful book, but heartily recommend it to the attention of rich and gift-making readers.

The Pictures of English Landscape, by Birket Foster, with Poems by Tom Taylor, is an exquisite volume, which makes us happy whenever we turn over its leaves, carrying the mind into the peaceful lanes, beside the gurgling streams, and up to the doors of picturesque cottages, and thus recalling the happy visions of past experience. Here we see the reapers at work, the donkeys browsing in peace, the children on the stile, the horse at the smithy door, the cattle in the farmyard, the haymakers under the summer's sun, the cattle cooling themselves in the water, and children crossing a brook over stepping-stones, all touched with grace and felicitous truth, rivalling Collins and Gainsborough in picturesqueness, and showing the marvellous advance of the art of wood-engraving. It is superfluous to speak of Birket Foster's rare power of depicting English landscape. We may complain of a little monotony in the perpetual recurrence of certain forms; but every artist has his mannerisms, and Birket Foster has so much truth and poetry that much is to be forgiven. He seems to be strongly impressed with the idea of Novalis, that "water is the eye of a landscape," and will not have a landscape without this eye; but it may be well to call his attention to the iteration of his treatment of this water, which in almost every picture forms a bit of the foreground. We regret that the size of these illustrations is too large for us to borrow a specimen for our pages; let us therefore turn to

The New Forest: its History and Scenery, by John R. Wise, illustrated by Walter Crane, which will furnish a picture or two from its stores. This book is like Wordsworth's *Greece*, a work of erudition, as well as a work of art. It must be read no less than looked at; for although the beauty of its illustrations and getting up claim for it a place on the drawing-room table, the nature of its contents claims for it a place in the carpet-bag of a traveller or on the shelves of a student. In many respects it serves as an excellent guide-book to those whom it will incite to explore the region of the New Forest; and from its hints we may at once extract the following, as useful in general:—"The stories with which most books on the Forest abound, of persons being swamped in morasses, are much exaggerated. Mind only this simple rule—wherever you see the white cotton-grass growing, and the bog-moss particularly fine and green, avoid that place." Mr. Wise complains that travellers rush over the Continent, and neglect this lovely region, which affords so good an example of English scenery and its connection with our history. "It remains after some eight hundred years still the New Forest. True, its boundaries are smaller, but the main features are the same as on the day when first afforested by the Conqueror. The names of its woods and streams and plains are the same. It is almost the last, too, of the old forests with which England was formerly so densely clothed. Charnwood is now without its trees; Wychwood is enclosed; the great forest of Arden—Shakspeare's Arden—is no more; and Sherwood is only known by the fame of Robin Hood: but the New Forest still stands, full of the old associations with and memories of the past." Into this the book allures us by pen and pencil. See a specimen on the next page.

Mr. Wise detects traces of the Celt in the people of this region. "Heartiness and roughness still go hand in hand with him as with his forefathers. But a heaviness of intellect is always visible, and sadness oppresses his mirth. His dress to this day bespeaks his nationality. He



The New Forest from Bramble Hill

still wears what is locally called the 'smicket' and sometimes the 'surplice,' the old English *smóc*, called also the *tunece*. It is still, too, as formerly, tied round the waist with a leathern band. His legs are still cased, as we see in the old English drawings, with gaiters known as 'vam-



View in Prime Wood near Lydenhurst.



The Cattle Ford, Laney Hill Wood, near Lydenhurst

plets' or 'strogas.' " He says "plock" instead of "block," "mulloch" for dirt, "more" (*maur*) for root, and "bowerstone" for boundary. He has a peculiar drawl, says "pearts" for parts, "stwone" for stone, "twercable" for terrible, "measter" (*mæster*) for master, and substitutes *a* for *o*, as "lard" for lord, "nat" for not, "amang" for among, "shart" for short. On these and numerous other details philological and historical we must refer to the volume itself, which has been a labour of love to the author.

A word respecting the artist. The reader will probably be surprised, as we were, on learning that these exquisitely characteristic bits of foliage and forest life are the productions of a youth of seventeen. Those who examine the illustrations in the volume itself will prophesy that Mr. Walter Crane cannot long remain unknown; indeed, even the more imperfect copies we have given of three of these scenes will suffice to show the fine artistic instinct and the delicate sensibility to form which his drawings display.

Next month we may have a word to say about the books for children. Our attention is now claimed by Mrs. Gordon's *Life of Christopher North*, with which many circles will be busy, for the Professor was immensely popular in Scotland, and was a figure of some mark and interest in England. If on this side of the Tweed he is not so highly prized, he is quite as much loved; and his "Life," if not remarkable, has two salient points of interest—Wilson and the man, and Literature at the beginning of this century. As a man, those who never knew him personally will learn from these volumes to estimate his qualities. Here is proof that his exuberant, reckless style was the riot of genuine animalism; his extravagance and enthusiasm were the outbursts of real not feigned animal spirits. He had a powerful frame, and a tender poetic soul. Poetry and muscularity were united in him, and gave a geniality to fierce aggressiveness, a generosity to virulence, which is perfectly intelligible, and not inexcusable when known to be no literary masquerade. There was something lion-like in his play; and, as is the case with lions, play easily passed into a ferocity which mangled. He was, however, singularly free from malevolence even towards his enemies; and if his prejudices often made his attacks unjustifiable, he gained a general pardon because it was felt that he sinned without malice. It was a loving and lovable nature; with many flecks and stains upon its rind there was no speck of rottenness at the core. His writing was sincere even in its hyperboles. His life was upright, and sanctified by an enduring affection. No one can mistake the tenderness in his writings; it was in his life. He knew the blessedness of married love; when that was taken from him the best of life was gone. He survived it seventeen years, but never survived the memory of what it had been to him.

On the second salient point in this book we must speak less admiringly. "It is impossible," Mrs. Gordon writes, "for us at this time to realize fully the state of feeling that prevailed in the literature and politics of

the years between 1810 and 1830. We can hardly imagine why men who at heart respected and liked each other [query] should have found it necessary to hold no communion, but, on the contrary, to wage bitter war, because the one was an admirer of the Prince Regent and Lord Castlereagh, the other a supporter of Queen Caroline and Mr. Brougham. We cannot conceive why a poet should be stigmatized as a base and detestable character, merely because he was a Cockney and a Radical; nor can we comprehend how gentlemen, aggrieved by articles in newspapers and magazines, should have thought it necessary to the vindication of their honour to horsewhip or shoot the printers or editors of the publications. Yet in 1817 and the following years such was the state of things in the capital of Scotland. . . . You were either a Tory and a good man, or a Whig and a rascal, and *vice versâ*. If you were a Tory and wanted a place, it was the duty of all good Tories to stand by you; if you were a Whig your chance was small; but its feebleness was all the more a reason why you should be proclaimed a martyr, and all your opponents profligate mercenaries."

This is not only a mild statement of the spirit in which the *Quarterly*, *Blackwood*, *Fraser*, and the *John Bull* were conducted, but it implies that the Liberal organs were conducted with similar virulence; which we believe to be altogether a misstatement. The *Edinburgh Review* and the *Examiner* assaulted its enemies with an asperity which would not be permitted now. They employed ridicule and bitterness; but surely it cannot be said that they approached the Tory organs in grossness of personality? Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt never spoke of their adversaries as their adversaries were in the habit of speaking of them. Indeed the wicked unscrupulousness of the Tory organs in those days was such that the very men themselves lived to be heartily ashamed of. It belonged not only to the virulence of party feeling, but to the want of literary morality. We should probably see similar virulence if similar political agitation now disturbed our peace; but should we see similar indecency? Have we not a higher morality in literature? That we have still much to learn in this respect is unhappily true. The Press, in becoming more extensive and powerful, has necessarily included a greater number of heterogeneous elements; in becoming a profession it has, like other professions, lured many "black sheep" into the fold. But if there is still considerable laxity and some positive dishonesty, if there still exists an unacknowledged feeling that the written word carries with it no responsibility—that a written lie is not so degrading as a spoken lie—there is, nevertheless, a much higher standard in the higher ranks of the press. We should be surprised, for instance, if the tone of the letters in the *Life of Christopher North* was to be found in the letters of our contemporaries of equal standing. What are we to think of a man like Lockhart writing to Wilson, "Pray write a first-rate but brief puff of *Mathew* (Lockhart's own novel) for next number of *Blackwood*, or, if not, say so, that I may do it myself, or make the Dr." What are we to say

to his accepting Stoddart's offer to supply the *New Times*, on condition of receiving a few paragraphs, and proposing the same to Wilson. "It is a pleasant thing to have a daily paper at one's breakfast-table all the year through. It can cost us little trouble to repay him by a dozen half-columns—half of these may be puffs of ourselves, by the way—and Southey and others have agreed to do the same." If such a man in our day were not ashamed to write puffs of himself, he would at least be ashamed of its being known, and would not exhibit such cynicism.

Miss Kavanagh has produced a perfectly pleasant book about *English Women of Letters*, as a companion to her *French Women of Letters*. It is not quite in accordance with her title that she only includes novelists among her women of letters; but this is a slight matter. What she has given are biographical sketches of Mrs. Aphra Behn, Miss Fielding, Miss Burney, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, Mrs. Radcliffe, Mrs. Inchbold, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, Mrs. Opie and Lady Morgan. To each of these biographies is affixed a critical account of the writer's works, and this account is written with nice discrimination and with no exaggerated eulogies. One makes a sort of pleasant bowing acquaintance with the several women, which may lead to intimacy hereafter.

Although there is nothing new, nor indeed is there any pretence of novelty, in *Our Last Years in India*, by Mrs. John Speid, there are many pleasant pages of description, and an account of the religions of India, which will be read in this accessible form by many who would shrink from opening the serious volumes whence she has drawn her materials. A quiet play of humour, never degenerating into "comic writing," and a keen observant eye for external characteristics, make this volume acceptable.

The natural history of the sea has received no more important or attractive contribution than in Dr. Wallich's *North Atlantic Sea Bed*, the first part of which has just appeared. It comprises a diary kept on board the "*Bull Dog*, in 1860," with chapters of observations on the presence of animal life, and the formation of organic deposits at great depths. It is well written, with a stern suppression of superfluous matter; and it sets beyond a doubt a point which ought never to have been raised into a doubt, had biologists been more familiar with physics—namely, the existence of animal life at enormous depths in spite of the enormous pressure. The vastness of this pressure is easily estimated. At the depth of a mile below the surface it amounts to 160 of our atmospheres, or 2,640 lbs. on every square inch; at 4,000 fathoms ($4\frac{1}{2}$ miles) it amounts to 750 atmospheres, under which pressure water would be compressed into about a fifth less than its original volume. How, it is asked, can delicate organisms, how can any known organism, resist such pressure? Dr. Wallich's researches triumphantly prove that delicate organisms *do* resist this pressure; and that the ocean-bed is almost as densely populated at great depths as at moderate depths. He has brought up animals alive from a depth of a mile and a half, and there is no valid reason to be

adduced against the expectation of finding animals at any depth ; at least no such reason can be deduced from the fact of pressure. Those who argue on the supposed effects of pressure seem to forget the *fact* that an average sized man has to support a pressure of nearly 15 tons (14½ lbs. on every square inch), and they forget the reason why he supports it without any consciousness, namely, that the pressure is equal in all directions , so that, although it is perfectly true that a man could not support the pressure of many atmospheres if suddenly plunged under them, he could support them as well as he supports one, if sufficient gradations prevented any sudden disturbance of the equilibrium between the fluids and gases within his body and those without. For the same reason, man can, and does live perfectly well under a pressure only half that of our atmosphere at the sea-level, on the high mountain ranges of tropical Asia ; but a sudden diminution of half our atmospheric pressure would be fatal, by the disturbance of the equilibrium between external and internal pressure. " In the case of pieces of wood, and meat, and corked bottles containing air," says Dr. Wallich, " which have been sent down to great depths in order to demonstrate the effects of pressure, it is evident that precisely those conditions are present which are never to be met with in creatures constituted to live under it. In short, they prove too much : for they prove clearly, that in defiance of all obstacles, a state of equilibrium is rapidly engendered between the interior and exterior of the wood, mutton, and the bottles, and that whenever this takes place no further change is experienced." If suddenly submerged, that is to say, before the pressure has time to overcome the resistance of the cellular and fibrous tissues, diminution of bulk must result ; but not if the submergence be gradual. Indeed, were the operation of pressure such as is assumed by the biologists who deny the possibility of life at great depths, the ocean bed would not be loose sand, mud, and shells, but hard rock ; and the deep-sea sounding apparatus, once let down many fathoms, could never be hauled up again.

Dr. Wallich calls attention to another curious fact. It is sufficiently established that animals can, and plants cannot exist without light ; and at a certain depth light wholly disappears. Temperature, again, has considerable influence on life : " when, however, we estimate its effects on the distribution of animals and plants in the ocean, we find them to be extremely unequal ; for whereas marine organisms are now known to exist at a depth of at least 15,000 feet, no vegetable structures have been met with in a living state lower than 2,400 feet." We had intended drawing more copiously from this interesting work, but our space terminates here.

SCIENCE.

On the Existence of Muscles in Plants.—The recent discovery, by Ferdinand Cohn, of a contractile tissue in plants identical in properties with the muscular tissue of animals, adds one more striking fact to the accumulated evidence of identity between the vegetal and animal organi-

zations. Well-informed biologists have for some time past been agreed on the impossibility of drawing any absolute lines of demarcation between the two. Instead of the marked opposition which may still be read in popular handbooks, thrown into the form of tabulated contrasts, we have learned that the physical, chemical, and physiological characters, by which the plant and animal were supposed to be separated, are unequivocally characteristic of both. It is impossible to deny that plants have motility, and some of them even locomotion. If we deny them sensibility, it is on grounds which will equally exclude many classes of animals; and these grounds are anatomical. It is because we fail to detect the *mechanism* of sensibility that we endeavour to interpret the phenomena as physical. It is because we associate sensibility and contractility with peculiar nervous and muscular structures that we deny that certain phenomena observed in plants are what we should consider them to be if we could discover nerves and muscles. Take the case of the sensitive plant *Dionaea Muscipula*, or Fly-trap. The edges of its leaf are fringed with hairs, like an eyelid. On the inside of the leaf six delicate hairs are arranged in such an order that it would be difficult for an insect to traverse the leaf without touching one of these hairs. No sooner is a hair touched than the two sides of the leaf suddenly close; just as the two eyelids close when an insect, or bit of dust, touches the sensitive surface. The leaf entraps the insect—the fringe of hairs on the edges interlacing like fingers of opposite hands. If the insect be not speedily liberated, it is soon *digested*; as it would be in the stomach of an animal. It should be borne in mind that this “sensitiveness” is not the property of the whole leaf, but is localized in the delicate hairs of the centre, precisely as sensitiveness is localized in the nervous mechanism of animals. Now, comparing the *phenomena* observed in the plant with phenomena observed in animals, it seems impossible to discern any marked distinction; if the eyelid closing on an insect proves sensibility—if the arms of a polype closing on an insect prove sensibility—then the closing of the *Dionaea* proves it. But the *mechanism* in the three cases is different. In the eyelid we find nerves and muscles; in the polype we find muscles, and no nerves; in the plant, neither nerves nor muscles.

This difficulty may be turned by considering all three cases as cases of *contractility* only, and the first as contractility *stimulated by* sensibility. If this view were adopted, we should have to cut off many classes of animals from the possession of sensibility, and by so doing bring them into still closer connection with plants. But then arises the question: Whence the contractility of plants? It is here that Cohn's admirable memoir* throws a flood of light. He has discovered that in at least one portion of a plant—the stamen of the *Centaurea*—there exists a tissue which presides over the phenomena of contractility; and he naturally infers that in all other supposed cases of plant-contractility a similar tissue will be present.

* F. COHN: *Contractile Gewebe im Pflanzenreiche*. Breslau, 1862.

We cannot pretend here to condense the numerous observations and rigorously-conducted experiments by which he establishes his results. Curious readers must consult the original. We give the results. The stamen of *Centaurea* is excited by the mechanical, chemical, and electrical stimuli which excite muscles; when excited, it contracts in the same way as a muscle, describing the same curve, when, after reaching its maximum, it begins to relax again. Like the muscle, it becomes tired by contraction, and recovers its exhausted force only by repose. Like a muscle, it is excited by a weak galvanic current, and rendered tetanic by a strong current. Like a muscle, it exhibits three properties—first, that of being excited by stimuli; secondly, that of *changing its form* on being excited; thirdly, that of *transmitting* every stimulus—under its correlate as motor-force—to neighbouring parts.

The importance of this discovery will not be overlooked. If, as one can only infer, the phenomena observed in other plants should be found equally reducible to a similar tissue of contractile cells, we shall have a beautiful explanation of many biological phenomena now very obscure. The reader will remark that we have, throughout, for certain purposes of our own, spoken of the “muscular tissue,” where Colin uses the term “contractile tissue.” It is time to remove any misconception which might arise from this use of the term. By muscular tissue must not be understood the special organs named “muscles” in animals, which are formed of muscular tissue *and* several other tissues. Nor even must it be understood as indicating a tissue of muscular fibres, such as we find in the higher animals; but simply a tissue of contractile cells. It will prevent any misconception if we remember that what are called muscles or muscular tissue in the simpler animals are nothing but contractile cells; and a diagram of the muscles in a fresh-water polype would differ very little from a diagram of a cellular tissue in plants.

The Velocity of Light.—In our last number we communicated a discovery by M. Leon Foucault on the velocity of light, and his deduction therefrom, that the distance of the sun from the earth is diminished by one-thirtieth. M. Babinet, in a recent communication to the academy, considered this “precise determination of the sun’s distance as a great event in science.” A writer of the highest authority has forwarded to us his doubts on the point, observing, “that the amount of the sun’s parallax, and the measure of its distance (*i. e.* the length in miles of the lineal unit of the scale on which the dimensions of our system are reckoned), are, at all events, only partially affected by the increased velocity assigned by M. Leon Foucault for light. The actually received value of the sun’s distance (and of course his parallax) is concluded from the *measured diameter* of the earth, combined with observations of the transit of Venus and is entirely independent of any estimate of the velocity of light. It is true that velocity may be, and has been, deduced from our knowledge of this distance, combined with observations (necessarily unsusceptible of extreme precision) of the eclipses of Jupiter’s

satellites, and it has also been deduced from the co-efficient of aberration (another element of very delicate determination) combined with the earth's *known* velocity in its orbit. M. Foucault's experiments afford a third, a direct and *possibly* a more exact, evaluation, and the *mean of all the three* will in all probability be found very near the truth. In that case, no doubt, the received distance of the sun *will* have to be in some degree reduced, in conformity with, though not to the full extent of, the reduced result derived from working back through the medium of aberration, from M. Foucault's velocity of light : since not only would it be unfair to reject altogether the result of the transit of Venus, but the co-efficient of aberration itself must be allowed some liability ~~of error~~.

M. Babinet affirms that M. Foucault's method of calculation *is* more direct and precise. "We will preserve the word parallax," he says, "although on this method there is no need of any measure of angles, and the distance of the sun is thus directly determined. M. Foucault measures the velocity of light ; astronomy, by a measure of aberration, tells us that the mean velocity of the earth round the sun is one ten thousandth that of light. If we take the ten thousandth part of the number assigned to the velocity of light, we have the velocity of the earth, that is to say, the path it travels in a second of time. Multiplying this number of yards by the number of seconds in the sidereal year, we obtain the circumference of the annual circle of the earth. Dividing by the known relation of circumference to the diameter, we have the actual diameter of the annual orbit of the earth, half of which is the distance of the earth from the sun."

Alloy of Platinum and Iridium.—Russia is the only country, we believe, in which a coinage of platina has ever been in circulation, and there only in small quantity and for a brief period of issue. With a view, perhaps, to the revival of this medium, with the facilities afforded for the purpose by the powerful processes of M. St. Claire Deville for the fusion of platinum, M. Jacobi has been charged by the Russian Government to examine, in conjunction with Messrs. Deville and Debray, the physical properties of platinum prepared by the simple fusion of the native metal without previous separation of the iridium and rhodium. The result, as reported by M. Jacobi, is, that an alloy of platinum and iridium, with a little rhodium, is thus readily obtained on a large scale, and that when so produced it is superior to pure platinum, both in density and elasticity, and quite as malleable. An artificial alloy of eighty per cent. pure platinum and twenty iridium fused together ~~is~~ is perfectly ductile and malleable, *and nearly insoluble in nitromuriatic acid*, a property likely to render it extremely useful in the chemical arts.